

"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I. THE TWO PASSENGERS.

THIS story, whose course shall lie along the open, every-day thoroughfares of life, with the houses of yesterday on each side, and the every-day men and women hurrying along, begins at a very every-day scene; at a railway station, with the train setting off, and each arriving with marvellous punctuality, at precisely the last minute. In one of these later cars, the gentleman who is to be the hero comes driving up—it was not his fault, but that of a hopeless "block" in the City—who, indeed, seems wholly indifferent as to whether he "have run it a little fine" (the encouragement of the porter, who had secured him and "brought him through"), or whether he should have to wait two hours for another train. It seemed all one to him, though the porter at the door of the carriage, with assumed heat and prostration, congratulated him on the success of their exertions, and saying again that "it was putting it a little too fine," was handsomely requited for his exertions.

This evening train left Waterloo station at "three thirty," and it was now three thirty, one. Not being one of the "expresses" which were always breaking away up and down the line, but a sober, provincial old-fashioned train, which ambled on respectably from station to station, it was treated by the officials with the sort of unceremonious respect they kept for old ladies with baskets, who delayed them with questions. It was not kept up to time very closely, nor very full. As it "toddled" out of the station, there was indeed seen, in one carriage or two, a row of hats and heads bent down over a row of evening papers, like a class at school; but other compartments glided by—some containing a prisoner or two, some merely empty cells, and one with a lonely gentleman all to himself, who had bought half a dozen papers, which lay unfolded beside him on the seat.

This gentleman had a white ticket for St. Albans in a leather bag beside him. He was about five-and-thirty—but looked forty—was spare without being thin, pale without being colourless, thoughtful without looking a hermit

or recluse, with a half dreamy air that was agreeable and not absurd. The morocco bag had initials on it, "H. G.," and inside the morocco bag were note-books and pocket-books, a volume of Boswell's Johnson, with a name on the title-page which was in a bold firm hand and read "Henry Graves Tillotson."

Henry Graves Tillotson looked quickly from one window to the other as the "dowdy" train moved on, and jerked and shook over intersecting rails, and glided by the huge rambling boarding-houses where engines "bait" or reside, looking like great circuses, and the surgeries and hospitals where they are taken in and have their wounds dressed. He looked up at the men in the round tops, half way up great masts of trees, who, with strange instruments and levers, had exercised some mysterious influence on his own motion. He turned listlessly from side to side, and saw the "backs" of factories, the store-houses and yards of timbers, which were "fining" off into rows of houses, then again into rows of villas, and then later into detached houses, until the trees and green fields began to spread and encroach altogether. By which time the old lady who was carrying him was "getting her stride," and hurrying along at a respectable pace. Then Mr. Tillotson gave a sort of sigh, no doubt overcome by this utter solitude. Yet he had selected this lonely cell purposely. He looked over at his evening papers absently, but did not take up a single one. He cared very little for the meeting of the emperors at Kirchwasser—for the actual text of the last "Note," or even for the accident in Piccadilly "This Day," which were the leading items of telegraphic news. And thus for some hours the stations came and went, and their names were shouted, and brought with them a dropping fire of doors.

Once, indeed, a young girl in "a hat," with the mamma, were put in at a station. The mamma had many packages and parcels—sets of novels tied up with string—and seemed, indeed, to have newly come from a fair, laden with merchandise. The patron hardly spoke a word, but was anxiously counting her treasures, and never getting her calculation right.

The young girl sat opposite to Mr. Tillotson, and studied him with furtive eyes for the twenty minutes between the two stations. After all, there is a little romance in this travelling—when of a night in the blue chamber, under the dull

lamps, two or three companions come in and sit for half an hour, and we see their faces, and perhaps talk with them and feel a sort of interest in them, catching even a hint or glimpse of the far-off drawing-room or fireside to which the carriage waiting in the dark at the foot of the steps will carry them. Then they are gone, saying "Good night," and before morning we are a hundred miles away, and think it is all but certain we shall never see them again.

This young girl talked over their tea-table of the sad-looking gentleman who was with them in the carriage.

"Such a soft, interesting face, papa," she said; "as if he had suffered a great deal. I am sure he had just lost his wife."

"I never noticed him at all, dear," said her mamma. No more she had.

"And sometimes I heard him sigh," the girl went on. "And his eyes were so soft. I am sure it was his wife, papa."

"Something wrong in trade," said papa, from his newspaper.

"No, no," said she. "I am sure of that. He had no coarse bushy whiskers, or anything of that sort. It was the most curiously interesting face."

The young girl, who never met that face again, was right. For there *was* this strange expression of interest which attracted every one, more or less.

Mr. Tillotson, who by some accident contrived to keep his privacy, was "visité" in due course, and required to show his papers. This process repeated itself until the darkness was well set in, and lamps flashed into the carriage at a station about ten miles from St. Alans.

There the door was opened, and a gentleman with a gilt-headed cane got in. This was a short narrow gentleman, in a coat that seemed well made, some thirty years ago, and a tall hat that was fixed stiffly on his head; and under the brim of the hat Mr. Tillotson saw a very pink Roman nose. Mr. Tillotson saw these features, dismissed them from his mind, and returned to Mr. Boswell, with whom he had begun to converse absently when company came in.

The new gentleman seemed a little uneasy at this behaviour, for he looked from one dark window-pane to the other, and danced his gilt-headed stick up and down between his knees. He took in Mr. Boswell resentfully, and at last spoke, leaning over on his elbow on the cushion, as if reposing on an ottoman:

"You have come down from town, sir, I suppose? Any news up there when you left?"

Mr. Tillotson looked away from his book, and said, "That he had not heard." He then handed over his unopened bundle of papers.

"Ah, yes," said the gentleman, feeling about his waistcoat. "Evening papers, I see. Did not bring my glasses. I find this sort of light ruins the eyes. I never read by it—never. When I was once quartered at Walmer, lots of years ago now, I was left for a week by myself without a soul, sir, to play piquet with, and so I was

driven in upon reading, and that sort of thing, and read so hard, sir, that I impaired my sight, sir—~~is~~ *is* ~~paired~~ *paired* my sight. That's always the way with young fellows. God Almighty gives us these blessings without our asking for 'em, and we abuse them." Going on to St. Alans?"

"Yes," said Mr. Tillotson. "We shall be there soon, I suppose?"

"Why yes. Do you know, I'm going there too. I live there—have lived there for many, many years, and I suppose shall die there. Perhaps be carried out to a corner of the cathedral, feet foremost. What we must all, all come to, you know. Dust upon dust. Clay, sir, that a common fellow will turn up in the fields. Yes, I suppose they'll give me a bed there. I know the dean very well—Lord Rooksby's brother."

"Oh, you know St. Alans well?" said Mr. Tillotson, anxiously closing his Boswell.

"I may say I am a St. Alans man. I was a boy here," he added, with a touch of feeling, "what-d'ye-call-'em'd it on the green, saw the old cathedral every morning, and used to go regularly to the anthem. We were all innocent then, sir."

"And now," asked Mr. Tillotson, "is it a—stirring place—I mean as regards business?"

The gentleman smiled. "Well, I suppose it is. Let us say it is. I always stand up for old St. Alans. It's a deadly lively place; but after the hums and storms of life, of which I have seen many, Dick Tilney, sir, loves it still. By the way, my name is Tilney, sir. If you are a stranger in old St. Alans, and going to come among us, I know the constitution of the place—have its pulse, I may say, between my fingers."

"Thank you—thank you very much. I should, indeed, like to know something about the place. I have reasons—perhaps important ones."

"Quite right—quite proper," said the other. "Long, long ago, when I started in life, and was freer and perhaps more innocent than I am now—though, God Almighty be thanked, I have never lost the early implanted sort o' thing—at my mother's knee, you know—I started as equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence. You recollect, the Sailor King and all that time, you know. One of the best of England's line. He always said, 'I like a man with reasons, and that can give his reasons.'"

"I shall be here, I suppose, for a week," said Mr. Tillotson, "and then—"

"Quite right—quite proper," said the other, making his cane dance. "You will go to the White Hart, of course—an old gentlemanly house and, let me tell you, that is something in these days of bagmen and snobs. As I have often told Chinnery—my second cousin, the Right Honourable Baron Chinnery of Chinnery, and all that—God help us, we don't set up to be swells; for be a man an innkeeper, or be he an ostler, or be he a counter-jumper, or be he a—a—" And hesitating here, having exhausted his illustrations, he happily added, "a anything you like;

if he behaves *like* a gentleman before his fellows, he becomes one, and the noblest work of our common Creator. That's the religion I was brought up in! I have been in St. Alans for ten years, now," he went on. "I was a boy there, and came back like the hare. I suppose I shall die there. They'll stow me away in the cathedral somewhere. They're always glad to get a gentleman. I keep my family there too, sir—wife and daughters—pleasant house, good air. No state—none in the world. You know where the White Hart is? Not very far from the bank."

"Yes," cried Mr. Tillotson, a little eagerly, "I have heard of that. Not doing much, I believe? They are old fashioned and behind the time. They want working up to the new principles."

"No doubt—no doubt," said the other. "New or old, my dear sir, it's all one to me. I am ashamed to say I am genteel enough ~~now~~ to have had a balance ~~anywhere~~. Can't do it—can't go about it."

Mr. Tillotson was presently asking many questions about the men of the place and local matters, and whether it was going back or "coming on," and got curious parti-coloured answers, containing a little of the information he wanted, all mottled over with references to old days and fine society, and to the late William the Fourth when Dook of Clarence. "Tickets here," he said, interrupting himself. "This is St. Alans. You take a machine here, put the traps on the top, and bowl away to the town. Here, George, see to this gentleman's things." And in a moment he was on the platform, stepping here and there with a slight "stiffness,"—and Mr. Tillotson saw this from the narrow back, and long limbs—and switching the air with his gold-headed cane. "I'll ask you for a seat," said he, "down to the town. These limbs of mine are a little tired, as all limbs are at my stage of life. White Hart, driver."

It was the ancient old-fashioned English country and county town, in which someway the gaudy host of grocers' shops seem to thrive most and be most conspicuous, and books to have a feeble, languid, unhealthy existence.

"You find us," said Mr. Tilney, as they came down a by-street, "rather in undress. The toughs here must have their politics. The Law—the Law, sir!"—and Mr. Tilney raised his hat as if he were mentioning a sacred name—"the Law has its hold upon Salisbury now. The majesty of our constitution—which, if you compare it with that of France, Italy, or any other tropical country—under the blessings of which *we* live, is about to be vindicated. Rich and poor, poor and rich, are all one there. The assizes, Mr. Tillotson, will be on in a week or so. The grand inquest will be sworn to-morrow."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Tillotson, absently.

"I *know* it," said Mr. Tilney, as if this abstraction implied doubt. "I had it from Wagstaff, the clerk. And a heavy calendar;

some heavy cases; and one of extraordinary interest, most singular, in which young Filby, quartered here, and, I am told, a second cousin to Lady Frognore, is mixed up. It will be taken second or third."

"And what was this affair?" asked Mr. Tillotson, bound to show some curiosity.

"Oh, foolish, foolish! Coming home from the races on a mail phaeton, these young fellows, who, I happen to *know*, are connected with some of the best houses in the county, began to throw orange-peel about—some say oranges. A grocer, in a small way, and called Duckett, is at his door, and is hit or splashed. Well, now, instead of doing as you or I would, going quietly back to our shops, to our scales and beams, and tea, and that sort of line, Duckett must go and bluster, and naturally young Filby, who is a high-spirited boy (his father, between ourselves, went off with a maid of honour), and the others, of course give it to him: and the result is, he gets it."

"And he brings an action?"

"And he brings an action. Quite right," said Mr. Tilney. "Our wild relation, Ross, barum-scarum fellow, mixed up in it too, who, by the way, has his hands full enough. Here we are. I'll tell you all about that farther on. Remind me, though."

"You must take us as you find us," continued Mr. Tilney, apologising for the town. "We shall do better by-and-by. I am not ashamed to identify myself with a rising place of this sort. Town is really my place. Town air suits my lungs; but I believe in poor old St. Alans. Here we are. White Hart. A very good house. Where's Hiscock?"

CHAPTER II. THE WHITE HART.

THE White Hart was a great old inn, with good connexions on all sides. It had a healthy old age, and, until the fatal day when a modern grand railway hotel was to burst into life, would stride on healthily, just as there are old men the admiration of their friends for their spirit, and who are always described as "hale old men." But one day the hale old man falls in, and shrinks up like a rotten apple. This inn had some architectural ambition, had great rooms, where the grandfather of the present Lord Rookby had danced with his contemporaries, and where the same nobleman had dined riotously and held his election committees; where, as the Honourable Mr. Ridley, he "fought the battle of the Tories for seven days!" Now, the present Lord Rookby always went up to London to dine, "put in" his son, the young Hon. Ridley, in a morning, without expense, had no generous feeling arising out of the past at the White Hart, and fought no battles for Tories, or any one, indeed, but for himself and his family.

When Hiscock had been found and solemnly charged to take all care of the stranger, Mr. Tillotson said, hesitatingly, that if he would stay and take share of the dinner, he would lay him under an obligation. Mr. Tilney consented

heartily, and was even good enough to order it, taking care that it should be a sort of special dinner in a special room; and with special wine, which he looked after, and perhaps with special charges, which he did not. The special wine, which came up all powdered with sawdust, and was carried tenderly, like a fire-arm that might "go off" at any second, mounted softly into Mr. Tilney's cheeks and Roman features, and coloured them finely. Under the light, now that the stiff hat was off, Mr. Tillotson saw that he was a "youngish" sexagenarian, with very thin hair and a blue tie speckled over with "pigeon's eggs," and that his manner, though in company with some oddities, was that of a gentleman. He was pleasant company, and kept up an animated, if not conversation, at least commentary, on life generally—for that only bounded the range of his subjects.

"After all, one's own fireside," continued Mr. Tilney, "what is there comes near that? You try the one thing and you try the other thing—the courts and the camps—and you come back to it. I am no saint, and, thank God, have never set up to be pious; but Home, and the smiling what-d'ye-call-'ems?—that is the true charm. You put yourself into that evening train at the call of business, and I dare say were looking back at every station—I don't wonder—a cold night in a railway carriage—after the cheerful hearth and the bright faces? Come now?"

Something like a twitch passed over Mr. Tillotson's face. "I am sorry," he said, "that such a pleasant picture has no existence for me. I have left a fireside indeed behind me, but it is a solitary, miserable one, and to that I must return. I have never been married, and see nothing to tempt me ever to marry."

"I beg your pardon. I do, indeed, from my soul," said the other, making a glass of the brown sherry return back to the table when half way on its journey. "I did not mean to touch on anything sore. I did not, indeed. No, no, God forbid."

"No, of course not," said Mr. Tillotson, sadly. "Naturally, how could you know?"

"There it is!" said Mr. Tilney. "Naturally, how should I know? But I ought to have known. Bless me, twenty years ago, when I was with Macgregor and Foley and Billy the Middy, as we called him—that is, his late Majesty King William—they would have taught me better than that. Foley, who was major under Paget Dawson, said often and often, 'Dammy, sir, assume that every man has done something to be ashamed of. Assume that in every boot there's a brace of corns.'"

But from the date of this dissection Mr. Tilney began to look at his neighbour as if quite another Mr. Tillotson had come to sit down there and was entertaining him with the brown sherry. His manner became softer and more deferential, he checked his own tendencies to soliloquy to a surprising degree.

"If you talk of rubs and trials," he went

on, "we all catch them. Not a doubt of it. Man never can, but always must be, blest—fine line that. God knows I have had my share—struggle, struggle, struggle, from *that* high!" and he put his hand on the seat of a chair beside him. "The very year his Majesty, formerly the Sailor Dook, died, they got me a little place about the palace, a trifling thing; and what d'ye think, in before he was a year gone, they took it from me, abolished it, sir!—was *that* dishonouring his remains! And the dean up there will tell you in his pulpit this is all good for us. Sir, at this moment I might have my hand on the banisters of the palace stairs—I might be sitting in my purple and linen, with the rest of them, instead of," he added bitterly, "fighting the battle of life, sir, in a hole-and-corner place like this!"

Mr. Tillotson answered him gently and impassionately.

"We have all to bear these things—all. If it is any comfort to you, you may know that there are many whose miseries are greater, and who would—oh *how joyfully!*—welcome the disappointments of money, and place, and prosperity, in the room of the agonies of mind and conscience. Compared with such," he went on, earnestly, "believe me, you are supremely happy. You have your family, your children. You have not your fireside crowded with black shadows—the haunting spectres of the past—that drive you to see in business and occupation some sort of distraction, but which pursue you wherever you go. Ah, think what is a little place abolished beside this!"

Mr. Tilney filled his glass again.

"You put it excellently, my dear sir, and with great feeling. As you say, what is a place?—it is the shock, the wound, the wound, sir. After years of devotion to be cut adrift. It was the unkindness—sometimes of nights it comes on me—just as you describe, at the foot of the bed. Ah, had I courted my Maker, Tillotson, with one three-quarters of the devotion with which I courted my king, he—he" (he paused to recover the quotation)—"he wouldn't have treated me in this sort of way. No, no, not he." After a pause, "You spoke of business, I think?" Then Mr. Tilney, well back in his chair, with his armpits over the knobs, said, frankly, "Now, what can we do for you? I should be glad to tell you anything and everything."

Mr. Tillotson then disclosed the object of his coming down to that decaying country town. "Of course you have seen in the Times the Foncier Capital Company. They are doing wonderfully, and are spreading their business. They want to work up the country districts. I myself am a director, and am very deep in it, as they call it. In short, we are going to have a branch here. There is no need to make a mystery or secret about it, and so I tell you. We are determined to make the experiment, at all events. Now, what do you think of the prospect?"

"Well," said Mr. Tilney, filling out some

sherry, "I know nothing about rate of interest, exchange, and that class of thing—I say it above-board—and as to banks, I know the brass shovels by sight, perhaps, and the 'How will you have it?'—eh? It's a happy moment, always, getting a spade-ful of guineas. Money is one of God Almighty's blessings; let them preach against it who like. I have heard Ridley, the dean, preach against it like a fury, and it's notorious, sir, the man's as great a miser as there's in the chapter. I don't call *that* religion. But ask me about men and women—ask me about the mere rude details—human nature—life from the palace to the cottage—I'm at home there. And let me add, Mr. Tillotson, that a man, a *gentleman*—who says his prayers every morning, and who has walked over the kingdom with his eyes open, or without doing any—well—any confounded sneaking dirty action, is a scholar in his way, and as learned as any of their D.D.s up at the Close there. Hiscocke is note-orious for his brown particular."

Mr. Tillotson felt all through that there was a sound truth in this philosophy, and picked up short sketches, points, and features about the more prominent persons of the place, which were useful for his purpose.

It was now about nine o'clock. Mr. Tilney was growing very communicative, and seemed to punctuate his sentences with sips of brown sherry. He always spoke of this drink so unctuously and with such flavour as combining strength and cordial and restoring power, that a rich mahogany seemed to glow before his hearers' eyes, and they moved their tongues uneasily. People were known to go and order brown sherry after an interview with him.

"I am very glad you are come," continued he, his arms still on the round knobs—"very glad. I hope you will stay. We should all like to know you. Between ourselves, this is a stifling place for a man who has clattered through life as I have, and sat and drank with the best. It is a great change, you know, after all. This place is like the backwoods, and it comes hard, devilish hard, upon a man, sir, who is accustomed to his bow-window and his newspaper, and his out of club mutton, and his two fingers from a royal dook, with a 'How d'ye do, Tilney?' as regular as a mutton-chop at breakfast. One of these days I'll show you a letter from that quarter; a letter, by Jupiter, that I might have written to you, or you to me. But what I say is this: If a man has been used in a gentlemanly way through life, and has been met in a gentlemanly way by a merciful Creator, it don't become us, sir, to cut us and grumble, and be ungrateful at the end. I tell you what," said Mr. Tilney, prying curiously into the now empty decanter, and feeling that he must forego more of that cordial—"I tell you what: will you come up to my shop and take your tea with my girl, up at the Close? If you will do me that honour, I shall be exceedingly happy. We are in a sort of modest happy-go-lucky way. We don't aim

at style or expense, because, as I can tell you, from the very bottom of my heart, not one of us cares for that sort of thing. Not one. We do our little all to fit ourselves to the lot Providence has cast us for. I have only the girls in the world, and their mother. Do come, Tillotson. Don't stand on ceremony; and I tell you, you will make them happy—all happy. You will, indeed."

Mr. Tilney urged this point with much persistence. Indeed, Mr. Tilney had an absorbing overpowering manner, a genteel heartiness that would take no denial, and a social paternity that he put on with men. He had even an agricultural impetuosity; but it was an agricultural affection tempered by the polite affection of drawing-rooms. After a friendship of two or three hours' duration, Mr. Tilney always found his way to a new friend's arm; and as he was elderly, and previously had mainly been talking of life and mortality, this action fell in quite easily and almost gracefully. But he could not prevail with his friend, who shrank away from company.

"Well, then, a stroll. Come now. A little walk to show you the place."

What with the strong fiery wines of the White Hart, which age had not tempered, and which had maintained the old strength that stimulated the fox-hunting gentry of the real old times, and the low rooms, which were slightly "stuffy," and his journey, Mr. Tillotson felt a headache, and weary. When, therefore, a gentleman in velvet, with a whip-handle in one pocket, and heavy buff club-shaped legs, dropped in, and shouted with delight at seeing Mr. Tilney, saying, "I have heard all about the 'orse," Mr. Tillotson got up, and said he would walk a little outside.

"Do, do," said the other, with fervour. "I'll not be long—not longer than this," he said, tapping the decanter. "The night air is beautiful. Go on quietly towards the cathedral—any one will tell you the way—and I'll be after you."

CHAPTER III. THE BROWN ROOM.

MR. TILLOTSON went out slowly. The night air was pleasant enough, and in the direction which he took all was very quiet. He went on slowly through some narrow streets, and he did not care to ask the way as he had been directed for every now and again he had a glimpse of a gigantic signal before him, which solemnly showed him the road—the huge cathedral; and behind the base of one of the great long windows was a faint light, where workmen were busy, just as though it was a lantern held out to him from a distance. Through some narrow old streets he went slowly towards it, until he suddenly heard voices, and noise, and confusion, and round a corner came upon a scuffle, hats tumbling along the road, a scramble, and scraping of shoes, and three young men struggling with another, who was in the midst of them, with his coat torn from his back.

"Give it to him!" "Serve him right!" "Low beggar!" "Good lesson!" "Hit him hard, Filby!" "Screw his eyes out!"

One of the young gentlemen had a light cane, and was scourging the victim soundly. The others seemed to be looking him where they could. Only some women stood with their babies at the doors, and one called out for help feebly.

Mr. Tillotson paused a moment. He saw that this was more than a street scuffle, and, without pausing a moment, he walked up quickly to them, was flung aside by the momentum of the battle, but in a second had dragged away the single victim from his persecutors. There was nothing of the splendid rescuer in what he did; he had the advantage which the fresh unengaged combatant who has seen and measured the crisis from a distance, always has.

According to the usual formula, they stood panting a moment, then turned on him.

Mr. Tillotson said, quietly, "Threes on one! Surely you are Englishmen, and can give Englishmen fair play?"

"He deserves it, and more!" said one of the combatants, a little excitedly. "A wretched spy of a grocer! He's not had half enough!"

"I'll have the law of you all," said the victim, a little round man, adjusting his torn coat. "I know your names: you, Pilby, and you, Ross. Mind, when I get you before the jury, see if I don't—"

Suddenly one of the most inflamed of the three burst out:

"And are you going to let this *bagman* interfere with you? Confound you, you impertinent equator-jumper, what do you mean by meddling with gentlemen? I'll give you a lesson, if they won't."

He sprang round actively to the other side of Mr. Tillotson with a light cane raised. In an instant the light cane was twisted out of his hand, and was broken in two by a smart blow, which Mr. Tillotson meant for his shoulder, but which fell upon his cheek.

"There, there," said his friends, "that's enough. Let the grocer go, and have done with him. Come home to barracks."

The last combatant had his hand up to his cheek to hide something, and seemed quite routed. Mr. Tillotson saw something like blood through his fingers.

"You are not much hurt," he said. "I did not mean—"

"Curse you, you did though," said the other. "You aimed at my face, like a shabby—Don't hold me, I tell you! Where is he?"

"Come away, do, now. That grocer has gone for a watchman. Come." And the friends, in spite of all his struggling, took him each by an arm and hurried him off.

Mr. Tillotson looked after them a moment. "This is just life with me," he thought, bitterly, "life all over. I look for peace, and never can find it. Even in a wretched place like this, at the back of God speed, in a wretched street, I am dragged into a mean scuffle of this sort. A low street row, above all! That old vile enemy will come up, will haunt me. Though they talk of crushing out our wicked tempers—Heaven!

help me!—talk of subjugating the will, taming our earthly passions, being dead to the world! What a comic instance am I of this training for years." And he almost laughed within himself.

He heard a cheerful step behind him, and saw Mr. Tilney coming up in the moonlight, with stick swinging round like a catherine-wheel.

"God bless me," he said, "what an eye for geography you have! Now, that's just like Tom Ventnor, who was always hanging about the palace wanting a 'stole,' or a gentleman-at-arms, or, in fact, anything they would give him. 'Tom Ventnor all the world over. Put Tom down in Paris or Dresden, Stafford or Gloucester, or Berlin, or New York, or Vienna, or—or—Colney Hatch,'" added Mr. Tilney, embarrassed by having got to the end of all the capitals he recollected, "and he could walk about anywhere, anywhere."

They walked on through the town. The grocers' shops were still in splendour. They passed an open market-place, where there was a statue in a frock-coat. "One of England's gentlemen," said Mr. Tilney, stopping to wave his stick at him as if he was making an incantation, "who lived as he died. That man, to my knowledge, never did a dirty action. It was one of the most pleasing ceremonies I ever saw in the whole course of my life when Lord Monboddo laid the first stone. Ridley, the dean, behaved like a gentleman for once in his life, and prayed over the bronze in good style. Chinnery, my cousin, came down here for it—all the way from Chinnery."

Then they got under a gateway, and entered on a soft quiet common, fringed about on one side with ancient detached houses of brick and stone, and of different heights, while on the other rose the cathedral, tall, firm, solid, like a rock out of the sea. The grass was between.

"There it is," said Mr. Tilney, flourishing with his stick. "I have forgotten all my poetry and Georgics, though I was brought up at Rugby, with Stamer and Hodgson and the rest. Ah! it sticks to me yet, sir, to see that. It is a fine thing, and a noble thing, and it speaks to me. Who is the fellow that says that a nigger—a common nigger that you see with wool like a bit of ticking stuck on his head—is th' Almighty's image cut out of a lump o' marble? Grand, that. Well, that building, sir, seems to me th' Almighty's image cut out of pure Portland or Scotch stone—I'm not sure which. I should be ashamed if my whole heart had got so scared and knocked about if it hadn't a corner left for a grand thought like that!"

Mr. Tillotson actually heard his voice quaver and tremble a little. Could he have seen Mr. Tilney's face, he would have noticed that his eyes were really moistened. Indeed, after brown sherry, his friends always noticed this tendency to topics of sensibility.

They were now back at the hotel. "Well, here we are," said Mr. Tilney. "Wait. I'll go in and

see what they have done with you. Where have you put Mr. Tillotson, James?"

"In the Brown Room, sir. There's a fire lighting there."

"Ah, dear, dear! So it is! Old Sir John Mackintosh, he slept there. (She was one of the *finest* women, Tillotson, that you would pick out. You couldn't go beyond her.) I know the road, Tillotson. This way."

They went up through many passages, till they got to this large but low square room, with faded paper, and a faded red-cushioned bedstead, with limp curtains fast drawn, which nodded as any one walked across the room. It seemed as stately as the Baldegno in St. Peter's at Rome. Mr. Tilney got his legs across a chair in a riding attitude, yet without any intention of moving. Suddenly he started. "My goodness, I declare, so it is! The very room. Wonderful indeed. There's not a sparrow falls, you know. Just ask the waiter if I am not right."

"How do you mean?" said Mr. Tillotson, wearily.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Tilney, getting off his horse, "this is the very chamber where Tom Major shot old General Macarthy, at one o'clock in the morning—just as I might crack this lump here."

Mr. Tilney was seeking this reminiscence in the coals with such infinite relish that he did not see that this sudden piece of news made Mr. Tillotson fall back against the curtains of the bed as if he had been stricken—neither did he hear his murmured "Great Heaven!"

"This very room," he went on, beating the coals abstractedly, "I was brought to when a mere lad, the very morning after. And they had the poor old general on a bed. But brought it all on himself—couldn't command himself; and Tom, who belonged to one of the best families, could not well pass it over. Tom got away to Boulogne in time. Dear me! Tillotson, my dear friend, I beg your pardon, I do indeed. I forgot. Traveller, and all that. You look pulled down someway. We must get up fresh here—and here. Heaven, in its infinite bounty, bless you. After all, we have every reason to be thankful!"

With this he at last took his leave, and went away. As soon as he had gone, Mr. Tillotson, as it were shrinking away from the room, rang for the waiter. "Light a fire," he said, "in another room."

With amazement the waiter murmured, "But this is the Brown Room, sir. Lord Llanberis, sir, always—"

"I don't care," said Mr. Tillotson, impatiently. "Get me a smaller room, one lower down, and not so lonely."

"But the fire, sir; the housemaids are gone to bed."

"Never mind the fire."

The waiter went to get ready another room, murmuring to himself that this was a queer, "ill-edicated feller," and in a short time had a

smaller mouldy apartment, with also a catafalque bed, quite ready, and there Mr. Tillotson slept a troubled sleep.

BEFORE THE DELUGE.

AMONGST the foremost propagators of the Romance of Fact, stands the name of Louis Figuier. Year by year he has given us of late a summary of the scientific marvels divulged during the twelvemonth past, with now and then a comprehensive work treating some one subject in its full completeness. Such is *The World before the Deluge*, of which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have published an admirable adaptation, very different from an ordinary and servile translation, and which comes in just now as a most seasonable gift-book.

At this time of year, thousands of people are asking themselves the question, What is the most wholesome reading for the young? Fiction, fables, and fairy tales—or facts? M. Figuier—perhaps a little too exclusive and narrow in his educational views, too much devoted to "nothing like leather"—holds that the first books placed in the hands of the young, when they have mastered the first steps to knowledge and can read, should be on Natural History; that, in place of awakening the faculties of youthful minds to admiration by fables, it would be better to direct their admiring attention to the simple spectacles of nature—to the structure of a tree, the composition of a flower, the organs of animals, the perfection of the crystalline form in minerals; above all, to the history of the world, our habitation. In one point at least, he is right. After ordinary and every-day facts have been mastered, and a moderate allowance of amusing literature indulged in, then, nothing is more instructive and elevating than an introduction to new, unknown, and wonderful facts. And certainly, the incontestable truths with which it is desirable to furnish the minds of the young are not difficult to find; nor do they impose any great labour on the youthful mind.

Different species have died out quite naturally; races have disappeared, like individuals. The Sovereign Master, who created animals and plants, has willed that the duration of the existence of species on the surface of the earth should be limited, as is the life of individuals. It was not necessary, in order that they should disappear, that the elements should be overthrown, nor to call in the intervention of the united fires of heaven and earth. It is according to a plan emanating from the All-powerful, that the races which have lived a certain time upon the earth, have made way for others, and frequently for races nearer perfection, as far as complexity of organisation is concerned. We see the work of creation perfecting itself unceasingly, in the hands of Him who has said, "Before the world was, I am." The ever-increasing beauty of the fabric compels us to adore the Artificer.

In introducing a foreign work of this kind to native readers, the introducer has to accomplish two distinct and dissimilar tasks, both of which must be well performed to ensure success. First, he has to render foreign phraseology into easy and elegant English, and secondly, to *naturalise* the work in hand, to adapt it to our home ideas, to render it more logical, if possible, and to increase its interest and usefulness by illustrations drawn from local and familiar facts. The version of a book on popular geology (or any other science in a state of progress) has to be undertaken in quite a different spirit from versions of Greek or Latin poets. Fossil literature is best left in its original fossil form and aspect; living literature should, if it may be, have additional vitality infused into its veins.

Now as to the rendering of French into English, the translator of *The World before the Deluge* has the modesty to say that "the simple and elegant language in which the author has expressed himself, and the profound interest inseparable from the subject itself, rendered the task of translating him a labour of love." The result, we undertake to pronounce, is so fluent, polished, and complete, that readers unacquainted with the fact of its being a translation would unsuspectingly receive it as an original. It does not, like many versions of foreign tongues, stand in need of oiling, even after the workman's sawdust and chips are cleared away. The style does not move on by jolts and jerks, dislocating sentences now and then, but is charmingly clear and easy reading—which, as we learn from Byron, is not always easy writing. Not a few of the translated passages have been incorporated in the present paper.

From Chaos to the Deluge, the scope of M. Figuier's book, is indeed an enormous sweep, even for the most vivid imagination and the most industrious penman. Nevertheless, by careful subdivision into epochs, illustrating each by authentic proofs that have been discovered, and by remains preserved up to the present day; from the imprints of rain-drops on the earliest dry land, from injected veins and basaltic columns, to the teeth of the mammoth and the horns of the elk, who may have been contemporary with man—a clear and distinct notion is conveyed of the changes that occurred during bygone ages.

Of course it is understood that the epochs are so arranged for the purpose of convenient description merely; for we are not to suppose that any distinct feature alters one period from another in nature. The change was probably gradual and insensible, instead of being, like the acts of a drama, marked by the rising and falling of a curtain. This difficulty of drawing a satisfactory line of demarcation between different systems is sufficient to dispel the idea, which has sometimes been entertained, that special fauna were annihilated and created in the mass, or wholesale, at the close of each several epoch. There was no close then, as there is none now. Each epoch silently dis-

appears in that which succeeds it, and with it the animals belonging to it; much as we have seen them disappear from our own fauna, almost in our own times.

The length of those periods may be vaguely guessed at, by the enormous accumulations made during their continuance. Thus, the tertiary epoch was closed by gigantic elephants (mammoths), vastly larger than any now surviving, and which, probably ushered in the succeeding one. They must have existed in enormous numbers. On the coast of Norfolk alone, the fishermen, trawling for oysters, fished up, between 1820 and 1833, no less than two thousand elephants' molar teeth. If we consider how slowly those animals multiply, these quarries of ivory, as we may call them, suppose many centuries for their production.

It has been an easy task to recognise the general form and structure of the mammoth. It surpassed the largest elephants of the tropics in size, for it was from sixteen to eighteen feet in height. The monstrous tusks with which it was armed were twelve or thirteen feet in length, curving into a semicircle. We know beyond a doubt that it was thickly covered with long shaggy hair, and that a copious mane floated upon its neck and along its back. Its trunk resembled that of the Indian elephant. Its body was heavy, and its legs were comparatively shorter than those of the latter animal, of which, nevertheless, it had many of the habits. Blumenbach gave it the specific name of *Elephas primigenius*.

In all ages, and in almost all countries, chance discoveries have been made of fossil elephants' bones embedded in the soil. Some of the elephants' bones having a slight resemblance to those of man, these have often been taken for human bones. In the earlier historic times, such great bones, accidentally disinterred, have passed as having belonged to some hero or demigod; at a later period they were taken for the bones of giants.

In 1577, a storm having uprooted an oak near the cloisters of Reyden, in the canton of Lucerne, some large bones were exposed to view. Seven years after, a physician and professor of Basle, Felix Plater, being at Lucerne, examined these bones, and declared that they could only proceed from a giant. The Council of Lucerne consented to send the bones to Basle for more minute examination, and Plater thought himself justified in attributing to the giant a height of nineteen feet. He designed a human skeleton on this scale, and returned the bones with the drawing to Lucerne. In 1706, all that remained of them was a portion of the scapula and a fragment of the wrist-bone. Blumenbach, who saw them at the beginning of the century, easily recognised them for the bones of an elephant. As a complement to this bit of history, he it added that the inhabitants of Lucerne adopted the image of this pretended giant as the supporters of the city arms.

Spanish history preserves many stories of giants. The tooth of St. Christopher, shown

at Valentia, in the church dedicated to the saint, was certainly the molar tooth of a fossil elephant; and in 1789, the canons of St. Vincent carried through the streets in public procession, to procure rain, the pretended arm of a saint, which was nothing less than the femur of an elephant.

These fossil bones of elephants are extensively scattered, not in Europe only, but almost all over the world; in Scandinavia, in Greece, in Spain, in Italy, in Africa. In the New World, too, we have found, and continue still to find, tusks, molar teeth, and bones, of the mammoth. What is most singular is, that these remains exist more especially in great numbers in the north of Europe, in the frozen regions of Siberia; regions altogether uninhabitable for the elephant in our days. Every year, in the season of thawing, the vast rivers which descend to the Frozen Ocean sweep down with their waters numerous portions of the banks, and expose to view the bones buried in the soil and in the excavations left by the rushing waters.

New Siberia and the Isle of Laekon are, for the most part, only an agglomeration of sand, ice, and elephants' teeth. At every tempest the sea casts ashore fresh heaps of mammoths' tusks, and the inhabitants are able to drive a profitable trade in the fossil ivory thrown up by the waves. During summer, innumerable fishermen's barks direct their course to this isle of bones; and in winter, immense caravans take the same route, all the convoys drawn by dogs, returning charged with the tusks of the mammoth, weighing each from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds. The fossil ivory thus obtained from the frozen north is imported into China and Europe, where it is employed for the same purposes as ordinary ivory—which is furnished, as we know, by the elephant and hippopotamus of Africa and Asia. The isle of bones has served as a quarry of this valuable material for export to China for five hundred years; and it has been exported to Europe for upwards of a hundred. But the supply from these strange mines remains undiminished. What a number of accumulated generations does not this profusion of bones and tusks imply!

It was in Russia that the fossil elephant received the name of mammoth, and its tusks mammoth horns. Pallas asserts that the name originates in the word "mamma," which in the Tartar idiom signifies earth. The Russians of the north believe that these bones proceed from an enormous animal which lived, like the mole, in holes which it dug in the earth. It could not support the light, says the legend, but died when exposed to it. According to other authors, the name proceeds from the Arabic word behemoth, which, in the Book of Job, designates an unknown animal; or from the epithet mehemot, which the Arabs have been accustomed to add to the name of the elephant when of unusual size.

Of all parts of Europe, that in which they are found in greatest numbers is the valley of the Upper Arno. We find there, a perfect

cemetery of elephants. Their bones were at one time so common in the valley, that the peasantry employed them indiscriminately with stones in constructing walls and houses. Since they have learned their value, however, they reserve them for sale to travellers. It is very strange that the East Indies, one of the two regions which is now the home of the elephant, should be the only country in which its fossil bones have not been discovered. But from the circumstance that the gigantic mammoth inhabited nearly every region of the globe, we are drawn to the conclusion (to which many other inferences lead) that, during the geological period in which these animals lived, the general temperature of the earth was much higher than it is at present.

A noteworthy circumstance is that, in still earlier times, an elevated temperature and a constant humidity do not seem to have been limited to any one part of the globe. The heat seems to have been the same in all latitudes. From the equatorial regions up to Melville Island, in the Arctic Ocean, where, in our days, the frosts are eternal, from Spitzbergen to the centre of Africa, the carboniferous flora presents an identity. When we find almost the same fossils at Greenland and in Guinea, when the same species, now extinct, are met with under the same degree of development at the equator and the pole, we cannot but admit that, at this epoch, the temperature of the globe was alike everywhere. What we now call *climate* was, therefore, unknown in geological times. There seems to have been but one climate over the whole globe. It was only at a later period, that is in the tertiary epoch, that, by the progressive cooling of the globe, the cold began to make itself felt at the polar extremities. What, then, was the cause of that uniformity of temperature which we now regard with so much surprise? It proceeded from the excessive heat of the terrestrial sphere. The earth was still so hot in itself, that its innate temperature rendered superfluous and inappreciable, the heat which reached it from the sun. M. Figuier makes a comparison between this state of things and the climate of equatorial Africa; but no human being, not the toughest negro, could support such a course of stewing, steaming, and broiling.

Let us now, as a cooling contrast, glance at what geologists call the glacial period, the winter of the ancient world, and which we must consider as the most curious episode, however certain, in the history of the earth. For, although the cold might be explained by plausible hypotheses, the grand puzzle is to know how the earth got warm again. M. Figuier has the courage to admit that no explanation presents itself which can be considered conclusive; adding, that "in science its professors should never be afraid to say, *I do not know.*"

At this visitation, the vast countries which extend from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean and the Danube, were overtaken by a severe and sudden loss of their usual genial warmth. The temperature of the glacial regions seized

them. If this cooling still remain an unsolved problem, its effects are perfectly appreciable. The result was the annihilation of organic life in the northern and central parts of Europe. All the water-courses, the rivers and rivulets, the seas and lakes, were frozen. As Agassiz says in his first work on Glaciers, "A vast mantle of ice and snow covered the plains, the plateaus, and the seas. All the sources were dried up: the rivers ceased to flow. To the motions of a numerous and animated creation the silence of death must have succeeded. Great numbers of animals perished from cold. The elephant and rhinoceros were killed by thousands in the bosom of their grazing-grounds, and were thus effaced from the list of living creatures. Other animals also were overwhelmed, but their race did not entirely perish."

To attain a full and clear belief that such things really did occur, it is necessary to visit, at least in idea, a country where glaciers still exist. We shall then discover that the glaciers of Switzerland and Savoy have not always been confined to their present limits, and that they are only miniature resemblances of the gigantic glaciers of other times. And (Professor Tyndall informs us) not in Switzerland alone—not alone in proximity with existing glaciers—are the well-known vestiges of ancient ice discernible; on the hills of Cumberland they are almost as clear as among the Alps. Round about Scawfell, the traces of ancient ice appear, both in rounded hog-backed rocks and in blocks perched on eminences; and there are ample facts to show that Borrodale was once occupied by glacier ice. In North Wales, also, the ancient glaciers have placed their stamp so firmly on the rocks, that the ages which have since elapsed have failed to obliterate even their superficial marks. All round Snowdon these evidences abound. The ground occupied by the Upper Lake of Killarney was entirely covered by the ancient ice, and every island that now emerges from its surface is a glacier-dome. North America is also thus glaciated. But the most notable observation, in connexion with this subject, is one recently made by Dr. Hooker during a visit to Syria. He has found that the celebrated cedars of Lebanon grow upon ancient glacier moraines or trains of broken rock that had fallen on the ice and been carried by it to a lower level.

While stating these facts, the professor suggests the most probable clue to their explanation. To determine the conditions which permitted the formation of those vast masses of ice, the aim of all writers who have treated the subject has been the attainment of *cold*. Some eminent men have thought that the reduction of temperature during the glacier epoch was due to a temporary diminution of solar radiation; others, that, in its motion through space, our system may have traversed regions of low temperature, and that, during its passage through those regions, the ancient glaciers were produced. Others have sought to lower the temperature by a redistribution of land and water.

But the fact seems to have been overlooked, that the enormous extension of glaciers in by-gone ages demonstrates, just as rigidly, the operation of heat as the action of cold.

Cold alone will not produce glaciers. You may have the bitterest north-east winds here in London throughout the winter, without a single flake of snow. Cold must have the fitting object to operate upon; and this object—the aqueous vapour of the air—is the direct product of heat. But by directing our speculations to account for the *high* temperature of the glacial epoch, a complete reversal of some of the above-quoted hypotheses would in all probability ensue. It is perfectly manifest that, by weakening the sun's action, either through a defect of emission or by the steeping of the entire solar system in space of a low temperature, we should be cutting off the glaciers at their source. In a distilling apparatus, if you required to augment the quantity distilled; you would not surely attempt to obtain the low temperature necessary to condensation, by taking the fire from under your boiler; but this is what is done by those philosophers who produce the ancient glaciers by diminishing the sun's heat. It is clear that the thing most needed to produce the glaciers is an *improved condenser*. We cannot afford to lose an iota of solar action; we need, if anything, more vapour; but we need a condenser so powerful, that this vapour, instead of falling to the earth in liquid showers, shall be so far reduced in temperature as to descend in snow.

It was only after the glacial period, when the earth had resumed its normal temperature, that man was created. Whence came he?

He came—M. Figuier answers—whence the first blade of grass which grew upon the burning rocks of the Silurian seas came; whence came the different races of animals which have from time to time replaced each other upon the globe, gradually rising in the scale of perfection. He emanated from the will of the Author of the worlds which constitute the universe.

We conclude with a few concluding sentences of M. Figuier's Epilogue relative to a problem for which neither induction nor analogy furnishes us with any clue—namely, the perpetuity of our species. Is man doomed to disappear from the earth one day, as all the races of animals which preceded him, and prepared the way for his coming, have done? Or, may we believe that man, gifted with the attribute of reason, stamped with the divine seal, is to be the last supreme end of creation?

As he has dared to say "I do not know," so here he reverently states "I will not presume to guess." Science cannot pronounce upon these grave questions, which exceed the competence and go beyond the circle of human reasoning.

During the primitive epoch, the mineral kingdom existed alone; the rocks, silent and solitary, were all that was yet formed of the burning earth. During the transition epoch, the vegetable kingdom, newly created, extended itself

over the whole globe, which it soon covered from one pole to the other with an uninterrupted mass of verdure. During the secondary and tertiary epochs, the vegetable kingdom and the animal kingdom divided the earth between them. In the quaternary epoch, the *human kingdom* appeared. Is it in the future destinies of our planet to receive yet another lord? And after the four kingdoms which now occupy it, is there to be a *new kingdom* created, which will ever be a mystery to us, but which will differ from man in as great a degree as man differs from animals, and plants from rocks?

We must be contented with suggesting, without hoping to resolve this formidable problem. This great mystery, according to Pliny's fine expression, "is hidden in the majesty of nature;" or, to speak more in the spirit of Christian philosophy, it is hidden in the knowledge of the Almighty Creator of the world, who formed the universe.

THE WORDS OF MAHARAVA.

SAITH the Hermit Maharava, in the Shaskru deeply learned,

"Never at any time hath God by Man been discerned:

But, to each man, that which the man himself, in himself, is able

To conceive of God, God seemeth." Saith the Hermit, "Hear this Fable:

In a certain land" (he saith) "is the Blind Men's City. There came

On a certain time" (he saith) "to the Blind Men's City the fame

Of an elephant marching by. So the Blind Ones arose, drew near,

And the elephant's trunk one seized, and another one seized his ear,

One of them seized his leg, and the tail of him one of them seized:

Each of them felt what he held, and each of them held what he pleased.

Then, returning all to the City, they sat in the gate, and began

Describing the elephant, each to speak of the creature. The man

That had held the trunk of him, first, then said to the other ones, 'Know

That this creature is shapen the same as the plantain-tree.' 'Not so,'

Said he that had held the tail of him; 'rather, O friends, like a snake

Is the form of the beast.' 'Now surely, my brother doth either mistake

Or else he deceiveth, not truly affirming the truth,' answer'd he

That had seized on the elephant's leg; 'for the elephant seemeth to me,

Having handled and felt him, much more like a pillar which hardly a man

With outstretcht arms may encompass.' 'A pillar? What next? 'tis a fan

Like the fan wherewith the Hindoo the soil'd rice cleaneth. I fear

That my brothers have drunken strong wine,' said the man who had felt the beast's ear,

Whereat they all wax'd wroth: each chiding his fellow: and each

Well-assured of himself: not one of them knowing save what to the reach

Of his hand 'twas accorded to hold. And the quarrel grew sorer apace

'Twixt the blind men, teachers of blind men. Listening to those in the place

Where they wrangled, there chanced to be sitting a certain other blind man,

That had not follow'd the others, when after the elephant ran

Those blind men out of the City, because he was weak, being old.

He therefore, having in turn given ear to the story each told,

Made answer, and said, 'I perceive that each of you, truly, that gibeth

The words of his brother, himself hath, but felt what himself describeth.

Each having felt some part of the whole,—none feeling it all.

Wherefore it seemeth to me that it may be, that which you call

Like the stem of the plantain-tree is the trunk of the elephant: that

Which seemeth to be like a snake is the tail of the elephant: what

In its bulk as a pillar appeareth, which hardly men's arms may span

Is haply the leg of the creature: moreover what seemeth a fan

Like the fan of the Hindoo wherewith the rice he cleaneth, may be

Peradventure the ear of the beast.' Thus cautiously answered he.

For the wise man neither denieth nor yet affirmeth what fools

Are loud to affirm and deny, in the folly of sects and schools.

But, in all creeds searching for truth, he findeth in every one

Some part of the truth which wholly compass'd he findeth in none:

To each mind partly apparent, by no mind fully discern'd;"

Saith the Hermit Maharava, in the Shaskru deeply learned.

CARRIAGES AND THEIR CHANGES.

"THE disappearance of pigtails and leather breeches from the House of Commons, the rise and fall of the Stanhope gig and cabriolet, the decline of chariots, the extinction of the vis-à-vis, and the introduction of the Brougham." This was the answer of a desperate civil service candidate to the question, "What were the most remarkable social changes which followed the Reform Bill?" According to the tradition of the Foreign Office clerks, the freshness and truth of the reply saved the modern Phaeton from the fatal "plough."

There can be no doubt that amongst the many remarkable social changes within the recollection of our middle-aged men, none has been more decisive than that in the character of our pleasure carriages. Macadam was the first great revolutionist in Long-acre. He made it possible to dispense with the before inevitable four horses on country roads; and by the smooth, easy sur-

face with which he replaced the jolting pavement, and the miles of mud, which, a hundred years ago, buried Arthur Young's gig on a highway up to its axles, struck a fatal blow at the state coach with six horses, and its guard of active running footmen. The railroad followed, nipped the stage-coach just as it reached perfection, destroyed the professors of four-in-hand, and finally reduced to the value of old wood and iron those luxurious posting chariots, without which, before the days of the iron horse, no country gentleman's coach-house was complete.

Although still quite a young man, as compared with premiers and lord chancellors, my earliest recollections—as an unbreeched boy, whose greatest joy was to sit on a horse in the stall, while a groom, the nurse's sweetheart, hissed through his work—go back to the palmy days of posting, and sailing-packets between Dover and Calais. It was in those days of keen observation, of rapid eye-and-ear education, that I accompanied my parents on a journey by post, which extended from the extreme north of England to the south of France. Posting was in those days the indispensable mode of conveyance for a sick man, who could by any sacrifice afford the exorbitant cost. Some scenes of this long journey are as indelibly impressed on my memory as my first pantomime. The formidable state with which we were received at the inns where we stopped for the night, by the landlord, the landlady, and their attendant suite—the fierce battles next morning on the question whether or not the road required a pair of leaders—battles in which my father, a country parson travelling on a legacy which included his first and last carriage, was invariably defeated—the sensation of awe and admiration which filled my infant mind, when, on a high road near a great race-course, our humble chariot and pair was drawn off the pavement into the mud, while there passed along the lord-lieutenant in uniform, in his state coach drawn by six horses, and preceded by outriders, who, as well as the postilion, bore each on his left arm a badge magnificently embroidered, as big as a dinner-plate, while as for the coachman and his wig, his degenerate representative may still be seen at Lord Mayors' shows. These effects were not exceeded by the procession of Bluebeard or the feats of Harlequin. Not less acute is my remembrance of the disgust with which, a clean little boy, I was compelled to sit next the ragged dirty driver of the hack cabriolet in Paris. Paris of oil lamps, and gutters in mid-street, reeking with filth and crowded with foot passengers, whom our grimy driver seemed to chase with wild cries.

It was on this journey that, near an English manufacturing town, we called with a letter of introduction on one of the new great men of the place, at his stucco-painted mock Italian villa, staring at the highway. Our host, a little man in satin knee-breeches, with a white powdered head, ruddy cheeks, and amazing black eyebrows, received us with boisterous hospitality, as the

bearers of a letter from his friend Dick Somebody. After a profuse mid-day meal, in which he did more than justice to the wine which his invalid guest declined, he proceeded to show the glories of his establishment. A fish-pond alive with gold and silver fish, the first I had ever seen; painted wooden temples dedicated to divers divinities; fountains which spouted from leaden statues on turning a tap; and other cheap classical arrangements in favour of that pre-architectural period; finally we were conducted to the stables and coach-house, where six horses and two carriages were not the least part of the state of the fortunate owner. Then nothing less would serve the excited little man than that the servants should put on their liveries, harness four of the horses to a bright yellow chariot, resplendent with silver, and parade the whole equipage before us. Even this was not enough; an equally brilliant curricule was produced, and, taking the reins, he drove bare-headed round the grounds. I do not now remember what impression this performance produced on my parents, but to my childish eyes it was as magnificent as anything I had heard of in fairy tales. It may be presumed that there are at this day persons as anxious to display their newly acquired wealth, as the little man just described; but fashion has so changed, that no one unqualified for Bedlam would think of maintaining a reputation on a chariot and four horses. It would rather be in plate, a picture-gallery, a cellar of choice wine, wonderful pheasant covers, or some lavish gift to a literary institution, or church.

The curricule with its silver bar flourished in its most expensive shape with two grooms attendant, in the time of George the Regent. The little boot which in later days carried the grooms, was an economical compromise; four horses and two servants to carry two persons in a carriage only fit for day-work, was surely the height of extravagance. It was necessary, too, that the horses should be matched to the greatest nicety in size and step, as well as colour, and match horses are always an additional expense.

The most celebrated curricule of the last century was built of copper, in the shape of a sea-shell, and was driven by that caricature of dandies, Romeo Coates. The last curricule about town was Count D'Orsay's, and although the shape of the body of the carriage was inelegant, the effect of that kind of be-plated luxury was very striking when the horses were perfect, and the harness gorgeous and well varnished.

The Four-horse Coach Club was in great force forty years ago, when the highest professors of the art of four-in-hand were to be found by day and night on every high road in the kingdom. The coaches of the club of the regiments in which the art still survives, are perhaps as complete specimens of mere mechanic art as ever. Among the carriages which have altogether disappeared since the Reform Bill, is the vis-à-vis, essentially a court carriage, requiring

a pair of horses, a coachman and a footman; it must have been the work of an inventor seeking the smallest result at the largest expense, as it had no apparent advantage over a chariot, and was less useful.

The chariot still retains its place among those who always have at least one footman to spare—among a decreasing number of dowagers and a few physicians; but such is the effect of change of fashion, that a second-hand one is almost unsaleable; twenty pounds will buy what cost two hundred and fifty pounds; whereas fifty years ago no carriage was in such demand as the chariot; and in its lowest stages it was to be found on hack-stands and at livery stables, in the place of the modern fly.

The mail phaeton of the last generation of the pre-railroad age has been reduced in size and weight, and (in the majority of instances), by the abolition of the perch, transformed into the Stanhope phaeton. It is likely to continue popular with the large number who enjoy driving, and can afford to drive, a pair of horses. The old mail phaeton, some specimens of which may still be seen driven by country bankers and masters of hounds, required a pair of full-sized expensive horses to draw it well, instead of the small blood horses which best suit a Stanhope phaeton; but it was, of its kind, a luxurious carriage, by its strength and weight defying the jolts of the worst roads, and overpowering the impudence of the drunken drivers of market-carts. Nothing less than collision with a four-wheeled waggon could shake it, while the driver, high above his horses, held them in complete command, and rolled serenely along, overlooking garden walls, and looking down on all ordinary vehicles. In the days when roadside inns regularly expected and received a succession of guests, there was nothing pleasanter than a tour of visits to hospitable friends, in a well-appointed mail phaeton, with an agreeable companion at your side, and a clever handy groom behind. The big hood was a partial protection to the great-coated many-caped inmates, and the blazing lamps and rattling pole chains made even a dark and foggy night not altogether disagreeable, from the comforting sensation that if anything you could not see did run against you, it was not your solid carriage that would get the worst of it.

The fashionable two-wheeled half-covered town carriage of Reform Bill days was the cabriolet. Palace-yard was full of them on the evenings of great debates. Now, you may count on your fingers the number that are worth looking at in the Park, or at the doors of the best clubs. The Brougham killed the cabriolet, superseding it entirely as the one carriage of the bachelor, and leaving it only for a few; to whom a carriage, more or less, is of no consequence. In another twenty years the cabriolet will have followed its predecessor, the curricule, to the limbo of marine stores. The cabriolet, when perfectly appointed, was a very stately bachelor's day carriage, costing a large sum of money to build, requiring a very

expensive horse, with a change if used at night as well as day, unfit for country expeditions, and not complete without a perfectly useless boy jolting unmercifully behind, and too small for anything but ornament.

The age of Tom and Jerry bucks drove fast trotters in gigs, or dashed along in tandems—tandems which are nearly abandoned by undergraduates, and almost confined to headstrong shop-keepers on Sundays, and the long journeys of young Norfolk farmers on market-days.

The Brougham, invented in 1839, gave a fatal blow to the cabriolet, by affording the maximum of appearance and convenience at the cost of one horse and one servant.

It is rather surprising that the noble lord who gave the idea and his name to this invaluable improvement in town carriages, has never made it the subject of a paragraph in one of those wonderful discourses on everything in general and nothing in particular, addressed to social science meetings. For the social results of the Brougham have been immense, harmonising families, bringing husband and wife together, accommodating children, making beauties look more beautiful, cutting off the necessity of a footman, and, not least, reforming street conveyances, which travelled through a fearful interregnum of danger and discomfort, between the decline of the hackney coach of our childhood and the rise of the four-wheeler of our first whiskers. The secret history of the origin, rise, and triumph, of the Brougham has never been written, and perhaps never will be, yet it is worth the attention of those industrious biographers who devote their whole energies to the researches into the private lives of jockeys, blacklegs, and boxers, record their tastes in meats and puddings, their triumphs, their recondite jokes, and exhaust classical quotations from Mr. Maunder's manuals on their adventurous lives and premature deaths.

The germ of the Brougham is to be found in certain street vehicles drawn by one horse in use in Birmingham and Liverpool forty years ago, under the name of one-horse cars. So recently as 1837 a gentleman's covered carriage on four wheels drawn by one horse, was entirely unknown to the genteel, not to say the fashionable world; for in that year the most complete and scientific book on pleasure carriages was published by Mr. Adams, then a coachbuilder, since a distinguished mechanical engineer, and he gives no hint of the coming carriage reform.

Mr. Adams made an early display of his ingenuity by building a carriage now only remembered in connexion with the great Duke of Wellington, who drove one to the last, the Equirota, which, in theory, combined the advantage of a two-wheeled and a four-wheeled carriage, the forepart and wheels being connected with the hind body by a hinge or joint, so that no matter how the horses turned, the driver always had them square before him; a great advantage. It was also, at the cost of something under five hundred pounds, convertible into a series of vehicles.

Complete, it was a landau, holding four inside, besides the servants' hind dickey; disunited, it formed at will a Stanhope gig, a cabriolet, or a curicle. In spite of the example of the Iron Duke, and the eloquent explanations of the inventor, the public, either not caring for such a combination, or not willing to pay the price, never took to the Equirota.

The Brougham, on the other hand, advanced from the first, and eventually spread over the whole civilised world. To obtain lightness, the perch and the C springs were abolished, at the cost of a certain buzzing noise still to be found in the work of inferior builders. There are Broughams with C springs, but these are luxuries and a departure from the original principle. Broughams were built at first for two only, then were extended to four seats; single and double Broughams were soon adopted by the fairest of the fair, because it was discovered that the plate-glass windows presented charming portraits, hung, as they should be, *exactly on the line*, while ascent and descent presented none of the difficulties of the old-fashioned chariot. It was found that the finest cabriolet-horse looked twice as well in a Brougham, and, with the weight off his back and legs, lasted twice as long; besides, if it were necessary to make a long journey instead of a succession of flashes through street or park, then, by exchanging the sixteen-hands stepper for a pair of light blood horses, the Brougham still became the most agreeable conveyance, as long as the beauties of nature were not the object of the journey. In the early days of Broughams, attempts were made to reproduce the chariot, with hammercloth and knife-board for the calves, but these were mistakes. The greatest mistake of all is burying a Brougham behind two gigantic horses. A single horse, if well shaped for harness, should not be under fifteen hands three inches high—sixteen hands one inch, is better. Remarkable colours, even duns, skewbalds, and white stockings, if with good knee action, are permissible; but when a pair are harnessed, about fifteen hands one inch is the most harmonious height; and blood galloways, even smaller, look very well if the Brougham be built for them. A single-horse Brougham is essentially a town carriage; taken into the country, it is apt to degenerate into a cruelty carriage.

The International Exhibition of 1851 left an indelible scratch—to use the phrase of one of our greatest engineers—on the history of carriage-building, especially in the large class of cheaper vehicles, which good roads, suburban villas, railroad stations, and the repeal of the penal taxes on the owners of more than one carriage, had created. The great builders, the aristocracy of the trade, were there. The four-in-hand drag, fitted with ice-pails and a dozen luxurious contrivances, of which the previous generation never dreamed, was there. There, was the capacious coach, of dignity and state, in which the high sheriff of a county meets the judges on circuit,

or the many-daughtered duchess attends the Drawing-room or the royal ball. There, was the stately and elegant barouche; and there, was a mob of phaetons, dog-carts, two and four-wheeled, Whitechaps, Coburgs, and pony carriages of every conceivable variety of shape and name. It was in 1851 that the celebrated clothes-basket took up its position as a low-priced, not very clean rural resource. Southampton and Derby became famous; and out of a cottage dog-cart arose, in Nottingham, that steam-driven carriage manufactory which now vies with the best names in London for solidity and taste.

The rise of the four-wheeled pony phaeton—which has since branched off into many varieties of shape and price—dates from the fallen days of George the Fourth, when he entered into voluntary exile at the cottage near Virginia Water. The king's pony phaeton was one of the rare instances of good taste patronised by the author of white kid breeches, stucco palaces, and uniforms in which fighting was impossible and dancing difficult.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer who reduced the tax on low-wheeled carriages was the real author of the swarms of pony phaetons that branched off and vulgarised, as the French say, the George the Fourth model. The nineteen-guinea dog-cart that never carried dogs, and the thirty-inch wheel pony phaeton, were bred in the same year by the same budget. As a special boon to the agricultural public, in a chronic state of discontent, the exemption from taxation, which had previously been confined to the springless shandrydan, was extended to any two-wheeled carriage built for less than twenty pounds, provided the owner's name appeared in letters of a certain length and undefined breadth, on the cart or gig. This bounty created a large crop of dog-carts at fabulously low prices, embellished with letters which presented the nearest approach to length without breadth. The exemption has long been repealed, but it lasted long enough to make the "cart" an institution, without which no gentleman's establishment was complete. It raised a number of ingenious adventurous wheelwrights into builders of carts, who by degrees, when all one-horse springed vehicles were put on the same footing, advanced to better things, broke through the costly traditions of Long-acre, and displayed great ingenuity in varying the form and shape of vehicles, on two and four wheels, for town and country use. These found a place and new customers in the Crystal Palace Exhibition and at agricultural shows.

Among the novelties, is the waggonette, beloved of nursery-maids and children; it is excellent for the ladies with sandwich-baskets and flasks at cover-side, where roads run handy; useful for a country race-course; not bad at a pic-nic; indispensable where much luggage goes to a station. The waggonette, which one, or two, or four horses may be harnessed to, which

may have a table in the centre, and a long boot beneath, and may be as coquettish as a Stanhope phaeton, must not be forgotten. The waggonette is an improvement on the French char-à-banc and the old English break, or perhaps it is an outside car, Anglified, made solid on four wheels, and turned outside in. The waggonette is essentially a sociable carriage, comprehensive, and conversational, but uncomfortable for stout middle age.

Latest of all is the sociable: a light, cheap, and elegant edition of the family coach.

Before the rise and fall of the cabriolet, and before the dog-cart, with its convenient receptacle for luggage, had made its way from tandem-driving universities into private families, the gig, under various names, as Stanhope, Whiskey, Dennet, Tilbury, was both a fashionable and a domestic conveyance, as may be learned from the caricatures of the first half of this century. The Stanhope form—the best—has survived the changes of fashion. The commercial traveller's gig is almost a thing of the past. Where these ambassadors still use wheels, they now generally go on four, not trusting their necks and parcels to the safety of a horse's fore-legs.

Public hired carriages, at any rate in London, have closely followed the changes in private vehicles. As long as chariots and family coaches were in common use, the dreadful jingling hackney-coach and pair claimed its place upon the stand. The introduction of the private cabriolet led first to that dangerous rapid high-wheeled cab, with its outside perch for the driver, immortalised by Seymour in the illustration of adventures with which our readers are familiar. The cab that conveyed Mr. Pickwick to Charing-cross is the ancestor of the most luxurious of hired swift carriages, the Hansom, imported from Naples. The private Brougham soon found its way into the street as a four-wheeled cab, and with its one horse killed off the pair-horse coaches. While the Brougham is a purely British invention, the omnibus is a foreign importation. For some mysterious reason, the best omnibuses are to be found in Glasgow; the best Hansoms, in Birmingham. Leamington forty years ago rejoiced in coquettish little open phaetons, drawn by one horse, and ridden by boys in neat postilion costume, but, since the advent of railroads, these have given way to the universal cab. Can any one explain why Ireland, with a damp climate, adheres to that eccentric conveyance, the outside car, while Cornwall, with a like weeping sky, has for an unknown period travelled to market in a covered cart, called in genteel family circles a Coburg, and has performed stage-coach business in a boxed-up jolting one-horsed omnibus for ages?

It is, however, due to Ireland to admit that the jaunting-car probably first taught us the capabilities of a single horse, when harnessed to a light vehicle.

A carriage is like a piano as an article of manufacture. You cannot find out whether it is worth its price until you have used it for some time.

Paint and varnish hide many defects, and only an Expert can judge the value of metal-work. Before Macadam's time, a nobleman's coach required to be as strong as one of Pickford's vans. It was often, on journeys to or from the manor-house, drawn out of sloughs and quagmires. At present, the object successfully pursued by our best manufacturers, is to produce the minimum of lightness with the maximum of strength. The best mechanical arrangements have been studied; foreign woods have, the duty being repealed, largely replaced native produce; and the toughest and most expensive iron and steel have superseded the cheaper produce of Staffordshire.

The coachmaker's wood-loft contains oak, ash, and elm, from trees which have lain a year after falling, and which, after being cut into planks of various thicknesses, must remain unused as many years as they are inches thick. A certain class of carriage-builders use green wood of any quality, relying on paint to cover all defects, not expecting or caring to see any customer twice. There are some advertising fabricators of diminutive Broughams who are especially to be avoided.

Besides European woods, there is also a large demand for mahogany and lance-wood from the Gulf of Mexico, Quebec pine, birch and ash from Canada, tulip-wood and hickory from the United States. These, for the most part, are cut ready for use by steam saws before going into the hands of the coachbuilder.

The first step for the construction of, say a Brougham, is to make a chalk drawing on a brick wall, of the same size. On this design depends the style of the carriage. Some builders are happy or unhappy in designing novelties; others have a traditional design, a certain characteristic outline, from which they will on no consideration depart. The next step is to make patterns of the various parts. In first-class factories, each skilled workman has been apprenticed to, and follows only one branch of the trade. The leading workmen in wood are body-makers, carriage-builders, wheelers, and joiners—all highly skilled artisans, as may be judged from the fact that a chest of their tools is worth as much as thirty pounds.

The framework is sawn out of English oak. The pieces, when cut by the band-saws, are worked up, rabbeted, and grooved to receive the panels, and thus a skeleton is raised ready for the smith and fitter, who, taking mild steel or homogenous iron, forge and fit a stiff plate along the inside cart-bottom framework, following the various curves, and bolted on so as to form a sort of backbone to the carriage, which takes the place of the perch—universally the foundation of four-wheeled carriages before the general adoption of iron and steel.

The frame is then covered with thin panels of mahogany, blocked, canvased, and the whole rounded off. After a few coats of priming, the upper part is covered with the skin of an ox, pulled over wet. This tightens itself in drying, and makes the whole construction as taut as

a drum-head, the joints impervious to rain, and unaffected by the extremes of heat or cold. Meanwhile the "carriage-maker," the technical name of the artisan who makes the underworks, arranges the parts to which the springs and axles are bolted, so that the body may hang square and turn evenly with the horses, on the fore-carriage. The coachsmith and spring-maker have also been at work arranging the springs, the length and strength of which must be nicely calculated to the weight estimated to be carried. The ends of these springs are filled with india-rubber, to make the carriage run lightly and softly.

The best modern wheels are on the American plan of two segments, instead of several short curves. These, thanks to Mr. Bessemer, are bound with steel tires, and when bushed and fitted with Collinge's excellent wrought-iron axle-boxes, are ready to run a thousand miles. In the shafts of four-wheeled carriages the greatest modern improvement is the substitution of wrought-iron hollow tubes for wood. The iron shafts are much stronger, and cannot, under any circumstances, injure the horse by splintering. They can also, without loss of strength, be made to assume the most graceful curves.

The carriage—call it a Brougham—all the minor metal-work being fitted, is now ready to be turned over to the painters and trimmers.

The wood-work intended to be varnished is "primed," then "filled up" with a coarse metallic substance, and then rubbed down with pumice-stone and water, to obtain the beautiful enamelled surface which forms the foundation for the colour and varnishes of the resplendent panels. On this foundation in a first-class Brougham, a builder who cares for his reputation will lay twenty-four coats of paint and varnish, and flat down each; therefore the operation cannot be hurried, and time is an element in producing a well-made, well-finished carriage, which no expense can supersede. Herald painter puts in the owner's crest or monogram before the last coat of varnish is laid on.

Improvements in glass manufacture have made plate-glass carriage windows universal, and circular fronted Broughams possible: while lamps are much indebted to patent candle-makers for their convenience and brilliancy. When finished, although the best workmanship and the best materials of every kind have been employed, and the greatest pains taken in every detail, unless the manufacturer have the gift of style and taste, the work may be a failure. A good carriage should combine the elements of strength, lightness, ease and gracefulness, harmonious forms and colours, and should roll smoothly and silently along. To the carriage-maker, taste is a matter of fashion. The gilt chariot of the City Sheriff was the height of fashion in the days of the great Lord Chesterfield. In the present day, "severe elegance" achieves the greatest success.

The carriage ready for travelling, is incomplete

without a horse or horses, harness, and a coachman; but these require and deserve another chapter.

ABOARD THE PROMISED LAND.

THE "good ship" Promised Land really deserved that praise. She was new, had made only one voyage, in a remarkably short space of time, was copper-fastened, two hundred tons burden, was of course registered A 1 at Lloyd's, and was now loading at the St. Winifred's Docks. Many had read the enticing and almost appetising advertisement, which had been in the Times for many days, under heading of "Steam to the Brazils," of the "spacious poop and after-decks," the "airy and well-ventilated saloons," and the decks "flush from end to end, and offering an agreeable and unobstructed promenade," of the surgeon, who was "experienced," of the "fire-annihilator," which was infallible, of the "water-condensing apparatus," and, above all, of that "Favourite" Captain, Robert Magregor, who was "so well known on the American station." This collection of nautical blessings irresistibly induced me, when appointed engineer for surveying a new line of railway in the Brazils, to choose the new "barque-rigged liner," the Promised Land, and her Favourite Captain, Robert Magregor.

It was a long time, however, before the loading was done, and the ship ready to drop down the river. Meanwhile, the collected inducements had had a favourable impression on others besides myself, and on making some last inquiries at the office before sailing, I found that nearly all the berths had been taken up, and that we were to sail with a full complement of passengers and cargo. This was a very agreeable prospect; for to a good sailor, and before the novelty has worn off, a voyage is one of the pleasantest incidents in life. At last a sort of intimidating notice appeared, quite different from the alluring tone of previous invitations: all must be on board by a certain Thursday, and by a certain hour, otherwise deposit, passage-money, everything, would be forfeited. When I punctually obeyed this mandate, sailors were getting in casks of water, putting last touches to the rigging, and shipping new sails that looked like nautical table-linen. The sun was shining, and there were Lascars and foreign sailors in red jackets. The chatter of tongues was very loud, and the whole had a Neapolitan air. Above, on the paddle-box, was Captain Magregor, that Favourite Captain, a surprisingly young man for a Favourite Captain, but of a stout bluff build, with sandy hair, and large fair face, and a very Scotch accent, in which he gave his orders. He seemed a good man of business. We knew nothing of his seamanship then. Firm, steady, and with a practical roughness, by his exertions everybody and everything was got on board; and by ten o'clock, a passenger, who had already become nautical, came into the saloon to announce that we were going to

"haul out" of dock. In half an hour we *had* hauled out and were going down the river.

That was rather a dismal first meeting of all the passengers in the saloon. There was an air of trouble on most faces, and every one was coming in and out uneasily of the little cellars, which were called state-rooms, "blocking" their hats as they did so. The lamps were lighted, and looked yellow and sickly enough, and were already swinging and "turning" as the vessel moved. I looked round and saw a good many of the passengers. There was a Spanish-looking actress, a wife or two of a consul, two or three commercial travellers, a couple of officers and their wives, some Frenchmen, some Germans—with, in fact, the almost unvarying elements which make up the complement of a packet bound on a long voyage. One gentleman I particularly noticed, who was taking supper with great relish by himself. He had come on board early, had established himself early in one of the best cabins, and had put everything he wanted in its "proper place." When nearly every one was like a moody and troubled spirit, going up on deck and coming down again, and poking into wrong cabins, and lurching over unseen trunks and packages, he was perfectly and calmly at home. By eleven o'clock he had finished his supper, had read the evening paper through by a wax-candle, as he would have done at his club, and had gone comfortably to bed. This gentleman's name I was curious enough to inquire, and found it was Colter, a Chancery barrister in fair practice, who had been ordered a long sea voyage to strengthen his chest, and enable him the better to direct his voice at their "L'dships."

I was a fair sailor too, and had done many long voyages; but was not so much at home as the Chancery barrister. I was painfully sensible of the discomforts of this way of travelling from the first, and awoke several times; once, indeed, by the vessel's stopping, and by that pattering of feet which follows on a vessel stopping, and with some shouting. After a few minutes, however, we moved on again, and I fell asleep.

In the morning we were tossing about in the Channel. The sea was like melted aluminium, dull and angry, and the "barque-rigged liner" rode heaving and lurching. Already the bulk of the passengers were in their misery, to the music of the "hisb" of the waters, and the straining and creaking of the inside timbers. It was a dark day too, was raining on deck, and only a bare half dozen appeared at breakfast. Captain Robert Magregor came down himself, and sat at the head. "Stiff bit of weather to begin with," he said, cheerfully; "always the better, though, for my passengers; they get into it at once, and have it all over. I wish we had a good storm at once, to try this vessel. She'd stand anything, sir. Go anywhere. Built under my own eye."

The Chancery barrister was, of course there, picking out the best bits of broiled ham and eggs with his fork. I saw him well. Tall,

thin, with a yellowish face, and "thin hair besprinkled spare." "Captain," he said, abruptly, "what was the stoppage last night? It awoke me. Somewhere off Gravesend, eh?"

"Yes," said the captain, "off Gravesend it was—a small hooker came alongside with two passengers. We nearly ran 'em down; serve 'em right, too. Pretty thing, stopping a vessel in her course! And only the agent would have been making a row, and talking of the company, and perhaps stop the passage-money out of my salary, I'd have let 'em shout till they were hoarse."

"And now, captain," said the barrister, buttering toast, with a rasping, crackling sound, "what were they like—men, women, or children?"

"A woman, sir—a lady, I suppose, we must call her," the captain said, with disgust. "Nice thing, isn't it, ladies coming out in hookers to stop mail-packets on the high seas?"

"And where is she now?" said the barrister, eating a fresh egg. "Breakfast in berth, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Captain Magregor, angrily. "Of course, she's sick. By Jove, the wind's freshening again," he said, rising; "this is the style of thing. It looks like a *good* storm before night."

I was left with Mr. Colter, who said: "What we would call, in an address to a jury, a rude son of Neptune, a hardy son of Ocean, eh, sir?"

"That man," I said, "doesn't care for a single thing else in the world but his profession—a true mariner."

"I don't know that at all. I want him to contradict me. I should say he is undeveloped—that he has not had opportunity. For he is surprisingly young, you remark, though built upon old lines. The fact is, we can't say that he might not break out in any new direction, if the opening came. Now, for a cigar upon deck."

All that day the weather freshened; by dinner-time it was almost a storm, and we had less company at the table than even at breakfast. Captain Magregor was in great delight. His eye kindled: "After all," he said, "what is there in the world to the sea! It is everything to me: father, mother, wife, and lover. Here's her health, gentlemen! Would you say as much for your professions?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Colter, shortly. "Even if I felt it, I would not."

This all went on for a couple of days, when things began to mend. The storm abated altogether; and one morning we arose to the smoothest and most lovely weather that could be conceived. The sea was as blue and smooth as the Mediterranean at Genoa. The passengers came crawling out of their burrows, with miserable faces, but with some hope. They plucked up wonderfully, as some one remarked. In fact, at the breakfast-table, all but some children were assembled. The captain was at the head, a little down at the loss of his stormy weather, and I and Mr. Colter near him.

"We are all here?" said the barrister; "a

difference to the first day, eh? By the way, where's the Gravesend lady? She that woke us up out of our sleep—eh, captain?"

The captain answered gruffly that he did not know.

"You should have all your passengers here, captain. No excuse such a morning as this. No breakfasting in bed—in berth, I mean—it's bad for the morale of the ship."

The Scotch captain shook himself at this.

"We'll have none o' that aboard. No favour or exceptions. Here, steward! You're not to take in breakfast to any one—d'ye hear?"

"No, sir. Only that lady in No. 20."

"Has she been ill?"

"No, sir, the stewardess says. She had dinner yesterday there, and tea and breakfast ever since she came aboard."

The captain almost leaped up with anger.

"This is outrageous. My orders defied by any woman. Lady or woman, it's all one. I'll have the same discipline for all. That's logic, Mr. Colter."

"And good logic, too," said that gentleman.

"Ay, ay. The ship before everything. And sec, steward. Tell that lady—what's her name?"

"Mrs. Arlington, sir."

Mr. Colter, at hearing this name, started.

"Arlington!" he said. "Are you sure?"

"Why," said the captain, "what's there in it?"

Mr. Colter seemed to be ashamed of having started or shown surprise.

"Nothing," he said. "There's a leading case, you know—Arlington and Hooker—very nearly the same point as the rule in Shelley's case, but cut down a good deal, you know."

"Well, tell Mrs. Arlington she must be here for dinner or go without any. That's blunt; but it's the fact and truth."

The captain went on deck.

"Now," said Mr. Colter to me, "why should that lady, who has come on board in an exceptional manner, and who has not been in the least ill (as, indeed, I found out in a very odd way, for I saw her reflected in the little skylight of my berth, and reading and working all through the storm)—why shouldn't she come in and take her meals with us—eh?"

"Well, I never thought of it in that way," I said.

At dinner that day—the fine weather still continuing—all the passengers were assembled, except one. Just as the covers were taken off, a little rustle was heard, and a tall, graceful lady stood at the door, looking down the long table as if for a place. She was very neatly cut out of the great human material—slight—was in a purple silk—had a very small face and features—soft hair, with a tiny cap. She seemed almost as shy as a girl, and about two-and-thirty years of age. The lawyer got up, and, with much bustle, caused room to be made for her opposite—near the captain—who shook himself angrily like a Newfoundland dog.

"Expect every one to be in time on board

the Promised Land," he said, roughly. "Can't allow any eating and drinking in the cabins. So I hope, in future, ma'am——"

She was quite composed, and answered him with a soft voice: "I beg pardon, indeed, Captain Magregor. I did not know the rules—indeed, no. But in future you will find me the most obedient of all your passengers."

"Well, I hope so," he said. "Get this lady some soup."

The barrister, who had his eye on her all this time, said to her graciously,

"Hope you have not suffered during the rough weather."

She answered softly, and with an expression of pain,

"I always suffer. I am almost always a martyr."

"Why," said the Scotch captain, "we know that you weren't ill during the storm, for you had your meals in regularly, and this gentleman here saw you sitting up, reflected in some way on his skylight, reading away when it was blowing great guns. Now?"

She raised her eyes from her plate, and turned them steadily on the barrister. He helped himself to wine—very coolly.

"You are determined to be hard on poor me, Captain Magregor," she said. "I did not say that I *was* sick, but that I was *almost always* sick. I will even appeal to that gentleman who used reflectors to see how I employed my time."

The barrister laughed. "That's putting it very strongly against me. But if I had had such a reflector the other night, when our vessel was stopped, and mysterious passengers came on board, that would be worth something. What do you say, captain?"

"I say it was a thing I wouldn't do again, for this lady or for any lady."

Again her eyes were studying the barrister very carefully. Then she turned to the captain:

"Must I beg pardon again? My offences seem to be increasing every moment. I was always told that ladies on board were turned into goddesses—could rule and dictate—and that gallant seamen were only too proud to put their heads at their feet. When we made a voyage from India, in a Queen's ship, we found it so. But I suppose there is a difference in the service. The captain was like a knight of King Arthur's, and yet one of the bravest and best seamen in the navy."

Our captain coloured up, but could not say anything. The barrister said, suddenly, as if putting a question:

"You were coming home from foreign service—you and your husband?"

She almost started, looked at him, then answered steadily with her wonderful eyes on him:

"Well, yes, supposing we were?"

"Oh, certainly," said he, with great politeness; "I have no right to put inquisitive questions."

"No more," she said, with a firm smile, "than you have to construct those reflectors of yours. Even my enemy here, Captain Magregor, wouldn't resort to that."

The captain was moody.

"You should say, ma'am, a captain of a Queen's ship; which, thank God, this is not. We have our own ways here; we don't want to take pattern by Queen's ships. A Queen's ship, ma'am, I can tell you, would not stop as I was fool enough to do the other night."

"No, indeed," said she, softly; "such kindness could not be expected every day."

"It must have been very perilous," continued the barrister, addressing her, "that coming on board in an open boat on a rough night. It required great courage," he said, looking round with a smile, "or great pressure and necessity. From Gravesend, I think you said," he repeated.

"Suppose it were Gravesend," she answered, with a smile which was not a smile of pleasure. "Would you like to hear," she went on, calmly, "my birthplace, names of relations, age next birthday, and other particulars according to a census paper?"

The barrister put up his hands to his face.

"Serve me right," he said; "a capital hit—well sent home, too."

"Ah!" said she, laughing, "I wish to hit nobody, provided they do not hit me."

"At any rate," said the barrister, "I have got a lesson."

But I don't think he had. For at tea that night he came up to the table laughing. "Look here," he said, "I am incorrigible. I belong to the law. So that is my excuse. You know the challenge you gave me about a census paper? Well, I have been working my head ever since, as I should do at a brief for the Vice-Chancellor to-morrow morning. May I tell you what I have found, provided I tell you how?"

The faintest flush of uncasiness passed over that piquant face, but she hid it by setting back the little cap. "Do as you please," she said, with a smile. "You know I am helpless. Captain Magregor here, who I thought would be my protector, is turned against me; so everybody is privileged."

"No, no," said he, vaguely. "It is you who went against me about the Queen's ship."

"The dirtiest, ugliest thing that ever sailed," she said; "badly managed—badly handled, I think you call it."

"Yes," said he, "that's the word. Not kept so clean as this, I'll swear."

"No, no, indeed," she said.

"Well, that's something," he said. "Now, what are this gentleman's discoveries?"

"First," said Mr. Colter, "you are married, madam, or were married, and your husband's name is Charles H. Arlington—a captain in her Majesty's 90th Regiment of Foot, now stationed at Chatham."

She almost started out of her seat, a strange wildness came into her eyes, with a dash of fury, as she bent over to the barrister.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a thick voice. Every one had been listening, and now turned to each other with surprise and wonder. In a moment her face had changed. She had burst into tears, and with her handkerchief to her face, she just uttered the words, "He is dead! how unkind!" and floated away out of the saloon.

Many reproachful eyes were turned on the barrister.

"Come, I say, Mr. Colter," said the captain, who had looked after her with much compassion, "this going is a little too far, I think. A helpless woman is no match for a clever lawyer. It ain't equal, you know. Poor soul!"

"Pon my word," said the eager barrister, "I meant nothing—I really did not. It was a mere chance shot. I knew her name was Arlington. So I looked in an Army List."

The next morning when the wind had again freshened, I went up very early upon deck. It was a cool delicious morning, and the vessel was bending through the waves with a sharp breezy decision that is always very acceptable. It was about seven, and I was sure I should have the deck all to myself; but, to my surprise, there was the captain leaning against the mainmast, with a lady in a little hood talking to him. I knew both hood and lady. Presently they began to walk about, and the captain pointed out this "stay" and that rope. In all these things she seemed to take an eager interest, and, I could see, was asking all sorts of questions, which he answered very readily, and with great alacrity and pleasure. Then he came towards me and explained the compasses, and then she went to the very end of the vessel, where she stood up on the fore-castle in the breeze, and looked down on the hissing waters with more courage than, perhaps, I could have done, and looked like a statue. I was leaning on the side of the vessel, looking at her in this attitude, when I heard a voice close at my ear: "A fine morning." It was Mr. Colter, the barrister.

"I thought we should have the deck nearly to ourselves," he said, and walked down towards the pair at the end. When the lady saw him coming, she jumped down. She said nothing to him beyond "Good morning;" but that was said with an air of defiance.

That day the luggage "wanted on the voyage" was to be got up—a grand ceremonial of unpacking for passengers, and a remarkably busy and amusing scene. Every one got up his trunk, and got out things which he could not or would not want. Still it was an amusement, and even playthings are welcome upon a voyage. Every one was unlocking and unpacking, even the great Chancery barrister, Mr. Colter, Q.C.

At dinner we were all in great spirits. The captain had given champagne, which was much enjoyed by the lady who sat near him. Her eyes began to sparkle, and she talked very pleasantly and with great animation. I noticed that Captain Magregor listened with extraordinary attention to everything she said, spoke very

little himself, not even a word about his beloved ship.

"We deserve this," said the barrister, gaily, "after our hard work to-day. Excellent wine it is."

"You should drink, Mr. Colter, to our full and perfect reconciliation; and promise, over Captain Magregor's capital champagne, so kindly given, never to offend me any more. You must get rid of your animosity to me. Will you promise?"

"Certainly," he answered, merrily, "with all my heart. I am deeply penitent. I feel as if I had committed contempt of court, and had been told to attend at the sitting of his lordship to-morrow. Indeed, how could I feel anything but cordial good will to a person about whom I am beginning gradually to know everything."

"Know everything?" she said, a frown coming on her forehead. "You are beginning again. Now, I warn you!"

"Yes," said he, "but we have not drunk our champagne together yet. It is really the oddest thing. There must be some mysterious relation between us, for these things force themselves on me. Now to-day, at the luggage, I found out your house and street!"

"Champagne, ma'am?" said the waiter.

"No," she said, fiercely, "I'll not drink with you. I'll have no reconciliation."

"Pray hear me first," he said. "Stay a moment, waiter. I saw a portmanteau swung up rather roughly (by the way, captain, a hint to your fellows would be no harm, they are only too willing), when the side grazed against the hold, and half tore off a card. I saw it wouldn't stay on a minute, and really with the best intentions, though you won't credit it, took it off. On the face was your name, Mrs. Arlington, written in a very pretty hand. On the back was, 'To be left at Captain Arlington's, Grove Villa, Chatnam. Seven and sixpence to pay. 11/6/63.' (You know the odd way they write that.) The very day before our vessel sailed. Obviously the trunk-maker's bill for a lock or repairs."

She almost ground her teeth, and the wine shook in her hand.

"You will not stop till you get a lesson," she said, grimly. "I am not a woman to let myself be persecuted. I can do nothing myself; but if I ask other gentlemen"—and she looked at Captain Magregor—"I am sure they will help me. Perhaps the next thing you will tell us at dinner, that you have opened my little trunk, and searched it."

"I think," said Captain Magregor, who had been appealed to, "you might let this lady's affairs alone. If we have barristers aboard, I don't see why we need have barristers' ways. In fact, now, as captain of this craft, I tell you plainly, Mr. Colter, I won't have it. I have a party here, and I must require you to give up prying into this lady's business, or looking into her trunks and that sort of thing."

He looked to her, whose eyes turned to him with speechless gratitude. There was a silence. Half the table heard that speech. Mr. Colter

drank a little wine, then called in a clear voice to a gentleman a few places from him:

"Mr. Wilson! you were next me to-day when a portmanteau came out of the hold with a card hanging to it. Would that card have dropped off at a touch?"

"At a touch," said Mr. Wilson.

"Did I save it from dropping back into the hold?"

"You did," said Mr. Wilson.

"Who was it first perceived that there was writing on the back?"

"I did, certainly," said Mr. Wilson. "In fact, I remarked it as the trunk came up."

"There!" said Mr. Colter, calmly. "So much for looking into this lady's trunks. As for my remark yesterday about the husband of this lady, I looked, out of the merest idle curiosity, to see his rank and regiment, in an Army List——"

"An Army List!" she repeated, starting.

"Yes," he went on. "An Army List of the present month, and this is only the seventeenth, and I found him there. But that, of course, must be a printer's error (these things are edited so carelessly), for I think we understood you to say your husband is not alive?"

"Never," she answered, excitedly. "I said I was afraid he might be dead or dying, as I left him very ill."

"Then I mistook," he went on. "Now, that being so, I appeal to the company whether our excellent captain has not travelled a little beyond what is proper, in the way he has spoken to me. Really it seems to me a little unwarrantable! and if I was one of your people with a grievance, and were to bring the matter officially before my friend Sir Charles Robinson, chairman of the company, he might look at it rather seriously. Now, I put it to our captain, a brave man, and one of the best seamen going, whether he has not been a little rough with me to-day."

The captain coloured.

"Well," said he, "perhaps I spoke too strongly, and perhaps you are right, Mr. Colter. You know I have great responsibility."

The look of anger and contempt the lady gave him was beyond description. She rose at once.

"I see you have deserted me," she said, in a whisper, to the captain. "Well, so be it. I shall go on deck, and make the wind and the sea my friends. They, indeed, are faithful."

And she passed out. In about ten minutes the captain followed her.

Very soon the curiosity of the passengers had been excited about this lady and her doings; and I could see that the barrister's little speech had produced a marked impression. Some of the gentlemen took her part; but the ladies were, to a lady, against her.

The barrister was very pleasant on the subject.

"I have got so into the habit of putting this and that together," he said, "that really I can't help speculating, and following but my speculations in this way. Now, this lady, though I really may be putting myself in bodily

risk (for who knows how she may turn out? and she gives me such wicked looks), is really quite like a child's puzzle to me; and positively I must put it together successfully before the voyage is out."

There was a rustle behind us, and she was standing at the top of the table. She had heard him. There was the same twitch of vexation in her mouth.

"No warnings," she said, with a smile, "will do you good. Take care; other people may be fond of puzzles too."

"Nothing can be fairer," he said, laughing.

He was walking on deck that evening, when I saw her come up to him with a very sad and bewitching face. I could hear her low voice almost pleading. As I passed close by I heard her say something about—

"Oh, so clever! with such a reputation as you!"

To which he replied,

"Oh, nonsense. You never heard of my name before, unless you had been reading conveyances and deeds all your life. No, no."

The next thing we heard was that the captain had given up his own private cabin to the strange lady. She had come on board late, and had to put up with the worst accommodation. This inflamed all the ladies still more, but more particularly Mr. Colter, who said it was "an instance of singular partiality." That very day we saw an English brig bearing down on us with a signal of distress flying. This was welcome news to the passengers, and brought every one up from below with glasses, to share in the excitement. We slackened speed and let her come near. It turned out, after all, that she was only "short of water," which created quite an ill feeling against the brig, and sent down most of the passengers in disgust. The captain came aboard our vessel in his long boat, and was presently surrounded by a group asking him all manner of questions, which provided a great subject of discussion at dinner that day. After dinner, Mr. Colter said in his gay way, "While you were all talking to the captain, I got hold of the steward, and secured a couple of English newspapers. What do you say to that? I suppose no one ever thought of that; though there is not much news, except—except—indeed—" and he kept looking up and down the columns, searching for his bit of news, "one of the usual dreadful murders," he said. "Where is it?"

As he spoke, I was made to look up by an angry and impatient rustle opposite, and there saw the eyes of the lady fixed on him with such an expression of mixed terror and agony, that I was really startled.

"At Chatham, I think it was," he said: "near to your part of the world. So you had a lucky escape, Mrs. Arlington."

She was growing pale and red by turns, her hands were grasping the table with a clutche, and she half rose to go.

"Ah, here it is!"

"What do you mean by this?" she said.

He did not affect to see her, but I saw him steal a look at her.

"Why, you are not well," said Captain Magregor. "Take my arm, and come on deck."

"You won't wait to hear the exciting details?" said Mr. Colter. "Why, I declare, it's not at Chatham, after all. It was at Portsmouth. Yes, at Portsmouth. How stupid of me."

A curious expression of relief came into her face. "It was only for a moment," she said. "You know my poor husband is lying ill there, and these things happen so often."

"Ah, I see," said the captain.

"Was the murderer a sergeant—one Ridley?" asked a passenger.

"Yes! God bless me, yes!" said Mr. Colter. "How did you find that out?"

"Why, that all happened before we left England. I read it in the Times a week before. The fellow must be hanged by this time."

"Well, well," said Mr. Colter, laying down his paper, "after that, I give it all up. I am getting stupid. I may retire from the profession."

The correcting passenger laughed and received a step in rank on the spot, in respect, from his fellow-passengers.

Meanwhile our captain never abated in his attentions to the lady, though he grew more gloomy and moody every day. He had lost all his enthusiasm for his ship, and never talked of her in a boastful and affectionate way. On the other hand, carrying out his view of studying everything that came in his way, Mr. Colter had latterly taken great interest in the ship, and all about her, "just to fill in the time," he said. Every day at noon, when the observations were taken, he was careful to assist, and picked up the outlines of navigation in a very short time. Even the mate pronounced that he'd work the reckoning "afore to-morrow next day." This was always his way, Mr. Colter said, "because," he added, "who knows but a navigation case might be briefed to me? Last year I had a dyeing case, and I made up all the chemicals in a week." By-and-by the mate's prophecy actually came true, and Mr. Colter worked out the ship's reckoning for himself in a very satisfactory way.

The next day a great dark steamer, homeward-bound, came in sight, which the captain, eagerly getting his glass, and making the lady who stood near him look at, pronounced to be one of the Cunard vessels. As it drew near, all the passengers got out their letters, which, after a short parley, were sent on board; and it steamed away out of sight. This was a real incident, and was talked over eagerly and noisily at dinner. Mr. Colter, to whom the captain was very cool and yet very submissive since their little discussion, quite taking the lead. "Such a mail as went on board," he said; "all of us writing home to our fathers and mothers, daughters, wives, and husbands. By the way," he went on gaily, and with his eyes on the lady, "I didn't see you give a contribution, not a line, to that poor husband in the barracks at home, sitting in his bare room, coming back from their dull mess."

She coloured, and again that fierce contortion of impatience came into her face. "How do you know?" she said. "Is the next thing to be that I am to show you all my letters before I post them?"

"God forbid," he answered, laughing, "if I had to read or look at ladies' long letters. No, no, Mrs. Arlington, only, as I always tell you, you are quite a study to me." He laughed again. "But come now," he went on, half addressing those near him, "I did remark that Mrs. Arlington missed the post, or did not know there was a mail going, and thus lost such an opportunity of writing to her husband. It was very unlucky."

Some of the passengers looked one at the other, for by this time—and really in part owing to these hints of the barrister—a sort of mystery of suspicion began to get among them about this lady. There was nothing to do, monotony was beginning to set in, so that even a little suspicion was welcome. This little fact, therefore, started so innocently by Mr. Colter, was taken up readily, and speculated over very often. And the looks of fury and secret hostility that naturally came into her face—as I surprised her often looking at "her persecutor"—were remarkable. Really he was carrying it all too far. But he never seemed to tire of it. A little passage that took place between them a couple of mornings later "intrigued" us all yet more.

"I am hungry this morning," he began, addressing the company as usual, "and do you know who is the reason? No one would guess, I am sure. Mrs. Arlington, you are the reason I am hungry. What is this, fried collops? Yes, Mrs. A. is the reason." Again she was in great confusion. The ladies' eyes were upon her. "Now for the explanation. Mrs. Arlington spilt some of my chocolate this morning. I think you did it on purpose. The steward was carrying it in (I always have it at home, and I must say the lad makes it nearly as well as my own man), and Mrs. Arlington here ran against him, spilt some of it, and the poor boy brought it in afterwards to my cabin, and wanted to know should he make more. Of course I said no. But I didn't even take what was left."

The public were a little disappointed at this story, which they could not follow. The only thing they enjoyed was her really helpless state of confusion and terror. And after that morning the impression still more evidently prevailed that there was something very odd about the strange lady. Later we all knew the signification of this chocolate story.

Meanwhile, her conversations with the captain increased. That Scotch young seaman seemed to be losing gradually all his heartiness. To Mr. Colter he was civil, but moody and distant. It was remarked that the lady used to get up very early now, and was sometimes found by a curious passenger sitting, at perhaps seven in the morning, with the captain.

The Promised Land had now been some seven or eight days out, and with fair weather. We were all getting tolerably well shaken down into the

ship, as Mr. Colter said. This eighth day was remarkably fine, with a bright sun out, and the one or two always sick passengers came creeping out of their berths to get a little fresh air and sun. Poor souls! Every one was happy, but the only curious thing was the behaviour of the captain, who all the day long had his powerful double-glasses to his eyes searching the horizon, far and near. This at first was not attended to; but, as he continued anxiously at this all the day, even sending men to the mast-head, and keeping a little boy there till he nearly fell off, people began to wonder, and then to ask. The first to take notice was Mr. Colter: "Not looking for land, surely?" he said, with a smile. "I made up a reckoning with the mate, and we are in latitude so and so."

The captain answered him roughly: "I can look through my glasses, I suppose, without having to give an account of myself, Mr. Colter? We leave our witness-boxes at home on board this ship." And walked away down to the cabin to the lady; then came up, and spoke to the man at the wheel. It was now about five o'clock, and time for dinner. Mr. Colter, who was very friendly with the mate, and talked with him a good deal about the ship and her handling, now walked over to take a look at the binnacle before going down. "Why, look here, Cobbett," he said, "we're taking a bend out of our course. Eh? What d'ye say?"

"Yes, we are, sir," said the mate. "What's this, Jim?"

"Cap'n bid me keep a quarter-point or so to nor'ard," said the steersman."

"Very odd," said Mr. Colter.

"I don't know what's coming over the cap'n," said Cobbett, thoughtfully. "I think," he added cautiously, "he's now after one of the Haver liners (so he pronounced it) for New York, which we should meet about here. That's what's at the bottom of it, sir. I suspect he wants news, or something."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Colter, and went down to dinner. At this meal the captain and lady were both restless, and spoke little. Mr. Colter was cheerful. When it was nearly done, a steward's boy came in, and whispered to the captain, who got up hastily, and went on deck. This motion excited curiosity. What could it be?

After dessert had been put on, Mr. Colter, wiping his mouth with his napkin, said gaily, "I really must see what it is all about."

"Ah, you may see and see again," said Mrs. Arlington, with extraordinary fierceness, "but you will not find out much, or be able to interfere much now."

"I?" said he, good humouredly. "Not I, indeed. But a little yalk on deck can do no harm." He went up, and presently many followed, for curiosity is stronger than wine.

The evening and the half darkness had come on. The skylights over the saloon looked like gorgeous illuminated globes. The sea was fresh, and cool, and blue, and the moon, seeming to be out a little before its time, was shining.

Many faces were looking out to the one point where there was a black patch, and a twinkling red and green light growing larger every moment. Many fingers pointed it out to each other. "See the Haver packet!" said Cobbett, coming up to Mr. Colter; "we're out of our course by three hours. Nigh on forty mile. Only think! Of course it's his affair, and he'll see what the owners will say."

The captain was on his paddle-box, giving orders.

"We're going at full speed, you see," said the mate. "She's a faster boat, and won't lie by for us. The French skipper knows his dooty to his company."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Colter. "Where's Mrs. Arlington?"

She was in her cabin. By-and-by some of us were coming up from the hold. Presently she herself came up, dressed in her shawls and cloaks, and with all her baskets and packages. "I see," said Mr. Colter again.

"Perhaps you do," she said, "but not for much longer. I am going at last to be set free from your insolent and unmanly persecutions. This kind captain is going to put me on board that vessel which is bound for New York."

By this time a knot of leading passengers had gathered round, listening with wonder. We were gradually drawing nearer to the vessel. The captain was coming down from his paddle-box with triumph.

"We shall overhaul her yet," he said. "They have seen our signals. They are getting out the boat so as to have it ready. They have stopped at last."

He was turning to go, when Mr. Colter, suddenly changing his brutal and jocular manner, said: "Just a word with you, captain, before you move in this matter."

He took him by the arm, and led him away down to the end of the vessel, the captain going sulkily. Mrs. Arlington was very restless during this interview, but she looked very often towards the dark French ship.

In a moment they both came back. The captain was very excited.

"I've listened to you, sir. You should be ashamed of yourself. I shan't move in the business, or listen to such calumnies."

"Brave and gallant protector," she said, taking the captain's hand. "I knew I had a friend in you who would stand by me."

"Then you force me to appeal to the passengers, and to them I shall appeal."

"You would not be so cowardly—so cruel," she said, half imploringly.

"I shall tell them what I know and can prove as soon as we touch land. I shall tell them that this woman——"

"Tell what you like," said the captain, doggedly. "Here's the vessel, and go on board she shall."

In fact we were now drifting, for beside the great black figure of the French steamer, breathing and blowing off the steam like a tired horse. The men were in the boat, and

the trunks were about being swung over the side.

"Well, then," said Mr. Colter, "if you won't listen to reason, I shall go too. New York will be very pleasant, and we have an extradition treaty with that country."

There was a pause. The two stood looking at each other, the lady trembling and breathing hard. The voice of the French captain was heard through a speaking-trumpet.

"Well, then," said she, with a sort of dreadful smile; "since you are so positive in the matter, I suppose you must have your way. I am very sorry to have given these foreign gentlemen all this trouble; but it is better to submit than to have a scene. I shall never be able, Mr. Colter, to repay you for all your intrusive kindness."

She hurried down again to her cabin, but her last look at the barrister was one no one could forget.

The vessel was put on her old course.

For some days more the voyage continued. Still the lady did not come into the cabin for meals. "I have given her leave," said the captain, ferociously. "I suppose I have that power aboard my own ship, and I'd like to see the man that will dispute it."

"So should I," said Mr. Colter, smiling. "Poor Jack would be laid in irons, and properly so. The law gives you full power, cap'n, to a certain extent. We must all support the law, cap'n. The legal theory is, that the deck of every English vessel is a portion of the British soil."

The captain answered nothing. It was the last day. We were to be off the coast by evening. By evening we were off the coast, near a tongue of land and a lighthouse. But it was nearly dark. Passengers were all in excitement. A splash of oars was heard alongside, and the Customs officers, some green-looking men in brigand hats, came on board. They went through the usual business. To our surprise we heard Mr. Colter talking, in what was apparently excellent Spanish, with the leader of the party. The leader was very obsequious, and touched his hat often. Mr. Colter gave him a letter as the boat went away—two were left behind in charge of the vessel.

Mr. Colter was literally now regarded as a being of mysterious power.

About nine that night (we were all to land in the morning) another boat was heard coming alongside, and a gentleman came up the side, who in English asked the captain to see Mr. Colter. The captain asked his business a little gruffly. "I am the consul here," said the other.

Mr. Colter, who was smoking, came up. The consul took off his hat. "I hope Lord Boxminster is well," he said, obsequiously. "His lordship wrote to me by the last mail. We shall do everything we can for you, Mr. Colter. Would you like to come ashore to-night and sleep on dry land—at an hotel? I can manage that."

"Well then, do you know, I should," said Mr. Colter, gaily. "I have, however, a few little things to put together first."

"Hope you enjoyed the voyage," said the consul.

"Well I *did*, since you ask me," he answered. "It has really been like Westminster Hall all the way. I suppose you can give me half an hour?"

Half an hour after that he came into the saloon muffled up to go. I and the captain were the only people there. "Good-bye," said Mr. Colter, good humouredly, "for the present. It seems a little invidious my being the *only one allowed to go ashore*, but I shall be back in the morning. Good-bye."

"And what legacy do you leave behind?" said a woman's voice close by. We looked up, and saw flashing eyes, and distorted features, and a quivering lip.

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Colter.

"What legacy? I say," she repeated; "a noble, manly, and chivalrous one! You a gentleman? No; I will tell you what you are—a miserable spy, a common detective! God forgive you."

"What strange language!" said Mr. Colter, looking round.

"If I was a low creature I would curse you," she went on, in a fury; "I would pray—as I will pray to-night—that the boat which takes you to shore may open and sink to the bottom. You mean, unworthy spy, you! You mouchard, you! You crawling, creeping, sneaking spy; this is the dirty work *you* love! Curse you, I say!"

"What language!" said Mr. Colter, not in the least disturbed.

"What have I done to you? Why did you fasten on me from the beginning of the voyage—a poor woman that did you no harm—tell me that—*eh*?"

Mr. Colter suddenly became grave. (It was a curious and most exciting scene; the yellow oil lamps of the saloon playing on her face.)

"Since you ask me," he said, "I shall tell you—something, at least. Young William Arlington, your husband—that was—"

"Was?" she repeated, faltering.

"—was the son of a very dear friend of mine. I knew something of his history—how the foolish boy had been entrapped into a marriage at Boulogne with a sort of half French woman, that no one knew anything of, and about whom there were strange rumours. Now, Mrs. Arlington?"

"False, false—every word of it," she said, furiously.

"We shall see," he said, gathering up his coats and shawls. "I shall not appear much more in this business. Others will look after it. Sorry no one else is allowed on shore. Good night all."

She gave a half shriek, and shook her hand at him.

"May that boat of yours sink you, sink you, sink—"

She stopped herself, and rushed back into her cabin, for stray passengers were looking out in wonder. I could not for a long while get rid of the dreadful idea of her appearance as I saw her then.

In the morning—a beautiful bright morning—we saw the fine gorgeous coast quite clear. But, to my astonishment, there were police in the Spanish dress on the deck, talking with the captain, who was very excited. And the English consul was there too. The passengers were all gathered on the deck, and whispering.

At last the captain went down, and two of the officers. He came up in a moment, with a wild, scared face.

She was in her cabin; but it was fast locked. No one had seen her. No one could see her, or ever did see her again. That deadly look given to Mr. Colter proved to be the last look she gave to mortal man. When the anxious captain had, at last, her cabin door forced, she was found lying in her berth quite dead and cold; and the ship's doctor pronounced that she had died of poison.

When the English newspapers got out to the Brazils, we all heard of the dreadful Chatham murder of a young officer who had married a half French milliner against the wishes of his family.

The murderess, the papers said, had got away—it was believed in a Brazilian packet—but hoped, according to their favourite phrase, that "the officers of justice would soon be on her track."

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[PRICE 2d.]

THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER IV. A STORMY CONSULTATION.

ON the following morning, when the sun was well up and making the little town glitter in all its points and angles, and when the boots was telling the chambermaid, with whom he was most intimate, how the "gent," who was above, "ad been turning up his nose" at the best room in "the ouse," Mr. Tilney came "swinging" in, bright as the very morning itself. He found that his friend had gone out some time, but was to be back shortly.

"Never mind," said Mr. Tilney, plaintively, as if to deprecate their sending out an immediate express; "never mind. I can wait here quite as well. Here is a paper, and I shall get on very comfortably."

So he did, for he presently found that a "little soda" with a glass of sherry would be "no harm," as he put it, and thus assisted, he did not find the moments tedious.

When Mr. Tillotson came, he seized on him with alacrity. He must come off at once. But Mr. Tillotson had letters, and business. "Look here," he said, gently, showing him accounts, figures, &c., "all this to be got through."

It was agreed, then, that about four o'clock Mr. Tilney should come again, seize on his friend, and bear him off to visit the Tilney family. And at four he did come, and Mr. Tillotson wearily let himself be led away.

"This is our little nook," said Mr. Tilney, stopping to open a wooden gate. "Nothing very pretentious, you see." It was an old grey stone house, of two stories high, and the centre portion projecting beyond the rest. The windows were open, and sounds of voices came from within. But Mr. Tillotson drew back. "It seems there are some people, and I really am not—" But Mr. Tilney had on his overpowering agricultural manner in a moment. He bore down everything, and swept him in with cries as his prototype would have done sheep. The other

submitted, though his heart sank at the notion of society.

There was a little glass hall in front of the hall door, with seats and a few plants. The hall door was always open. As they entered, Mr. Tilney himself drew back. "Don't know that voice," he said.

There were a faded lady and two daughters and two gentlemen sitting there. The gentleman whose voice Mr. Tilney did not know, was still speaking, nor did he stop when they entered. He was a sharp, clean-looking, tall man, with black hair, cut close, and coming down on his forehead like the skull-cap of Leo the Tenth. He continued:

"The whole thing is downright outrageous. I come here by appointment, and Mr. Dawkins here comes here by appointment, and—you see! His own interests are at stake, my interests are at stake. But he does not care. It is weak, immoral—grossly immoral—and," he added, "clinging" the matter, "grossly unbusiness-like."

Mr. Dawkins repeated (baling out water between his knees with his hat) that it was grossly unbusiness-like.

Mrs. Tilney now spoke, as if introducing:

"Mr. Cater, William Ross's solicitor; and Mr. Dawkins"—but Mr. Tillotson himself was passed over, so absorbed were they all.

"Solicitor to the plaintiff, in the ejectment, sir. Come here by appointment," said Mr. Dawkins.

"Our time is very valuable," said Mr. Cater. "But there are people who do not seem to think so."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Tilney, in a loud voice. "And where is Ross? Has he been found? Has he been sent for? Let him be sought for round the town, in several directions."

"We have thought of that long ago," said Mrs. Tilney, languidly. "These gentlemen have been here nearly an hour, and won't take any wine or anything."

"I am afraid, do you know," said Mr. Tilney, gravely, "he is at this moment with some of the wild set from the barracks. Some of them fine young fellows enough, but free, you know. I am told that young Bundoran, Lord Skibbereen's second son, who really being in decent society, and having opportunities—"

"I come down here," said Mr. Cater, in a loud voice, "at great personal inconvenience; so does Mr. Dawkins. It is very strange conduct, very. I was led into the suit by misrepresentation. I pursued it with but one view, that of a fair and profitable compromise. The other side offers that now, and yet this wrong-headed, this insane young man, declines. But I shall insist on it," added Mr. Cater, with great heat.

"We shall be beaten like hacks, if we go on," said his colleague.

During this discussion, Mr. Tillotson, standing irresolutely at the door, turned several times to go, but was firmly restrained by the hand of Mr. Tilney being laid upon his arm in a mysterious and meaning manner. Now he spoke.

"I am afraid," he said, "I am listening to matters of private interest—very unwillingly, I assure you. Mr. Tilney was kind enough to ask me up, but I can come another time."

The two young ladies, who had, indeed, been taking note of the strange gentleman, whom only the warmth of the discussion prevented their rising and welcoming, said, with expostulation, "Mamma! Oh!"

"Mr. Tillotson, my dear," said Mr. Tilney, hastily introducing him. "Sit down there, next to Mrs. Tilney."

"I shall withdraw from the thing," went on the solicitor—"my mind is made up—unless terms are come to; such handsome terms, too. Why, it's insanity!"

"You may say that," said Mr. Tilney, shaking his head. "Why, when one of the Dook's own tradesmen—a saddler fellow—sent in his bill, why, I declare"—here Mr. Tilney interrupted himself, and put the hollow of his hand to his ear with great caution, as if it were a sea-shell—"there he is. I know his step. Yes, it's Ross."

"Ah! well," said the solicitor, half satisfied, "this is something better. But if he don't settle—"

The door was opened sharply, and a young man entered roughly; a young man with great tossed brown hair, and a nose with a very high strong ridge, and an angry, if not habitually sulky, expression. He had his hand up to the side of his cheek, and he stood with his other hand on the door, looking round on the crowd of people.

"Well," he said, "what is all this? What's to do? So you've come down, Cater? I told you you might come, if you liked, but it's no use."

Mr. Tillotson was looking at him earnestly, and with astonishment; so earnestly, that the young man took notice of him, then started a little, and fixed a dogged defiant challenging look on him. Mr. Tilney strode up hastily.

"Let me introduce. Old Sam Lefevre always said, 'Let us know our company, and have done with it.' Mr. Tillotson, Mr. Ross. God bless me! Ross, my boy, what's wrong with your cheek?"

"What's wrong!" said the other, angrily, putting down his hand. "There, look, all of you! A great sight, isn't it? I suppose a man can fall down and cut himself, or a boy in the street throw a stone? Ah! if I catch that boy again, won't I scourge him!"

"Good Heavens! William," cried the girls, "what is it? You are dreadfully hurt!" And indeed he appeared to be, for there was a great purple line running along his cheek up to his ear.

He gave them a look of fury. "Never mind me," he said; "isn't there business going on here? Just leave me alone. That's all."

"I am sorry," said the solicitor, "but we must go into this at once. As I wrote to you, a compromise is offered in your case, now ripe for trial at the present assizes. Mr. Bacon was with me this morning. He offers to share the lands in dispute; that will give over a thousand a year to each party. What on earth drives them to propose such a thing, I cannot conceive. They must be mad! Mr. Paget, our junior, thinks so too. We have not a stick or a leg to go upon."

"That was what Mr. Paget said in our office—his very words," added Mr. Dawkins.

"Of course we'll settle?" asked Mr. Cater, a little nervously.

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Tilney. "A thousand a year! My goodness! A thousand! It is noble! Of course he will."

"Of course I will!" said Mr. Ross, ironically. "Oh, you seem to settle the thing readily enough among you. Then of course I won't. My mind's made up, and, whether I live or die, whether I am assailed by ruffians in the street or no, I'll fight the thing out to the last. You, attorneys! Why, you don't know your own trade! Why would they be so eager to compromise? Don't you see the confession of weakness? I shall go on! I'll fight them till I drop, or go to a jail! I'll have every shilling, or not a shilling!"

"What madness!" said Mr. Cater, starting up. "Then you'll go on by yourself, sir, and you'll settle with me, sir, at once, and get another solicitor. I'll risk no more for such a madman. Confession of weakness! Why, Mr. Paget told us the reason. Why, you know, the defendant is a young orphan girl, who wants no law. But take your own course, sir."

At this moment, with the young man standing up, his eyes hot, his cheeks glowing, and the ugly scar looking as if it were about to burst open from the force of the angry blood within—with the two solicitors scowling legally at him with set lips—with Mrs. Tilney and her family rustling their dresses from "flouncing" indignantly in their chairs, the door opened softly, and what seemed to Mr. Tillotson a vision, a divine spirit of peace and soft tranquillity, seemed to glide in to compose these angry elements. She stood a moment with her hand on the door, brought with her silence and stillness, and a converging of all the angry faces on her.

CHAPTER V. ADA MILLWOOD.

SHE stood there a moment. Wonderful wavy hair, of nearly the shade of gold, which ran and rippled in countless tiny hills and valleys, and gave a rich look of detail and garnish; below, a soft transparent skin, with the dreamiest eyes, a small mouth with pale lips, and an almost heart-shaped face. At this was Mr. Tillotson looking over from his chair with a strange attraction. There was nothing marked, but every feature was kept in privacy and retirement, and over all floated a sort of tranquil light—a golden halo, as it were, that might have come from the very reflexion of that yellow hair.

The solicitors half rose in obedience to the spell. Though the dresses of the mamma and the two sisters ran a sort of rustle of impatience, which, to say the truth, was almost instinctive, she glided over to Ross, and, laying her hand on his arm, said, in a low whisper which every one heard:

"Do, do be advised, dear William. Listen to your friends, and to those who know your interests best. Do, oh do!" And she looked up into his face with a calm devotional entreaty.

He set himself free impatiently. "So *you* come with the rest! One of the wise women that know law, I suppose, and know the world as well as any of these professionals. Go away. Go up to your sewing again."

"Before it is too late," she went on. "Think of it, William. Ah!" she added, in the same half whisper, "what is this? You are hurt."

(The lawyers, set free now from the spell of that sudden entry, had begun to talk again. So what she said was unheard, except by Mr. Tillotson.)

"How did you get this?" he heard her say, a little impatiently. "Ah! You have been in some quarrel. I know it, indeed. This old unhappy taste. Will you *never* have done with it?"

"No questioning, please," he answered. "As you must know, suppose it was a razor—a blunt infernal thing? And I tell you what;" his eyes began to flame and shoot sparks over to Mr. Tillotson, and his breathing to grow hard: "I'll have a satisfaction in finding out the fellow that did it! It'll be the worst job for him in his trade this many a day."

Her eyes quickly followed the savage direction of his. A soft of light seemed to fill her face as she saw Mr. Tillotson. Mr. Tilney, who had been hovering about uneasily, seized the opening eagerly, to divert his guest from their domestic concerns.

"Mr. Tillotson, my dear—gentleman from town, stopping at the White Hart. Most unfortunate, this. The Dook used to talk about washing our fine linen in private, and upon my soul I believe it is always the best course."

"I am sorry to have come in at such a moment," said Mr. Tillotson to her; "and, indeed, I wished to go away long since. Perhaps I had better go even now."

She answered him with a kindly eagerness.

"No, no," she said; "stay. It is a curious welcome for you, after all. You will know our little troubles soon enough. Even now;" her placid eyes looked round with a little caution, and then dropped on the ground as she spoke, but Ross was again speaking low to the lawyers; "even now, you, who have been here but one hour, have learned some of our wretched ways—ways that no teaching, no experience, will mend."

Mr. Tillotson's pale face began to colour. "How?" he said.

"Ah! you understand, I see. A razor indeed! I can admire your restraint and calmness, but such lessons are only thrown away on some!"

She said this with a melancholy that made her, to his eyes, more like a saint than any of the famous pictures and images by divine and devout men, that he had seen as he travelled. In that private interview—for it was private, with the storm of voices raging about them—there seemed to have been much spoken, though not in words; the golden threads of sympathy had been joined between them.

"Do you stay here long?" she went on, hastily, and turning to look out of the window. "Then they must show you the cathedral. Look at it, opposite. Oh, if you do, make me a promise! I am ashamed to speak so, after only a few seconds of acquaintance, but you will forgive and excuse me. I know what all this means—what has taken place between you and him. Do not mind him. He has been brought up strangely. We all give way to him. We all humour him. He is worried and harassed and troubled. Will you promise me?"

Her face fell into such a sweet, soft, imploring expression of devotion, that no one could have resisted. But Mr. Tillotson only answered: "I quarrel! Indeed, no! Ah, you do not know. Certainly, I promise. Did you know what my life has been, you would indeed say that you might trust me."

Again the solicitor came back at his point, but on a soft and persuasive "tack." "Surely, Mr. Ross, a sensible long-headed man of the world like you, will listen to reason. What can you have to go upon? Surely, we ought to know your interests; they are ours, are they not? We are in the same boat, are we not?"

"Same boat! Speak for yourself, sir, and row for yourself! I know what I am at," said Ross. "I can see through a stone wall, where another man couldn't find room to put a stone. I've made my plans."

"He is thinking of that ridiculous wild-goose chase on which that Grainger set off," said Mrs. Tilney, flouncing and tossing. "Hunting up a witness! It is mere childish folly—a ridiculous will-o'-the-wisp."

"And *you* know much about it?" said Ross; "stick to your ribbons and laces, ma'am. You're a fine hand at advice. As for Grainger, he has a longer head than all your six-and-eightpennies put together."

"Sir! Mr. Ross!" said the solicitor, starting.

"Yes," said Ross, "I *am* waiting for him. He'll be here, and, witness or no witness, I'll stand by him, and by what he says. He's in the town at this moment, or *should* be. My goodness, what's that? I declare if it isn't—"

and he ran out of the room. The attorney, still fuming, got up and went to the window. There was a cab with luggage at the gate. In a moment Ross had come back, had thrown the door open, and had entered. "There, there!" he said, triumphantly. "Look at him! This is the man of his word. He was to be here to-morrow, and he is here before his time, and—successful."

"Successful!" cried the two attorneys together, and with a start.

CHAPTER VI. AMONG THE TILNEYS.

THE gentleman who entered with him took off a sort of poncho very leisurely. Then they saw a tall but stooping man, with a long bony face, which seemed inflamed round the cheek-bones, either with the sun or with drinking. He had a lanky ragged moustache hanging down over his lips, and bright though "watery" eyes. "A regular council!" he said. "Easier work, I can tell you, than what I have been at."

"Now, Grainger," said Ross, eagerly, "speak out, and don't be afraid of any one here." (The other smiled and looked on them a little contemptuously.) "Speak out. Every one of these wise heads have been at me, including the demure gentlemen just come down from London. They have been screaming and chattering, 'Settle, settle,' until you would think you were in a cage of parrots. Now what do you say? You have as much right to be heard as any of them."

"I think so," answered his friend, coldly. "Well, I say DON'T—not if your mother was to tell you on her dying bed. Do nothing of the kind. Don't mind 'em, these legal friends of yours, whom I see in such force here. They have their reasons, of course. But don't mind them."

"Then you will take your own course, Mr. Ross, your own course," said the professional voices. The owners of the professional voices were standing up to go.

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Ross, "and I mean to do so. And you shall take the course I take, Messrs. Cater and Dawkins, unless I am very much mistaken. I should like to see you when I stand up in court, and tell the judge that my solicitors have thrown up my case on the eve of the assizes, simply because I wouldn't compromise it! And also when I hand up to his lordship a note, showing the speculative character of your professional assistance. No, no, Messrs. Cater and Dawkins. You will think it over, and you will act as your client instructs you. And now once for all, don't worry me any more. And know all of you by these presents, to use your own jargon, I shall go on and on, and on again, and fight the thing to the death.

So long as I have a breath in me, I will. It gives me life and enjoyment. I like playing double or quits. It's my fancy. I've taken this thing up, and worked it myself so far, and, if you please, shall work it my own way. So now please tell Mr. Bacon that your client declines all compromise. There. I have an appointment at the barracks now."

He strode out of the room. After a moment's pause: "*That's* sensible," said Mr. Cater. "That's what we may call genteel. There's a nice specimen of the relation that should exist between solicitor and client. But let him go on. Let him take his own course. I wash my hands of the whole thing—that is, of all responsibility," he added, thus showing that Mr. Ross had stated the indissoluble nature of this relation, and the view the judge would take of it, quite correctly. "Then there is no further reason for our staying. Good night, good night. It is very melancholy to see such an exhibition. Even the lesson he seems to have got to-night—for it is plain he has been in some street row—no matter. Good night to you, ladies. We shall just catch the train." And the two gentlemen went away.

"A thousand per annum," said Mr. Tilney, coming back; "only think of *that*. It seems like a dream, a sane man refusing it. It seems quite a dream."

Thus the professional men went away, and the family, as if relieved from a burden, and now disengaged from the practical, turned to Mr. Tillotson. Every face took down its shutters, and put its best goods in the window, and Mrs. Tilney promptly repaired the horrible omission of social forms.

Mr. Tilney felt that a fresh introduction was necessary.

"I met this gentleman, whom I—I know—and just brought him up. Maria, my dear, Mr. Tillotson. These are my girls, Mr. Tillotson—Augusta and Julia."

On Mr. Tilney's mouth the rays of a mysterious intelligence beamed out with unusual effulgence. The "girls" met him with joyous alacrity. For Mr. Tilney's proceedings were so perfectly understood in his own family, that it was well known that every article he introduced was guaranteed. They read in the creases of his forehead, in his large grey eyes—even the Roman nose seemed to give warning—that this was a valuable stranger.

"Sit down near me, Mr. Tillotson," said Mrs. Tilney, "and tell me about yourself, now that we are rid of that dreadful man. So you are come to stay here." (This she had read off, on her husband's forehead.)

Mr. Tillotson, scarcely recovered from his embarrassment, answered: "Only for a few days. I should like to stay longer. It seems such an inviting place—"

"Only a few days?" said Mrs. Tilney, uneasily. "Why I thought—" and she was almost going to add, "Mr. Tilney had conveyed to us that you were a desirable object to invest capital in,"

but she checked herself, and said, "that is really a very short stay."

The girls, however, had perfect confidence in their parent's manner. His own friends might be, for all social purposes, of a worthless sort, but he never ventured to be the "bringer" of useless recruits. One of the girls promptly "fell out," and laid her charms at the feet of Mr. Tillotson.

"You came from town, Mr. Tillotson?" she said, almost sadly. "Oh, how charming! Papa and mamma used to live in town, and have promised to take me there next year, if I am good. We are here for our education. They are considered to have the best masters in St. Alans. You will wait for Sunday, I am sure. Oh, you must—to hear the anthem. Dr. Fugle sings the tenor divinely. You must stay, and come to our pew."

Mr. Tillotson said it all depended:—if he *could* stay, he should be glad. Miss Augusta—that was her name—was delighted.

"Mamma! mamma!"

"What is it, dear?"

"Mr. Tillotson has promised to stay for Sunday, to hear Doctor Fugle."

"I am very glad, dear. You must know, Mr. Tillotson, we all take our stand on the cathedral. It is our little boast. They say there is no one at Westminster Abbey comes near to Dr. Fugle."

It was an antique little room, with the corners cut off by cupboards. Indeed, the house was very old, and rather "remarkable," to use Mr. Tilney's expression. The windows were of the true rustic pattern, and, only twenty years ago, had diamond panes. In one window was the third girl, now standing with her hand to her face, looking out, in an attitude of surprising and unconscious grace. As the light fell upon her, and lighted up her devotional and pensive features, it almost seemed to the visitor that she did not belong to the mundane and earthy company sitting there, but that she was somehow associated with the cathedral opposite, and that from thence a soft and gorgeous saint from the florid window, or some gentle angel from a niche, had come to them, and would presently return. He almost passed into a dream as he looked, and did not hear the rapid chatter that was in his ears. Suddenly she moved, and went hurriedly out of the room, and in a moment he saw Ross pass the window. A kind of coldness and blankness came back on him, and in a few moments he rose to go.

Mr. Tilney wrung his hand with his most affectionate brown-sherry manner, and came out with him to the garden.

"Gay girls; light-hearted things. They'll go on there for I don't know how much longer. I shall start off to bed, Tillotson. Time was when I would be sitting down to the green cloth, and beginning to deal. That was in the Dook's day. I must show you his letter. One of the kindest and most delicate things, now, you could con-

ceive, and, for a man in his station—an H.R.H., you know—wonderful! Just look at the cathedral there. No poetry in me, you know, and I don't set up for it. But I can see. Just look at it now. Does it or does it not speak to you here?" he added, touching his waistcoat. "I always think of the fine line, 'Lifts its tall head and'—something or other. Come up to-morrow, and let us see you before you go. You like the girls? Ah, yes. They are so fond of fun; that is their only fault. But how can they help it? Look here, Tillotson," he added, stopping solemnly, "if my grave was waiting for me, ready open, over *there*, I wouldn't say a word to check their little harmless fun. No, I *couldn't* do it. I don't see now why I couldn't go part of the way with you," Mr. Tilney said, musingly, as if some one had started an objection to such a thing. "Why not? I declare I will!" and Mr. Tilney took Mr. Tillotson's arm, and walked on.

With some hesitation, Mr. Tillotson asked: "Mr. Ross, is ~~he~~ any relation?"

"Oh, Ross—poor Ross—to be sure! A good well-meaning creature. Never do in the world. A kind of a cousin of the girls. We have tried everything to push him on, but can't. A most self-willed foolish young man, sir. He has got into this lawsuit, which will make him, he says, or break him. Absurd, absurd, sir. Every one of the girls despise him for it."

"But I think," said Mr. Tillotson, doubtfully, "Miss Ada Millwood is interested in him."

Mr. Tilney shook his head. "A good girl. Blankets, and all that sort of thing. Play-fellows from that high, you know, and pity, and that kind of thing. No, no, no. I suppose if the man has his full pay to spend, he is well off."

Mr. Tilney said this as if, under such circumstances, the idea of any relation of affection was absurd.

"Yes, he is a strange creature, a very improper kind of man. He sometimes frightens me, do you know, Tillotson—breaks out in a manner that's quite alarming. I do believe that man—he's only seven-and-twenty his next birthday—is one mass of bad passions. No influences will do," added Mr. Tilney, sadly. "No, no. He has nothing *here* to call on—no chimes of his youth. And once you lose *that*, it's all up! The man, Tillotson, has *no* sense of religion. Nothing that you can put your hand on to touch;" here Mr. Tilney made a motion of winding up a musical-box.

"Who is he, then?" asked Mr. Tillotson, a little interested. "Where does he come from?"

"His father was an opulent" (he pronounced this word again in a rich and unctuous way), "an op-u-lent Indian merchant. He sent this lad home to one of our great public schools, where he might learn that manliness and self-confidence which I say is so specially English. We all owe that to our great public schools.

Look at Byron, look at Peel, look at little Singleton, who, when I knew him first, I vow to Heaven, used to go to a cheap tailor in the Minorics, and whom it was a bit of charity to give a chop and a potato to. Well, sir, that man is now governor to one of the royal princes, and that man was at a public school."

"And then?" said Mr. Tillotson.

"It was very bad, very, very ungentlemanly. He one day threw a ruler at his master, nearly killed him; an ordained clergyman. Very gross—'by man's hand, you know, let it be shed.' He was expelled two hours afterwards. And his father, a kind of cousin of mine, afterwards broke hopelessly."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Tillotson.

"Broke, I say—horse, foot, and dragoons. I don't think there was one-and-sixpence in the pound left. Died the next year. And, I must say in justice to him, has made his own way ever since. Got himself a commission, God knows how, and goes on in that way, you know. A very strange being. Quite savage at times. I sometimes think there is something wrong in his head."

Then Mr. Tillotson bade him good-bye, and walked away slowly, really admiring the stillness of the little common, and the picturesque houses behind him, which seemed taken from an old German or French town, and the great massive cathedral which rose so yellow before him.

That idea of yellowness suggested to him another idea of yellow, and, thinking of that pensive tragical girl who was in that "rackety" house, but not of it, and stood out on such a strange background, and such unsuitable figures as companions, he walked slowly towards the White Hart, lost his way pleasantly, found it again, got into the streets where the gaudy grocers had nearly shut up their theatrical stores—found Mr. Hiscok at his bar—was treated as a state guest, who ordered costly brown sherry.

One odd reflection might have occurred to him that night as he laid his head down under his baldequino, that he had been led, chafing and with reluctance, to Mr. Tilney's house, with a weary impression on his mind that "this man would fasten on him," whereas he had come away with a feeling that amounted to eager interest, when Mr. Tilney said, cheerily, "See you tomorrow, early. Call for you, eh?"

PARADISE REVISITED.

Of all the innocent tastes of my childhood, two only may, I think, be said to have fairly weathered the storms and buffets of life; to have defied the disenchanting influence of time; and to flourish yet, serene and unimpaired, above the ruins of many a far more potent passion. These are, pastry and pantomime.

I like a tart. Why shouldn't I like a tart? Because I am a man, shall I deny the acquaintance of a Bath-bun? Must the cheese-cake

lose its flavour in passing between lips on which time and nature have conferred a beard? Nonsense. I am accustomed to speak out. I like all manner of the sweetest things known to the craft of confectioner—nor would I covet a more delightful ten minutes than may be passed in renewing many a pleasing intimacy of this description. Is there, I would calmly inquire, anything brutal or unmanly in eating ladies'-fingers? Can there be more delicate enjoyment than in a meringue?

My deliberate opinion, founded upon close, occasionally furtive observation, is, that an attachment to sweet things is far more deeply rooted in the manly British breast than is generally supposed. It is my proud remembrance never to have given in to the false shame which suggests concealment of this innocent partiality. I am no more ashamed of the sweetness of my tooth than of its whiteness. At Didoct, I may have been seen to dash down the window, and call out, "Banbury-cake!" in tones asserting themselves above the thunder of the train, and almost before it stopped. I may often have been seen engaged with this—when fresh—exquisite dainty—not, as I have noticed the pusillanimous do, behind the Times—but, frankly and crumblingly, before mankind!

While writing, an idea has occurred to me. Now that wine-drinking is rapidly on the decline, why should pastry-eating—I mean in a convivial sense—not take its room? The effect at public dinners would be no less imposing.

"Gentlemen, pray charge your platters. Trifle." ("Bumpers" might still be added.)

In more private circles, the familiar wish, "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him!" would lose nothing in heartiness by the substitution of "tartlet" for "bottle." Since pitchers have fallen somewhat into desuetude as vehicles for port wine, "My Friend and Fritter," would be a positive improvement upon the popular version. Again, a very trivial change in another favourite toast, would supply us with the sentiment (accompanied, say, with a round of Charlottes-Russes), "May the present moment not be the sweetest of our lives!"

Surely, surely, patriotism and loyalty, hitherto too much associated with champagne, may be evolved as readily from a macaroon. Cannot friendship—acknowledged to sparkle with such peculiar brightness in the bowl—glow as richly in the bosom of a Christmas pudding?

Finally, be it remembered that that exquisitely pleasurable sensation, supposed (in song) to be derivable from not retiring to one's usual residence until past daybreak, need not, of necessity, be foregone. Appetite will probably determine that point. And there is this decided advantage in my scheme, that, whereas people were accustomed to continue their potations long after they had ceased to care much about it, that can never be the case with reference to the lighter lollipops which shall conclude my banquet.

Although, as I have said, devoid of that

craven feeling which prompts the repudiation of such sweet friends of one's boyhood as apple-puff and mince-pie, I will own to a certain degree of embarrassment in effecting the purchase of smaller and slighter matters. To-day I can demand, in clear unhesitating tones; as, by a liberal order, it may be made to look as if intended for a neighbouring nursery. Butter-Scotch, for the same reason, offers no difficulty. But I will admit that, did occasion present itself, I would prefer purchasing my barley-sugar through the intervention of an agent.

Of the latter compound, there is a kind whose paly gold exercises over me a remarkable fascination. It may be that it recalls certain ringlets, of similar form and hue, that—Well, no matter; but she and I have eaten marmalade from one gallipot—and these are not things to be forgotten.

No later than yesterday, I stood gazing irresolutely (under pretence of examining a new coffee-mill) at a cluster of these amber delicacies, enshrined in the usual vase of crystal. Suddenly, a bright thought struck me. Assuming a slight cough, I stepped in.

"Have you—have—anything that's—that's good for—dear me!—ch—dear me!—a bad cold?—something to—" I pointed to my throat, groaning.

The shopman handed me a small box; hard, brown, and sour.

"Black-currant drops, sir? Much recommended."

I knew them, and declined.

"Dr. Pilberrow's Nurses' Joy, sir. Sugar-lozenges, tintured with magnesia—"

"No, no. I wish for something—anything you have, of a softer, more lubricating—see! Such, for instance, as that yellowish substance, in the long glass."

"Barley-sugar, sir? Yes, sir. How much would you please to have, sir?"

I may be mistaken, but I fancied that the phantom of a smile stole over that young man's visage as he weighed me out a pound, throwing in a little bit over.

Equally fervent, equally unswerving, has been my attachment to that phase of dramatic art known as Pantomime. From the Cave of Doldrums, to the clown's final summer-set, I am a captive to the illusive scene; bound up with its details; laying up stores of wisdom and prudence from its suggestive changes.

Why do I speak of illusion? Intercourse, for a certain number of years, with the world, has placed me in a condition to aver that Pantomime is truth—truth coloured, condensed, elaborated—but truth itself. Gorgeous temples, demanding reverence—with men behind, in corduroys and dirty shirt-sleeves, pushing them on; gently heaving seas, the waves (invisible) punching each other's ribs, in a cloud of slate-coloured dust; baronial castles, whose noble occupants must have been content to dwell, like chrysalids, in the interstices of the single

wall. Clowns, boisterous, mischievous, unscrupulous; harlequins, gay, plausible, vindictive, mysterious; columbines, fair and fickle; pantaloons, with every attribute of age, except its reverence; even to the lovely Queen of Fays, who, after taking graceful leave at the close of the introduction, reappears at the general finish, standing on one leg above a revolving wheel, surrounded by a green glare, changing into red, and thence into an unpleasant smell. All these things, only in a far less honest form, have I encountered beyond the wall of a theatre; and if it soothe me to sit and witness their reproduction, under circumstances which can no longer betray, who shall censure? I don't care *who*. To-day—just for to-day—I am a boy again, and my two boyish fancies shall have their ample range. I will lunch at a pastrycook's, and I will subsequently attend a pantomime. Yet, hold! Boys are gregarious. Is it to renew the wholesomer part of youth, to feast and gaze without a friend! Where shall I seek another lad? It occurs to me, in a manner so abrupt and singular, as to be almost worthy of psychological analysis—had I an hour to spare—that my excellent neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Tibblethwayte, are spending the Christmas from home, unavoidably leaving three at least of their little flock behind them. What if I obtain them for the day and evening?

I looked at my watch. It could not yet be their dinner-time. Their young appetites must be in the very highest pastry condition. I was at the house in three minutes, requesting, with respectful compliments, audience of Miss Cavalier, the preceptress—a lady of infinite stiffness and inexorable will.

Reassured by the tidings that Miss Cavalier was absent for the day, I made my way to the school-room, and, stilling the noisy greetings, announced to Nurse Edmonds that I required the loan of her charges.

There was a pause of trembling expectation, for nurse looked graver than could be desired.

"Missis had expressed her wishes as the poor little things might have a little entertainment; but, of which kind?"

"It isn't a norcery?" said Master Bobby, with a look of dark suspicion.

I shook my head.

"Nor it isn't a fillysofical class-lecture?" ejaculated Miss Mattie—a tear in ambush under her eyelid, ready, in the event of an affirmative, to dim the pretty blue.

I laughed contemptuously.

"Bosh!" said Master Augustus. "Mr. Goodbody wouldn't take us to such rubbish as *that* comes to! But it isn't 'Instructive Riddles'—ch?" the young gentleman added, with a slight diminution of confidence.

"Nor a threepenny reading?" said Mattie.

At the last suggestion there was a subdued but general groan.

"You don't like readings?" I asked, in feigned astonishment.

"Not when it's such awful (word expres-

sive of decomposing matter) as the last," said Master Augustus, firmly.

"Why, what was it?"

"'Paradise Rewisited,' sir," explained nurse.

"'By a Loacle Poet.' Ma'amselle hev took them to all the four; but they come back quite cross and sleepy, and seemed as if they couldn't tell which they was at, last."

"No wonder! Hark ye, children! I am intending, this day, to revisit Paradise, or what, at your age, somewhat resembled it to me. I have promised myself a Christmas Pantomime!" (A cry of joy.) "Pausing on the way, at a spot where, I am given to understand, light refreshments, adapted to juvenile tastes, may be procured, and enjoyed without fear of after consequences. Will you come with me?"

Nurse hesitated to answer the appealing looks.

"If—if ma'amselle should know it——"

"Ma'amselle *shall* know it, to-morrow. Meantime, I take upon myself the responsibility."

And, engaging to restore the other three children by a reasonable hour, the fourth child carried them off in triumph.

Merry as grasshoppers, we made our way along the most disturbed thoroughfares we could find: Mattie and I leading: the boys close at our heels. I noticed with secret satisfaction that, in passing any pastrycook's—and we passed not a few—our rear-guard sensibly relaxed their pace, and even Mattie's little fingers gave an involuntary pressure. At length, as we neared a perfect wilderness of sweets, the prospect became too maddening, and Master Augustus, dashing to the front, proposed a halt.

I affected to demur, but Mattie's appealing look, and the fragrance wafted forth as we lingered in consultation on the threshold, resolved the question. We entered. Here, as a veteran, I deemed some words of caution not misplaced. I besought my ardent levies not to tilt blindly at Bath-buns, the major tarts, or great satisfying things of *any* kind, but to survey the ground, and then, tranquilly, advisedly, commence the attack.

The foray lasted so long, that, in common prudence, I was obliged to sound the recall. The damage inflicted on the enemy, especially in the arm of open tarts, was very considerable. I decline to mention my own achievements (Generals rarely do), and shall only state that, when my three charges had made their computations, there remained unaccounted for as follows:—One triangular tart, a Shrewsbury cake, three apricot puffs, one cheese-cake, and a maid-of-honour, together with some minor matters, and (I think) a glass of cherry-brandy. For all of which, notwithstanding the mystery that hung over their disappearance, I cheerfully paid.

Fortune had decreed that there was to be no pause in our delight. A bill suspended in the shop had forewarned us that there was to be at one of the larger theatres a morning performance of the Grand Christmas Pantomime, com-

mencing at two o'clock. Just time. We should not want any dinner? Eh?

Master Augustus having requested, in the name of the party, that the meal in question might not be mentioned in their hearing for a week, we set forth.

Capital places! A brilliant house! Beautiful red glare—so different from the mere sunshine we had quitted! A crowd of happy children, from six years old to seventy, settling themselves in their places for three hours' ceaseless enjoyment. For our parts, we gave ourselves up wholly to the scene: Mattie alone looking a little grave, and casting so many nervous glances in a certain direction, that I was induced to inquire the reason.

It seemed that the figure of a lady in a neighbouring box, whose back was towards us, had forcibly recalled that of Miss Cavalier.

Could it be herself?

Oh no, no. Mattie considered that was impossible! Miss Cavalier (I gathered from my little friend's remarks) was rather Miss Puritan in the matter of theatres, neither attending them herself, nor willingly permitting anybody else to do so. Furthermore, she regarded the half million of her fellow-Christians who, directly or indirectly, made their bread by these unhallowed institutions (not to mention the several millions, from her sovereign downward, who derived solace and amusement from them), as in the most imminent spiritual peril: evincing altogether views of the most elevated kind, and charity of that comprehensive nature which is usually found to characterise such an intelligence.

The rising of the curtain at this juncture banished all remembrance of the accidental resemblance, and the possible scolding on the morrow, it had brought into Mattie's mind.

I am not going into minute detail. Enough that what succeeded surpassed our most sanguine anticipations, and even the foreshadowings of the bill itself, which was not framed with diffidence. Let me simply record that the opening scene was even more gloomy and depressing than usual. It was the abode of an individual of doubtful sex, Mr. (or Mrs.) Antiquity, who, in addition to keeping an old curiosity shop, dabbled slightly in dramatic literature: his (or her) present distress arising from the tightness of the fairy market, with reference to subjects for a pantomime. Need it be related that, in the moment of supreme despondency, a square black pitfall opened, and, after a slight delay, suggestive of the coming fairy stopping to tie her shoe, that aerial being stepped upon the stage, and presented Antiquity with all that was needed, in the form of a new and enlarged edition of Jack the Giant Killer. The mere mention of that familiar name elicited from us a burst of involuntary applause, and when the scene changed to the humble but cheerful dwelling of—how shall I describe him? Jack the elder—we resettled ourselves, as in preparation for events of thrilling interest.

Pantomime corrects history, and, whereas we had always been instructed that Jack's first victim was eighteen feet high, and resided in a cavern commodiously situated on the top of St. Michael's Mount, we now found that he began with a little stunted victim of ten feet and a half, who had no ostensible residence at all. That Jack's departure on this errand was celebrated by a ball, in which sixty young ladies, in light and brief habiliments, formed some very pretty tableaux—caused us no more surprise than it did the elder John, who sat and smoked the while; for, but little is known of Cornish domestic life in the days of King Arthur, and this pleasing demonstration might have filled the place of what would now have been a public dinner.

Such a hop-o'-my-thumb as we have described gave the intrepid Jack, as might be expected, very little trouble. His head (he had but one), was quickly on the road to Lyonesse—as, now-a-days, one places a remarkable sturgeon at the foot of royalty. But the next giant was a totally different affair. His heads were three in number. His stature was variously estimated from eighteen to twenty-four feet. His temper was irascible, his appetite without limit. That this terrible monster was on the move, was rendered manifest by the numerous rustics who, with countenances pale and elongated, passed with long strides across the stage, or huddled in terrified groups at the wing. It subsequently became known that Gorgibuster's appetite was, this morning, singularly keen: he having breakfasted early, and slenderly, on a single ox. Furthermore, he was known especially to desire human flesh, having but recently devoured two-thirds of a school who had been permitted, by an indiscreet usher, to bathe near his dwelling. Some of the parents having remonstrated, Jack had been appealed to, and hence his present enterprise.

It has been a point of much dispute among modern writers, whether giants roared. This one did. A low rumbling sound, increasing in volume at every utterance, announced the monster's approach. Music of a colossal nature accompanied the sound of mighty steps, which—had there been such an instrument near—we might have attribute to the big drum—and Gorgibuster floundered on the scene.

As he was the largest, so was he the most complete and workable giant I had ever seen. His legs displayed as much tractability as if their lower fathom or so had been cast in the mould of nature, not of art. His heads were on the best possible terms, and, but for the peculiarity of the eyes being situated in the chin, and the nose on the forehead, might have been called human. Moreover, those eyes (being practicable) admitted of being winked; and the very first wink the giant gave was the signal for a demonstration we had not expected. The giant was accosted by stentorian voices as "George!" was offered the compliments of the season, was congratulated on his growth and generally robust appearance, and was otherwise

greeted so much in the style of an old acquaintance, that I referred to the bill for information, and thereby discovered that the vital principle of the giant was composed of Mr. George R. Bungeye, renowned for feats of strength and comic minstrelsy.

The giant did not always roar. He spoke in colloquial tones, and threw some light upon another mysterious question, by frankly admitting that, with regard to "*fee—faw—fum*," neither he (Gorgibuster) nor any of his brethren, had the remotest idea what was intended to be conveyed by those remarkable expressions.

I have dwelt long upon this giant—for the truth is, we liked him—we took to him. He was not the furious ill-bred monster we had been taught to expect. Rumour had belied him. Gay, frank, genial, he showed himself possessed of the most attractive social attributes. He sang, he jested, he actually—though at the cost, we feared, of much pain and weariness—shuffled through the sailors' hornpipe: using his vicarious legs with as much spirit as though wicker-work were instinct with life. His very club—formed of timber which possessed the rare and curious property of collapsing, when brought into contact with any hard substance—partook of its master's yielding and peaceable disposition. And as for his appetite—when it is remembered that he had three mouths to feed, and some twenty feet of stowage-room demanding freight, I affirm that it was by no means inordinate.

With regret we witnessed the fate of this so young and happy giant! In the bright heyday of life—in the flower of appetite, always peckish, yet never voracious—he was cut off by that unfair weapon, Jack's sword of sharpness; retiring into his own stomach, so as to admit of decapitation, his three heads were cut off; and, with faces wholly unchanged, beaming and winking as in life, were transmitted to the king. An adjuration to the prostrate trunk from the gallery, to rise and give them "Hot codlings," was treated with the contempt it deserved, and in a few minutes we were in the full swing and riot of the harlequinade.

Glorious was the fun. We were fortunate in our clown. More accomplished fooling was never seen, since the sun of Folly went down, in Grimaldi. All four of us, exhausted with laughter, were taking advantage of a moment's pause in the hurry of events, to lean back and wipe our brows, when Mattie uttered an exclamation. Following the direction of her eyes, my own fell, astonished, upon the lady to whom our attention had already been directed. She had turned round, and was leaning forward, flushed with excitement, and devouring the scene with the interest of a child of ten. Miss Cavalier!

Our parties subsequently met in the passage, Miss Cavalier walking between an old gentleman with a pleasant face and reverend grey head, and a fair lady, who seemed to be his daughter. As I boldly presented my charges, Miss Cavalier blushed and smiled.

"Kind friends — over-persuaded — couldn't leave—pleasant spectacle—such happy faces." Some such murmurs reached my ear, as I put my little companions into the carriage, and their preceptress, following, waved me a sweet adieu.

There was no scolding on the morrow.

MISERY.

I.

'Twas neither day nor night, but both together,
Mix'd in a muddy smudge of London weather,
And the dull pouring of perpetual
Din rain was vague, and vast, and over all.

She stray'd on through the rain, and through the mud,

That did the slop-fed filmy city flood,
Meekly unmindful as are wretches who,
Accustom'd to discomfortings, pursue
Their paths scarce conscious of the more or less
Of misery mingled with each day's distress.
Albeit the ghostly rag, too thin to call
Even the bodily remnant of a shawl
(Mere heaps of holes to one another stitch'd),
That tightly was about her shoulders twitch'd;
As at each step the fretful cough, in vain
By its vex'd victim check'd, brake loose again
And shiver'd through it, dripping drop by drop,
Contrived the flaccid petticoat to sop
With the chill surcharge of its oozy welt.

The mud was everywhere. It seem'd to melt
Out of the grimy houses, trickling down
Those brickwork blocks that at each other frown,
Unsociable, though squeez'd and jamm'd so close
Together; all monotonously morose,
And claiming each, behind his iron rail,
The smug importance of a private jail.
It seem'd to stuff the blurr'd and spongy sky,
To clog the slimy streets, and fiercely try
To climb the door-steps, blind with spatter'd filth
The dismal lamps, and spew out its sick spilth.
At unawares, from hiding-places, known
In dark street-corners to its spite alone.
She stray'd on through the mud: 'twas nothing new!

And through the rain—the rain? it was mud too!
The woman still was young, and Nature meant,
Doubtless, she should be fair; but that intent
Hunger, in haste, had marr'd, or toil, or both.
There was no colour in the quiet mouth,
Nor fulness; yet it had a ghostly grace
Pathetically pale. The thin young face
Was interpenetrated tenderly
With soft significance. The warm brown eye
And warm brown hair had gentle gleams. Per-
chance

Those gracious tricks of gesture and of glance,
Those dear and innocent arts—a woman's ways
Of wearing pretty looks, and winning praise,
The pleasantness of pleasing, and the skill,
Were native to this woman—woman still,
Though woman wither'd. There's a last degree
Of misery that is sexless wholly. She
Was yet what ye are—mothers, sisters, wives,
That are so sweet and lovely in our lives;—
A woman still, for all her wither'd look,
Even as a faded flower shut in a book
Is still a flower.

II.

Dark darker grows. The lamps
Of London, flaring through the foggy damps,
Glare up and down the grey streets ghostly,
And the long roaring of loud wheels rolls by,
The huge hump-shoulder'd bridge is reach'd. She
stops.

The shadowy stream beneath it slides, and drops
With sulky sound between the arches old.
She eyed it from the parapet. The cold
Clung to her, creeping up the creepy stream.
The enormous city, like a madman's dream,
Full of strange hummings and unnatural glare,
Beat on her brain. Some Tempter whisper'd,

"There
Is quiet, and an end of long distress.
Leap down! leap in! One anguish more or less
In this tense tangle of tormented souls
God keeps no strict account of. The stream rolls
For ever and for ever. Death is swift,
And easy."

Then soft shadows seem'd to lift
Long arms out of the streaming dark below,
Woefully waving to her.

But, ah, no,
Ah, no! she is still afraid of them to-night,
Those plausible familiars. Die? what right
Is hers to die?—a mother and a wife,
Whose love hath given her stages to life!

The voices of the shadows make reply,

"Woman, No right to live is Right to die.
What right to live—which means, What right to
eat
(What thou hast ceased to earn) the bread and
meat
That's not enough for all—what unearn'd right
Hast thou to say, 'I choose to live'?"

With might
The mocking shadows mounted as they spoke,
Nearer and clearer; and their voices broke
Into a groan that mingled with the roar
Of London, growing louder evermore
With multitudes of moanings from below,
Mysterious, wrathful, miserable.

"Ah, no,
Ah, no! For Willie waits for me at home,
And will not sleep all night till I am come.
'Tis late . . . but there were hopes of work to do:
I waited, though in vain. Ah, if he knew! . . .
And how to meet to-morrow?" . . .

A drunken man
Stumbled against her, stared, and then began
To troll a tavern stave, with husky voice
(The subject coarse, the language strong, not choice),
And, humming, reel'd away.

Upstream'd again
The voices of the shadows, in disdain:

"A mother? and a wife? Ill-gotten names
Filch'd from earth's blisses to increase its shames!
What right have breadless mothers to give birth
To breadless babies? Children meant for mirth,
And motherhood for rapture, and the bliss
Of wifehood crowning womanhood, the kiss
Of lips, whose kissing melts two lives in one:—
What right was thine, forsooth, because the sun
Is sweet in June, and blood beats high in youth,
To claim those blessings? claim'd, what right, for-
sooth,

To change them into curses, craving love,
Who lackest bread? There is no room above
Earth's breast for amorous paupers. Creep below,
And hide thyself from failure!"

"Is it so?"

She murmur'd, "even so! and yet . . . dear heart,
I meant to comfort thee!" Then with a start,
"And he is sick, poor man! No work to-day . . .
No work to-morrow . . . And the rent to pay . . .
And two small mouths to feed." . . .

Three tiny elves,
As plump as Puck, at all things, and themselves,
Laughing, ran by her in the rain. They were
Chubby and rosy-cheek'd, with golden hair
Tossing behind (two girls, a boy); they held
Each other's hands, and so contrived to weld
Their gladnesses in one. No rain, though chill,
Could vex their joyous ignorance of ill.
Then, sorrowfully, her thoughts began to stray
Far out of London, many a mile away
Among the meadows:

In green Hertfordshire,
When lanes are white with May, the wreathing
briar
Wafts sweet thoughts to our spirits, if we pass
Between the hedges, and the happy grass
Beneath is sprinkled with the o'erblown leaves
Of wild white roses. In the long long eves
The cuckoo calls from every glimmering bower
And lone dim-lighted glade. The small church
tower
Smiles kindly at the village underneath.
Ah, God! once more to smell the rose's breath
Among those cottage gardens! There's a field
Past the hill-farm, hard by the little weald,
Was first to fill with cowslips every year;
The children used to play there. Could one hear
Once more that merry brook that leaves the leas
Quiet at eve, but through the low birch-trees
Is ever noisy! Then at nutting-time
The woods are gayer than even in their prime;
And afterwards, there's something—hard to tell—
Full of home-feelings in the healthy smell,
Wide over all the red plough'd uplands spread
From burning weeds, what time the woods are dead.

"We were so young! We loved each other so!
Ah, yet . . . if one could live the winter through
(And winter's worst is o'er in March) . . . Who
knows?
The times might mend."

Then through her thoughts uprose
The menacing image of the imminent need
Of this bleak night.

"Two little mouths to feed!
No work! . . . and Willie sick! . . . and how to pay
To-morrow's rent?" . . .

She pluck'd herself away
From the bewildering river, and again
Stray'd onwards, onward, through the endless rain
Among the endless streets, with weary gait
And dreary heart, trailing disconsolate
A draggled skirt with feeble feet slipshod.
The sky seem'd one vast blackness without God,
Or, if a god, a god like some that here
Be gods of earth, who, missing love, choose fear
For henchman, and so rule a multitude
They have subdued, but never understood.

The roaring of the wheels began anew,
And London down its dismal vortex drew
This wandering minion of the misery
Of millions.

III.

Grey and grisly 'neath this sky
Of bitter darkness gleam'd the long blind wall
Of that grim institute we English call
The poor-house.

We build houses for our poor,
Pay poor-rates, do our best, indeed, to cure
Their general sickness by all special ways,
If not successful, still deserving praise,
Because implying (which, for my part, I
Applaud intensely) that society
Is answerable, as a whole, to man
(Ay, and to Christ, since self-styled Christian!)
For how the poor it brings to birth may fare.
Though some French folks count this in chief the
affair

Of government, which pays for its mistakes
To revolution, when grim hunger breaks
His social fetter sometimes. Still, remains
This fact, a sad one,—spite of all our pains,
The poor increase among us faster still
Than means to feed them, though we tax the till
To crum the alms-box. Which is passing strange,
Seeing that this England in the world's wide range
Ranks wealthiest of the nations of the earth.
But thereby hangs a riddle, which is worth
The solving some day, if we can. That's all.

This woman, passing by that poor-house wall,
Shudder'd and thought. . . . No matter! 'twas a
thought

Only that made her shudder, till she caught
Her foot against a heap of something strange.
And wet, and soft, which made that shudder change
To one of physical terror.

'Twas as though
The multitudinous mud, to scare her so,
Had heap'd itself into a hideous heap,
Not human, sure, yet living. With a creep,
The thing, whatever it was, her chance foot spurn'd
Began to move, like humid earth upturn'd
By a sneuted mole, disturb'd; or else, suppose
A swarm of feeding flies, when cluster'd close
About a lump of carrion, or a hive
Of brown-back'd bees. It seem'd to be alive
After this fashion . . . a collective mass
Of movement, making from the life it has,
Or seems to have, in common, though so small,
A sort of monstrous individual.
For, from the inward to the outward moved,
The hideous lump heaved slowly; slowly shoved
Layer after layer of soak'd and rotting rags
On each side, down it, to the sloppy flags,
Beneath its headless bulk; thus making space
For the upthrusting of the creature's face,
Or creature's self, whatever that might have been.
Whence suddenly emerging—to be seen,
One must imagine, rather than to see,
Since it look'd nowhere, neither seem'd to be
Surprised, or even conscious—there was thrust
(As though it came up thus because it must,
And not because it would) a human head,
With sexless countenance, that neither said
"To man, nor woman . . . I belong to you,"
But seem'd a fearful mixture of the two
United in a failure horrible
Of features, meant for human you might tell

By just so much as their lean wolfishness
Contrived more intense meaning to express
Than hunger-heated eye or snarling jaw
Of any real wolf.

Stricken with awe,
The woman, only very poor indeed,
Recoil'd before that creature past all need,
And past all help, too, being past all hope.
For stern and stark, against the stolid cope
Of the sad, rainy, and enormous night
That sexless face had fix'd itself upright
At once, and, as it were, mechanically,
With no surprise; as much as to imply
That it had done with this world everywhere,
And thenceforth look'd to Heaven; yet look'd not
there
With any sort of hope, or thankfulness
For things expected, but in grim distress,
From the mere want of gazing constantly
On darkness.

London's life went roaring by,
And took no notice of this thing at all.
It seem'd a heap of mud against the wall.
And if it were a vagrant . . . well? Why, there
The poor-house stands. The thing is *its* affair,
Not yours, nor mine; who pay the rates when due,
And trust in God, as all good Christians do.
And yet, if you or I had pass'd that way,
And noticed (which we did not so, I say,
Not ours the fault!) the creature crouching there,
I swear to you, O brother, and declare,
For my part, on my conscience, that, although
I never yet was so oppress'd, I know,
By instant awe of any king or queen,
Prelate or prince, whate'er the chance hath been,
As to have felt my heart's calm beating stopp'd,
Or my knees falter, yet I must have dropp'd
(Ay, and you too, friend, whom my heart knows
well)
In presence of that unapproachable,
Appalling majesty of misery;
Lifting its pale-faced protest to the sky
Silently against you, and me, no doubt,
And all the others of this social rout,
That calls itself fine names in modern books.

IV.

The woman, stone cold 'neath the stony looks
Of this rag-robed Medusa, shrank away
Abasht; not daring, at the first, to say
Such words as, meant for comfort, might have been
Too much like insult to that grim-faced queen
Or king, whichever it was, of wretchedness.
Her own much misery seem'd so much less
Than this, flung down before her, by God sent,
It may have been, for her admonishment.
But, at the last, she timidly drew near,
And whisper'd faintly in the creature's ear,
"Have you no home?"

No look even made reply;
Much less a word. But on the stolid sky
The stolid face stared ever.

"Are you cold?"

A sort of inward creepy movement roll'd
The rustled rags. And still the stolid face
Perused the stolid sky. Perhaps the case
Supposed was too self-evident to claim
More confirmation than what creeping came
To crumble those chill rags: subsiding soon,
As though to be unnoticed were a boon,

All kinds of notice having proved unkind.
Such creatures as men hunt are loth to find
The hole discover'd where they hide; and when
By chance you stir them out of it, they then
Make haste to feign to be already dead,
Hoping escape that way.

The woman said,
More faintly, "Are you hungry?"

There, at once
Finding intensest utterance for the nonce,
With such a howl 'twould chill your blood to hear,
The wolf-jaws wail'd out, "Hungry? ha, look here!"
And, therewith, fingers of a skeleton claw,
Tearing asunder those foul rags, you saw
. . . . Was it a woman's breast? It might be so.
It look'd like nothing human that I know.
She whose faint question such shrill response woke,
Stood stupified, stunn'd, sick.

V.

Just then there broke
Down the dim street (and any sound, just then,
Shaped from the natural utterance of men
To still that echoed howl, had brought relief
To her sick senses) a loud shout—"Stop thief!
Stop thief!" . . .

A man rush'd by those women—rush'd
So vehemently by them, that he brush'd
Their raggedness together; as he pass'd,
Dropp'd something on the pavement, and was fast
Wrapp'd in the rainy vapours of the night,
That, in a moment, smear'd him out of sight,
And, in a moment after, let emerge
The trampling crowd; which, all in haste to urge
Its honest chase, swept o'er those women twain,
Regardless, and rush'd on into the rain,
Leaving them both upon the slippery flags,
Bruised, trampled, rags in colloquy with rags,
And so—alone.

VI.

Meanwhile the wolfish face,
Resettled to its customary place,
Was staring as before into the sky,
Stolid. The other woman heavily
Gather'd herself together, bruised, in pain,
Half rose up, slipp'd on something, and again
Sank feebly back upon her hand.

But now,
What new emotion shakes her? Doth she know
What this is, that her fingers on the stone
Have felt, and, feeling, close so fiercely on?
This pocket-book? with gold enough within
To feed . . . Ah, God! and must it be a sin
To keep it? Were it possible to pay
With what its very robber flings away
For bread . . . bread! . . . bread! . . . and still
not starve, yet still
Be honest? . . .

"Were one doing very ill,
If . . . One should pray . . . if one could pray,
that's sure,
The strength would come. My God! we are so
poor!
So poor . . . 'tis terrible! To understand
Such things, one should be learn'd, and have at
hand
Ever so many good religious books,
And texts, and things. And then one starves. It
looks

So like a godsend. What doth the Book say
About 'the lions, roaring, seek their prey'?
And 'the young ravens'? 'Ye are more than
these.'

Ah, but one starves, though!"

Crouch'd upon her knees,
She dragg'd herself up close against the wall,
And counted the gold pieces.

"Food for all?

Us four? And that makes five. The rent to pay
To-morrow? Give me strength, dear God, to pray
'Thy will be done'! . . . What if it were God's
will

That one should keep it, . . . since one finds it?
Still

Have bread to eat? . . . till one can work, of
course.

Why else should God have sent it? Which is worse,
To starve, or . . . 'Tis as long as it is broad.

"And then, consider this, I pray, dear God!
Two little mouths already—and no bread.
And my poor man this three days sick in bed;
And no more needlework, it seems, for me
'Till times turn round. Who knows when that
will be?

Dear God, consider yet again . . . That's four
To feed already. Then a fifth? One more! . . .
However can we eke it out? Ah, me,
God's creatures to be left like this! Just see
How thin she is!"

Her hands about the thing
They clutch'd began to twitch. Still fingering
The gold convulsively, again she thought,
Or tried to think, of lessons early taught,
Easy to learn once, in the village school,
When to be honest seem'd the simple rule
For being happy, and of many a text
That task'd old Sundays; growing more perplex'd,
As, more and more, her giddy memory made
Haphazard catches at the words.

"Who said,
'Therefore I say unto you' (ah! 'twere sweet),
'Have no thought for your lives, what ye shall
eat'
(If that were possible), 'nor what to wear.'
Have no thought? that should mean, then, have no
care!

'Your Father knoweth of what things ye need
Before ye ask.' . . . 'The morrow shall take heed
For its own things.' . . . And still 'tis sure He
bade

The people pray, 'Give us our daily bread';
And elsewhere, 'Ask, and ye shall have'! And yet
One starves, I say.

"Ay! 'They that have shall get,'
That's somewhere too, and nearer fact, no doubt.
If the rich knew what the poor go without
Sometimes! They do their best for us, that's sure.
But still, the poor . . . they are so very poor!
'Whoever giveth to the least of these
Giveth to me.' Why one can give with ease
What is one's own . . . when anything's one's
own.

Ha! whose is this? There is no owner known.
God sent it here. Whose is it now?"

She stopp'd
And trembled. And the tempting treasure dropp'd
From her faint hand.

She scratch'd it up again,
And cried, "Mine, mine! be it the devil's gain

Or God's good gift. Sure, what folks *must*, folks
may,
And folks must live."

She gazed out every way
Along the gloomy street. In desert land,
To tempted saints mankind was more at hand
Than now it seem'd to this poor spirit pent
In populous city.

VII.

Hurriedly she bent
Above her grim companion, in whose ear
She mutter'd hoarse and quick, "Make haste! see
here!

There's bread enough for all of us. Get up!
Quick, quick; and come away. To-night we'll
sup,—

To-morrow we'll not starve . . . another day,
Another . . . and then, let come what come
may.
Off! off!"

No answer.

To the stolid sky
The stolid face was turn'd immovably.
The sky was dark: the face was dark. The face
And sky were silent both; you could not trace
The faintest gleam of light in the dark look
Of either.

Vehemently the woman shook
That miserable mass of rags. It let
Itself be shaken; did not strive to get
Up or away; said nought. A worried rat
So lets itself be shaken by a cat
Or mastiff, when the vermin's back, 'tis clear,
Is snapp'd, and there's no more to feel or fear.
"Oh, haste!"

No answer.

"It is late, late! Come!"
No answer.

Those lean jaws were lock'd and dumb.
Then o'er the living woman's face there spread
Death's hue reflected.

"Late? too late!" she said.
"O Heaven, to die thus!"

With a broken wail,
She turn'd and fled fast, fast.

Fled whither?

VIII.

Pale
Through the thick vagueness of the vaporous night,
From the dark alley, with a clouded light
Two rheumy, melancholy lampions flare.
They are the eyes of the police.

In there,
Down the dark archway, through the greasy door,
Passionately pushing past the three or four
Complacent constables that cluster'd round
A costermonger, in the gutter found
Incapably, but combatively, drunk,
The woman hurried. Through the doorway slunk
A peaky, pinch'd-up child with frighten'd face,
Important witness in some murder-case
About to come before the magistrate
To-morrow. At a dingy table sat
The slim inspector, spectacled, severe,
Rapidly writing.

In a sort of fear
Of seeing it again, she shut her eyes
And flung it down there. With sedate surprise
The man look'd up.

... "Because I do not know
The owner, sir," she said. "A while ago
I found it. And there's money in it—much,
Oh, so much money, sir!"

A hungry touch
Of the defeated tempter made her wince
To see him count it. Such a short while since
She, too, had done the same.

"Your name? Address?"
She gave the n. Easy, from the last, to guess
Their wretchedness who dwell in such a place.
The shrewd and practised eye perused her face
Contented, not surprised; for they that see
Crime oftenest, oftenest, too, see honesty
Where most of us would seldom look for it,
Or find it with surprise—in rags, to wit.

"Honest and poor. Deserves a large reward.
No doubt there'll be one."

"Ah, the times are hard,
So hard, God help us all; and, sir, indeed
We are so poor. Two little mouths to feed.
If we could only get some work to do!"

"Ah, married? out of work? and children two?
Mem. Let the owner know, if found. Good
night."

But still she stood there. He had turn'd to write.
She stood and eyed him with a dreary eye,
And did not move. He look'd up presently.
"Not gone yet? Eh? What more?"

"And, sir," she said,
"There's by the poor-house wall a woman dead.
There was no room within, sir, I suppose;
There are so many of them, Heaven knows.
'Tis hard for such as we to understand
How such things happen in a Christian land."

Her face twitch'd, and her cough grew fierce
again,
As she pass'd out into the night and rain.

THE PARISH PARLIAMENT.

TWICE a year a bustling person of out-door aspect—this characteristic being manifested chiefly in his hat, which is strongly suggestive of an instrument for measuring the rainfall—knocks a treble knock at my door (he gives one over, as indicating a cut above the post) and leaves a paper, which, on perusal, I find to be the Queen's bill for governing me, judging me, fighting for me, and, generally (with a flag which has braved, a thousand years and a little over, the battle and the breeze), protecting my interests, both at home and abroad.

Twice a year, also, another bustling person, crowned with a hydrometer, knocks a treble knock—not to be confounded with the post either—and leaves a paper, which, on perusal, I find to be the Parish's bill for paving me, lighting me, draining me, policing me, causing me to love my poor neighbour—not by any means as myself—and for various other services of a kindred nature.

In the first pride of being a householder, I did not greatly trouble myself about these little

bills. I did not examine the items, but paid the totals at once—much sooner than there was any necessity for, as I have since found—and was proud to think that I was a taxpayer and ratepayer. When a leading article in a newspaper said "Taxpayers of Great Britain," I felt that I was one of the important and responsible class addressed. When bills in the shop windows of the High-street bore the heading, "Meeting of the Ratepayers of the Parish of St. Sniffens," I was proudly conscious that I was entitled to attend that meeting and take part in its deliberations; when I saw a regiment of cavalry ride up the road every morning for exercise, I derived considerable self-importance from the reflection that those magnificent men and beasts owed some degree of their magnificence to me a taxpayer. When I saw a street in my neighbourhood being taken up—which was often—I was gratified to think that the pavians owed some portion of their wages to me as a ratepayer.

But man soon becomes indifferent to the most priceless privileges, quickly grows accustomed to the highest dignities. I got used to the glory of being a taxpayer of Great Britain, and equally so to the distinction of being addressed as a ratepayer of the parish of St. Sniffens. I was not so ready to pay the little bills presented to me by the Queen and the Parish. I got into the way of telling the Queen and the Parish to call again to-morrow, or some time next week.

It is not until he feels the burden of the charges that are laid upon him, that a man begins to examine his bills, and closely inspect the items. It then becomes a very important object to see that he is not charged too much, and that he gets his money's worth for his money. I began, at last, to overhaul the bills presented to me by the Queen and the Parish, and a very cursory examination of their respective demands suggested matter for serious reflection and consideration. The first thing that strikes me on comparing the two accounts, is the disproportion which they bear to each other. The Parish, for merely local services, charges me five times as much as the Queen asks from me (directly, at least), for governing that empire upon which the sun never sets. Put indirect taxes out of the question, and say, for example, that I am one of the numerous class of persons in this parish of St. Sniffens who let lodgings. Here, then, is the bill which the Queen presents to me twice a year:

			s.	d.
House Tax	16	10½
Property Tax	11	6
			£1	8 4½

The property tax is reimbursed to me by the landlord, so that I have to pay only sixteen shillings and tenpence-halfpenny every six months, or annually, the sum of one pound thirteen and ninepence.

Now for the bill presented by the Parish:

Poor, County, Burial Board, Police	s. d.
Rate, &c. at	1 2
Lighting Rate	0 2
General Rate:	
For the Maintenance and Repair of Roads and Footways, Cleansing, Watering, and other Purposes ...	0 5½
For Payment of Interest on Bond Debts of, and Compensation to Officers of, Extinct Paving Trusts	0 1
	1 11½

One shilling and elevenpence-halfpenny on every pound of the sum at which I am rated, gives a total of about four pounds ten. To this there are to be added the sewers' rate, at three-halfpence, and the metropolitan main drainage rate, at twopence in the pound, bringing the whole amount for the half year to somewhere about five pounds ten.

Thus, then, for the year I pay:

To the Queen	£ 1 13 9
To the Parish	11 0 0

If I add income tax, and all the indirect taxes I pay on tea, sugar, wine, and the like, the Queen's bill will undoubtedly be heavier than the bill of the Parish; but it will not be *so very* heavy in proportion to the services rendered.

Now, it is not my purpose to complain of this. It is possible that the charges made upon me by the Parish are just and equitable, and that the proportion which they bear to the Queen's taxes is perfectly reasonable. But what strikes me as odd, is, that we should all look so sharp after the administration of the Queen, while we scarcely trouble ourselves to inquire how the Parish manages our affairs, or what becomes of the money which we pay into its exchequer.

We are all, from the highest to the lowest, deeply interested in the politics of the nation. We are for ever battling to guard the constitution, to promote reforms, to enforce economy and wise measures of finance. Every seven years, or whenever the administration fails to satisfy us, we turn the country upside down in the effort to return to parliament men whom we can trust to control and direct our public affairs. We move heaven and earth for this object. We make speeches, we write leading articles, we fight and struggle, as if for our very lives—nay, we even intimidate and bribe. Whatever may be the means employed, worthy or unworthy, we attain the end in view—we put the ablest men in the country into the Queen's cabinet to conduct the affairs of the nation. And having placed them there, we keep a constant watch upon them, noting and criticising their conduct from day to day, and from hour to hour. Every year in the month of April, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, our head cashier, lays his financial statement before the country. Every quarter the national balance-sheet is placed in the hands of the public. We know where the money comes from, we know where it goes to. We know also the character and capacity of every man

who assumes to take a part in managing the affairs of the nation. But what do we know of the men who manage the affairs of the parish—of the men to whom we annually entrust the disbursement of revenues larger than those of many a continental sovereign? Hitherto nothing; for few of us have cared to make inquiries in that direction. And yet it is no unimportant trust which we repose in these men. The services which it is their duty to render us touch us more nearly than the imperial acts of parliament, which we watch so narrowly. We depend upon them for the practical solution of one of the most difficult problems which has ever engaged the minds of statesmen and political economists—the just administration of the poor-law. We depend upon them for the purity of the air we breathe. It is for them to decide whether we shall live in the security of wholesomeness or run daily risk of death in the atmosphere of fever. Our very lives are in their hands. And what do we know of these men?

Until the other day, I, for one, knew nothing of them. Like thousands of my neighbours in this "large, important and populous parish of St. Sniffens," I took them upon trust. But now I do know something of them, and I am going to tell all whom it may concern, plainly, what I do know and have seen.

"I have lived all these years in the parish of St. Sniffens," said I to an old resident one evening, "and I am not aware that I am acquainted with any of the men who direct our local affairs. Who are they? What sort of persons are they?"

"To your first question," replied the old resident, "I answer that they are—grocers, tailors, publicans, cow-keepers, gardeners, pork-butchers, pawnbrokers, tax-collectors, and the like."

"In a large way of business, I suppose; or retired persons who have shown their aptitude for business by making their fortunes?"

"Not at all; mostly in a very small way of business, persons who have not made their fortunes, and are not likely to make them. To your second question, Come and see them."

"Friend, if a person at this time of night were to say to me, 'Come and see the legislators who conduct the affairs of the nation,' I should expect him to conduct me to the Houses of Parliament, or the Reform and Carlton Clubs. Whither dost thou lead, since the vestry does not, I believe, meet at night?"

"To the Spotted Dog."

"The Spotted Dog!"

"The Spotted Dog. The landlord is a vestry-man; in his parlour you will find assembled in social, not solemn, conclave the local section of the parish Areopagus. Come."

After a short walk we arrived at the Spotted Dog. It is a public-house of the third class, with no pretensions to an hotel department, nor even a select bar—a pint-of-porter-and-a-screw-looking house, with sloppy counters, dingy battered pots, and a floor encrusted with dirt.

We passed through the gloomy bar and entered a little pug's parlour, whose floor was carpeted with sawdust and set out with spittoons. The speaker had taken the chair, at the end of the room, but the Areopagus had not yet assembled. The speaker, a stolid-looking wooden-headed man, sat in moody silence, smoking a long clay pipe, and taking an occasional sip from a half-pint pewter.

"Jem," said the chairman to the potboy, who acted as waiter, in his shirt-sleeves; "another 'alf pint, and don't bring this here hockerd thing of a pot as ain't got ne'er a handle."

"Who's he?" I asked.

"A gentleman of the vestry, a great man in the parish, one of the Works committee."

Presently in bounces a dapper little man with a blue apron, and a very shiny head of hair. He addresses the chair.

"Well, old Buttertub, and 'ow do you find yourself?"

"Who are you a calling Buttertub," says the chairman, very indignant.

"Lor, he doesn't like it," says the dapper little man, winking at us. "Jem" (this to the potboy), "'alf a pint like lightning, sharp's the word, quick's the motion—slap bang here we are again, here we are again, here we are again!" And the dapper little man goes up to the looking-glass, twists a greasy curl round each ear, and does a little dance to the tune.

"Who is he?" I ask.

"Gentleman of the vestry, member of the sanitary committee."

"Oh, indeed, 'I said."

And now the parish legislators come trooping in thick and fast, and almost every one as he passes the landlord, who is sitting smoking a long pipe near the door, facetiously puts himself in a fighting attitude, gives a pantomimic slap, and pretends to have received a severe blow in the eye. After this performance they pass on to their seats, each one as he sits down taking up a long clay pipe, and clearing out the bowl with his little finger. Orders now pour upon Jem the potboy in a volley, and I observe that they are mostly for half pints and screws. When the half pints are brought, the legislators look into them to see that they are quite full, then dip the stems of their pipes into the porter, and forthwith begin to smoke.

Look round the room now that they are all in their places solemnly puffing. With the exception of the two visitors, they are all parish authorities—all gentlemen of the vestry, or officials of some kind. Before they begin to betray themselves in speech, you can scarcely credit that they are all men of the same class. Yonder is one respectably dressed in black; who, judging from his appearance, might be a City merchant; next to him is a man without any shirt collar, his neck swathed in a wisp of silk handkerchief—to all appearance, a groom. Opposite sits a stolid pig-faced man, who might be the keeper of a toll-gate, or a porter at Doctors' Commons. Close by is a heavy swell with curled moustaches, velvet collar, great expanse of gold chain on a

black satin waistcoat, and glossy hat with turned up brim. Next to him a bricklayer-looking person, with his trousers turned up at the ankles, and the marks of line on his slop jacket. There are also two or three young men whom you might judge to be carpenters, who had "cleaned themselves" for an evening party. While they preserve silence, they seem to be a most heterogeneous assembly. But they are all hail-fellows-well-met here. I observe that they pride themselves upon their powers of repartee, or, as it is called here, "chaff." They stab each other through their pursuits. Thus one, who is a poulterer, is hailed as "Turkey-cock," who retorts by calling his assailant "old Pork-and-peas-pudd'n." A gentleman in the building line, is addressed as "Chimbley-pots;" and the chairman is known to the company generally, as "Wooden'ead." Says one, "Chimbley-pots, where 'ave you bin to-day?" To which Chimbley-pots replies, "Bin on the stink." Which, on being interpreted, I find means that, as a member of the sanitary committee, he has been inspecting nuisances. "I say, old Pork-and-peas-pudd'n, 'ow much do you give Chimbley-pots for looking the other way when he passes the trotter-shop?"

"Well, I gives him good weight when he comes to my shop, and that's more nor he gets at yourn."

"Ah, he 'ad you there, Charley!" The chairman says to his neighbour that Charley "got one for hisself that time." The heavy swell interposes, and says that such observations are disrespectful to the 'ouse.

"I'll 'ave a strait-jacket made for Charley," says the landlord, "and take him down to 'Anwell."

"Or Colney 'Atch," says another.

Presently the conversation turns upon the political affairs of the parish, when the honourable members assume a semi-parliamentary manner, and use fine words. They "join issue" with each other, when they mean to do exactly the opposite; they talk about bringing matters to a quietus, apparently meaning a conclusion or a climax; a sanitary committee-man declares five shillings a day as the pay of an inspector of nuisances to be "abnormal," by which I understand him to mean "too little."

"Quite enough too," says a head of the paving department. "What do you do with it? Why, ride up and down in a omnibus, and drink drains."

"Instead of cleansing of 'em," says another.

"Look here, Joe"—this as a warning and a piece of advice to the last speaker—"if you want to get into the vestry, you keep quiet. Hear, see, and say nothink."

It is evident that the person who made that cutting remark about the cleansing of the drains has aspirations in the direction indicated; for he turns very red in the face, and says, apologetically, that he meant no offence.

Surely, I thought, my friend is hoaxing me; these cannot be the men to whom we entrust the management of the affairs of this great and important parish. Are these the guardians of

the poor? Are these the persons to whom are submitted the difficult scientific questions involved in providing for the sanitary condition of, not simply the parish, but the great metropolis itself? On expressing some incredulity, my friend said:

"Very well, if you *can't* believe it, attend the vestry meeting to-morrow, and you will see nearly all these men seated at the board, taking part in the work of legislation."

I did attend the vestry meeting, and found them all there—Wooden-head, Pork-and-peas-pudd'n, Turkey-cock, Charley, the landlord of the Spotted Dog, and several others. There they were in parish parliament assembled. The speaker was in the chair—a black-leather hall-porter one, with the royal arms on the back of it—and the gentlemen of the vestry (about forty of them altogether) were seated on either side of a line of polished black mahogany tables of the public-house pattern.

Near the chair sat a bustling little man—one who had drunk his half pint and smoked his pipe at the Spotted Dog the night before—who appeared to be the leader of the house, as he was always getting up to give explanations and make interpellations. He had not an H in his alphabet, and dispensed with the rules of Lindley Murray altogether; but he appeared to be looked up to as a great orator and statesman. He had put on his official manner to-day, sipped water from a tumbler every now and then—quite differently from the way in which he sipped his porter—and always parted his coat-tails when he sat down. I observed that this parting of the coat-tails on sitting down, was a great point with them. None of them did it at the Spotted Dog, but they all did it here. It was evidently considered to be a graceful parliamentary action. On commencing an address, most of the orators began with "Aving." "Aving" been indoost to take this step, we was hoblighed to go a step further." "Then," says another, "you have gone funder than the lor allows." "Such a thing was never 'card of in the 'istory of the paish," says a third.

"Order, order! Mr. Chairman, 'ow many people do you allow to speak at once?"

Mr. Chairman knocks on the table and restores order.

Meantime, a crusty old Thersites, who is sitting beside me in the gallery, chimes in with a chorus of comment.

"Pretty lot, ain't ~~they~~?" he says.

I make no reply.

Chorus again: "I offered them ten pounds once, if they would do with it what I told them."

Being interested now, I asked, "What was that?"

"Buy rope enough to hang themselves."

Conclude that my friend is disappointed at not being in the vestry. Perhaps he neglected the maxim to keep quiet, hear, see, and say nothing.

There is another angry discussion about a pump reported on by the sanitary committee.

High words and recriminations are passing, when a vestryman near the end of the table endeavours to throw oil upon the waters—not of the pump, but of the discussion.

"Really, gentlemen, we are getting into a very un'olsesome state."

Chorus: "I should think you were! Why, sir" (grumbling this to me), "there is a man in that vestry who can neither read nor write; a member of that vestry was pulled up for short weights; another member of that vestry—"

"Hush, hush, you're interrupting the proceedings."

"Pro-ceedings, indeed!"

I noticed that money was voted away with very little discussion indeed, and always nem. con.

When a question of paving came up, I thought that now surely there was a matter before the vestry which these men would be capable of handling. But I soon found that there was a great diversity of opinion as to the best time of the year for laying down paving-stones. One said that the best month was "Janivery," another favoured "Febovary," a third maintained that such work should only be done in March; a fourth declared for April, and one gentleman actually went the length of June. Eventually, perhaps on the principle of splitting the difference, it was decided that the paving in question should be commenced on the first of March.

Chorus: "I wish every man Jack of them were laid down under it!"

The house here adjourned, and Chorus descended the stairs with the declared intention of insulting the honourable members to their faces.

In conclusion, I find that the gentlemen of the vestry in this large and populous parish of St. Sniffens are held in the greatest contempt by all who know them.

FORM-SICKNESS.

THERE is a mysterious disease which the doctors find difficult of diagnosis, and from which foreign conscripts are said to suffer. They call it nostalgia, or le mal du pays—in plainer English, home-sickness. We have all read how the band-masters of the Swiss regiments in the French service were forbidden to play the *Ranz des Vaches*, lest the melancholy children of the mountains, inspired by the national melody, should run home too quickly to their cows—that is to say, desert. That dogs will pine and fret to death for love of the masters they have lost, is an ascertained fact, and I have been told that the intelligent and graceful animal, the South American llama, if you beat, or overcoat, or even insult him, will, after one glance of tearful reproach from his fine eyes, and one meek wail of expostulation, literally lie himself down and die. Hence, the legend that the *bât-men*, ere they load a llama, cover his head with a poncho, or a *grego*, or other drapery, in order that his sus-

ceptibilities may not be wounded by a sight of the burden he is to endure; a pretty conceit vily transposed into English in a story about a cab-horse whose eyes were bandaged by his driver, lest he should be ashamed of the shabbiness of the fare who paid but sixpence for under a mile's drive. I was never south of the Isthmus, and never saw a llama, save in connexion with an overcoat in a cheap tailor's show-card; but I am given to understand that what I have related is strictly true.

If the lower animals, then, be subject to nostalgia, and if they be as easily killed by moral as by physical ailments, why should humanity be made of sterner stuff? After all, there may be such things as broken hearts. With regard to home-sickness, however, I hold that, as a rule, that malady is caused less by absence from home than by the deprivations of the comforts and enjoyments which home affords. Scotchmen and Irishmen are to be found all over the world, and get on pretty well wherever they are; but a Scot without porridge to sup, or an Irishman without buttermilk to drink at breakfast, is always more or less miserable. The Englishman, accustomed to command, to compel, and to trample difficulties under his feet, carries his home-divinities with him, and has no sooner set up his tent in Kedar than he establishes one supplementary booth for making up prescriptions in accordance with the ritual of the London Pharmacopœia, another for the sale of pickles, pale ale, and green tea, and a third for the circulation of tracts intended to convert the foreigners among whom he is to abide. He suffers less, perhaps, from home-sickness than any other wanderer on the face of the earth; for he sternly refuses to look upon his absence from his own country as anything but a temporary exile; he demands incessant postal communication with home, or he will fill the English newspapers with the most vehement complaints; he will often—through these same newspapers—carry on controversies, political or religious, with adversaries ten thousand miles away; and after an absence from England of twenty years he will suddenly turn up at a railway meeting, or in the chair at a public dinner; bully the board; move the previous question; or, in proposing the toast of the evening, quote the statistics of the Cow-cross Infirmary for Calves, as though he had never been out of Middlesex. In short, he no more actually expatriates himself than does an attaché to an English embassy abroad, who packs up Pall-Mall in his portmanteau, parts his hair down the middle, and carries a slender umbrella—never under any circumstances unfurled—in the streets of Teheran.

But are you aware that there is another form of nostalgia which afflicts only Europeans, and, so far as I know, is felt only in one part of the world? Its symptoms have not hitherto been described, and I may christen it Form-sickness. I should wish to have Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Stirling, and Mr. Beresford Hope, on the medical board to whom I submitted my views on this disease; for it is one architecturally and aesthetically

occult. This Form-sickness begins to attack you after you have resided some time—say a couple of months—in the United States of America. Its attacks are more keenly felt in the North than in the South; for in the last-named parts of the Union there are fig and orange trees, and wild jungles and cane brake—some of the elements of Form, in fact. It is the monotony of form, and its deficiencies in certain conditions: that is to say, curvature, irregularity, and light and shade, that make you sick in the North. I believe that half the discomfort and the uneasiness which most educated Englishmen experience from a protracted residence in the States, springs from the outrage offered to their eye in the shape of perpetual flat surfaces, straight perspectives, and violent contrasts of colour. There are no middle tints in an American landscape. In winter, it is white and blue; in spring, blue and green; in summer, blue and brown; in autumn, all the colours of the rainbow, but without a single neutral tint. The magnificent October hues of the foliage on the Hudson and in Vermont simply dazzle and confound you. You would give the world for an instant of repose—for a grey tower, a broken wall, a morsel of dun thatch. The immensity of the views is too much for a single spectator. Don't you remember how Banvard's gigantic panorama of the Mississippi used to make us first wonder and then yawn? Banvard is everywhere in the States; and so enormous is the scale of the scenery in this colossal theatre, that the sparse dramatis personæ are all but invisible. An English landscape painter would scarcely dream of producing a picture, even of cabinet size, without a group of peasants, or children, or a cow or two, or a horse, or at least a flock of geese, in some part of the work. You shall hardly look half a dozen times out of the window of a carriage of an express train in England, without seeing something that is alive. In America, the desolation of Emptiness pervades even the longest settled and the most thickly populated States. How should it be otherwise? How should you wonder at it when, as in a score of instances, not more people than inhabit Hertfordshire are scattered over a territory as large as France? One of the first things that struck me when I saw the admirable works of the American landscape painters—of such men as Church and Kensett, Bierstadt and Cropley, and Hart—was the absence of animal life from their scenes. They seemed to have been making sketches of the earth before the birth of Adam.

This vacuous vastness is one of the provocatives of Form-sickness. To the European, and especially to the Englishman, a country without plenty of people, pigs, poultry, haystacks, barns, and cottages, is as intolerable as the stage of the grand opera would be if it remained a whole evening with a sumptuously set scene displayed, but not a single actor. New England is the state in which, perhaps, the accessories of life are most closely concentrated; but even in

New England you traverse walks into which it appears to you that the whole of Old England might be dropped with no more chance of being found again than has a needle in a pottle of hay. But it is when you come to dwell in towns that Form-sickness gets its firmest grip of you. In a city of three or four hundred thousand inhabitants, you see nothing but mere flat surfaces, straight lines, right angles, parallel rows of boards and perpendicular palings. The very trees lining the streets are as straight as walking-sticks. Straight rows of rails cut up the roadway of the straight streets. The hotels are marble packing-cases, uniformly square, and pierced with many windows; the railway cars and street omnibuses are exact parallelopipeds; and, to crown all, the national flag is ruled in parallel crimson stripes, with a blue quadrangle in one corner, sown with stars in parallel rows. Philadelphia, from its rectangularity, has been called the "chess-board city;" Washington has been laid out on a plan quite as distressingly geometrical; and nine-tenths of the other towns and villages are built on gridiron lines. There are some crooked streets in Boston, and that is why Europeans usually show a preference for Boston over other American cities; while in the lower part of New York, a few of the thoroughfares are narrow, and deviate a little from the inexorable straight line. In most cases there is no relaxation of the cord of tension. There are no corners, nooks, archways, alleys; no refuges, in fact, for light and shade. In the State of Virginia, there is one of the largest natural arches in the world; but in American architecture a curved vault is one of the rarest of structures. The very bridges are on piers without arches. Signboards and trade effigies, it is true, project from the houses, but always at right angles. This rigidity of outline makes its mark on the nomenclature and on the manners of the people. The names of the streets are taken from the letters of the alphabet and the numerals in the Ready Reckoner. I have lived in G-street. I have lived in West Fourteenth, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Mathematical calculation is the basis of daily life. You are fed at the hotels at stated hours; and the doors of the dining-room are kept locked until within a moment of the gong's sounding. At some tables d'hôte, fifty negro waiters stand mute and immobile behind the chairs of two hundred and fifty guests, and at a given signal uncover with the precision of clockwork, one hundred dishes. These are not matters of opinion; they are matters of fact. Routine pursues you everywhere: from the theatre to the church: from the fancy fair to the public meeting. In the meanest village inn, as in the most palatial hotel, there is a travellers' book, in which you are bound to enter your name. You may assume an alias; but you must be Mr. Somebody. You cannot be, as in England, the "stout party in Number Six," or the "tall gent in the Sun." You must shake hands with every one to whom you are introduced; you must drink when you are asked, and then ask the asker to drink—though I am bound to

say that this strictly mathematical custom has, owing to the piteous protests of Europeans, somewhat declined of late. If you enter a barber's shop to be shaved, a negro hands you a cheek bearing a number, and you must await your turn. When your turn arrives, you must sit in a certain position in a velvet-covered fauteuil with high legs, and must put your feet up on a stool on a level therewith. The barber shaves you, not as you like but as he likes, powders you, strains a napkin over your face, sponges you, shampoos you, pours bay rum and eau-de-Cologne on your head, greases, combs you out, and "fixes" you generally. The first time I was ever under the hands of an American barber, I rose as soon as he had laid down his razor, and made a move in the direction of the washhand basin. "He stared at me as though I had gone mad. 'Hold on!'" he cried, in an authoritative accent. "Hold on! Guess I'll have to wash you up." That I should be washed up or "fixed," was in accordance with the mathematical code.

This all but utter absence of variety of form, of divergence of detail, of play of light and shade, are productive in the end of that petulant discontented frame of mind—of that soreness of spirit—with which almost every tourist who has visited the Great Republic has come at last to regard its civilisation. As a rule, the coarser the traveller's organisation—the less he cares about art or literature—the better he will get on in America. I met a fellow-countryman once, the son of an English earl, at one of the biggest, most mathematical, and most comfortless, of the New York hotels, who told me that he should be very well content to live there for ten years. "Why," he said, "you can have five meals a day if you like." This is the kind of traveller, the robust hardy strong-stomached youth, fresh from a public school, who goes to America and does not grumble. But do you take, not a travelled Englishman, but a travelled American, one who has been long in Europe, and has appreciated the artistic glories of the Continent, and you will discover that he finds it almost impossible to live in his own country, or "board" at an American hotel. Every continental city has its colony of cultivated Americans, good patriots and staunch republicans, but who are absolutely afraid to go back to their native land. They dread the mathematical system. Those who, for their families' or their interests' sake, are compelled to return, live at hotels conducted, not on the American, but on the European system—that is to say, where they can dine, breakfast, or sup, not as the landlord-likes, but as they themselves like. Those who are wealthy, shut themselves up in country-houses, or splendid town mansions, surrounded by books, and pictures, and statues, and tapestry, and coins from Europe, until their existence is almost ignored by their countrymen. In no country in the world are so many men of shining talents, of noble mind, of refined tastes, buried alive as in the United States.

That which I call the mathematical system is only another name for a very stringent and

offensive social tyranny; and, did we not remember that humanity is one mass of inconsistencies and contradictions, it would be difficult to understand how this social despotism could be made compatible with the existence of an amount of political liberty never before equalled in this world. Until 1861, the American citizen was wholly and entirely free; and now that the only pretext for the curtailment of his liberties has disappeared, he will enter upon, it is to be hoped, a fresh lease of freedom, as whole and entire as of yore. How far the social tyranny spoken of has extended, would be almost incredible to those who have not resided in America. "Whatever you do," said an American to me on the first day of my landing in the States, "don't live in a boarding-house where you are treated as one of the family. They'll worry you to death by wanting to take care of your morals." To have one's morals taken care of is a very excellent thing; but, as a rule, you prefer to place the curatorship thereof in the hands of your parents and guardians, or of your spiritual director, or, being of mature age, of yourself. "Taking care of morals" is apt to degenerate into petty impertinence and espionage. One of the most eminent of living sculptors in New York, told me that for many years he experienced the greatest difficulty in pursuing the studies incidental to, and indeed essential to, his attaining excellence in his profession, owing to the persistent care taken of his morals by the lady who officiated as housekeeper in the chambers where he lived. It must be premised that these chambers formed part of a building specially erected for the accommodation of artists, and with a view to their professional requirements. Our sculptor had frequent need of the assistance of female models, and the "Janitress," as the lady housekeeper was called, had a virtuously indignant objection to young persons who posed as Venuses or Hebes, in the costume of the period, for a dollar an hour. She could only be induced by the threat of dismissal from the proprietor of the studio building, to grant admission to the models at all; and even then she would await their exit at her lodge gate, and abuse them as they came down-stairs. Much more acclimatised to models was the good sister of William Etty, who used to seek out his Venuses for him; but a transition state of feeling was that of the wife of Nollekens, the sculptor, who, whenever her husband had a professional sitter, and the day was very cold, used to burst into the studio with a basket in her hand, crying: "You nasty, good for nothing hussy, here's some hot mutton broth for you."

To recapitulate a little. Form-sickness is the unsatisfied yearning for those broken lines, irregular forms, and infinite gradations of colour—reacting as those conditions of form invariably do on the manners and characteristics of the people—which are only to be met with in very old countries. However expensively and elegantly dressed a man may be, he is apt to feel uncomfortable in a bran-new hat, a bran-new coat and continuations, and bran-new boots

and gloves; and I believe that if he were compelled to put on a bran-new suit every morning, he would cut his throat before a month was over. The sensation of entire novelty is one inseparable from the outward aspect of America. You can smell the paint and varnish; the glue is hardly dry. The reasons for this are very obvious. American civilisation is an independent self-reliant entity. It has no connections, or ties, or foregatherings with any predecessors on its own soil. It is not the heir of long entailed patrimony. It is, like Rodolph of Hapsburg, the first of its race. It has slain and taken possession. In Great Britain we have yet Stonehenge and some cairns and cromlechs to remind us of the ancient Britons' acts; but in the settled parts of the United States, apart from the Indian names of some towns and rivers, there remains not the remotest vestige to recal the existence of the former possessors of the soil. There are yet outlying districts, millions of acres square, where Red Indians hunt, and fight, and steal, and scalp; but American civilisation marches up, kills or deports them—at all events, entirely "improves" them off the face of the land. They leave no trace behind, and the bran-new civilisation starts up in a night, like a mushroom. Where yesterday was a wigwam, to-day is a Doric meeting-house, also a bank, and a grand pianoforte; where yesterday the medicine-man wove his incantations, to-morrow an advertising corn-cutter opens his shop; and in place of a squaw, embroidering moccasins, and cudgelled by the drunken brave her spouse, we have a tight-laced young lady, with a chignon and a hooped skirt, taking academical degrees, and talking shrilly about woman's rights. A few years since, the trapper and pioneer race formed a transition stage between the cessation of barbarism and the advent of civilisation. The pioneer was a simple-minded man, and so soon as a clearing grew too civilised for him, he would shoulder his hatchet and rifle, and move further out into the wilds. I have heard of one whose signal for departure was the setting up of a printing press in his settlement. "Those darned newspapers," he remarked, "made one's cattle stray so." But railway extension, and the organisation in the Atlantic cities, of enormous caravans of emigrants, are gradually thinning the ranks of the pioneers. In a few years, Natty Bumppo, Leatherstocking, the Deerslayer, the Pathfinder, will be legendary. Civilisation moves now in block. There is scarcely any advanced guard. Few skirmishers are thrown out. The main body swoops down on the place to be occupied, and civilises it in one decided charge.

It may be advantageous to compare such a sudden substitution of a settled community for a howling wilderness, with the slow and tentative growth of our home surroundings. European civilisation resembles the church of St. Eustache at Paris, in whose exterior Gothic niches and pinnacles, Byzantine arches, Corinthian columns, Composite cornices, and Renais-

sance doorways, are all jumbled together. Every canon of architectural taste is violated; but the parts still cohere; a very solid façade still rears its head; and, at a certain distance, its appearance is not inharmonious. At Cologne, in Germany, they will point out to you an ancient building, here a bit of Lombard, here a morsel of florid Gothic, here some unmistakable Italian, and here ten feet of genuine old Roman wall. There are many Christian churches in Italy whose walls are supported by columns taken from Pagan temples. The entire system, physical as well as moral, has been the result of growth upon growth, of gradual intercalation and emendation, of perpetual cobbling and piecing and patching; and although at last, like Sir John Cutler's silk stockings, which his maid darned so often with worsted that no part of the original fabric remained, the ancient foundations may have become all but invisible: they are still latent, and give solidity to the superstructure. We look upon the edifice, indeed, as we would upon something that has taken root, that has something to rest upon. We regard it as we would that hoary old dome of St. Peter's at Rome. We know how long it took to build, and we trust that it will endure for ever. The bran-new civilisation we are apt to look at more in the light of a balloon. It is very astonishing. We wonder, however, it contrived to rise so high, and how long it will be before it comes down again; and we earnestly hope that it will not burst.

It is not necessary to avow any partisan kind of predilection for one phase of civilisation as against another. It is sufficient to note the fact: that Europeans the least prejudiced, and the most ardent admirers of the political institutions of the United States, very soon grow fretful and uneasy there, and are unable to deny, when they come back, that the country is not an elegant or a comfortable one to look upon. I attribute this solely to æsthetic causes. I do not believe that Englishmen grumble at America because the people are given to expectoration, or guessing, or calculating, or trivialities of that kind. Continental Europeans expectorate quite as freely as the Americans, and for rude cross questioning of strangers, I will back a German against the most inquisitive of New Englanders. It is in the eye that the mischief lies. It is the bran-new mathematical outline of Columbia that drives the Englishman into Form-sickness, and ultimately to the disparagement and misrepresentation of a very noble country. In many little matters of detail, American manners differ from ours; but in the aggregate we are still one family. They speak our language—very frequently with far greater purity and felicity of expression than we ourselves do—they read our books, and we are very often glad and proud to read theirs. They have a common inheritance with us in the historic memories we most prize. If they would only round off their corners a little! If they would only give us a few crescents and ovals in lieu of "blocks!" If they would only

remember that the circle as well as the rectangle is a figure in mathematics, and that the curvilinear is, after all, the line of beauty!

CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR. A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MR. CHESTERFIELD, sen., begs to forward to the Editor, certain letters which he has lately received from his son. Mr. C. does so, because he thinks it desirable that it should be made known what a pass things are rapidly coming to in this country. These letters, let it be distinctly understood, are from Mr. Chesterfield's son—his own son—whom Mr. C. dandled in his arms a score of years ago, when this young gentleman's costume consisted of a white robe elaborately worked about the breast, and nearly a yard longer in the skirts than the exigencies of the infant's stature demanded. The letters follow.

My dear Father. It has been the custom, time out of mind, as you are probably aware, for those who have lived a great many years in the world—parents, guardians, uncles, and elderly persons generally—to give the result of their experience of human life, their advice, in short, to such young men—be they the sons, wards, nephews, or even the juniors only of the above—as came in their way. The advice given by Polonius to Laertes—not bad in its way—and the letters of our distinguished namesake to his son, are both pretty well known, and may be taken as specimens of what I mean. This custom, then, is an old one.

Sir, it is an old one, and, like a great many other old things, it needs to be reformed. It should be obsolete. It won't do. It was all very well once, but times are altered. Things have changed so much during the last few years, that your experience—of a state of affairs, remember, altogether different from the present—is really of no use whatever. All our theories are based, or should be, upon facts. When the facts are altered, what becomes of the theories?

But I will go a step further than this, and venture to propound something which at first sight may seem a little startling, but which, on reflection, will, I believe, appear rational. I make so bold as to assert that not only are you—the elders generally—in no position to offer advice to us the juniors, but that you yourselves actually require now and then a word of counsel from us, to guide you through the dangers and difficulties of modern life.

Why, after all, how *should* it be otherwise? Look, as I said before, how everything has altered within the last few years. We have turned all things topsy-turvy. Of what use is your experience to you? You have to unlearn, for the most part, what you formerly took great pains to learn. You have to remodel almost all your ideas. And then—I speak with the utmost respect—you learned so little in what you are pleased to call the good old times.

There were no examinations in those days. A man, for instance, who happened to have the instincts of a sailor, could, preposterous as it seems, get into the navy without being able to spell with certainty, or might hold a commission in the army with but an indifferent knowledge of the solar system. Why, even the Times newspaper informed us not long ago that society had no right to expect persons over thirty years of age to know anything, for the simple reason that the education of all such individuals terminated before the period of competitive examinations had arrived.

Under these circumstances, worthy sir, I think your common sense—with which, I confess, that you appear to me to be very well endowed—will show you that among the many changes which mark this great and glorious age must be ranked a considerable alteration in the relative positions of father and son—of senior and junior. Consider how splendidly we have been educated. Consider how glibly we could answer all sorts of questions on scientific and other subjects, by which I firmly believe that you and your contemporaries would be instantly gravelled. Try us with anything you like; the distance between the planet Mercury and the moon; the manner of the formation of the old red sandstone; dodge us about with any number of teasers of this sort, and see if we are not ready with answers. I am afraid, sir, that you are but poorly informed on such matters; indeed, I was not a little shocked to hear your expressions of opinion the other day when we were down at the sea-side together, and when you flatly contradicted Professor Barnacles, simply because he asserted that the cliff on which you were standing was entirely composed of the remains of minute creatures.

But it is not only in matters of learning, scientific or otherwise, that I feel convinced that we of the new generation are in a position to give some valuable information to you of the old. This is only a very small matter. It is on social questions, dear sir, that you want advice most. Hints as to how you can best adapt yourself to the changed position in which you now find yourself, how you may escape from the social snares by which you see yourself surrounded, how you may meet the difficulties which will spring up in your way when advancing along a road of which you know nothing—how, in short, you are to get through that portion of life which remains before you, creditably, sagaciously, securely.

Influenced, then, entirely by a desire for your welfare, my good sir, it is my intention to send you from time to time a few words of counsel and direction on such matters as appear to me likely to prove difficulties and stumbling-blocks in your way; for you must remember, sir, that this period which is such a puzzle to you, who have formed your ideas under circumstances so different, is not a puzzle to us juniors, for the simple reason that we are used to it, and have known no other.

I am sometimes, dear but inexperienced sir,

extremely uneasy about you. You cause me a vast deal of very anxious thought. I have observed you much of late—more, probably, than you imagine—and it seems to me that you are at times disposed to fight against the inevitable march of modern events, and to set yourself in opposition to the irresistible tide of progress. Sometimes when listening to what I will venture to call the conversation of the period, you appear almost bewildered. The sentiments expressed seem to be too much for your powers of endurance. The instance I have already quoted of your reception of the remarks of Professor Barnacles on the formation of certain cliffs, is a case in point; and I now remember, that on another occasion when the same gentleman was discoursing on the Darwinian theory of development, you exclaimed, “Why, bless my life and soul, does the man mean to tell me that my grandfather was a monkey?”

Do not think, however, for a moment that I want you to attempt too much. With your enthusiastic temperament and your very strong views, it would never do for you to attempt to live in all things the life of the day. Be satisfied, respected sir, with a negative course. Do not by any means distress your anxious son by outraging in word or in deed the feeling of the period, but, on the other hand, do not attempt to keep pace with the foremost performers in the race which we are all more or less engaged in running.

One of the first great changes of modern times, by which one cannot fail to be struck, and of which I am reminded by my last sentence, is the change in our pace. Within the memory of a person of your respectable age, this has passed from a steady trot, which might be long and innocuously sustained, to a tearing gallop, such as few of us can keep up for any length of time. Don't *you* attempt it, sir, whatever you do. It is this, viewing the subject largely, which is the principal and chief of all our changes, and it is to this that most of our new developments of personal character, and the variations of our bodily and mental health, are mainly traceable. Complaint is made in these days—and, Heaven knows, not without cause—of the sad increase of nervous diseases and brain affections. We find men engaged in scientific pursuits or great commercial and financial undertakings; occupations of which it is a leading characteristic that he who engages in them must work against time; must come to, as many important decisions—in any one of which a false move would be fatal—in the course of a day, as needed a few years since to be arrived at in a month. We note of such men, when we meet them socially, that they are getting dull, absent, wanting in perception. In some rare moment of his leisure we hold converse with a man of this sort. We walk about his garden with him for the ten minutes he has to spare before he starts, by train, for the City. By-and-by he leaves us, as we suppose to make ready for his journey. But he does nothing of the kind. He steals away to his dressing-room and blows his

brains out. And why does he do this? It is not, as would once have been the case, because he is in pecuniary difficulties, or that he dreads some threatening exposure. It is because—and here is the modern peculiarity of the thing—the man is so desperately perplexed, his ideas are so involved and knotted and tangled together, that he can bear it no longer, and so he cuts the knot and gets away.

Upon men of a different temperament, troubles of the same sort will have a different effect. No need for them to accelerate the end with their own violent hands. It comes to them of itself. "So-and-so is in a very bad way," his friends say. "He complains very much; his work is intolerable to him; he is evidently incapable of enjoyment of any kind, social or otherwise; his spirits are wretched; what can be the matter with him?" The matter is, that he is dying. He is dying slowly, by inches. Dying because he has tried to keep up with the pace at which his competitors run, and he has not been able. It is the strain, the anxiety, the excitement that kills, even more than the mere labour. The fate of this man and of the other is told in a word; but what words can describe the agony that each of them has endured in the years, and months, and days which have preceded and ushered in the end? What sort of a time was that, when the suffering wretch first began to feel the approach of what was to follow? A general loss of perception, perhaps, would be one of his first symptoms, the images of things not biting so distinctly on his faculties as before; his ideas less clear, less numerous, his sensibilities less acute. And this combined incongruously enough with an excessive irritability and intolerance of external sources of annoyance, so that little daily troubles, which in a healthy condition would not have distressed him, become now terrible sources of discomfort, while small responsibilities weigh upon him intolerably, with a bugbear terror in their aspect which their intrinsic importance in no way justifies. And then his memory begins to play him tricks. He is unable to keep his engagements in mind; he carries a letter in his pocket which should have been in the post three days ago; he has some circumstance to relate, or some story to tell, and is brought up suddenly by finding that some important incident connected with the statement, some name, some date, some number, is gone.

This man's condition is in all respects incongruous. He is restless, though tired; and though he yearns for quiet, he is yet, when he obtains it, unable to face its concomitant dullness. Heaven help such an one! His is a sad case, but by no means an uncommon one. And it is not mere work that has reduced this man to so desperate a condition. Nine times out of ten it will be found that he has been engaged in some branch of labour which had made great demands upon his *readiness*. He is pledged to do a certain thing in a certain time. To be ready with certain results by a particular hour. He is a

man engaged in scientific pursuits, and every day his meteorological predictions must be ready. Or maybe he has to provide amusement for the public, and must be funny every week to order. This is the kind of work that kills. Or, if it does not kill a man at once, it knocks him up, reduces him into what is called "a low bad state"—a state which consigns him to the hands of the physician—an invalided state, to last, more or less, always. Then is he bidden—though there are mouths to be filled—which can only be filled by his professional exertions—to leave off. He must abandon work for a time; and though this may mean abandoning income too, he is strictly forbidden to be anxious, or to have "anything on his mind."

But supposing an invalid to be able to discontinue his work for a time; supposing that he seeks relaxation by travelling, and in some sort finds it; how often it happens that the improvement which takes place in his condition turns out to be temporary. While he makes holiday, while he runs away from his cares and responsibilities, he does better; but when he returns to these, as he must do, sooner or later, does he not often find that the old symptoms gradually reappear, and do not his friends hear, after a while, that "So-and-so is in a bad way again"?

Nor do the better classes, as they are called, stand alone in feeling the strain which is encountered by those who take part in such forms of labour as may be called specialities of the day. My respected father remembers, perhaps, the case of a certain signal-man at one of our most frequented junctions, whose duties were so manifold and bewildering, and involved such intricate calculations of time and place—a half second wrong here, or a half inch wrong there, being sure to bring about the most dreadful consequences—that the man at last fell into a morbid condition about his work, and, being strained and bewildered to a degree far beyond his powers of endurance, remarked at last, with terrible calmness to one of his comrades, "He knew the day would come when he *must* make a mistake, and that when that day came he should most surely be killed"? This is quite a modern instance, and is no doubt fresh in your memory, as is also the end of the poor wretch who *did* at last make a mistake, and *was* at last killed.

Does not every one know of similar instances?

But what does all this come to? Are we to give up the "glorious genius" of modern times? Are we to cut down our telegraph-posts and coil away the magic wires? Are we to pull up the rails upon the iron-road, and make a "turn-pike" of it again? Shall we send our merchandise by the road-waggon and the barge, and our letters by the old mail-coach? Such questions are ridiculous. There is no going back in this world; no standing still even, with impunity.

The fact is, that these painful results of modern practices are in some sort inevitable. In every age the weak have gone to the wall.

Once, in the old time long past, the physically weak suffered. Might was right then, and brute force carried the day. The strongest men in body were capable of dealing with the institutions of *those* days, just as the strongest men in mind can grapple with the institutions of *these* days. Force of body then, force of mind and character now. Swift gaze, strong arm, nimble feet in the one age. Quick perception, firm nerve, versatile brain in the other age. There are men whose minds are exactly fitted by nature to carry away the prizes of these times, as there were men with bodies which enabled them to win those of a less refined period. The vigorous aggressive man of the feudal time made his way and gained his object with spear and battle-axe. The same thing happens now, only we go to work with weapons drawn from a less material armoury.

What is to become, then, of those who cannot be reckoned among the strongest of the strong? Are they to strain and tear their faculties to shreds, until such sad results are brought about as we have glanced at above? Or are they to drop, shouldered out of the contest altogether? They are to do neither the one thing nor the other. They should remain and try to do what they can, but by no means what they can't. How many achievements may now be crammed into the space of a single day. What journeyings, what multiplicity of incongruous business-transactions, what breakfasts in one part of the world, what suppers in another! I remember to have heard it said, by one who was a special worker in the most modern of all our fields of labour, that one of the commonest mistakes of the day is to suppose that, because in these times you can do things so much more quickly than they could be done formerly, therefore you can do *so many more things*. There is much truth in these words. Your mental acts, your decisions laboriously arrived at, are carried out with incredible swiftness; but can you multiply such acts and such decisions with equal rapidity, and not suffer for it? Why should our brains work more closely and quickly than they used, because our machinery does?

For this very reason that work is done more quickly than was once the case, men might take more rest now, than they did formerly, were it not for the existence of a certain great element in our social life, with the mention of which I propose to bring this letter to an end: I mean the luxury of the age, with which, it seems, that it behoves every man to keep pace. Here is the

real difficulty. Here is the explanation of the prevalence among us of those disorders which arise from an overtaking of the powers. For how can a man be moderate in his labours, when his expenditure is immoderate; or how can he reduce the number of hours to be devoted to money-making, when all the time he can by possibility give to that laborious occupation is barely enough to meet the requirements of the day?

It is necessary, dear sir, that I should bring this letter, already a long one, to a close. Before doing so, however, I would ask you to observe, that in every case which has been cited, those who suffer by the introduction of modern institutions are the middle-aged and the elderly, who have not grown up along with those institutions, but who have, so to speak, been surprised and overtaken by them. Have a care then, my worthy sir, have a care, I entreat you, and leave the superintendence of all the more rapid transactions which belong to the business operations of the day to us of the new generation. We take things much more coolly than you can, we are less excitable, and much less is taken out of us than would be the case if we got into a state of fuss about everything, as some of our elders do.

I have not yet exhausted all that I have to say to you, but will reserve the rest for one or two future letters. Meanwhile I am, with the warmest desire for your well-being, which, believe me, I will spare no pains to secure,

Your affectionate Son,

P. CHESTERFIELD, Junior.

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BOOK I.

CHAPTER VII. THE CATHEDRAL.

THE next morning was a Sunday morning, a day when the flaming grocers' shops abdicated. On that day St. Alans became ecclesiastical, was given over to a sort of spiritual sense as marked by chapters, and deans, and canons, and became wholly cathedral. The shops were closed, the White Hart languished. Nature streamed by various alleys to the cathedral. Of this morning, when Mr. Tillotson turned away from his bedstead—which seemed to nod awfully as the room shook—and looked out of window, it was a bright day, and the street seemed gay enough. On a "dead" door—for there are dead doors as well as walls—he saw some posters with a bold notice about a Neglected Mariners' Aid Society, for whose exhausted funds the dean, Doctor Ridley, the brother to Lord Rooksby, was to appeal at the cathedral.

Before he had done breakfast, Mr. Tilney had walked in, with his stick. "Looked in early," said he. "Knew you were an early riser, by instinct. Have always been one myself, and so, suppose, shall be, sir, until they carry old Dick Tilney over yonder, and put him to bed." He made a flourish with his stick towards the quarter of the compass where the cathedral lay. "We are deadly lively to-day, though. Little to be done. No business, of course. And yet, what can you say? One day in the week only, to the Creator. When you come to think of it," said Mr. Tilney, apologising for the Sunday, "it's not so much. I don't grudge it. By the way, Ridley preaches to-day—Lord Rooksby's brother, you know—poor drawler, between you and me. God bless me, when I think of the Chapel Royal, with Lord Henry Grey, who was dean, and I sitting on the bench with the Dook—as near as I am to you—ah, that was something like a service! Between you and me, this is a hole-and-corner of a place, religion and everything."

"You spoke rather favourably of it last night," said Mr. Tillotson.

"Perhaps I did," said the other—"most

likely I did. It's an ill bird, you know—I was not then speaking with you in confidence, you know. But it is a frightful place for a man that knows better. The men are dreadful 'cads,' and only for the poor girls, whom I am sparing no expense to polish, I'd cut and run to-morrow. It's not fit for a gentleman to live in."

"Wouldn't you take something?" said Mr. Tillotson, looking at the breakfast-things.

"No. Oh," said Mr. Tilney, irresolutely, "it would be far too early. No, no—better not." (This was a sort of ellipsis, the omitted part referring to brown sherry.) "Now let us go."

He put his arm through Mr. Tillotson's, and led him down the streets. They got to the common, and there, by daylight and by sunlight, Mr. Tillotson saw the long and uneven row of detached houses, each a bit of architecture in its way, where the finer ecclesiastical society had dwelt splendidly a hundred years ago. They did well enough now for small canons. On the other side was the great cathedral, to which lines of people were converging across the common like the lines on an English flag.

"We'll call at the house," said Mr. Tilney, knowingly, "and we can all go together, you know. Do you know, I like this worshipping of our Maker in common," he added, taking the horizon in with a flourish; "it makes me feel like—the Vicar of Wakefield. One day in the week is all that is asked from us—not more—and it ain't much, Tillotson." These remarks were again all made as if Mr. Tillotson were urging the abrogation of the Sabbath. "Here is the house. Here we are."

It would seem that one of "the girls'" duties was to take life generally in "parties," and to "make up parties" for such things. Nothing could be enjoyed heartily without some combination; if a military one, all the happier. Thus the cathedral service became subject to the same law, and Messrs. Still and Spring of the garrison had been pressed and enjoined, and almost compelled, to perform their Sunday worship under these conditions. These gentlemen were already in attendance. Younghusband, as his friends said, without any reserve, had "fought shy."

The "girls" were in their sacred toilette, the most effective and splendid of their whole series. For the others might be addressed to concert

spectators and the persons who came to hear the band: but the cathedral gathered all ages, sexes, and conditions. It was best, therefore, and only respectful, to be as effective as possible. Their father put it better and more forcibly still, when he said: "We put on our fine clothes for you and me—for the lord-lieutenant of the county, or for the general of the district—and shall we not put them on for the Maker of all?" And with his stick Mr. Tilney pointed towards the ceiling, in the direction of an upper room.

They went to the cathedral along a little cross path in a sort of procession, two and two, each lady with a gentleman. Mr. Tillotson was to have walked with Mrs. Tilney, but by some accident that lady was a little late, and he found himself beside the golden-haired girl of the house. As she walked, the sunlight that tipped the hands of the clock high up on the cathedral, revelled in the golden foliage of her hair. This was pale and yet rich gold. It was a feast for the eye.

The shrill speeches of the other girls, whom the continual humour of Mr. Spring and Mr. Still were causing to "die" every moment, were borne back to them.

"They seem to enjoy life so much," said Mr. Tillotson; "they are always laughing."

The girl answered him very softly. "They like life," she said, "and they like laughing."

"You do not laugh *quite* so much," he said. "Forgive my saying so."

"And yet I don't see why I should not. They all tell me I should be very grateful and happy."

"It is easy to tell our friends that," said he, reflectively. "I have plenty of kind well-meaning people who keep reminding me that I ought to be happy."

"But *ought* you not?" she said. "Papa says that you are rich!"

"Rich, of course!" he said, a little bitterly; "that is the Elixir that is to cure us of everything. I think I should better bear what I have to bear, if I were poor."

She was growing curious—perhaps interested. "You speak," she said, "as if some great trial had visited you. I hope not heavier than the common sort. Forgive me for speaking of it, but even last night I thought I saw——"

"Why not?" said he. "Though I know you but for a short time, I can see that you ask from no idle curiosity."

"No, indeed!"

Mr. Tilney walked all this time on the grass, attached to no one specially, but as the general parent and guardian of all—under the favour of a beneficent Creator. He passed Mr. Tillotson. "Ah, Tillotson! Cathedral—you see!"

It was scarcely possible to avoid seeing this great monument, as it stood right in front. To him Mr. Tillotson smiled an answer; to Miss Millwood he said:

"My mother and my father were alive about eight or ten years ago. They were the 'best of parents': not according to the hackneyed form

by which every parent is the best of his kind, but they would have died for me, as I believe I would have died for them. But I was young and foolish—*wicked*, rather; and one day I found they had left me—for ever." He stopped and put his hand to his eyes. "Now you may see," he said, in a moment, "in what way I must look on life."

In a gentler voice, trembling with sympathy: "Oh, I am so sorry—I did not mean, indeed—I feel for you—I," she said, sadly, "have had my miseries too. Ah, you cannot guess. The only thing left to me, is, to look back to a childhood that seems like a dream. One morning I awoke, and it was all over. Ever since, it seems like a succession of dark winter days. Father and mother gone! But I have no right to repine."

Full of sympathy, which was growing in him more and more every moment, Mr. Tillotson listened eagerly for more. He did not listen eagerly to much during his life. "Go on," he said. "Ah, do go on, Miss Millwood. Tell me more, and if——"

Mr. Tilney was beside them. "That Ross, of course, not here. I suppose hard at work with a short pipe in his mouth at this very moment. Well, Tillotson, I respect a man that keeps up all the established decencies of life. I do indeed. No matter: here we are."

He removed his hat and strode on in front of the rest, what with his height and stick, looking like a social drum-major. As they came under the porch, the organ, touched by Edward Bliss, Mus. Doc., Oxon., was rolling and eddying in great billows up and down the huge hall; the air was trembling and quivering; the great pedals were booming and buzzing up in the clouds. The ladies stole away towards what seemed the back huge wardrobes and cupboards where giants kept their linen, but which was the unavoidable effect of that enclosure which gives the true effect to a cathedral by reducing it to a convenient size. While the ladies took their gentlemen to the choir, Mr. Tilney whispered his friend softly to "come round." They had five minutes yet.

Mr. Tilney stopped a moment and drew back his friend. "Look up," he said, "and take it all in; thrones, dominations, and the rest of them, what are they to this. This endures; *they* pass away, and where are you! By the way," said Mr. Tilney, suddenly changing the subject, "there are the Tophams. Look, Tillotson; that London-built carriage. Most remarkable people. His brother is the Right Honourable Henry Topham—one of the secretaries. And there, you see, they come here to service, like any of us. And I declare to Heaven, Tillotson, I have seen *him*, that overworked minister, kneeling in one of the stalls with a Prayer-book in his hand, and listening to one of the common canons here, preaching in his turn. There they come. *If you like*, I'll introduce you?"

The Tophams had alighted from their carriage,

and were crossing the little enclosure to the porch. Doctor Topham strode at the head of his family. He was one of the terrible powers of the place; wore a white tie, like the clergymen of the place; but was only a layman, an ecclesiastical lawyer, vicar-general to the bishop—surrogate, and what not—in short, a pompous sour-looking pluralist of immense influence in the place, from his relation to the secretary.

He was very tall and pompous, and carried his umbrella on his shoulder, as a dragoon would his sabre. He walked in advance of his family, and seemed to approach the door of the cathedral as if it were the door of his own house. Mr. Tilney waited for him a little nervously. "How d'ye do, Tilney?" said the great man, without stopping. "They've not begun inside, I suppose?"

Mr. Tilney was greatly gratified by this cordial notice. "A very proud man," said he, looking after him; "can do what he likes with the government! He is coming to dine with us."

Mr. Tillotson went round the cold black area, looking up when he was bidden in the direction of the stick, and to the right, and to the right and the left, when he was invited to do that. But he had seen many foreign cathedrals of reputation and of equal size—seen them glowing with colour, and decoration, and warmth, and crowded from the grand door at the bottom of the nave up to the darker far end, where there was the white cloud and indistinct white figures. This, of course, could not have been where there were backs of monsters' clothes-presses blocking up the view. But he now saw, instead, the neat marble tablets let into the wall to the memory of the Treasurer of the County, with the stone sideboard erected by the sorrowing militia officers to their captain, and various marble ottomans strewn about, among which the old knight, shining like black bronze from the polish of time, lying on his back, with his hands joined in the old way, looked sadly out of place. And presently he heard Dr. Bliss roaring and rumbling, but a faint smothered and suppressed Dr. Bliss, enclosed fast, and playing into an enclosure of wardrobes.

Now, was Mr. Tillotson led devoutly and softly into the pew where the family knelt, and placed kneeling upon a hassock, and had a heavy book thrust into his hand, without having even the place found for him. Heads turned round, also bonnets on the heads, to see who the Tilneys had got with them, besides the officers regularly secured, and who were more or less a drag. The ladies and gentlemen of the town sat in tiers in the oak stalls, and many a gay bonnet lay humorously beside a "begging griffin."

Now, came in the procession, with the angelic boys, the choristers, florid, ascetic, and seraphic, all which shapes of expression were discovered in bass, tenor, and counter-tenor faces. They all scattered to their places with a resigned look, as if they were professionally holy men. Then the service set in, and then the sermon.

CHAPTER VIII. AFTER THE DEAN'S SERMON.

As Lord Rooksby's brother came in for his three-quarters of an hour, the sun poured down with unusual splendour, and swept across the stalls where the Tilney family sat. Mr. Tillotson saw that Mr. Tilney was asleep, with a fallen jaw, and long gaunt nose; and this moment of fatal unconsciousness betrayed to him Mr. Tilney's real age. The "girls" were wakeful: perhaps studying a row of bonnet-backs on the tier below them. But, at the very end, the sunlight fell upon a patch of gold almost as gorgeous as the old transparent yellows in the panes high up in the windows—that yellow hair which rested on the pale white forehead, and soft composed devotional face, which, with eyes cast down, was accepting the dry ramblings of the confessor who was brother to Lord Rooksby, as if he were St. Augustine or Fénelon.

Mr. Tillotson's devotion was not warm, and often and often his eyes travelled profanely to that "Madonna" face, and his thoughts travelled fast and speculated on it with a strange and a fond interest. Looking back through the cold November days of our life, we stop at some such sunny Sunday mornings as these, when our thoughts were as festive as the day—a Christmas or an Easter—and were travelling from mere buoyancy far away outside the walls of church or cathedral.

But now Miss Augusta, stooping across her neighbour, was whispering to Mr. Tillotson that Dr. Fugle, the tenor, was going to begin the "Anthem;" and Dr. Bliss, having securely got in his mainsail from the storm, was piping most softly and ravishingly. And Mr. Tillotson saw just opposite to him, at the other side, a round pink face with enormous whiskers, which was now singing out of a little hole at the corner of its mouth, but the face was kept up towards the groining of the roof, and the eyes had a soft and languishing air, as if they were cherubim's eyes. So that Doctor Fugle, as he chanted that his "soul panteth," seemed to be rapt and to have soared away ecstatically. The sisters looked over at Mr. Tillotson in delight, for this was one of Fugle's best; though, in truth, the seraphim was a rather old seraphim, and he supplied the absence of the higher notes by skillful declamation. Then Doctor Bliss "let go" the ropes and blocks, and the winds rose again, and all the canons, save the bass canons who ground their organs in an earthly way, were seen celestially rapt, chanting with resignation, with all their eyes upturned to heaven. And then came Bliss again, and the seraphic tenor canons went out languidly in procession, quite indifferent to life after this taste of heavenly communing, and the congregation broke up with alacrity, and poured out of the cathedral.

The family procession, too, came out, with the gentlemen. The ladies were very voluble. "Did you ever hear anything like Doctor Fugle? Such an exquisite voice! At that part where he said, 'pan—teth—panteth,' I could have cried."

"It was fine," said their father, using his stick with feeling. "I like this sort of thing. I do, now. I feel better for it afterwards. During all the week we may have done this, that, and t'other. God Almighty knows I don't set up for a saint—never did, and never shall. I hate your canting fellows. But when I am sitting there, in that old place, of a Sunday morning, with all of us round, worshipping our common Maker, I feel the better for it—all the better for it."

He certainly did feel better, or ought to feel so, considering what Mr. Tillotson had seen of him during the sermon.

"Why couldn't he cut it shorter?" said Mr. Spring, irreverently;—"the man that preached."

"Lord Rooksby's brother," interposed Mr. Tilney, softly, as a sort of caution, and looking round.

Miss Augusta, laughing and blushing, and saying "Oh" very often, said he was "dreadful," and "shocking," and, she feared, "wicked."

Looking back, Mr. Tillotson saw the third girl following by herself. She seemed to him to be the gentle Cinderella of the family. In a moment he had dropped behind to join her: a step that did not attract much notice then, as Major Canby, whose arrival had been reported yesterday, was just met with and stopped on the highway. During the voluble and almost vociferous greetings that welcomed this officer's return, Mr. Tillotson was speaking to Miss Millwood.

"I watched you during that very long sermon," he said. "You were rapt in the dean's eloquence."

"I don't know," she answered. "I think not. I am afraid not. I was thinking of many other things, I am afraid."

Her face had lighted up as he approached her. Perhaps she felt that here was a friend who inclined kindly towards her, in this family where she had relations but no friends.

"But you cannot have much to think of," he said, "at your age, in this retired and picturesque place, which is one of the quiet streets of the world—"

"Ah, *you* cannot tell," she said, sadly and significantly.

Up came Mr. Tilney. "Tillotson," he said, "mind you dine with us! Doctor Topham, Canby, and one or two more have promised to come, in the kindest way. Only a joint, I give you warning; but done well, my friend. I'll guarantee you that. And prime meat, too. Choose my own, and market for myself. No, no, no. No excuse, my friend."

They were close to the house now, and saw Mr. Ross leaning against the gate, smoking his short pipe. He watched them narrowly as they came up.

"Here are the holy ones come home to the heathen," he said. "What a time you have been! Do you know, I have been waiting here ever so long?" This he seemed to speak to Ada.

"It had been really better, Ross, if you had been with us at the cathedral," said Mr. Tilney—"far better; really, on Sunday, one day in the week only—where we had an excellent *practical* sermon from Doctor Ridley—"

"Let him prose away till he is sick," said Ensign Ross, "for those who choose to go and hear him. I want to speak to you, Ada." And with an imperious nod he summoned her over to one side. After the nod came a kind of insolent glance at Mr. Tillotson.

They were still at the gate. Mr. Tilney explaining, as it were, mysteriously to Mr. Tillotson: "Rather ill-conditioned, you see, but we bear with him. He is greatly to be pitied. He is always in and out of the house, like a dog, a tame dog, sir. Brought up with the girls, you know."

"I think," Mr. Tillotson said, looking over a little anxiously to where Mr. Ross was showing Ada a letter, "he likes Miss Millwood, does he not?"

"Perhaps so. Cousins, you know. I dare say he has thought of them all round. Augusta for a month, then her sister, then that—er—girl Ada. Bless you, not one of them would look at him, not even that Ada there. The man's next door to a pauper."

"But if he should win his lawsuit?"

"Ah!" said the other, grimly, "then I dare say, Augusta—there's no knowing."

"Why not Miss Millwood?"

"Oh, out of the question. As for poor Ada, she has other things to think of. I don't know what we shall do with her. What to put her to."

"Put her to?" said Mr. Tillotson, in astonishment.

"She must do—er—something, you see. Augusta and her sister have portions left them by their good aunt, but she—I don't know *what* we can *do* with her, really. But as for Ross there, if she has any feeling at all in the matter, she dislikes the man, and no wonder."

Then Mr. Tilney dwelt (with his stick) on the praises and charms of his own *regular* daughters, he said, who had portions. Their great charm was the love of home, and taste for domestic pursuits, never caring, he said, to go outside the door.

Mr. Tillotson got away from him, back to the White Hart, under solemn pledges to return at seven o'clock and "cut his mutton." From its windows he ruminated gloomily on the dull streets, which, though clean, looked forlorn and wretched. "Why did I promise to go to this man?" he thought. "I have no business with him, or with such company. I am wholly out of place there." So he was, indeed. "This poor place, too, is not the place for business, I can see that with a glance. They are the dead alive here—much as I am myself. I think I will write to Mr. Tilney, and excuse myself by a headache, and go up to-morrow night."

But he did not write, and he postponed the second resolution altogether. He would see about it, he thought. He then went out into the Sunday town, and wandered here and there listlessly, but kept carefully away from the cathedral, where, if found, he knew he would be led away to hear Doctor Fugle once more. The whole place seemed a hundred years behind. The provincial look was on it like a blight.

CHAPTER IX. IN THE DINING-ROOM.

By seven he was at Mr. Tilney's again. That gentleman was in what he pleasantly called his "marriage garment." Messrs. Canby and Still were there, with Ensign Ross, who, Mr. Tilney almost insinuated, had asked himself. He was looking absently and impatiently out of window. Mr. Tillotson, perhaps, understood his position perfectly, as that of a sensitive, impetuous, proud young man, without the means to purchase tolerance for his pride, impetuosity, and sensitiveness. These are luxuries as expensive to keep as dogs and racers, four-in-hands, and the like.

A tall heavy man was on the rug with his back to the fire, in a very smooth white tie without a crease, which seemed to be made of cream-laid note-paper. Mr. Tillotson recognised him as Doctor Topham, the great ecclesiastical lawyer, and cousin of the Secretary to the Treasury. He sometimes recognised Mr. Tilney in this private, unofficial way; and knowing that he had good wines and choice fare, came to him without his state-coach, as it were, without his robes, and without Mrs. Topham (faintly connected with a nobleman's family).

Mr. Tilney presented his new guest a little nervously.

"How-de-do?" said Doctor Topham. "Well, what d'ye suppose they did? Of course the bishop sent the papers to me—advice and opinion, and all that. Had he the power or had he not? Of course he had, as I showed with a stroke of the pen."

"Of course," said Mr. Tilney, with his eye on the door. "Doctor Topham, we know, has the canon law at his fingers' ends. You must tell Tillotson about the Privy Council case."

"I tell you what," said Doctor Topham, in a loud voice, "some stringent steps must be taken with these men—these low radical fellows and agitators in the Chapter here. What do they talk of their rights for? What rights have they? If I were the bishop, I'd deal with the whole pack of 'em at once; and that fellow Norbury I'd pick out and make an example of."

Here was also the Mr. Grainger whom he had seen with Ross on the first morning. This gentleman attracted his notice very disagreeably, from his soft voice and quiet manner, which fell in so harmoniously with the long, rude, and almost battered face, the rather wild eyes, and the "ragged" moustache which hung down over the corners of his mouth like that of a Chinese. Mr. Tilney had expressed a very low moral opinion

of this gentleman to his new friend. "Consul, my dear sir, at Fernando Po; carries on the wild animal and travelling business. It's very common now-a-days—between ourselves, a man of desperate habits. Some relation, I think, of Lord Monboddos. I know he got him a consulship somewhere. After all, we must not trust *every* story," he said, as if he was actually combating Mr. Tillotson's harsh view. "Charity is a great deal. And you know, Tillotson, 'judge not, in that ye may not cast your foot against a stone;'" with which extraordinary quotation from no known version of the sacred text, he went with alacrity to meet his guests.

This Mr. Grainger seemed to have the strongest influence over Ross, founded, it would seem, on a sort of reverence. The young man's eyes followed the elder's (who seemed close upon forty years old) with a strange persistence. Mr. Grainger, who seemed to love to talk in a low monotone to some lady, as it were in a private corner, with his head bent down, looked very narrowly at Mr. Tillotson as he entered, and then asked the lady he was talking to all about him. "Some one papa has got hold of. Papa is always picking up people in the train, and everywhere."

They went down to dinner, but there was rather a "fastucux" humility in Mr. Tilney's description of the meal as "a plain joint," for the entertainment was choice and small, compact and refined. There was "nice" glass, flowers, and pretty china. The whole had a cool shady look on that sunny day. The military gentlemen got into alacrity and spirits as they saw this feast, which was laid, as it were, in an arbour.

"You must take us as you find us," said Mr. Tilney, "quite in the rough—all in the rough. You must recollect that we are far down in Wiltshire—how many hundred miles is it from Francatelli, or Soyer, or Gunter? But still, one thing, Canby, no gory joints here—no, no, no!"

For a place "all in the rough," so many hundred miles from Francatelli and the other artists, it was indeed surprising. Wine good and cool, fish, fruit, everything. The hearts of the warriors could not but be softened and subdued to that good humour which is almost akin to love. With his lively talk and bonhomie, Mr. Tilney illustrated the whole as with a garnish. For this (comparatively speaking) child of nature, every dish was a surprise. "Now, what have we here? What *shall* we call this? God bless me, so it is! Doctor Topham" (he called out heartily), "this turns out to be something à la Tartare. Oysters, I believe. I don't warrant it, but it is likely to turn out good. Mrs. T. knows something about it, so you must be down on her. Plate, Jenny." (In a whisper to Mr. Tillotson:) "For ten years we have always had a parlour-maid. Infinitely preferable to a heavy drunken creature, that deafens you with his boots. Look at Jenny there, she does uncommon well."

Jenny, indeed, glided round like velvet, was neat-handed, made no clatter, and, with her ribbons and chintz dress, looked almost like a theatre peasant.

The young ladies were absorbed in the recent adventures of Major Canby—Augusta, to whom the family had, after deliberation, allotted Mr. Tillotson, an arrangement always honourably adhered to by the sisters, combining her attention to her military connexions with a skill that was surprising, and the result of long training. The best of Mr. Canby's adventures was an incident connected with the railway.

"I knew I should be late, so I sent my feller at once for a cab—got down the traps uncommon quick, I can tell you—but all along, you see, the feller was taking his time. Well, I got in, and what do you think the feller did? Got behind a wretched beer-cart, and kept behind it all the way. 'Pon my word he did, I was in a fever, you know. I don't know if the beer-cart was running for the train, but it looked uncommon like it."

In uncontrollable laughter, the two girls had to lay down their knives and forks. Major Canby laughed himself good humouredly. The narrative was suspended for a few moments.

"I assure you it's a fact," he said. "I thought we should never have done with that beer-cart. I called to the feller—I shouted to him—but I saw it was all up."

"Oh, how dreadful!" said the second Miss Tilney, in a tone of sympathy, "to miss a train, and have to wait—"

"Oh, it wasn't that, you know. Oh, I caught it—five minutes to spare. But wasn't it good—the beer-cart, you know?"

"Eh! what's that?" said Mr. Tilney, coming into the conversation. "I did not catch it. Something good, I know."

"Oh, you *must* tell papa," she said; "he won't let you off."

"Oh, it was only a curious thing about a beer-cart, as I was running for the train," said Mr. Canby, modestly; and good naturedly began the story over again.

Mr. Tillotson was speaking, too, to another person—speaking thoughtfully and amusingly. But his narration was scarcely received with the enthusiasm that welcomed the beer-cart. He told of some of the more sensible phases of town life, and especially a strange story of a luckless banker-friend who had failed, and then was supposed to have taken poison. He told these things without vanity, or without thinking of himself, and with some dramatic effect, and then he found thoughtful eyes—looking out from under yellow hair—fixed on him. That face, certainly of all faces in the room, best understood him. Then she asked questions, short, eager, and enthusiastic questions, which betrayed her temperament to Mr. Tillotson, and showed how interested she was.

This attracted a wary sister. "A poor banker, dear!" she said, scornfully. "It was very dread-

ful, of course. What private romance have *you* in the matter?"

Doctor Topham looked up from his plate—he always ate stooping over, and in a greedy way, like the great Dr. Samuel Johnson. "Romance!" he said; "fiddlestick! I'd like to see one of my daughters setting up for romance. I wouldn't let a grain of it into my house, nor my brother Frederick, who is at the Treasury, into his. Who do you say is romantic?"

Augusta tittered. "Oh, Doctor Topham, how hard you are on poor Ada. Why *will* you say those things, Ada?"

All the table looked at the golden-haired girl, who coloured. Mr. Tillotson spoke in a low, calm, clear voice. "But what a world it would be without romance—no colouring, nothing but iron bars and stone walls. It would be unendurable for all of us. Besides, Miss Millwood was not saying a word about romance. It was anything but romantic what I was speaking of—a poor banker who destroyed himself."

Doctor Topham did not like being contradicted, and still less *being set right on any matter*.

"I did not hear your banker's story, sir," he said, "and was speaking of the way I would bring up my family."

"Two different trains of ideas," said Mr. Tilney, nervously.

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Tillotson, indifferently.

"At any rate, *we* have romance in the house," said Ross, with a sneer, "in great force, and no mistake. A professor, it seems."

"I have not brought it in," said Mr. Tillotson, good humouredly. "If you only knew me, you would find it fitted me less than any one in the world."

"No," said Ross; "I believe that is not much in your line. The pound of flesh—nearest the heart—eh? Not a second's delay—eh?"

A tinge of colour came in the other's pale cheek. It was all "Greck" to the military gentlemen, now left miles behind.

The golden-haired girl had a glow in her cheek, and her eyes were flashing reproach at Ross. He saw her, and looked back at her defiantly. "No, no," she said, "you don't mean all that."

"Don't I," said he. "But I tell you I do. You, Ada Millwood, are a great authority on such matters. You, of course, have met lots of charming bankers, sweet men, who force their money on you, and take no interest, and fill up cheques all day long, ha! ha! Poetical fellows, ha! ha! with poetical brass shovels, ha! ha!" Suddenly his voice changed. "I have met one or two of that sort, haven't I? Fellows that will give you a coward's blow in the dark, and pretend to get off on that; sweet fellows to look at, but with whom I shall be even one of these days." (The military, a whole county behind, could not understand a word. They afterwards said to each other, "How jolly screwed that Ross had got, and so early in the night, too.")

Suddenly. Mr. Tillotson's face contracted, a faint colour came, and a sort of scorn to his voice. "There are men," he said, "who can only be dealt with in one way—on whom all treatment, except a good physical appeal, is sure to be thrown away. I am never sorry for having given such a lesson—never!"

Ross's eyes flashed fury. "How do you mean?" he said. "Pray explain."

The most gentle, piteous, and mournfullest appeal in the world, was made to Mr. Tillotson from the softest and most appealing face. It seemed to say, "Ah, no, for *my* sake! Think of him as a poor hunted worried outcast, against whom is the whole world, and who is fretted and chafed, and not accountable for what he says."

Mr. Tillotson's face changed also. He at once dropped his arms.

"You are right, Mr. Ross," he said. "No wonder you call me romantic, if not bombastic. Perhaps I have been reading a great number of novels lately. It is a resource for people in *my* way, so you must make allowance."

The sweetest look of grateful thanks rewarded this amende. But Ross was not appeased. No wonder those who knew him slightly said that he was as "ill-conditioned a boor as ever came into the world."

Doctor Topham was not heeding this light talk, but was busy detailing the whole stages of the Privy Council case. "I saw all the papers. It was I who advised every step. I had the bishop by the hand and led him through. There were fellows here who were for having in Lushington, and the rest of them. And I assure you the miserable gang of plotters in the Chapter here, the hole-and-corner agitators, on every man of whom I could, at this moment, put my finger, tried to twist this into a grievance. But the bishop despised them, and he despises them *now*, sir; and all I tell you is, simply, wait, sir, wait, and at the first opening we shall be down on the ringleaders."

TRAITS OF REPUBLICAN LIFE.

"WHY, Juan," said I, as I sat examining my first week's accounts at Caracás, "things are exorbitantly dear in this land of liberty. There's that dinner I gave the day before yesterday. It was a very plain dinner to thirteen, and they have charged twenty-three pounds for it! That's a charge one might expect in London with real turtle, ten kinds of fish, and as many courses; but here we had nothing very much beyond the usual table d'hôte fare, except, indeed, a turkey—yes, there was a turkey, and—"

"Things are dear, sir," interrupted Juan, "and if they weren't so in a general way they would be to us. Why, there is not a man, woman, or child in the whole city that doesn't know we brought two boxes of gold to La Guaira, and that you are a comisionado."

"And what difference does that make? The

gold was for the government, as everybody knows. And if any man ought to be careful of money, and to examine well into accounts, it should be a financial commissioner."

"Well, sir," replied Juan, "that's one view, and I'm not a going to say that it's a wrong one; but it's not a Creole view. Sir, it's of no manner of use being too honest out here, for no one gets the credit of it. As for government business, there's, perhaps, more cheating in that than in anything, for it's a kind of proverb, 'La mejor hacienda es el Gobierno mal administrado'—'The best estate is the government ill administered.' So, no offence, sir, but if you would really like to know what is thought, I'll be bound the general opinion is, that being a very sensible man, you won't part with those boxes of gold without keeping a cuartillo for yourself out of every real, and of course they think that when you have such a lot of money you ought to leave some of it behind for the good of the country. As for the bill, the rules for marketing here, is, 'get all you can, and make him who has most, pay most.'"

So saying, Juan walked off with the intention of passing the morning at various friends' houses. In the evening, at my dinner-hour, he would show himself again for a short time, after which I should see nothing of him till next day. This free and easy style of service is regarded as quite the correct thing in Venezuela: a country which might, indeed, be called the paradise of servants, were the name of servant applicable at all to the vagrant gentlemen and ladies who pay you short visits to replenish their purses and wardrobes, leave you without notice, and severely repress any attempt to communicate with them as to your domestic arrangements. But you may talk with them on general topics, such as the weather or the theatre, and on politics you may be as expansive as you please, for where any one may become a general or a president in a few days that subject is universally interesting. The doctrine of perfect equality is so well carried out, that, in one of the best houses where I was a guest, the gentleman who cleaned the boots always came into my room with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth; and another gentleman whom I engaged to assist Juan, left me the day after his arrival, on being refused the custody of my keys and purse, which he candidly stated was the only duty he felt equal to. At dances, as soon as the music strikes up in the drawing-room, the servants begin to waltz in the passages and ante-rooms, and as entertainments are almost always on the ground floor, and generally in rooms looking into the street, the great "unwashed" thrust their naked arms and greasy faces between the bars of the windows and criticise the dancing with much spirit. I have seen a gentleman in rags leaning into a window from the street with his bare arms almost touching those of a beautifully dressed lady, while his most sweet breath fanned her tresses. On another occasion I was talking to some ladies at an evening party, when a worthy sans-culotte jerked in his head so suddenly to listen to our

conversation, that I stopped, on which he called out, "Oh, these are the aristocrats we have here, who won't talk to any one but their own set!" On my sitting down to play chess with the wife of the president of one of the states, half a dozen female servants, of every shade, from tawny twilight to black night, surrounded the table and began to watch the game. The first time I went to a tailor, I was accompanied by a Creole friend, who undertook to show me the best place. We had to wait some time before the gentleman of the shop appeared. When he did, he came in with the inevitable cigar in his mouth. He raised his hat politely to my friend, walked straight up to me, shook hands, and asked me how I did. He then sat down on the counter, put various questions to me regarding my coming to Venezuela, talked on general subjects, and at the end of about a quarter of an hour intimated that he was ready to oblige me if I wanted a coat. This tailor was an officer of rank in the army, and he was wearing his uniform and spurs when he came in to measure a friend of mine.

Juan was an excellent valet, but he would have lost caste had he been too attentive to his duties in Venezuela. So he walked off, as I have said, to amuse himself, and left me to think over the difficulties of the business entrusted to me. I had no experience in South American affairs, so my first measure had been to secure a coadjutor, who was thoroughly au fait in them. C., the son of an Englishman, had all the integrity characteristic of his race, and being a Creole by birth, that is, born in Venezuela, knew all about the country. He chanced to come in just as Juan left the room, and seeing that he had taken a cigar and settled himself for a chat, I said: "Now, tell me, C., how is it that this country is so wretchedly poor, and so eternally borrowing money? For my part, I can't make it out. You haven't a particle of show. Your Government House looks like an East Indian godown, your great men make no display, and as for your soldiers, one would think that the last successful campaign had been against the fripiers, and that the victors were carrying off the plunder on their backs. It is evident that you Venezuelans are not extravagant, and it is plain that you have great resources if you knew how to use them. Your soil is the richest in the world, and has never been trodden by an invader since the Spaniard was driven out. Then what is the reason that you are always borrowing from other countries? How is it, too, that while the United States of North America have made such progress, the population in your republic is all but stationary, the seas and rivers without steamers, the country without roads, and commerce languishing?" C. knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar, assisted thought by perching his legs conveniently on the top of a chair, and finally replied as follows: "You see, in the first place, there's a difference in the breed. The Yankees are a go-ahead lot, there's no mistake about that; There's plenty of quicksilver in English blood,

but fog and damp keep it down in England. At New York it rises to fever heat, and to the boiling point down South. Besides, long before Lexington and Bunker-hill, the North Americans were ripe for self-government. In South America things were very different. The Spaniards kept their American subjects in profound ignorance. Four-fifths of the population could not even read, for there were no schools. Even at Carácas, the capital, there was no printing-office till 1816, when one was set up by the Frenchman, Despeche. The illiberality of the Spaniards went so far, that, after Isabella's death, nothing was done to introduce the cultivation of any plant, or improve farming. The culture of the vine and olive was prohibited, and that of tobacco was made a crown monopoly. Emigration, too, was all but entirely prevented, and, in the total absence of vivifying power, the wonder rather is that Venezuela should ever have become free, than that it should have made so little progress.

"Then as to the poverty of the government and its constant borrowing, there are several reasons for that. In the first place, the Creoles of South America, though they have many good qualities, are very averse to physical labour. They won't go to work in a new country, like Englishmen—clear away timber, stub up, and drain. Their wits are sharp, and they do well for superintendents; but as to work that tries the sinews, it is my belief that all the haciendas in the country would go to ruin, if it were not for the Indians and the mixed breeds. Again, the taxes levied by the Spaniards—the alcabala, or excise, the armada and corso, or coast taxes, the medias anatas, or deductions from salaries, the monopolies of salt, cards, cane-liquor, and tobacco, and numerous other imposts, were all so odious to the Columbians, that as soon as they declared themselves independent, they made a clean sweep of them, leaving only the customs to supply a revenue to the government. Now, it is in the customs that it is most easy to speculate and defraud the state. With a coast line of two thousand miles, how is it possible to keep down smuggling? To give you an idea of the extent of the contraband trade, I may mention that a finance minister of Venezuela has proved that of the two hundred million dollars' worth of goods imported into the country during the first sixteen years of independence, one hundred and twenty-nine and a half millions' worth were smuggled! But, besides that, the venality and corruption of the custom-house officers is such, that, as Señors Brandt and Iribarren have shown, the defalcations of revenue from the Aduanas up to 1852, amounted to no less than one hundred and one and a half millions of dollars. At present, the annual loss to government by contraband and frauds of various kinds, is reckoned at six millions. But don't suppose that this calculation is based on information furnished by the accounts kept here. If other countries—France and the United States, for example—did not publish the amount of their exports to Venezuela, no one would know

what is really brought into this country. It is only by comparing foreign statistics with home fictions that we come to know the extent to which the government is cheated. Indeed, one would not be wrong in saying that the incessant revolutions which distract this unhappy country, all commence at the custom-houses. Owing to the frauds of the officials, the revenue falls short; to make up the deficiency, the customs are raised until the necessities of life are too dear for men of small means. Thus discontent is sown broadcast, and discontent leads to conspiracies. Yet, great as the evil is, one cannot help laughing at the impudence of some of the frauds. According to the published returns, the people here must be the dirtiest in the world with any pretensions to civilisation, since it is officially made out that a quarter of an ounce of soap in a week is all that each person uses. We know that the province of Carácas alone consumes a hundred barrels of flour a day, whereas, according to the custom-house returns, the daily consumption of all Venezuela does not reach sixty-nine barrels. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that the public treasury is empty, that the revenues of the Aduanas are all more or less mortgaged, and that there are no remittances to the capital except from La Guaira and Puerto Cabello. Of course the only resource is to borrow in foreign markets, and hence," said C., throwing away the end of his cigar, "I have the pleasure of meeting you here. Apropos of which, as there is a bull-fight to-day, and you have never seen one, let us stroll down to the Corrida."

Before we could reach the eastern outskirts of the town, where the building stands in which the bull-fights are held, a mass of clouds came drifting from the Avila, and a light rain began, in earnest of a more pelting shower. Looking about for shelter, and seeing at a window some ladies whom we knew slightly, we went in to talk to them. I said to one of them, a slim girl with immense dark eyes, and singularly long eyelashes, "We are going to the Corrida; does the señorita ever go?"

"No, señor, I never go. The ladies of Venezuela think bull-fights very barbarous. As for me, I cannot understand how any one can take pleasure in such odious cruelty."

"Indeed?" said I, rather astonished. "But surely in Spain ladies think differently. At Madrid it is quite the fashion for them to attend."

"That may be; we do not follow the fashions of Spain. Perhaps we are more tender-hearted here."

After this dialogue, I was not surprised, on entering the Cirque in which the bull-fight was to be held, to find that the spectators were nearly all men, and that the few women who were present were of the lower orders. The building was of wood, open to the sky in the centre, and anything but substantial. Several tiers of seats, each a foot or so higher than the other, had been erected round a circular area

about a hundred and twenty feet in diameter. These seats accommodated perhaps fifteen hundred people, and there seemed but little room to spare. In front of the lowest seat, which was not much raised from the ground, were strong palisades, between which a man could slip with ease, and thus they afforded the toreros a secure retreat from the fury of the bulls. Close to where I took my place there was a large gate, which was thrown open to admit the bulls one by one. First of all, however, a squeaking band struck up, and eight toreros, or pedestrian bull-fighters, entered, and saluted some person of note who sat opposite the large gate. Just at that moment, the thunder-shower which had been gathering descended in torrents, and the people shouted to the toreros, "No moja se"—"Don't get wet!" on which they slipped in between the palisades, and so put themselves under cover. They were very well-made active fellows, with extremely good legs, which were seen to advantage, as they wore white silk stockings and knee-breeches embroidered with gold.

As soon as the rain stopped there was a loud shout, and presently the large gate opened and in rushed a bull. He was a dark animal, almost black, and had evidently been goaded to madness, for he came charging in, tossing his head, and with his tail erect. I could see, however, that the sharp points of his horns had been sawn off. One of the toreros now ran nimbly up to the bull and threw his red cloak on the ground before him, on which the animal made a furious charge, attempting to gore—not the man, of whom he at first took no notice, but the cloak. The torero dragged this along rapidly, and adroitly whisking it from side to side, fatigued the bull by causing him to make fruitless rushes, now in this direction, now in that. This was repeated again and again, until the animal seemed quite tired. The most active of the toreros then advanced with a banderilla, or javelin entwined with fireworks in one hand, and his cloak in the other. He came so close to the bull that the animal charged him headlong. In a moment the torero glided to one side, and drove the dart into the bull, pinning the wretched animal's ear to his neck. Immediately the fireworks around the dart began to explode, and the terrified bull turned and rushed madly across the arena. In half a minute or so the fire had reached the flesh, and began to burn into it. The bull then reared straight up, bellowing piteously, while its poor flanks heaved with the torture. Anon it dashed its head against the ground, driving the dart further into its flesh, and so continued to gallop round the ring in succession of rearings and plungings. This seemed to be a moment of exquisite delight to the spectators, who yelled out applause, and some in their excitement stood up clapping and shouting. I was heartily disgusted, and would have gone out at once had it been possible, but I was too tightly wedged in. Meantime, the large gate opened again, and the poor bull fled through it, to be slaughtered

and sold with all despatch. After ten minutes' pause another bull was admitted, and was similarly tortured. And so it fared with four more bulls.

The sixth bull was a very tall gaunt animal, whose tactics were quite different from those of the others. He came in without a rush, looked warily about, and could hardly be induced to follow the torero. In short, he was so sluggish, that the people, enraged at his showing so little sport, shouted for a matador to kill him in the arena. Hereupon, one of the toreros darted up to stick a banderilla into the sluggard. But the bull, being quite fresh, not only defeated this attempt by a tremendous sweep of his horns, but almost struck down his assailant, who was taken by surprise at this unlooked-for vigour on the part of an animal which seemed spiritless. However, by a desperate effort the torero escaped for a moment, but the bull followed him like lightning, and, as ill luck would have it, before the man could reach the shelter of the palisades his foot slipped in a puddle and he fell back. Expecting that the charge would end as all previous ones had ended, I had got up with the intention of leaving, and I was thus able to see more clearly what followed. As the man fell backward, the bull struck him on the lower part of the spine with such force that the blow sounded all over the building. The unfortunate torero was hurled into the air, and came down with his head against the palisades, and there lay, apparently dead, in a pool of blood. A sickening feeling of horror crept over me; the bull was rushing upon the poor fellow again, and would no doubt have crushed him as he lay motionless, but, just in the nick of time, one of the toreros threw his cloak so cleverly that it fell exactly over the bull's head and blinded him. While the brute was trampling and tossing to free himself, the matador came up and drove a short sword into the vertebrae of his neck, and down he went headlong. At one moment full of mad fury, the next he was a quivering mass of lifeless flesh. A few minutes more, and the dead bull, and seemingly lifeless man, were removed from the arena, and another bull was called for. I, however, had witnessed enough, and gladly made my exit.

It wanted still several days to that appointed for my meeting the ministers, and I determined to spend them in visiting the few buildings of interest in the city. My first expedition was to the Municipal Hall, and indeed I had but a little way to go, as it is close to the Gran Plaza. This hall is one of the oldest buildings in Carácas, and externally is not only plain, but almost shabby. Inside, however, there is a very respectable council chamber, with handsome gilt arm-chairs for the president and eleven members, who impose the town dues, and discharge the ordinary functions of civic authorities. Round the room are hung some very tolerable portraits. Among these are that of the ecclesiastics who filled the archiepiscopal chair of Carácas in 1813, and those of President Monagas and his brother. There are also por-

traits of Bolivar, of Count Tovar, and Generals Miranda and Urdaneta, and one remarkable picture of the reading of the Act of Independence, with likenesses of the leaders in the revolution. The mob are represented compelling the Spanish general to take off his hat and salute. As a pendant to this picture hangs a framed copy of the Act of Independence. But the great curiosity of all is the flag of Pizarro, sent from Peru in 1837, and enshrined in a case. All the silk and velvet are eaten off, but the gold wire remains, with the device of a lion, and the word Carlos. The flag is about five feet long and three broad, and being folded double in the frame, only half is seen, and they will not allow it to be taken out. There are also two flags of Carlos the Fourth, taken from the Spaniards, and the original MSS. of the Act of Independence, and other important documents, bound up together.

A day or two after, I went to see the university of Carácas, which, with the House of Assembly, the National Library, and a church, form one great block of buildings. The National Library does not contain more than ten thousand volumes, and in that of the university there are about three thousand five hundred. The department of divinity seemed best represented; but there was no great evidence of the books being cared for. The professors of the university were most obliging, and showed me all there was to be seen in the college, which is massive and not ill suited for its present purpose, though originally it was a convent of Carmelite friars. The departments of chemistry and medicine seemed the best organised. I concluded my inspection with a visit to the dissecting-room, and that for anatomical preparations. Among other things, I was shown the skull of a man whose bones had turned to chalk. The skull was from an inch to an inch and a half thick, and if a piece of it had been broken off and shown separately, no unscientific person would have guessed it to be, or to have ever been, a human bone. One of the professors then went with me to the Hall of Congress, where also are pictures of Bolivar, and of the meeting at which the Act of Independence was settled. The locality seemed to inspire my cicerone, for, though I, and a man who sat there reading, and who never raised his head, were his sole audience, he delivered with the greatest animation an eloquent harangue on the subject of liberty. If it be true that still waters are the deepest, I should fear that the republicanism of South America is somewhat shallow, it does so babble as it runs. However, I was glad to hear the orator express himself with great warmth as regards England, saying that she was the only power that had assisted them in their great struggle with the Spaniards, and that without her they would hardly have secured their independence.

The time had now come for my interview with the ministers on the business I had in hand. C. came for me at 11 A.M. on the appointed day, and we walked together to Government House.

As we were very busy conversing, I did not notice the sentry, and indeed he was such a mite of a man, that I might have been pardoned for overlooking him. It seems that in Venezuela "such divinity doth hedge" a sentinel that no passer-by must come within a yard of him. Having approached within the limits, the small warrior soon convinced me that his dignity was not to be so offended with impunity. In the twinkling of an eye he brought down his musket with a terrible rattle to the charge, and very nearly wounded me a little above the knee, at the same time snarling out some unintelligible words. It is a curious fact that the Venezuelans are, generally speaking, a very civil race, until they put on uniform (a red uniform, by-the-by, like the English), when their whole nature seems to be soured. "Don't go near that sentry," was a caution I often received, and I once heard it suggested that a mat with *Cave canem!* should be laid down in front of every soldier on duty. Very different is the demeanour of the civilians. One day, for instance, I was walking with a friend on the northern outskirts of the city, when we met a gardener with a store of fresh fruit. "Now is your time," said my friend, "to try your Spanish. See how you can manage a bargain with the gardener." So, for the mere sake of talking, we detained the poor man a long time, and looked at his fruit, and tumbled it about, until I was ashamed, and would have bought a quantity of it. Then he asked where I was living, and when I told him, as it was a very long way off, he said it would not pay him to send so far. "Well, then," I said, "I fear there is nothing to be done, for I should not know how to direct my servant to come to you." "That's true," said he, "but I should like you to taste this fruit, which is really very fine, so you must accept a few specimens." With these words he insisted on my taking some of the best mangoes and other fruit he had, and positively refused to be paid for it.

Escaping from the surly little sentry, we entered the Government House, and were received by the official whose duty it is to usher in those who come to pay their respects to the ministers. This official, whose name is Godoy, is a negro of the negroes, and is a genius in his way. Many of his *bon-mots* are current at Carácas. On one occasion, when government had suddenly changed hands, a conceited official, who had just got into power, said to Godoy, "You here still? How is it that you have not been turned out with the rest?" "I," said Godoy, with an affectation of humility, but casting a significant glance at his interrogator, "never ascend, and consequently never descend." His questioner was soon enabled to appreciate the philosophy of the remark, for he descended from Government House as suddenly as he ascended, being turned out by another change. Another time, during the late troubles, a number of young men, chiefly students from the university, collected in a threatening manner near Government House, and began shouting out various seditious cries. Godoy, and one of the generals

on the side of the party in power, came out on the balcony to see what was the matter: on which stones were thrown at Godoy, and the mob shouted: "Down with the negroes!" "Down with the brigands!" "Do you hear what they say?" asked the general, sneeringly, of Godoy. "Your excellency," he replied, "I hear. They are calling out, 'Down with the negroes!' meaning, of course, me; and 'Down with the brigands!' which, as no one else is present, must refer, I suppose, to your excellency."

We were ushered by Godoy into the council-room, a handsome apartment, looking on the Gran Plaza. It contains the inevitable picture of Bolivar. There is also his sash, but I do not remember to have seen his sword anywhere. We entered and found a suffocating atmosphere, for the rooms at Government House are open only during the day, and the doors and windows are kept closed from sunset till the hour when business commences, which is generally about 11 o'clock. There are, besides, no verandahs, so that the public rooms at Carácas are hotter than those at Madras. However, as the ministers, with the acting president at their head, were already assembled, there was nothing for it but to go forward and take our seats. The meeting was one of vital importance to every one present. Not only were the exigencies of the government most urgent, but each individual supporter of it knew that on the satisfactory termination of that meeting depended his hopes of indemnity for losses, and the settlement of his claims, whatever they might be. The public tranquillity, too, was at stake, because the greater part of the army, after five years' incessant fighting, had no other reimbursement to look to for all their toils and dangers, but what might be allotted to them if this conference passed off well. Nay more; at the very moment that we were seated there, an extensive conspiracy was on foot, in which a minister and several other persons of rank were said to be engaged, and which, if some of the conspirators had not turned informers, might have been successful. Yet so great was the command of countenance possessed by the ministers there assembled, and so complete the absence of all appearance of excitement, that no one would have supposed the business under discussion to have been more than an every-day matter. War is a sharp teacher, and in troublous times political students learn in months what it takes years to acquire in peace. The men who sat there as ministers had been, not very long before, one a clerk, another a cattle-farmer, and so on. And now they were governing a country three times as large as France, and had learned so much from the experience of the late struggle, that they were "by no means unfitted for the task of government."

After a long discussion, our business, for the time at least, was satisfactorily concluded. C. and I then took leave, having received several invitations to breakfast from the ministers; for at Carácas it does not seem to be the fashion to give dinners. These invitations we accepted,

and walked back to the hotel. On the way we heard a good deal of shouting, mingled with laughter, and presently we met a big wild-looking man, who seemed to be in a perfect frenzy, stopping from time to time and imprecating the most dreadful curses on all about him. He was followed by a number of people who were jeering and throwing stones, which he returned with interest, picking up flints as large as one's fist, and throwing them with a force that would have shattered the skull of any one but a negro. He was, in fact, a madman; in general, they said, tolerably quiet; but on this occasion goaded to fury by his persecutors. I said to C., "This is a very disgraceful scene. In any European city the police would interfere, and prevent this poor maniac from being tormented. Have you no madhouse in Venezuela to which this wretched man might be sent?" "Well," said C., "as to the police, you yourself must admit that, though our streets are not patrolled in the daytime, disturbances are rarer here than in European towns. With regard to mad people, I never heard of any serious accident from their being allowed to go about as they choose, and so I don't see the use of madhouses here. But you will have more opportunities before you leave Venezuela of forming an opinion on this subject. Our lunatics are, in general, very quiet." What you see to-day is an unusual occurrence."

By this time we had reached the hotel, and I parted with C., having first accepted an invitation to dine with him next day. I went to his house accordingly about seven P.M., and found no one but himself and the ladies of the family. In the middle of dinner, a gentleman, whom I had not seen before, entered and walked straight up to the hostess, as I thought, to apologise, but he said nothing, and, after looking at her strangely for a moment or two, moved across the room to a picture, which he began to examine. I thought this rather curious conduct, but supposed he was some intimate friend or relation, who did not stand on ceremony. As to our conversation the day before, *de lunatico inquirendo*, I had forgotten all about it. When, however, the new comer began to walk round and round the table, murmuring broken sentences, I began to understand the state of the case. Presently the madman, for such he was, went up to the buffet, and began fumbling with the things there. "If he takes up a knife, and makes a rush at some one," thought I, "it will not be pleasant." However, as no one took any notice of the intruder, I too said nothing about him, and went on talking to the lady who sat next me, and eating my dinner. In a minute or two my eyes wandered back to the gentleman at the sideboard, when, to my consternation, I perceived that he had indeed got hold of a knife, with which he had already cut himself pretty severely, for the blood was trickling from his wrist. He was muttering, too, faster than ever, and his eyes glittered like sparks, though he did not seem to be looking at us, but had his gaze fixed on the wall. I tried to attract C.'s notice,

but, failing to do so, said in a low voice, "Look out, or there will be mischief directly! C. glanced quickly at the man, and, with great presence of mind, filled a glass of wine, and rose and offered it to him. He looked at C. for a moment in a way that was not agreeable, then very quietly put down the knife, and walked out of the room without saying a word. C. resumed his seat with the greatest composure, and said: "Poor fellow, he was one of the best scholars in Carácas, and would certainly have distinguished himself, but the girl he was engaged to fell in love with his brother, and married him. He has been insane ever since."

I went away, wondering whether it was by peculiar infelicity that so soon after my arrival at Carácas I should have witnessed a visit of this kind, or whether such incidents were common. I had not long to wait before learning that they were by no means rare. I went one evening to a musical entertainment at the house of a person high in office. The lady of the house was singing "Il Bacio" very charmingly, and a group had been formed round her, near to which I had taken a seat with my face towards the door. Presently I saw a man enter, whose peculiar look immediately reminded me of the gentleman with the knife at the buffet. The new comer, like his predecessor, walked straight up to the lady of the house, and in a hoarse voice commenced a muttering accompaniment, which jarred strangely with the music and the sweet tones of the singer. Everybody looked annoyed, but no one spoke to the intruder; only, the group near the piano gradually melted away, leaving him standing by himself. At last, he went closer to the lady, who continued to sing with marvellous self-possession, and leaning over her, began to strike chords on the piano. This was too much even for her aplomb—she stopped and walked down the room; and the stranger, after addressing some incoherent remarks to the people near him, followed her. I was too far off to see what took place then, but there was a bustle, and I heard the intruder talking in a loud angry voice, after which he suddenly went off, and the party broke up. This man, I was subsequently informed, was intoxicated as well as insane, yet no attempt was made to remove him, nor was he even told to go.

On the following Sunday I went to breakfast at the house of the minister of public works. It was a sumptuous entertainment, with very beautiful fruits and flowers displayed on the table, and many more dishes than guests, for of the latter there were only sixteen. The place of honour fell to my lot, opposite to the acting president of the republic: an old general with an iron constitution, who, unhappily for me, supposing all men to be equally vigorous, plied me at every pause in the collation with fruits pleasant to the eye, and of tolerable flavour, but to the last degree pernicious to a person of weak digestive powers. Owing to these flattering attentions, the order of my meal ran something in this style. A brimming plateful of turtle-soup, good in quality, overpowering in quantity, and

indifferently cooked; a large fruit of the custard apple genus; prawns, párga fish, and oysters; several fruits of the cactus, called here tuna, selected for their size by the general; turkey, prepared in a fashion peculiar to the country, boned, and the inside filled with a kind of stuffing redolent of garlic; a plate of cherries; a fricandeau of some unknown meat; several slices of pine-apple; a dish, name unknown, the chief ingredient being the flesh of the land tortoise; grapes of various kinds; and an infinite series of other trifles. No speeches were made; indeed, the meal was too severe for any but the most languid conversation. The longest meal must, however, come to an end, and at last, after a wind-up of coffee and cigars of an exquisite flavour, we separated. The Sunday following, the scene was repeated, but on this occasion it was the acting president who gave the breakfast. Having determined not to risk my life any more by undue complaisance, I refused all offers of fruit, and ate more moderately. At last the meal reached its termination, and the president, filling his glass, looked round the table, and then at me, and said, "Brindo al señor qui nos ha llevado treinta mil libras."—"I drink to the gentleman who has brought us thirty thousand pounds." I was somewhat disconcerted by the wording of the toast, and thinking that it spoke for itself, judged it unnecessary to rise to respond. Presently, filling his glass again, the old general said, "I drink now to the English government, which has always been the protector of Venezuela, and has set the best example for free states to follow." This, of course, compelled me to reply, and I expressed the pleasure I had had in visiting that beautiful country, in which Nature had been so lavish of her gifts, and whose inhabitants, by their gallant struggle for liberty, had shown themselves worthy of such a fair inheritance. England, I said, was the friend of all free nations, and would no doubt support the Venezuelans in maintaining their independence, as warmly as she had aided them in acquiring it. These, and many other things, I was obliged to say in English, not having sufficient Spanish at command for an oration. A friend, however, translated what I had said into pure Castilian, and his version seemed to give great satisfaction, more particularly as he compressed my harangue into very small compass. Nothing, however, seemed to please the company so much as my happening to say "Viva la Amarilla!"—"Hurrah for the yellow!" which I did when a flower of that colour was given me, though I had no idea that yellow was the colour of the party in power. The next speech was the health of the ministers, proposed by a red-hot republican, who discoursed with immense fluency on the rights of man. Among other things, he assured us that, as all obstacles to perfect freedom were at length removed, Venezuela would now enjoy permanent tranquillity, during which all the blessings of the golden age would be restored. Ten days afterwards, one of the ministers and a number of leading men were arrested and thrown into prison,

while, at the same time, an insurrection with which it was supposed they were connected, broke out in several of the provinces.

CRÆSUS AND ADRASTUS.

(HERODOTUS i. 85.)

FORTUNE, that walks above the heads of men,
I' the rolling clouds, the witless denizen
Of airy Nothing, by Necessity
Among the unsteady Hours with hooded eye,
Subservient to a will not hers, is led:
And, as she passes, oft upon his head
That underneath heaven's hollowness doth stand,
Highest of men, her loose incertain hand
Lets fall the iron wedge and leaden weight.

Cræsus, the lord of all the Lydian state,
Of men was held the man by Fortune best
With her unheeded blind abundance blest:
Because all winds into his harbours blow
Opulent sails; because his sceptre drew
Out of fair lands a majesty immense;
Because, to enrich his swol'n magnificence,
The homage of a hundred hills was roll'd
Upon a hundred rivers; because gold
And glory made him singular in the smile
O' the seldom-smiling world, a little while.

To him, in secret vision, at the deep
Of night, what time Fate walks awake through
Sleep,
The gods reveal'd that, in the coming on
Of times to be, Atys, his best-loved son,
Untimely, in the unripe putting forth
Of his green years, and blossom-promised worth,
By an iron dart must perish.

Then the king,
Long while within himself considering
The dreadful import of the dream,—in fear
Lest any iron javelin, lance, or spear,
Left to the clutch of clumsy chance, should fall
On Atys,—gave command to gather all
Such weapons out of reach of him he loved,
Safe in a secret chamber far removed.
And,—that the menaced prince no more should take
His wont i' the woods, with baying dogs to break
The rough boar's ambush, nor the lion wound,
Nor flying stag, with dexterous darts,—he found,
And wived to Atys, the most beautiful
Of Lydian women: like a white vase, full
Of somnolent odours, sculptured round, and wrought,
With bounteous curves of intricate beauty, brought
Voluptuously into one complete
Rich-surfaced shape. Of essence all so sweet,
Contain'd in form so faultless fair, was she
Whose clasped arms should gentle gaolers be
To Cræsus' chiefest treasure.

This being done,
The king was comforted about his son.

But, while the nuptial feast at 'mid of mirth,
O'erflowed with festival the golden girth
Of the king's palace,—while, with fold on fold
Of full delight, the mellow music roll'd
From Lydian harps a heaving heaven of sound
In the gorgeous galleries, and garlands crown'd
Warm faces in a mist of odours rare,—
There came before the king at unaware
A stranger from beyond the storm-beat sea:
A man pursued by pale calamity,

With hands polluted : on whose countenance
Was fix'd the shadow of foregone mischance.
His slow steps up the hymenean hall
Struck sounds that sent deep silence on through all
That swarming revel. Music's broken wing
Flutter'd and strove against the check'd harp-string:
And he that pour'd, stood, holding half way up
The two-ear'd pitcher o'er the leaf-twined cup,
While the wine wasted: he that served, leaned o'er
The savourous fumes of anise-spiced boar,
With trencher tilted: they whose limbs were dropp'd
At ease on purple benches, elbow-propp'd,
Half rose, and, stooping forward, shock'd awry
From jostled brows, sloped one way suddenly,
Their slanted crowns, blue boss'd with violet,
Or dropping roses: each with eyes wide-set
In unintelligent wonder on the wan
And melancholy image of that man.
He, moving through the amazement that he caused,
Approach'd, unbid, the throne of Cræsus; paused;
And there, with groans from inmost anguish brought,
The hospitable-hearted king besought
His hands by the Lydian rite to purify
From taint of blood.

To whom, when presently
He had his asking granted, Cræsus said:

"Whence art thou, stranger? And whose blood hast
shed,
That doth so fiercely clamour at the porch
Of Heaven's high halls? What burning wrong doth
scorch
Sweet rest from out the record of thy days?"

To whom that other:

"But that Judgment lays
Foundations deeper than Oblivion,
I would my shadow from beneath the sun
Had pass'd for ever; being the most forlorn
Of men! A Phrygian I, and royal-born;
The son of Gordius, son of Midas; who,
Ill-starr'd! unwittingly my brother slew.
For this, my father from his much-loved face,
And all the happy dwellings of my race,
Me into wide and wandering exile drove:
Whence, flying on the salt white-edged wave,
Cast out from comfort unto stars unknown,
My hollow ship, before the north wind blown,
Fate to these shores directed; where I stand
A friendless man, sea-flung on foreign land.
In thus much, learn, O king, from whence I came,
And what I am. Adrastus is my name."

The monarch smiled upon him, and replied,

"Thy friends are ours: thy land to ours allied:
If not with kindred, here with kind, thou art.
A frowning fate to bear with smiling heart,
Is highest wisdom. In our court remain.
Cease to be sad. Nor tempt the seas again."

"So in the Lydian court Adrastus stay'd
Eating the bread of Cræsus: and obey'd
The kindly king, well-pleased to roam no more.

"Now, at that time, a terrible wild boar,
By hunger driven from his lair, below
The dells dark-leaved, lit with golden snow,
Where Mysian Olympus meets the morn,
Made ravage in the land; despoil'd the corn;
The tender vine in many a vineyard tore;
Each sapling fallow olive wounded sore;
And oft, about the little hilly towns
And stony hamlets, where high yellow downs
Pasture, among cold clouds, the mountain goat
That wanders wild from wattled fold remote,

His fierce blood-dripping tusk foul mischief wrought.
For this, the sorely-injured Mysians sought
At many times the ruinous beast to slay;
But never yet at any time could they
Come nigh him to his hurt. For he, indeed,
Slew many of them, and the rest had need
Of nimble feet, in fearful flight to find
Unworthy safety. Thus was ruin join'd
To ruin.

Therefore, unto Cræsus now
They sent an embassy; that he should know
The damage done them by this savage thing;
Entreating much, moreover, that the king
With certain of the Lydian youths, would send
Atys, the prince, to help them make an end.
For of all noble youths in Lydian bound
Atys the most high-couraged was renown'd,
Nor match'd in martial vigour.

Cræsus then,
When he had heard the message of these men,
Made answer to the Mysians:

"For our son,
Ye shall not have him. Think no more upon
That matter. For, indeed, the crescent light
That was new-born to gild his nuptial night
Is yet the unfinished circle of a moon.
And shall a husband leave a wife so soon,
Ere the first spousal month be sped, to lie
In the gelid hills 'neath the wide-open sky,
Neglecting wedlock young, and the sweet due
Of marriage pillows, Mysians, for you?
But since (touching all else) we love you well,
And fain would see this prodigy whose fell
Invasion havoc holds in your fair land,
Abolish'd, we will send a chosen band
Of our best valours; men that shall not miss
What is to do. Be ye content with this."

But when the Mysians were therewith content,
The son of Cræsus, hearing these things, went
To Cræsus, and said to him:

"In time past,
Father, or in the chase, or war, thou wast
The first to wish me famous; who dost now
To me forbid the javelin and the bow.
Wherefore? For yet I deem that thou hast not
In me detected any taint or spot
Of fear, dishonouring one to honour born.
Yet think how all men from henceforth must scorn
Thy son, whom, being thy son, they should revere,
In him revering thee, when I appear
Among them in the agora: I alone
Of all men missing honour to be won
From this adventure! For what sort of a man
To the coarse general (what is quick to scan
Faults in superior natures) shall I seem?
Or what to my fair wife? How shall she deem
Henceforth of him, who in her white arms lay
No less than as a god but yesterday?
Wherefore lest I some memorable deed
Now miss to do, I pray thy leave to lead
The honourable ardour of this chase,
True to my noble name and princely place;
Or, this denied, vouchsafe, at least, to say
For what just cause I must remain away.
Since I, in all things, would my heart convince
The king must needs be wiser than the prince."

But Cræsus, weeping, answer'd:
"Not, my son,
Because in thee aught unbecoming done

Displeased me, nor without sad reason just,
And strict constraint to do what needs I must
(Not what I would, if what I would might be!),
Have I thus acted. For there came to me
A vision from the gods, upon my bed,
In the deep middle of the night, which said
That in the days at hand, an iron dart
Thee from my love, and from thy life, must part.
For this, thy marriage have I hasten'd on:
That, with occasion due, thou should'st, my son,
Awhile withhold thee from thy wont to seek
The haunts of lions, or with dogs to break
The rough boar's ambush in the rooty earth,
But rest, companion'd, by the pillar'd hearth,
To one new-wedded a befitting place:
For this, did I forbid thee to the chase:
For this . . . O stay, my son, by thy fair wife,
And, in prolonging thine, prolong my life!"

And his son answer'd:

"Wisely, since the dream
Came from the all-wise gods, as I must deem,
Wisely, dear head, and kindly, hast thou done;
Thus, with forethoughted care, to hold thy son
Back from the far-seen coming of the wave
Of Fate—if him forethoughted care could save!
But I, indeed, as touching this same chase,
Can see no cause for fear. In every place
Death's footsteps fall. No triple-bolted gate,
Nor brazen wall, can shut from man his fate.
Yet had the vision prophesied to me
That, or by tooth, or tusk, my death should be,
I had been well content to stay at home;
Leaving the coming hour, at least, to come
By me not rashly met in middle way.
But since 'twas said an iron dart must slay
Me, to black death appointed, I might fear
An iron dart as well, though staying here,
As there, in open field, among my friends.
For who can lock his life up at all ends
From charmed Chance, that walks invisibly
Among us, to elude the dragon eye
Of Policy, and the stretch'd hand of Care?
Wherefore, I pray thee yet that I may share
What honour from this hunt is to be won,
Before death find me. Since a man may shun
Honour, yet shunning honour all he can,
He shuns not Death, which finds out every man."

Then Cræsus, overcome, not satisfied,
From under moisten'd eyelids, doubtful, eyed
The impatient flushing in the brighten'd cheek
Of Atys. And, because his heart was weak
From its vague fears to shape foundation fast
For judgment, "Since, my son," he sigh'd at last,
"My mind, though unconvinced, thy words have
shaken,
Do as thou wilt."

But, like a man new-waked
From evil dreams, who longs for any light
To break the no-more-tolerable night,
Soon as, far off 't the purple corridor,
The sandal clicking on the marble floor
Ceased to be heard, and he was all alone,
And knew that Atys to the chase was gone,
He started up in a great discontent
Of his own thoughts, and for Adrastus sent,
To whom the monarch thus his mind express'd.

"Adrastus, since, not only as my guest
But as my friend, thou hast to me been dear,
If aught of natural piety, and the fear

Of Zeus, whom I by hospitable rites
Have honour'd, honouring thee, thy heart delights
To harbour, heed thou well my words. For I,
When thou, pursued by pale calamity,
Didst come before me, thee, upbraiding not,
Did purify, and, as a man no spot
Of blood attained, to my hearth received,
And with a ministering hand relieved.
Now, therefore, follow to the chase my son,
Who to the chase but now from hence is gone;
His guardian be; prevent him in the way,
And let no skulking villain lurk to slay
The son of him that hath befriended thee.
Moreover, for thine own sake, thou should'st be
Of this adventure; so, to signalise
A noble name by feats of fair emprise;
Since thy forefathers of such feats had praise,
And thou art in the vigour of thy days."

Adrastus answer'd:

"For no cause but this
(Since Cræsus' wish unto Adrastus is
Sacred as law delivered from above)
In this adventure had I sought to move.
For 'tis not fit that such a man as I,
Under the shadow of adversity,
Should with his prosperous compeers resort;
And, not desiring this, from martial sport
Among the Lydian youths, with spear or bow,
I have till now withheld myself. But now,
Since I am bid by whom I must obey,
Bound to requite in whatsoever I may
Kindness received, this chase I will not shun.
Thou, therefore, rest assured thy royal son
Dear Paramount, so far as lies in me,
His guardian, shall unharm'd return to thee."
Meanwhile, the huntsman had with leathern thongs
The lean hounds leash'd, and all that fair belongs
To royal chase appointed, as was fit;
With pious rites around the altar, lit
To solemn Cybele, at whose great shrines
On wooded Ida, 'mid the windy pines,
Or Tmolus, oft the Sardinian, to invoke
The Mighty Mother, bid the black sheep smoke;
And Artemis, the silver-crescented,
Adoring whom, a white kid's blood was shed
And crowns of scarlet poppies, intermix'd
With ditany, among the columns fix'd,
Or hung, fresh-gather'd, the high stones upon.

And now the Lydian youths (with whom the son
Of Cræsus, and the Phrygian stranger) blew
The brazen bugles, till the drops of dew
Danced in the drowsy hollows of the wood;
And the unseen things that haunt by fell and flood,
Roused by the clanging echoes out of rest,
Shouted from misty lands, and tramping, press'd
Through glimmering intervals of greenness cold,
To hang in flying laughters manifold
Upon the march of that blithe company:
Great-hearted hunters all, with quiver'd thigh,
And spear on shoulder propp'd, in buskins brown
Brushing the honey-meal and yellow down
From the high-flowering weed, whilst, in their rear,
The great drums throb'd low thunder, and the clear
Short-sounding cymbals sung; until they came
To large Olympus, where the amber flame
Of morn, new-risen, was spreaded broad, and still.
There, for the ruinous beast they search'd, until
They found him, with the dew upon his flank,
Couch'd in a hollow cold, beneath the dank
Roots of a fallen oak, thick-roofed, dim.
And, having narrowly encircled him,

They hurl'd their javelins at him. With the rest
That stranger (he that was King Cræsus' guest,
The Phrygian, named Adrastus, purified
Of murder by the monarch), when he spied
The monster, by the dogs' tenacious bite
And smart of clinging steel, how madden'd quite,
Making towards him,—hurl'd against the boar:
Which missing, by mischance he wounded sore
Atys; through whose gash'd body, with a groan
The quick life rush'd.

Thus fates, in vain foreknown,
Were suddenly accomplish'd. For those Powers
That spin, and snap, the threads of mortal hours,
Had will'd that Cræsus nevermore should hear
The voice of Atys; unto him more dear
Than fondest echo to forlornest hill
In lonesome lands, more sweet than sweetest rill,
Through shadowy mountain meadows murmuring
cold,

To panting herds: nor evermore behold
The face of Atys; unto him more fair
Than mellow sunlight and the summer air
To sick men waking heal'd. Now, therefore, one,
Having beheld the fate of the king's son,
Fled back to Sardis, and to Cræsus said
What he had seen:—now that a javelin, sped
By that ill-fated hand, to nothing good
Predestined, from the blot of brother's blood
By Cræsus purified, yet all in vain,
Since still to bloodshed doom'd,—had Atys slain,
Fulfilling fates predicted.

Cræsus then,
Believing that he was of living men
Most miserable, who had purified,
Himself, the hand by second slaughter dyed
In the dear blood of his much-mourn'd-for son
(Since by his own deed was he now undone),
Uplifted hands to Heaven, and vengeance claimed
Of Zeus, the Expiator; whom he named
By double title, to make doubly strong
A twofold curse upon a twofold wrong:
As god of hospitality,—since he
That was his guest had proved his enemy;
As god of private friendship,—since the man
That slew his son was his son's guardian,
To whom himself the sacred charge did give.

Therefore he pray'd, "Let not Adrastus live!"

But, while he pray'd, a noise of mourning rose
Among the flinty courts: and, follow'd close
Out of the narrow streets by a vast throng
Of people weeping, slowly moved along
The Lydian hunters, bearing up the bier
Of Atys, strewn with branches; in whose rear,
Down-headed, as a man that bears the weight
Of some enormous and excessive fate,
The slayer walk'd.

Full slowly had they come,
With steps that ever slacken'd nearer home,
And heavier evermore their burthen seem'd,
As ever longer round their footsteps stream'd
The woful crowd; and evermore they thought
Saddest of him to whom they sadly brought
His hope in ruins. When they reach'd the gate
The western sky was all on flame. Stretch'd straight
Through a thick amber haze Adrastus saw,
As in a trance of supernatural awe,
The high dim street; that lengthen'd on, and on,
And up, and up, until it touch'd the sun,
And these fell off into a field of flame.
He knew that he was bearing his last shame;
And all the men and women, swarming dim
Along the misty light, were made to him

Shadows, and things of air, for all his mind
Was pass'd beyond them. So, with heart resign'd
To its surpassing sorrow, he bow'd down
His head, and follow'd up the colum'd town
The bier of Atys, without any care
Of what might come: because supreme despair
Had taken out the substance from the show
Of the world's business, and his thoughts were now
In a great silence, which no mortal speech,
Kind, or unkind, might any longer reach.
Meanwhile, with melancholy footsteps slow,
Slow footsteps hinder'd by the general woe,
Those hunters mount the murmurous marble stair
To the king's palace.

He himself stood there
To meet them; knowing why they came; with
eyes

Impatiently defiant of surprise.
But, when they sat their burthen down before
The father of him murder'd, whom they bore;
And, when the inward-moaning monarch flung
His body on the branch'd bier—there, hung
With murmurings meaningless, and dabbled vest
Soak'd in the dear blood sobbing from the breast:
Of his slain son,—there, dragg'd along the flint
His bruised knees; and crush'd, beneath the print
Of passionate lips, groans choked in kisses close,
Pour'd idly on those eyelids meek, and those
White lips that aye such cruel coldness kept,
For all the hot love on them kist and wept;
And when the miserable wife, whom now
The sudden hubbub from the courts below
Had pierced to, through the swiftly-emptied house,
Flew forth, and, kneeling o'er her slaughter'd spouse,
Beat with wild hands her breast, and tore her hair,
And cried out, "Where, you unjust gods, O where,
Between the stubborn earth and stolid sky,
Was found the fault of my felicity?
That such a cruel deed should have been done
Under high heaven, beneath the pleasant sun!"
Then he, that was the cause of that wide woe,
Came forth before the corpse, and, kneeling low,
Stretch'd out sad hands to Cræsus; upon whom
He call'd to execute the righteous doom
Of death on him, deserving life no more.

When, therefore, Cræsus heard this, he forbore
To groan against the edge of his own fate;
But judg'd most miserable that man's state
Who, evil meaning not, had evil done,—
First having slain his brother, then the son
Of him that gave him hospitality.
So, letting sink a slowly-soften'd eye,
To settle on Adrastus, who yet knelt
Before him, his hard thoughts began to melt,
And he was mov'd in mind to tolerate
The greatness of his grief; which being less great
Than his that caused it, stood in check, to make
This tolerable, too.

Sadly he spake:
"To me," he said, "thou hast requital made,
Most miserable man! on thine own head
Invoking death. Wherefore, I doom thee not.
Nor deem thy hand hath this disastrous lot
From the dark urn down shaken. Rather, he,
That unknown god, whoever he may be,
That long ago foreshadow'd this worst hour,
Hath thus compell'd it to us. Some unknown Power
Walks in our midst, and moves us to strange ends.
Our wills are Heaven's, and we what Heaven in-
tends."
Then Cræsus caused to be upheaved foursquare
A mount of milk-white marble: and did there

In trophied urn the holy ashes heap
Of his loved Atys. And, that fame should keep
Unperish'd, all the prince's early glory,
Large tablets wrought he rough with this sad story.

But when the solemn-footed funeral,
With martial music, from the marble wall
Flow'd off, and fell asunder in far fields;
When silenced was the clang of jostling shields,
And the sonorous-throated trumpet mute,
And mute the shrill-voiced melancholy flute;
What time Orion in the west began
Over the thin edge of the ocean
To set a shining foot, and dark night fell;
Then, judging life to be intolerable,
The son of Gordius sharply made short end
Of long mischance: and calling death his friend,
He, self condemn'd to darkness, in the gloom
And stillness, slew himself upon the tomb.
This to Adrastus was the end of tears.

But Croesus mourn'd for Atys many years.

IN JEOPARDY.

I'm a bricklayer, I am; and, what's more, down in the country, where people ain't so particular about keeping trades distinct as they are in the great towns. This may be seen any day in a general shop, where, as one might say, you can get anything, from half a quartern of butter up to a horn lantern; and down again to a hundred of short-cut brads—well, down in the country I've done a bit of a job now and then as a mason; and not so badly neither, I should suppose, for I got pretty well paid considering, and didn't hear more than the usual amount of growlin' arter it was done—which is saying a deal. Ours ain't the most agreeable of lives, and if it warn't for recollecting a little about the dignity of labour, and such-like, one would often grumble more than one does.

Some time ago, it don't matter to you, nor me, nor yet anybody else, just when it was, work was precious slack down our way—all things considered, I ain't a-going to tell you where our way is. A day's work a week had been all I'd been able to get for quite two months; so Mary, that's my wife, used to pinch and screw, and screw and pinch, and keep on squeezing shilling arter shilling out of the long stocking, till at last it got so light, that one morning she lets it fall upon the table, where, instead of coming down with a good hearty spang, it fell softy and jest like a piece of cotton that was empty. And then, poor lass, she hangs on to my neck, and burst out a-crying that pitiful, that I'm blest if I didn't want my nose blowing about every quarter of a minute. I hadn't minded the screwing and pinching; not a bit of it. First week we went without our puddings. Well, that wasn't much. Second week we stopped my half-pints o' beer. Third week I put my pipe out. Mary kep' on saying that things must look up soon, and then I should have an ounce of the best to make up for it. But things didn't look up; and, in spite of all the screwing, we got down to the bottom of the stocking, as I said jest now.

I hadn't much cared for the pinching, but it was my poor lass as got pinched the most, and she was a-getting paler and thinner every day, till I couldn't abear to see it. I ran out o' the house, and down to Jenkins's yard, where I'd been at work last. I soon found Jenkins; and I says to him, "Governor," I says, "this won't do, you know; a man can't live upon wind."

"True for you, Bill Stock," he says.

"And a man can't keep his wife upon wind," I says.

"Right you are, Bill," he says; and he went on and spoke as fair as a man could speak; and said he hadn't a job he could put me on, or he would have done it in a minute. "I'm werry sorry, Bill," he says, "but if times don't mend, I tell you what I'm a-going to do."

"What's that?" I says.

"Go up to London," he says; "and if I was a young man like you, I wouldn't stop starving down here, when they're giving first-class wages up there, and when there's building going on all round, as thick as thick, and good big jobs too: hotels, and railways, and bridges, and all sorts."

I faces round sharp, and walks off home; for when a feller's hungry and close up, it lays hold on his temper as well as his stummick, more especially when there's somebody belonging to him in the same fix. So I walks off home, where I finds Mary a-lookin' werry red-eyed; and I makes no more ado but I gets my pipe, and empties the bit o' dust there was in the bottom o' the jar into it, lights up, and sits down aside of Mary, and puts my arm round her, jest as I used in old courting times; and then begins smoking an' thinking. Werry slow as to the fust, and werry fast as to the second; as smokin' costs money, and the dust was dry; whereas thinking came cheap jest then—and it's sur-prising how yer can think on a empty inside. I suppose it is because there's plenty o' room for the thoughts to work in.

Well, I hadn't been settin' above a minute like this, when my lass lays her head on my shoulder, and though she wouldn't let me see it, I knowed she was a-giving way; but I didn't take no notice. Perhaps I held her a little bit tighter; and there I sat thinking and watching the thin smoke, till I could see buildings, and scaffolds, and heaps o' bricks, and blocks o' stone, and could almost hear the ring o' the trowels, and the "sar-jar" o' the big stone saws, and there was the men a-running up and down the ladders, and the gangers a-giving their orders, and all seemed so plain, that I began to grow warm. And I keeps on smoking till it seemed as though I was one of a great crowd o' men standing round a little square wooden office place, and being called in one at a time; and there I could see them a-takin' their six-and-thirty shillings and two pounds apiece, as fast as a clerk could book it. And then all at once it seemed to fade away like a fog in the sun; and I kep' on drawing, but nothing come, and I found as my pipe was out, and there was nothing left to light agen. So I knocks the ashes out—what there was on 'em—and then

I breaks the pipe up, bit by bit, and puts all the pieces in my pocket—right-hand trousers-pocket.

"What for?" says you.

Nothin' at all, as I knows on; but that's what I did; and I am a-telling you what happened. Perhaps it was because I felt uncomfortable with nothing to rattle in my pocket. Howsomever, my mind was made up; and brightening up, and looking as cheerful as if I'd six-and-thirty shillings to take on Saturday, I says to her as was by my side:

"Polly, my lass, I am a-going up to London!"

"Going where?" she says, lifting up her head.

"London," I says; and then I began to think about what going to London meant. For, mind yer, it didn't mean a chap in a rough jacket making up a bundle in a clean blue handkercher, and then shovin' his stick through the knot and sticking it over his shoulder, and then stuffing his hands in his pockets, and taking the road upards, whistlin' like a blackbird. No; it meant something else. It meant breaking up a tidy little home as two young folks—common people, in course—had been a saving up for years, to make snug; it meant half breaking a poor simple lass's heart to part with this little thing and that little thing; tearing up the nest that took so long a-building, and was allus so snug arter a cold day's work. I looked at the clean little winders, and then at the bright kettle on the shiny black hob, and then at the werry small fire as there was, and then fust at one thing, and then at another, all so clean and neat and homely, and all showing how proud my lass was of 'em all, and then I thought a little more of what going up to London really did mean, and I suppose it must have been through feeling low and faint and poorly, and I'm almost ashamed to tell it, for I'm such a big strong chap; but truth's truth. Well, somehow a blind seemed to come over my eyes, and my head went down upon my knees, and I cried like a schoolboy. But it went off, for my lass was kneeling aside me in a minute, and got my thick old head upon her shoulder, and began a-doing all she could to make believe it was all right, and she wouldn't mind a bit, but we'd get on wonderful well up there; and so we talked it over for long enough, while she made believe to be so cheerful, and knelt at my side, a-ciphering away—a-putting down nought for herself, and a-carrying I don't know how much for me—till I glowed up, under the discovery that whether work was plenty, or whether work was slack, I, Bill Stock—christened William—was rich in my good wife.

That was something like a thought, that was, and seemt to stiffen me up, and put bore and muscle into a fellow till he felt strong as a lion; so we set to talking over the arrangements; and two days arter, Polly and I was in a lodging in London.

Nex' morning I was up at five, and made myself smart; not fine, but clean, and looking as if I warn't afraid of work; and I finds my way to one o' the big workshops, where the bell was

a-ringing for six o'clock, and the men was a-scuffling in; while a chap with a book was on the look-out to time the late ones, for stopping on pay-day out of their wages—which is but fair, yer know, for if two hundred men lost a quarter of an hour apiece in a week, it would come to something stiff in a year. Well, there was a couple more chaps like me standing at the gate, come to see if they could get took on, and one of 'em slips in, and comes out again directly a-swearing and growling like anything, and then t'other goes in, and he comes out a-swearing too, and then I feels my heart go sinking down ever so low. So I says to the fust:

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Go to——" somewhere, he says, cutting up rough; so I asks t'other one.

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Not a ha'porth," he says, turning his back, and going off with the fust one; and I must say as they looked a pretty pair of blacks.

So I stood there for quite five minutes wondering what to do; whether I should go in and ask for myself, or go and try somewheres else. I didn't like to try, arter seeing two men refused. All at once a tall sharp-eyed man comes out of a side place and looks at me quite fierce.

"Now, my man," he says, "what's your business? What do you want?"

"Job, sir," says I.

"Then why didn't you come in and ask?" he says.

"Saw two turned back," I says.

"Oh! we don't want such as them here," he says, "but there's plenty of work for men who mean it;" and then he looks through me a'most. "I suppose you do mean it, eh?"

"Give us hold of a trowel," says I, spitting in both hands.

"Bricklayer?" says he, smiling.

"Right," says I.

"From the country?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"Work slack there?" says he.

"Awful," says I.

"You'll do," says he. "Here, Jones, put this fellow in number four lot."

If you'll believe me, I could have taken hold of him and hugged him; but I didn't, for I kep' it for Polly.

Well—I wonder how many times I've said well, since I begun!—I was in work now, and I meant to keep it. Didn't I make the bricks and mortar fly! My hodman did his day's work that day, if he never did it afore. Then some of the men began to take it up, and got to chaffing; one says there'd soon be no work left; and another says, I'd better have a couple o' Paddies to keep me going, one for bricks, and another for mortar; while one fellow makes hisself precious unpleasant, by keeping on going "puff! puff! puff!" like a steam-ingin', because I worked so fast. But I let them chaff as long as they liked; and bime-by I comes to be working alongside of my steam-ingin' friend, and jest as he'd been going it a little extra, I says to him quietly:

"Ever been out o' work, matey?"

"Not to signify," he says.

"'Cause if ever you are, and come down werry close to ground, you'll be as glad to handle the trowel again as I am." He didn't puff any more that day, not as I heard.

London work was something fresh to me. I used to think that I'd been about some tidy buildings down our way, but what was the tidiest on 'em to the London jobs I was put on! Jobs where the scaffolding must have cost hundreds upon hundreds of pounds more than the house, land, and everything else put together, of the biggest place I had ever worked upon. I used, too, to think I was pretty strong in the head; but I soon began to sing small here—specially when I had been up about a week and was put on at a big hotel. Right up so high that one turned quite creepy, and used to get thinking of what would be the consequences if a sharp puff of wind come and upset one's balance. I could never have believed, neither, that such a Jacob's Ladder of scaffold-poles could have been built up to stand without crushing and snapping those at the bottom like so many reeds or tobacco-pipes; but I suppose them as builds them knows best what should be done, and what they'll bear. But though I did not like it much, I took good care not to mention it to my lass, for I knew she'd have been on the sidget all day if I had told her.

By degrees I got to stand it all pretty well; and we began to feel a bit settled in our one room. Not that we much liked it, but then it was werry pleasant to go in the crowd on pay day, and draw your week's wage, good wage too, jest as I had seen it when settin' in my own place at home. We still called it home, for we couldn't get to feel that we were at home in London, and Polly she said she never should, after having a little house of her own; but as there was only our two selves, we made things pretty comfortable.

The big hotel was getting on at a tremendous rate, for there was a strong body on us at work, and it used to make me think and think of the loads upon loads of stuff the hotel swallowed up, and how much more it would take before it was finished. One day when I was bricklaying up at the top—I don't know how many feet from the ground, and I never used to care to look to see, for fear of turning giddy—one day it came on to blow a regular gale, and blew at last so hard, that the scaffold shook and quivered, while, wherover there was a loose rope, it rattled and beat against the poles, as if it was impatient of being tied there, and wanted to break loose and be off.

It blew at last so werry hard, that I should have been precious glad of an excuse to get down, but I couldn't well leave my work, and the old hands didn't seem to mind it much: so I kep' at it. Whenever the wind blows now, and I shut my eyes, I can call it all back again; the creaking and quivering of the poles, the rattling of the boards, the howling and whistling of the

gale as it swept savagely by, in a rage because it could not sweep us away.

A high wind is pretty hard to deal with, sometimes, on the ground; and I have seen folks pretty hard driven to turn a corner. So it may be guessed what sort of fun it is right up on a spidery scaffold, where a man is expected to work with both hands, and hold on by nothing, and that, too, where a single step backwards would be—there, it's a thing as allus makes me nervous to talk about.

It was getting to be somewhere about half-past three, and I was working hard, so as to keep from thinking about the storm, when all at once I happened to turn my head, and see that the men was a-scuttling down the ladders as hard as they could go. And then, before I had time to think, there was a loud crash, and a large piece of the scaffolding gave way, and swept with it poles, boards, and bricks, right into the open space below.

I leaped up at a pole which projected from the roof above me, just above my head, caught it, and hung suspended, just as the boards upon which I stood but an instant before gave way, and fell on to the next stage, some twenty feet below. Tightly clasping the rough fir pole, I clung for life.

Think? I did think. I thought hundreds of things in a few seconds, as I shut my eyes and began to pray, for I felt as I could not hold on long, and I knew as I should fall first on the stage below, when the boards would either give way, or shoot me off again with a spring, and then I knew there would be a crowd round something upon the ground, and the police coming with a stretcher.

"Creep out, mate, and come down the rope," cried a voice from below. I turned my head, so that I could just see that the pole I was hanging to had a block at the end, through which ran a rope for drawing light things up and down to the scaffold. For an instant I dared not move; then, raising myself, I went hand over hand towards the pulley, and in another instant I should have grasped it, when I heard a rushing sound, and the creaking of a wheel, as the rope went spinning through, and was gone: the weight of the longer side having dragged the other through. As I hung, I distinctly heard it fall, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet.

As the rope fell, and I hung there, I could hear a regular shriek from those below; but nobody stirred to my assistance, for I was beyond help then; but I seemed to grow stronger with the danger, though my arms felt as if they were being wrenched out of their sockets, and my nerves as if they were torn with hot irons. Sobbing for breath, I crept in again till I was over the stage first; then close into the face of the building; and there I hung. Once I tried to get some hold with my feet, but the smooth bricks let my toes slip over them directly. Then I tried to get a leg over the pole, so as to climb up and sit there; but the time was gone by for that. I had hung too long, and was now growing weaker every moment.

I can't describe what I felt. All I know is, that it was horrible, and that long afterwards I used to jump up in bed with a scream; for so sure as I was a little out o' sorts, came a dream of hanging to that scaffold-pole, expecting every moment to be one's last.

I can't say, either, how long I hung; but feeling at length that I was going, I made one last try for it. I thought of my poor lass, and seemed to see her a-looking at me in a widder's cap; and then I clenched my teeth hard, and tried to get on to where the end of the pole was fastened. I got one hand over the hard bricks, and hooked my fingers, and held on; then I got the other hand over, and tried to climb up, as a cheer from below encouraged me; but my feet and knees slipped over the smooth bricks, and in spite of every effort they hung down straight at last, and I felt a sharp quiver run through me as slowly, slowly, my hands opened, my fingers straightened, and, with eyes blinded and blood-shot, I fell.

—Fell what seemed to be an enormous distance, though it was only to the next stage, where boards, bricks, and tools, shaken by the concussion, went with a crash below. 'The deal planks upon which I lay, still kept' in their places, but with their ends jolted so near the edge that it seemed to me that the least motion on my part would make them slip, and send me off again. I was too exhausted and frightened to move, and lay there for some time, not knowing whether I was much hurt or not. The first thing as recalled me to myself was the voice of a man who came up a ladder close at hand; and I could see that he had a rope and pulley with him, which he soon had hooked on to the ladder.

"Hold on, mate," he says. "If I throw you the end of the rope, can you tie it round you?"

"I'll try," I says. So he makes a noose, and pulling enough rope through the block, he shies it to me, but it wasn't far enough. So he tries again and again, and at last I manages to catch hold on it. But now, as soon as I tried to move, it seemed as if something stabbed me in the side, and, what was more, the least thing would, I found, send the boards down, and of course me with them.

"Tell them to hold tight by the rope," says I; and he passed the word, while I got both arms through the noose, and told him to tighten it, which he did by pulling, for I could not have got it over my head without making the boards slip.

"Now then," he says, "are you ready?"

"All right," I says, faintly, for I felt as if everything was a-swimming round me; but I heard him give a signal, and felt the snatch of the rope as it cut into my arms above the elbows, and then I swang backwards and forwards in the air; while, with a crash, away went the boards upon which I had been a-lying.

I couldn't see any more, nor hear any more, for I seemed to be sent to sleep; but I suppose I was lowered down and took to the hospital, where they put my broken ribs to rights in no

time, and it wasn't so werry long before I was at work once more; though it took a precious while before I could get on to a high scaffold again without feeling creepy and shivery; but, you know, "use is second nature."

Polly showed me the stocking t'other day, and I must say it has improved wonderful, for wages keep good, and work's plenty; and as for those chaps who organise the strikes, it strikes me they don't know what being out o' work is like. But, along o' that stocking, one feels tempted very much to go down in the country again, but don't like to, for fear o' things not turning out well; and Polly says, "Let well alone, Bill." So I keeps on, werry well satisfied, and werry comfortable.

A NEAT SAMPLE OF TRANSLATION.

"*TRADUTTORE, traditore*," says the Italian proverb. It probably originated with some unlucky wight, either smarting under recent injuries inflicted on the offspring of his brain by traditori, or gifted with the power to foresee the dire calamities to be inflicted by them on his brotherhood in future generations.

One would suppose that two qualifications are essential to constitute a good translator. A thorough acquaintance with the resources of the language used for the reproduction, being the first; and the second, a not less intimate knowledge of the idiom destined to be reproduced.

We will submit, as a rather remarkable instance of the absence of both these qualifications in a translator—or rather, in a translatress, for the wonderful offender to be presented is announced as a lady—a few extracts from a surprising mystification which appeared a few months ago in the columns of *L'OPINION NATIONALE*: a French daily paper, well known for its very liberal tendencies, and for that, or some other reason, one of the most popular and generally read in Paris. The editors had announced some time beforehand the appearance of a translation of *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*; and the lovers of the feuilleton, whose name is Legion in France, were on the tiptoe of expectation. At last it came, bearing the title *L'Ami Commun*. It came to grief, and that as deservedly as speedily; for the subscribers to the above-named journal take common sense for their guide, and, like Mrs. Merdle, pride themselves upon having no nonsense about them. So, after having groped about in the dark during six feuilletons of *Mutual Friends*, in the hope of things brightening, though ever so little, they protested en masse after the appearance of the seventh, and demanded with a loud cry, not to be resisted, the explanation of the dark enigma, or its immediate withdrawal. For self-evident reasons, the Sphinx remained silent, and suppression was the righteous consequence.

From the outset, a sort of moral stand-up fight was engaged in between the translatress and Mr. Twemlow as to which should the most effec-

tually demolish the other. All the other characters yet developed in the book suffered more or less from the horrible punishment administered by the lady; but Twemlow, the special object of her attention, suffered the most severely of all. The inoffensive little gentleman being likewise made the instrument of inflicting such acutemental torture on all who should attempt to unravel the complicated mysteries of his identity, as to render consequent insanity probable. Witness the following introduction of Mr. Twemlow to the French reader: "Il y a dans le quartier Saint-James, où quand il ne sort pas, il est remisé au-dessus d'une écurie de Duke-street, un meuble de salle à manger, meuble innocent, *chaussé de larges sonhirs de castor*" (the underlined being a rather free translation of the word *castors* in the English text), "pour qui les Veneering sont un sujet d'inquiétude perpétuelle. Cousin germain de lord Snigsworth, ce meuble inoffensif, qu'on appelle Twemlow, représente dans maintes familles la table à manger à l'état normal.

"Mister et Missis Veneering, par exemple, organisant un dîner, prennent Twemlow pour base, et lui mettent des rallonges, c'est-à-dire lui ajoutent des convives. Parfois la table se compose de Twemlow et de six personnes; parfois on la tire jusqu'aux dernières limites du possible, et Twemlow a vingt rallonges.

"Dans ces grandes occasions, Mister et Missis Veneering, placés au milieu de la table, se font vis-à-vis à distance de Twemlow; car plus celui-ci est déployé, plus il est loin du centre et se rapproche du buffet ou des rideaux de la fenêtre."

Is it surprising, after this magnificent heap of nonsense, in which common sense, good language, the merest elementary principles of grammar, are most grossly outraged, that the subject of it should become thenceforth an object of general fear and execration? The very stops themselves seem to have gone mad, and to be, like so many ill-disposed policemen off duty, taking a little relaxation by joining in a public disturbance on their own account. Twemlow and the table, the table and Twemlow, commas, colons, and semi-colons inextricably mixed up together, in stark staring raving madness.

Were it not for the total absence of any vestige of the comic element, and divers other reasons, social and political, the recent alliance, and so forth, one might suppose that the author of this extraordinary specimen of literary reproduction had been bribed by our enemies to travesty our author, and with him the manners and customs of his nation comprehensively. She leads her countrymen to suppose that the English "garb of woe" is the colour of pea-soup, by representing Boffin, Boffin in deep mourning for his master, as wearing a paletot *purée de pois*? (This is the translation of a *pea-jacket*.) And a little further on, the lady changes the dissolving view of beads on Podsnap's forehead into a row of indiscreet buttons on his abdomen! If she really considered them

so indiscreet, why did she not (being, as translatrix, mistress of the situation) dispose of the indiscreet buttons on other parts of his person—on his gaiters, for instance? But the word *bouton*, signifying either a button or a pimple, according to circumstances—there being but one and the same term in French for the two objects—we shudder to think that she may have had a darker meaning still, and, by this ambiguous interpretation, may have intended to authorise maliciously-disposed foreigners to believe that we English adopt for occasions of social festivity and others the light costume of the Red Skins: which fact could alone render such a detail possible.

Once more, take a specimen of Twemlow shrouded in more impenetrable mystery than ever. "La première fois que Twemlow a rencontré Veneering, c'était au club, où ledit Veneering ne connaissait personne, excepté l'individu qui le présentait. Cet individu lui-même ne connaissait le nouveau membre que depuis deux jours et paraissait être son ami le plus intime. Une rouelle de veau, scélératement accommodée par le cuisinier du club, cimentait leur union séance tenante."

Are the two last original lines high praise of the English art of cooking, or the contrary? They contain a most positive affirmation that the cooks of the London clubs have a particular manner of dressing filets of veal, which dish, partaken of by individuals desirous of uniting in the bonds of friendship, immediately cements the said bonds then and there and for evermore!

Is it wonderful, when such astounding incompetency as that of this translatrix can find its way into a Parisian newspaper conducted with intelligence and enterprise, that we in England sometimes hear intelligent Frenchmen—at the disadvantage of not being able to judge for themselves in the original, and therefore left at the mercy of those who profess to make them acquainted with English literature—denounce Shakespeare as a villainous hypochondriac, revelling in bloodshed and all descriptions of crime, and emphatically declaring the creations of Byron to be all bosh! on the ground that the last-named poet had a cloven foot, and the weakness to desire to hide it? Handed over to such intolerable translators, what benefit are they likely to derive from the reading of Hamlet or Childe Harold?

THE PARISH ORGAN.

IN what a gentleman of the vestry is accustomed to call "formal" days, the great and glorious institutions of local self-government were the parish beadle, the parish pump, the parish pound, and the parish engine. It has been reserved for us favoured moderns, who live in the latter half of the nineteenth century, to witness the rise and growth of another and more glorious institution—not even dreamt of in "formal" days—the parish organ.

All the great and important parishes in Lon-

don have now one or two—in some instances three—newspapers, whose leading columns are exclusively devoted to local affairs. Some of these newspapers are almost as large as the daily journals which devote their columns to the affairs of the nation. Besides the reports of the vestries and boards of directors, they contain all the general news of the week, and their outer pages present a “show” of advertisements, which some of their more important contemporaries would probably be glad to match.

The parish of St. Sniffens has two such organs—the St. Sniffens Gazette, and the St. Sniffens Argus. There is a third, which does not properly belong to St. Sniffens; but it manages to tack itself on to that important and populous parish by inserting its name as a second title—just as the Surrey Guardian might add, “and Middlesex Mercury.” In the columns of these journals I am now studying the history and government of the parish of St. Sniffens—just as I have seen, in the library of the British Museum, Lord Macaulay tracing the history of England through the pages of old Mercuries, and M. Louis Blanc hunting for records of the French revolution in the Gazette de France.

Before we dip into the St. Sniffens Gazette, let me premise that when I first began to read that journal, I was not very sure whether it was designed as the *Ægis* of the vestry, or the Palladium of the ratepayers. I have come to the conclusion now, that it is a little of both. It abuses the vestry awfully sometimes, but it does not allow outside journals, destitute of parochial sympathies, to assail the sacred principle of local self-government. It regards the vestry as a glorious institution—something to fight and die for if necessary—but it does not scruple, when occasion requires, to call a vestryman an ass. The St. Sniffens Gazette—equally so the St. Sniffens Argus—frequently takes an opportunity of saying that one of its most cherished mottoes is *audi alteram partem*; in proof of which, while it admits letters from vestrymen, it also gives a place to communications from the literary inmates of the workhouse. I may mention that it has two other mottoes—which it airs on all convenient occasions—“*Pro bono publico*,” and “*Bona fide*,” the last word being pronounced by the gentlemen of the vestry without the final “e.”

Looking through some recent numbers of our leading organ, I find its columns greatly taken up with the case of a certain Mr. B. To understand what Mr. B. did to excite so much lively discussion, we must go back to that solemn triennial occasion when the parish officials, assisted by the parish boys, went round—the organ says “perambulated”—to beat the parish bounds. The first murmurs against Mr. B. are heard in the following report, which appeared in the organ at the time of the perambulation. “At the well-known Argyle”—it may be necessary to inform the benighted public at large that the Argyle is a public-house—“luncheon was provided, but when those who had worked visited the place, the seats at the table were all

occupied by those who had shirked the duty of visiting the landmarks, or had made this their place of joining. Those who were shut out, however, after some clamour and delay were provided with the needful refreshment in another room, and the worthy landlord had the pleasure of knowing that all his guests were satisfied, although one of the waiters expressed his astonishment at the appetites of the parties up-stairs.”

A week or two afterwards, this matter was brought under the notice of the vestry. The proceedings are thus reported in the leading organ:

“The bill of expenses for perambulating the boundaries of the parish, amounting to one hundred and thirty-three pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence, was presented from the general purposes committee.

“Mr. N. said the expenses had been much increased by persons not vestrymen being at the dinner.

“Mr. D. had seen persons there who were not vestrymen, or connected with neighbouring parishes, and who were busy bonneting vestrymen.” (My conscience, bonnet a vestryman!) “He could name the coroner’s beadle for one. He had been told that plates of meat had been sent from the Argyle to the house of Mr. B.

“Mr. B. rose indignantly, and denied the assertion.

“Mr. D. could give his authority, namely, Mr. F.

“Mr. B.: Then Mr. F. is a liar!

“A riotous scene then took place between Mr. B. and the other vestrymen, after which the resolution was adopted.”

A number of letters now pour in upon the organ in reference to those plates of meat and certain dinner-tickets which Mr. B. had been offering to persons not vestrymen at the bar of a public-house. Here is a passage from the letter of an “Argylian:”

“It is said that Mr. B. had several tickets to dispose of for the perambulation dinner, and if that charge is also devoid of truth, it will be gratifying to honest ratepayers to know that Mr. B. can ride triumphantly in his chariot through the fiery ordeal of an atmosphere of scandal and slander, and come forth as a man who shall shine resplendent in the armoury of truth, honour, and honesty!”

The leading article in this number of the organ is devoted to Mr. B. and the tickets. The editor goes on a different metaphorical tack from that of the “Argylian.” Hear him:

“If there is any truth in the statements and charges contained in those letters, we need hardly say that Mr. B.’s public career will be snuffed out like a candle, and he will have to retire into that solitude wherein he will find solace in the companionship of Zimmerman, and be comforted with the ‘last days of a condemned.’”

But there is yet another charge brought against Mr. B. by an odious implication. Thus:

“You may perhaps learn it, if you will be so good as to ask Mr. B. whether there is any

truth in the table-talk at the Argyle that he undertook to arrange the terms with the artist who was to paint the portrait of Mr. S., and on doing so made it a secret condition that his own portrait should also be painted for his own use, and be included in the price paid for the portrait of Mr. S."

Mr. B. of course indignantly denies these imputations; but I regret to say that his explanations—which certainly exhibit a great variety of statement both as to the cold meat and the tickets—are always received with jeers.

Who is this Mr. S., whose portrait has been painted for the vestry, and to whom the ratepayers have presented a gold watch? We find an interesting answer to this question in a letter addressed to the organ by an "Inmate of the Workhouse." It is a testimony that the poor have *some* friends among the incapable and insensible men who form the local boards of administration. The "Inmate" is evidently a constant correspondent of the organ, a chiel who makes it his business to take notes of what goes on in the workhouse and print them for the information of the ratepayers and the public.

"From all I have written formerly, the public must not think that the board of directors of the poor is *entirely* made up of blunderers and know-nothings. Far from it; there are still to be found among that notorious body some hard-working, honest-minded, and practical men, who, having some Christian feeling for their fellow-creatures who have been so unfortunate as to seek a refuge in their own parish workhouse, would be very glad if they were well treated and properly cared for by those who have their guardianship . . . but unfortunately for the necessitous poor and for the ratepayers, these men are at present in the minority at nine out of ten of our board meetings. . . At the head of this band of good men and true, stands Mr. S. . . . Many a time when called upon has Mr. S. left his own fireside and accompanied some poor creature to the workhouse, and by his intercession has obtained for him that food and shelter which before had been unjustly refused to him. Great, indeed, was the delight of hundreds of the inmates upon reading in your journal the account of the presentation to their much esteemed friend, and I am only sorry that an opportunity was not afforded them of contributing their mites."

Our parish organ, while keeping a sharp eye upon the expenditure of the board of directors, displays the greatest solicitude for the condition of the poor in the workhouse. In this respect it seems to be a kind-hearted organ, and the inmates, recognising its sympathetic feeling, never fail, when they consider themselves ill used, to address their complaints to the editor. In former times one of the greatest hardships of the pauper's condition was the want of any means of making his injuries known to the public. Niggardly directors, or a cruel master, could do anything with him, starve him, beat him, or lock him up in a black hole, and make a lunatic of him. There was no appeal except to

his helpless fellows, who could only pass the story on to the public by word of mouth—which is slow, and wants the authority of print. But now, in the parish organ, the oppressed pauper finds a court of appeal always ready to hear his cause, and, if just, to espouse it. Two inmates of our workhouse were recently put into what is pleasantly called the "separation ward." It was a close dirty hole worse than any prison cell. The men made their hard case known to the parish organ, the organ made it known to the public, and forthwith the men were rescued from the black hole by order of the Poor Law Board. Hear the indignant voice of the organ on the conduct of the cruel directors: "It is our duty to remind the ratepayers that parliament is paramount, and upholds the integrity of the Poor Law Board, whose functions have been so judiciously administered under the guidance of that able and distinguished statesman, the Hon. Charles Villiers, as to make it popular throughout the country; and it will not serve the cause of local self-government with the new parliament to say that the directors (of St. Sniffens) are a pig-headed and ignorant set of men, and scarcely conscious of the illegalities of their conduct."

Is the editor of the Gazette justified in applying such terms to the directors of the poor of the parish of St. Sniffens? "Pig-headed," "ignorant," "unfit for their office"—these are sweeping charges. Let us see if we can find any warrant for these epithets in the weekly deliberations of the board of directors as reported in the organ of the parish.

The business, on one occasion, opens with complaints that the chief medical officer is very extravagant. It appears that his extravagance consisted in using the best medicines, and giving the patients wine and beer to assist their recovery. The board, however, is of opinion that inferior medicines—which are of no use whatever—are quite good enough for paupers, and that the consumption of beer must be decreased at all hazards.

Presently two doctors come before the board and begin quarrelling. One of the doctors had neglected to attend a poor woman in child-bed; the other had attended on being sent for, and claimed the fee. Says the organ: "In the course of the proceedings, some very unprofessional language was made use of, such as 'interested motives,' 'dirty fellow,' &c. . . Eventually, the directors expressed the opinion that the omission to attend the poor woman arose from an error, which it was hoped would not occur again."

Errors, we know, will occur in the best regulated establishments, but the very next matter which comes before the board shows that something worse than error may be charged against the directors of the poor of this parish. "A poor woman who applied for admission to the House was refused, with these Christian words: 'We have quite enough rubbish like you.' She then wandered to Regent's Park, near Primrose-hill, and there gave birth to a child."

* When a pauper dies in our workhouse, it is

not thought necessary to send an intimation to his friends. The following complaint was recently laid before the board of directors :

"My father requiring medical advice, was admitted into the infirmary of the house on the 21st of July, and on the days appointed to visit him, being Wednesday, my mother went to see him, and on Wednesday 26th, and found him, to all appearance, better; at all events, expecting when she next went to see him to find him alive, but, to her grief and surprise, he was not only dead, but *buried*, when she next went to see him, on Wednesday the 9th."

A conference of delegates from various boards of guardians recently proposed an uniform dietary and task-work for houseless poor. The recommendation has been adopted in this parish with certain modifications. "Casuals" receive, twice a day, six ounces of bread and a pint of gruel, and are required to break two bushels of stone, or pick two pounds of oakum. During the summer months, their allowance will be six ounces of bread only—without the gruel. At a recent meeting of the board, one of the kind-hearted minority expressed his regret that the gruel was to be taken away for six months of the year; "it was driving too hard a bargain with the poor, and screwing them down to death's door." It is certainly driving a very hard bargain with them, for on the confession of a member of the board the price of their food is twopence, and the value of their labour is twopence-halfpenny. So that the tender guardians make a halfpenny profit out of each transaction.

From what I read in the columns of the organ, I judge the master of the workhouse to be an irresponsible person, who can do just as he likes. He is constantly being censured for neglect of duty, but he is never dismissed. When a victim is offered up to appease the anger of the board, it is generally an under clerk, a nurse, or a store-keeper. The directors and the master seem to be permanently antagonistic. There was a great jealousy lately between them with respect to a pauper who gave out that he was the heir to large estates. The pauper confided this hopeful matter to the master, and the master privately helped him to prosecute his claim without letting the directors know anything about it. While there seemed any prospect of the estates being recovered, they were all exceedingly indulgent and kind to the expectant inmate; but when the affair turned out to be a mare's nest, the master was censured for allowing the expectant to have luxuries!

In reference to this "notorious case," the organ has the following sarcastic paragraph :

"THE WORKHOUSE MILLIONNAIRE.—To the curious, who are fond of tracing the footsteps of a *millionnaire*, we may mention that JOSEPH SMART, ESQUIRE, has taken his departure for his ancestral seat in Leicestershire. It is said that a certain noble lord will grace the distinguished circle who will be entertained by this venerable gentleman during the autumn in his far-famed MARBLE HALLS. We understand that it is not the venerable gentleman's intention to visit the family estates in Ayrshire this season."

I observe that "dinners and refreshments for the directors" form an oft-recurring charge in the parish accounts; but I do not find such items mentioned in the bill which the parish presents to the ratepayers. Perhaps it is these little matters that are included in the "et cætera."

Writing a passage of history by the light which the local newspapers cast upon parochial affairs, what shall we say? Ought it not to be something like this:—"The affairs of the populous and important parish of St. Sniffens are administered by men who are manifestly wanting in natural ability and education, and in the common feelings of humanity. Their deliberations in the vestry hall are disgraced by noisy altercations and coarse language. Their ignorance is so profound, and their efforts to direct parochial affairs are so absurdly futile, that the wholesome principle of local self-government has been covered with ridicule and contempt, and so most undeservedly brought into disrepute."

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER X. IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"AND now, how did they treat you at the White Hart, Tillotson?" Mr. Tilney called out, in a loud voice. "Well, hey? Tell me."

"Oh, excellently," Mr. Tillotson answered, hastily. "They are very civil indeed."

"So they ought to be," said Mr. Tilney. "Do you know, they gave Tillotson the Brown Room. I knew it at once, a finely proportioned thing. It was really a compliment to Tillotson. He gave it to the princess, when she was on her way to the Dook's, near here, to stay for the cattle show. Tell us about it, Tillotson."

A little confused, Mr. Tillotson cleared his voice, and said, "The fact is, I did not use it, after all."

"Not use it!" said Mr. Tilney, laying down his knife and fork. "The princess's! You don't tell me that." Mr. Tilney said this with such genuine wonder and sorrow mixed, that the rest of the company turned to look at Mr. Tillotson.

Confused under this observation, he said, with a half smile, "The room was too large and vaulty, a cavern, in fact, and so cold—"

"My God!" said Mr. Tilney, aghast, "but, you know, Lord Monboddie—And where did they put you?"

"In a smaller and more compact place."

"I think I should have changed too, like Mr. Tillotson," said Mr. Grainger, in a low voice.

"So should I," said Ada Millwood.

"So should I," repeated Ross, scornfully, "if I were afraid of ghosts, or had anything on my conscience."

"Goodness! goodness!" said Mr. Tilney, getting abstracted, "it seems only yesterday when the whole hotel rushed in to see the poor old general. Some of us, not dressed exactly—ahem! as we are now. About two in the morning—I was only a lad, you know. A terrible scene, sir, for one so young. An old man that had served his country, and his grey hairs dabbled in blood."

Miss Millwood turned to Mr. Tillotson, as she saw his hand travel to his forehead in a sort of agony, and also half draw back his chair. Mr.

Grainger, from the opposite side, noticed the same thing with a little surprise.

"Very odd indeed," said one of the officers; "was all this a duel?"

"A duel," said Mr. Tilney, plaintively. "The old general was testy latterly, had the idea that people said he was past his work. Then there was the young wife, you know. Very unpleasant." (And Mr. Tilney's face fell into all sorts of spasms and violent contortions, that meant to convey, that when the ladies were gone, he would enter into satisfactory details.) "Must say I always heard he forced it on Tom Major, made him stand up there and then—viséd him, as the French say—as it might be you, and then—Most unpleasant thing for the hotel, nearly ruined the business—God bless me, Tillotson, anything wrong?"

Miss Millwood and Mr. Grainger had seen the galling suffering on his face; the first, with alarm and deep sympathy; the other, with curiosity, and even amusement. Suddenly, Mr. Tillotson pushed back his chair.

"I have not been well, lately," he said. "A little air will set me right." And he abruptly quitted the room.

"Bless my soul! how very odd," said Mr. Tilney. "A seizure, I dare say. Well, well, we never know! In the midst of life, we are upset like a tree. Brandy?"

"I knew he was afraid of a ghost," said Ross.

"He is one of Mr. Tilney's new friends," said Mrs. Tilney, apologising. "They are always doing something of that sort. A rather eccentric person Mr. Tillotson seems. What would you think, Mr. Grainger?"

"My explanation would be," said Mr. Grainger, looking round warily at every one's face in succession, "that this gentleman has had some unpleasant passage in his life which this indirectly revives. Something of a very painful sort, and—"

The burning indignant look Ada Millwood was darting at him, interrupted him, and he cast his eyes down again.

"That seems a little gratuitous," she said, with a sort of indignation, "or if it be indeed so, he is to be pitied."

"Certainly," said the other, humbly; "no one more so."

"What's that about the fellow having a skull

locked up in his store-room?" said one of the officers, wisely; "every family has, you know."

"An excellent remark, Mr. Still," said Mr. Tilney. "(Wine with you?) Shouldn't be surprised if it was the case of our friend. There he is, walking about."

The company all looked to the window.

"We are making the man into Conrad the Corsair, or Timour the Tartar," said Ross, impatiently. "Let him walk if he likes. I'm sick of these mysteries, and making up mysteries. I suppose he's only a common banking man from London, that gets up and eats his breakfast like others. Yes, yes, Ada Millwood, that frowning and scornful curling of your mouth will give you wrinkles, if you don't mind."

Here Mr. Tillotson entered again.

"Better now?" called Mr. Tilney to him. "Ah!" thought so—quite right."

"I get violent headaches," said Mr. Tillotson, apologetically, "which come on at the most out-of-the-way times, making every one about me uncomfortable."

After that, Mr. Ross became sulky, and scarcely spoke during dinner. Soon Mr. Tillotson's pale face began to warm up. There was an influence in his manner which brought him to the surface of any conversation, just as in society a man is respected. It was no wonder, then, that Still should ask Canby who that "buffer" (or "duffer") was, who kept putting in his oar where he wasn't wanted? To whom Canby, who would have been glad to tell the beer-cart story many times more, said he "was some banking prig or other." When the ladies were gone up, his supremacy was confirmed. Mr. Tilney, a man of the world, had a deep respect for "information." But still the host did not forego his own share.

"Town is the place, after all," he said. "(Help yourself, Canby; wait—finish that)," and diving down, he brought up tenderly a bottle which he uncorked on a slanting stand. "Dear me! I used to dine with a great man, and a good man, no other than H.R.H. the sailor Dook, and I have often and often seen him do the very thing that I'm doing, with his own hands. Did it uncommon well, too. I never saw so fine an eye and steady a hand for decanting. What about the match, Still?" he continued, as the claret made its last *Æolian* chant as it entered the decanter.

"Day after to-morrow," said Mr. Still, helping himself. "To be on the green."

"Are those Wiltshire fellows any good?"

"They *have* one fellow who can bowl, I believe. But Pitcher's coming to us from the depot. Not one of them will stand up a minute before Pitcher."

"I wonder you'd play with such a set," said Ross, with disgust. "They're all cads and counter-jumpers. I suppose you know that? The captain's a sort of railway fellow, I believe."

"Well, you know," said the major, "we must take what we get. We can't go picking and choosing, you know."

"Oh, just as you like," said Ross, helping himself. "That's your concern, you know. I like playing with gentlemen, just as a matter of taste. You play?" he said to Mr. Tillotson. "No, I suppose not."

"No," said Mr. Tillotson, with excellent good humour. "I have not played for a long time; but I don't think it has interfered with my wrist. I used to play with Lillywhite, and those men." He then told them some details of the inner life of that game which, as in every other craft, are very interesting because informal. Then they went up to the drawing-room.

The girl with the golden hair was, as usual, away from the inhabited district of the drawing-room. Mr. Tillotson saw her several times "motion over" Ensign Ross to her side. But he affected not to see. She came out presently, and went to the window to settle some plants—no one apparently heeding—and then Mr. Tillotson went up to her. She welcomed him with a smile, bright and glowing as her hair.

"You are wonderful," she said. "You are so good tempered. You do not mind his rough speeches. I saw you did not."

"Dear no," said Mr. Tillotson. "What was there in that? I was all the time thinking of what you had said of him. Poor fellow! He has plenty to quarrel with besides me. I know his character at this moment—honest, open, impetuous, but chafing and fretting against the world, which does not understand him—and, perhaps, against fools who would advise him, and who, he sees, will turn out by a sort of accident to be right—and perhaps against straitened means, which he sees may be his lot. He suspects or dislikes me."

"Why should he?" said she, warmly.

"I don't know. And yet I seem to understand him. He has been worried and soured by troubles. *You* know him well, perhaps have his confidence, and might hint to him that when I go back I might help him in some way—(I know some useful people)—at least, as far as a town Manfred," he added, smiling, "or a City Werner can do. This lawsuit, even—"

"Oh, how good! how generous!" she said. "He is a sort of relation of ours, and we are all interested for him, and afraid also. Let me thank you for him. I shall speak to him. I have been thinking of what you said last night," she went on, "and it has given me a sort of strange comfort to think there is some one who has troubles a little like mine. Though indeed it has made me ashamed to think of naming mine beside yours."

"You were not made for troubles, surely," said he, sadly. "You can know nothing of sorrow, and it is too early—"

"Tillotson! Tillotson!" called out Mr. Tilney, "just come here. Come over here! You know I said I would show it to you. Still, look at this. I suppose one of the most curious things you could meet."

Still, however, did not come. Augusta had said to him, "It is only an old letter of papa's."

"Look here, Tillotson. His own writing. It was just when she was born. She was christened Augusta, after one of the princesses. (Helen is Helen Mecklenburga.) And I wrote to H.R.H. the sailor Dook, as they called him, about giving leave for that sort of thing—at least, to know would they object. I was sitting at breakfast one morning; *she*," nodding at Mrs. Tilney, "was not quite strong enough to get down as yet, when *this* came in, just like any other letter in the world. Here it is." And he kept turning a rather yellow and gilt-edged letter tenderly, as if he expected it to fall to pieces. "You see," holding it up to the light, "his handwriting. Read it. You may. No secrets." And Mr. Tillotson read it. The date had been mysteriously removed, or at least some one had made it as uncertain as possible:

"Dear Tilney,—Call your child by any name you like. Hope you are well.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM."

"I am going to Portsmouth to-morrow. Hope Mrs. T. is well over. "W."

"There!" said Mr. Tilney, in admiration. "A prince of the blood, and just like you or I—or anybody else! There was no more conceit in that man, or consciousness of the exalted position which he filled, than there was in that—that—" said Mr. Tilney, puzzled for an illustration, and seizing on the first that offered, "that paper-cutter. Perhaps not so much."

He felt that this was scarcely a happy illustration. So he took back his letter, and folded it up. "He was always doing nice things of this sort," he continued. "I could tell you a hundred like them. When he went, I can—tell—you—Dick Tilney lost his best friend. Augusta was considered, when a child, very like one of the princesses—odd, wasn't it?—and having the same name. That was *very* curious! They are both remarkable girls; always in spirits. Listen now. And yet, naturally, Augusta is serious—so serious! Look here, Tillotson," he added, confidentially; "puts all that on for society, you know. Much rather be melancholy; that is, when I say melancholy, I mean be with her books. God Almighty in his infinite goodness, bless them both!" he added, with sacerdotal fervour.

"Was Miss Ada christened after one of the princesses?" asked Mr. Tillotson.

"To be sure. I forgot. God bless her too!" said Mr. Tilney, feeling a sort of delicate reproof in this question. "They are *all* good, you know. But Augusta *somewhat*—I can't express it—but you will understand. By the way, you don't mind *him*," nodding at young Ross. "A little rough, you know. Sit down here, Tillotson. I should like to talk to you a little."

Mrs. Tilney, now out of work, and with her head leaning back on the cushion, called softly, "Mr. Tillotson," as if she had some news

to tell him. "Major Canby," she whispered "has brought a new game, which he is going to teach them. 'Cobblers,' I think he calls it."

Augusta now came over with a pack of cards in her hand. Oh, Mr. Tillotson, *you'll* play 'Cobblers,' won't you?"

"No, no," he said, smiling. "I never heard—"

"Oh, Major Canby is to teach us all. He saw it at Hadbury, Sir Thomas Groper's place."

"You know they played it there," said Major Canby, delivering an explanatory lecture, "in a different way. They were all at sea, you know, when I told Lady Groper a few things, and she said it made it quite a new game. And so it is."

"Oh, mamma," said Augusta, reproachfully, "we must play it the way Major Canby said to Lady Groper."

Mr. Tillotson then did not care to play. Miss Ada was not asked (except by the gentlemen, and with some anxiety), and the friend of the late duke was asleep on his sofa, with a fallen jaw, and a lank ghastly look, that once more betrayed his age. Mr. Ross had gone away in disgust to that "vile pipe," as Mrs. Tilney said. Major Canby then began his lecture, and never was lecturer so applauded. But he had one "sad" pupil, who could understand and see nothing unless by practical personal illustration, the cards requiring to be shifted and taken out of her hands by the lecturer, the laws of this game pressing so cruelly on a tender and pretty intellect.

Finally, brown sherry came in, and Mr. Tilney, who seemed to detect its presence by instinct, as camels know when they are near water, woke up, and drew up his jaw. He then "tried" it—to see that it was of the sort he wished to put down before his guests.

"Try this," his voice was heard ringing plaintively. "Try this, Still. Help yourself to some of the old tap. Dear, dear. I could tell you about the man from whose cellar I got this. Such a story—story after story."

Mrs. Tilney interposed. Major Canby was saying farewell.

"You'll keep a place for us, Major Canby—a good place—at the cricket," said Augusta. "I am dying to see cricket—*real* cricket, you know. And, mamma, won't you ask Mr. Tillotson?" she added, conscience telling her that there were some arrears here to be made up.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Tilney. "To-morrow, business—eh, Mr. Tillotson? We cannot have that. All play and no work makes Jack, you know. No, no," he added, with solemnity, "pleasure first, *then* business, as much as you like."

Not caring to set right this remarkable inversion, Mr. Tillotson excused himself from the cricket, and said, "Good night all." With the departing military gentlemen, "the girls" and Mr. Tilney were in a sort of riot of voices and laughing at the humour of the facetious Canby. The air was filled with female voices; they "died"

over and over again. There was such "convulsions," "Oh, mammas!" "For shames!" and a hundred such protests, as it were, half entreaties, half commands, that Major Canby would be merciful, and not go further.

In such a tumult Mr. Tillotson's farewell was not likely to be noticed. Mr. Tilney, in a sorrowful way, was engaged with brown sherry. The golden-haired girl, sad and pensive, was standing at the fire, her face looking down at the grate, her foot on the fender, her dress not a dress, but a robe. She looked like one of Ary Scheffer's figures.

"Good night," said Mr. Tillotson to her.

She looked up at him with a trustful gratitude. "I heard you say that you would not go to the cricket to-morrow, and there was that dreadful word, business!"

"Business is Life, I begin to believe," he said, smiling.

She shook her head. "That is what I thought," she said. "This is the dreadful creed of those who live up in town. But you will go to-morrow, will you not? You must at least, while you are here, divert your mind with the free air, and the open country, and this amusement, such as it is. Promise me?"

Mr. Tilney came out with his friend to the gate. The stars were out, the night was tranquil, the great cathedral was sleeping in moonlight.

"After all," Mr. Tilney said, pressing his friend's hand, "*this* is the sort of thing. *After all*, we come back to *this* at the end—like the dove. I'll walk a bit of the way with you. Dear me, this is the way life goes on, one day after the other, one night after another, until the hearse comes, sir, and takes us away. It'll be the same for you, you know, Tillotson, as for me."

"Yes, indeed," said the other, absently. "And the sooner, perhaps the best for us all. Does Miss Millwood," he added, a little abruptly, "does she stay with you all the year, or has she a home of her own?"

"Ada, you mean," said Mr. Tilney, stopping in the road. "No, sir. There," and he pointed back with his stick, "that little abode—the Roost, as I may call it, is hers—always will be hers, while there is a stick of furniture together, or a crust, or a scrap of meat, or—or, the cruet on the sideboard."

"I see," said Mr. Tillotson, "as the child of a dear friend—"

"Harry Millwood was, I may say, next door but one to a relation. Sir, I knew every corner and cranny of that man as well as I do you—I mean, as I do my own grandfather, or did—I mean. Living in the palace in that way—he was equerry, you know—they never *would* do anything for him; and yet, upon my soul, I couldn't blame him. He broke down, sir—he had to break down—give the thing up—with a wife and child on him. Had to—to cut. Cut, sir, under an assumed name, the which rather, you know, gave me a little turn. Come weal, come woe, I like

a fellow to stand by the name he took before God, in his baptism."

"Well," said Mr. Tillotson, eagerly, "so they had to go away?"

"Well," said Mr. Tilney, "he died. Died," added he, mysteriously looking round, "abroad, in a very odd way. I am not at liberty to mention the circumstances, Tillotson; I am not, indeed. And it seems you're making a thing out of nothing. But I cannot, indeed. But it was a sudden, and a violent, and a dreadful end."

Mr. Tillotson stopped this time. They were at the old grey gateway which is the entrance to the Close, dappled over with other greys, and casting a grotesque shadow on the ground about them. But the moonlight played about their two faces, and Mr. Tillotson's face seemed the palest of the two.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Tilney. "It was as tragic a business—as heart-breaking a thing as you'd see—as you'd see at Drury Lane. I went over to them—I was abroad at the time, but I went over to 'em. Such a state of things! My God! That child in a fever—"

"Miss Ada?"

"In a small lodging. She had been ill for a long time, and was actually unconscious when the business happened. But such a mixture—police, doctors, misery, shrieking, wife mad—my dear boy, mad as any hatter that ever was born."

Mr. Tillotson shuddered. "What a world it is," he said, in a low voice, "and what miserable, guilty creatures we all are."

"We all are," repeated Mr. Tilney, as if he was in the cathedral, and leading off the chanting. "Every one of us, Tillotson, prince and peasant. The only thing is, I believe, to hold fast by *that*." And he pointed back over his shoulder to the cathedral, now a good way out of sight. "Ah! all I went through in those days! But the curious thing is, my dear Tillotson, the girl knows nothing of this. Not a word—not a breath, mind."

"What?" said Mr. Tillotson, starting, "nothing about the manner of her father's death?"

"Nothing; she thinks to this hour, at this very moment, that he was carried off by an ague of the country. She herself recovered her senses in about a week after all was happily got over—funeral and all that—and we never told her. What was the use, you know? And it stays that way to this day." Indeed, now that I think of it, her poor mother bound me upon a Testament, or something of that kind; so of course, as one man of honour with another—you will understand, not a word—not a breath."

"And what a strange story!" said Mr. Tillotson, more to himself than to his friend. "I seemed to read something of the kind in her soft gentle face, a kind of sad, subdued melancholy."

"Pon my word, yes; and I recollect Tom Harrison—a man of the very best style and connexions, you know—making precisely the same remark. 'She's a quiet, nunnish look,' says Tom, who, between you and me, knew pretty well about that sort of thing. Well, here we

part, I suppose; you to the right hand, and I to the left. You know there must come one dread day when we must file away right and left. And what our only foundation is, you and I know. Good night, God bless you! God bless you, Tillotson! To-morrow at twelve, then—or was it nine? Good night!"

And after Mr. Tillotson was gone he remained a long time at the garden gate, pensively looking up at what he called "the wonderful works of the Creator." Mr. Tillotson went home as pensively, thinking, perhaps, of one other work to him almost as wonderful.

CHAPTER XI. THE CRICKET

WHEN Mr. Tillotson got back to his White Hart, he found by significant sounds that a party of gentlemen were enjoying themselves, and that these were the champions of the North Wiltshire Club, who were about celebrating an anticipated victory. Their captain, Pitcher, of whom one of the military gentlemen had already spoken in terms of praise, was in the chair. They kept up their carousal very late, and prevented many worthy guests from sleeping. But these revels did not interfere with whatever waking dreams were floating through Mr. Tillotson's brain. He was travelling back to that small house on the common, which was so filled with its half a dozen tenants, and yet where there was one that lived all but solitary—more lonely even than if she were living by herself in a great dismal shut-up castle. For this miserable abandonment in a crowd, for this desolation among many faces, he had the deepest compassion and tenderness. It came home to himself, and perhaps he was thinking of that compassion, almost as tender and pitying as his own, which he had seen in the soft Scheffer face. The anxieties of the bank were far away, or at least softened into the distance.

The next morning, Mr. Tillotson went to business, and to practical business. Before noon he had found an excellent site for the future bank—before noon, too, he had discovered a quiet, sensible man of business, with good local knowledge; and though Mr. Tilney had recommended another, with infinitely higher qualifications, he did not select him. He had found out, too, the general resources of the place, weighed its chances of going back or getting forward—the last the most promising. There was a new railway promised, a new market talked of; in short, it was the soil for a great financial oak to strike root in and flourish.

The same useful authority gave him some useful hints as to the choice of local directors, who were to sit, as it were, on the branches of the great oak, and have an acorn or so for their own private use. There was young Welbeck, Lord Holyoake's son, a local hunting lord, who was agricultural, and interested in the Condition of the Poor and the Labouring Man's Dwellings, and who moved in a sanitary cloud. The Hon. Welbeck, who had nothing to do, and coming of

such a stock, would do well for a chairman. The intelligent solicitor told him a good deal about Mr. Tilney, whose name, after a good deal of consideration, he was inclined to believe, would not add strength to the direction. He was a little embarrassed at discovering this, for he had an uneasy instinct that his friend expected some such proof of confidence in him.

"A little too much sherry, you see," said the solicitor—"perfectly upright and honourable, but, I should say, could not well depend on himself."

And Mr. Tillotson saw, with some sorrow, that it could not be done. For, through all that mixture of natural religion, the late "Dook," the paternal interest, walking-stick, and brown sherry, Mr. Tillotson saw a kind of good nature, and some feeling, though it was all "humped" and contorted by the constrained false and fashionable postures he had been sitting in for years. He *wished* he could do something for this old soldier of fine life, and wished, as he fancied, sincerely; but perhaps it was for the sake of some one else—from a spirit of pleasant self-delusion, which is common enough.

With this work he filled in the morning. Meanwhile, on a green field, the Prado of the town, a grand festival was being held. The sun was bright, and streamed down on a white tent, and on many bright bonnets, and parasols, and shawls. The Northern Eleven, under the captaincy of the famous Pitcher, were battling with the military eleven. The band was drawn up at one side, playing airs, and over the field were dotted a few white figures in all the dandyism of the game, "encumbered" with spikes in the heels, and mysterious gloves, and greaves like a Roman soldier's, while some stood with their hands on their knees, appearing to be "offering a back" to some one, but in reality only carrying out the true proficient's attitude of the game. According to long-established routine, the game did not seem to advance very fast, for at about intervals of two minutes the whole party seemed about to break up and disperse, the white gentlemen folding their arms and walking leisurely to different parts of the field, crossing each other as if they had had quite enough of the business, and were going home. But in this they only meant to shuffle themselves like cards, and create a sort of variety. Every now and again came a sharp crack when the white man at the wicket struck the ball, which, by an instinct, produced an electric spasm in every other white man far and near, who stooped, and gave fresh and sudden "backs," and swayed to the right and left, and looked along the ground, all expressing vigilance more or less. Sometimes the ball slipped past the white man who was stopping, and who had to go off in pursuit, and then the two batsmen were seen "running" furiously, and the whole company of far-off white men, in a state of agitation, gesticulating, and looking out nervously after their brother who was pursuing the ball.

The girls had not come down as yet, and, in fact, would not arrive until about three. Mr. Tillotson, having done enough work for the day, was thinking doubtfully whether he could, indeed, find in the White Hart sufficient entertainment for what remained, or whether, after all—When he heard a cheerful voice in the passage.

"I've come for you," said Mr. Tilney, cheerfully. "They're all out on the green. But the girls are not gone as yet. I promised to step down for you. For we want to make a party, and come on the ground in grand style."

It was a pity they were so pressed for time, otherwise a few minutes' communion with brown sherry would have come in suitably. As it was, Mr. Tilney was looking round restlessly for something to complete his comfort. But he felt there was really no time.

The White Hart was dismal enough, and Mr. Tillotson, although he made some protest, felt that the change was a relief. Mr. Tilney talked to him, on the way, of his usual topics. One remark he made was, that it was odd, now, that we should find the girls at this place, for they hated showing themselves at public places.

"You know, Tillotson, and you have seen what they like; their tastes are for the little sort of thing we had last night. But their mother and I think it better, you know—"

When they were close to the house, they met a friendly local doctor, whom Mr. Tilney in a moment had by the arm, with some secret of importance.

"Go on, Tillotson," he said. "You know the way. You'll find them in the drawing-room. No ceremony."

Mr. Tillotson walked on. The little green gate was open, and so was the hall door. He walked up pensively, and his footsteps made no noise upon the gravel.

At that moment there was a curious discussion going on inside. The ladies had come from their chamber in bright and new gloves. They might have been going to a wedding. They had found the Cinderella of the house also dressed, not nearly so splendidly, but almost more effectively. That golden hair, which could be seen so far off under the sun, was worth all the lace shawls and finery which decked her sisters and mamma. They were indignant.

"We may as well stay at home," Augusta now said. "I give up. I don't want to be going to these places in a tribe, like a school. I feel quite ashamed."

Ada said softly: "I don't care in the least for it, indeed, only William made such a point of it, and made me promise last night—"

The morning silks rustled and fluttered with indignation.

"What a romance!" said Helen, scornfully. "What a lover to be proud of. I should be ashamed!"

Mrs. Tilney now came in, armed with a sharp parasol all covered with lace. She saw the third

girl dressed, and the smile, which she had put on with her bonnet, dropped down, as a glass drops from a gentleman's eye.

"This ends it," she said. "What is the meaning of this new fit of gaiety? You must stay at home, ma'am, or go by yourself. Though, I suppose," she added impatiently, "we *must* take you, or we shall have some scene with that rude low man before people."

"I know what it is," said Augusta, working her chin at her bonnet-strings as if she were champing her bit. "I know it perfectly well, mamma. She has laid herself out for that old Tillotson that was here last night. I was watching her artful tricks while we were talking to Major Canby—trying him with her melancholy airs and her dismal stories."

Three faces of scorn and indignation were bent on the timid girl, who was colouring in confusion; three parasols were grasped tightly as though they were falchions. Mrs. Tilney rustled violently past a chair and flung her dress back, as if it were in fault.

"I saw her, too, Augusta. But we won't have these doings, ma'am, if you please. Just keep in your room," &c. &c.

Mr. Tilney, hurrying from the friendly doctor, met Mr. Tillotson coming to him. "Why, bless me, why didn't you go in? Now this is unfair, standing on ceremony with *me*! Ah, Tillotson, Tillotson!" And with a gentle force he led him back again.

They met the ladies at the door, who were light-hearted and full of happiness and a childish gaiety and affection. They were the mere innocent butterflies of life, who lived for the hour in eternal sunshine and eternal good humour. This was the idea they presented to the eye of a mortal like Mr. Tillotson. Mrs. Tilney had fitted on her smile again. Three new fresh pale kid gloves were put in his hand, and each glove was accompanied with a dimpling smile.

"Where's Ada?" said Mr. Tilney. "She's coming, I know."

"I don't think she's quite able," said Mrs. Tilney, with some hesitation.

"She's not coming, papa," said Miss Augusta, shortly.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Tilney; "the air will do her good. There, I see her in the drawing-room with her bonnet on. God bless me! I knew she was coming; I told you so."

Sometimes Mr. Tilney made stupid "bungling" mistakes of this sort, which arose out of a momentary enthusiasm and happiness in the contemplation of the works of his Maker. This feeling often carried him away. Mrs. Tilney walked on without replying, the smile having dropped again. And Augusta, who had all the versatility of a social "Stonewall" Tilney, suddenly changed her "base," and seemed to long for the company of her sister. "I shall run and tell her, Mr. Tillotson," she said, confidentially, "and *make* her come." And thus the golden-haired girl had to come with them.

But there was a great change in Mr. Tillotson. He was in what, with him, approached nearest to spirits. He talked to Miss Augusta with a "light" manner that seemed quite strange in him. His face cleared a little.

They came on the ground together in splendid procession. It was happily chosen as the gayest moment of the day. The white men were still dotted about, with their hands on their knees, and going through their other masonic movements; but no one took much interest in them now. The band was playing a selection from Faust, arranged by H. Hartzmann, the courteous and skilful conductor, who, disdaining a uniform, was wearing a broad-brimmed hat and frock, and conducting with wicked and angry glances at his men; and close to the band was the chief attraction. For here were chairs and white parasols, and fresh faces under the parasols, and gallant gentlemen leaning over and talking down to the sitting ladies, without the least sense of being under the sun that was shining, and of the smooth grass under their feet, and of the pleasant breezes, and of the pretty view that was all round. As the little procession, whom we have accompanied part of the way, debouched, gallant gentlemen, with the natural craving for novelty, abandoned the ladies in the chairs, and flocked round the new comers. Among these deserters were Messrs. Still and Canby. This was the moment when an artificial excitement was created by the news that Pitcher was bowling, or going to bowl, and that Daffy was just "going in."

"Wait until you see what Daffy can do," said Mr. Still confidentially to the ladies. "He has the finest hand. He'll show 'em."

Here, too, was young Ross lounging about. It was he who cried "Bravo!" with marked derision when Mr. Daffy was bowled out, and ironically congratulated him. "At any rate," he said, "we could see by the way you held your bat what you *would* have done." He had looked on very sourly as he saw the little procession draw near, and when a young lady asked him who that gentleman was with the Tilneys, he had answered brusquely, "Some fellow that's come down here out of a counting-house, I believe—and don't he look like one? No, I don't mean that. But he is a sort of banking-man. You understand. Brass shovel—'How will you have it?' and all that sort of thing."

The young lady laughed. "But he seems pale and gentlemanly—"

He looked at her impatiently. "That's just it. The young men up at Trimmer's shop in the town there, don't *they* seem gentlemanly enough? Everybody is, or ought to look, gentlemanly now-a-days."

To Mr. Tillotson he gave his old scowl and rude rough nod, and a rougher "How d'ye do?" then walked brusquely up to Ada, who kept timidly in the background. He spoke to her in a low voice, which, by his face, seemed to be a harsh one. He had a bat in his hand, with which

he beat the grass as he spoke. Major Canby and his friends were now so amusing that Mr. Tillotson found himself neglected. He was watching, and saw her shrink away, almost in alarm, from his unkind attack. Mr. Tillotson came round a little closer, drawn by some attraction, and then the girl, seeing him a little suddenly, came closer to him, and it had all the look of coming to him for protection. Ensign Ross followed, still swinging his bat. "Would you like to see a heorine," he asked him, "a regular suffering heroine, with a sad face, and suffering persecution? Look here! I hate victims! I have no patience with them. Not treated with respect enough at home—cruel sisters, eh? Life a burden? What has put you out?"

She looked sadly distressed—more vexed than distressed, perhaps—at this public attack. Mr. Tillotson felt the colour coming to his cheeks.

Mr. Ross saw this colour coming and resented it. "Well, what do *you* say? Am I not right? Can't you speak, Mr. Tillotson?"

"Well, I merely say that if you hate, I pity victims, as you call them."

"Oh, indeed!" said the other, with mock respect; "this is getting charming. Something in the champion way. I see! Well, you won't be angry, but I dislike champions also. It's far too melodramatic a business for *me*."

She moved away impatiently. He followed, still with his bat, and with the same sarcastic smile, kept whispering something rapidly. She turned back as quickly, and with a kind of harassed fretfulness, and in a soft imploring voice, said, and her words reached to Mr. Tillotson, "Do, *do* leave me in peace!"

Mr. Tillotson was next her in a moment. "Come round here, Miss Millwood," he said; "you will see the cricket better; round to this side." And he had quickly led her away, leaving Mr. Ross looking after them half astonished, half disgusted.

"That rude unkind man," said Mr. Tillotson, a little excitedly, "how can you bear with him? Forgive me, but I heard what he said, and what you said."

"I suppose he does not mean it," said she, sadly; "the old excuse."

"The charitable excuse, if you will," he answered. "But I have seen many faces, and am obliged to see many; and from what *his* face tells me there can be no such excuse. Dear Miss Ada," he added, with a little fervour, "believe that I know, or can guess, at something of your life, and perhaps something of what you are perhaps forced to suffer here—"

She started.

"And I think it hard—cruel even—that a man should venture to behave as he does. It is unworthy—unmanly."

She only answered, without lifting her eyes from the ground, "You know what I told you yesterday."

"Ah!" he answered, warmly, "but he does not mean well! This delicacy and indulgence

may be carried too far. These are the mere perverse and wicked humours of a tyrannical mind. I know human character pretty well. That sensitiveness is all absurd; and, dear Miss Millwood, if you will trust me, or be advised by one who has a deep interest in you——”

“Oh, you are so good, so kind,” she said, with that air of devotion which so often came upon her. “But there are reasons I must not tell you. I must bear and wait a little longer.”

Meanwhile, Pitcher had been bowling in most splendid fashion. Soldier after soldier went out with a plunge. The normal attitude of the wicket sticks was that of being awry. Nor did Pitcher content himself with these prodigies. He had other feats; and once so scared a military gentleman by rushing at the ball the latter had just struck, and launching it with sudden violence at the wicket, that he slipped and fell from sheer surprise and nervousness, and was quickly “out.” Victory, therefore, declared for Pitcher and the North Wiltshires

CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR. A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER. In my last letter I considered why it was that men are compelled to work so hard, and to put so unwholesome a strain on their faculties; and came to the conclusion that it was because of the extraordinary growth of luxury in these days, and the necessity under which men find themselves of “keeping pace” with it. On this subject, respected sir, I have yet something more to say.

What things are necessary now to a start in life, the life being that of what may be called the “upper middle class”? It is needful (and these, be it remarked, are no extreme views) to have such an income as will allow of a good house in a good neighbourhood, a cook, a housemaid, a lady's maid, and a man-servant, as also a brougham to facilitate the making of calls and the keeping of evening engagements. These things provided for the start in life—and it is certain that most young people will have to wait long, and marry warily in order to make such a beginning—the need for increased income goes on yearly increasing in urgency. Children arrive, and nurses and governesses are required, as are also country quarters, where the little ones may breathe fresh air; garments innumerable, in which to clothe them, likewise become necessary. Then come the educational expenses. The boys must be sent to good schools, come of it what may. They must be well dressed and have pocket-money, in order that they may keep pace—for “keeping pace” begins at school—with the other boys. Then they must be sent to college, or otherwise started in life, and still “helped” with money during the long long period which intervenes between the time when the lad leaves school and the man begins to make money; the habits of young men at this time being generally of an expensive sort, as you, my

dear father, are probably aware, and their power of spending money as remarkable as their incapacity for earning the same. Now also the young ladies are beginning to have milliner's bills, and the roomy vehicle in which they are conveyed into society makes it necessary that a pair of horses should be set up.

And how is he, on whom it devolves to find the money for all this, and much more, to be even moderate in his exertions to obtain the means of living? What is left for him but hard, hard labour? How can he pause to consider whether he, already overworked, shall, or shall not, enter upon still new undertakings, which *may* prove profitable? It is impossible for him even to give the thing consideration. He *must* do it. If there be so much as the remotest prospect of emolument to be derived, he must engage in this new enterprise also, though he may be entirely out of his depth already, over head and ears in affairs, and struggling for very life. And this man too, be it observed, is, with all this effort and striving, only “keeping pace” with others.

What a pace! and how many engaged in the “running.” Let any one examine those districts of the town which are inhabited by the richer classes of society, and see what conclusions he will arrive at. Let him begin with the older neighbourhoods—Portland-place, Cavendish and Portman squares, and the Wimpole regions—and try to form some estimate of the amount of annual expenditure which each of the houses represents. That done, let him cross the Edgeware-road, and, entering the precincts of Tyburnia, observe the kind of establishments which prevail in that part of the world. Large houses, my dear sir, in the squares of Gloucester and Sussex, in Hyde Park Gardens, and in the regions beyond that. Large houses, whose proprietors have their carriages and horses, their men-servants and their maid-servants, who eat good dinners, and drink expensive wines daily, and entertain each other sumptuously and often. Having exhausted, or partially exhausted, the locality, let our philosopher wend his way to Park-lane, and, after eyeing that imposing row of houses with awe, let him take courage—the inhabitants are humane, and will not hurt him—to enter the precincts of Mayfair, and see how *that* strikes him. Croesus! what a place! What must be the aggregate income of the inhabitants of that plot of ground which is bounded on the north by Oxford-street, on the south by Piccadilly, on the east by Bond-street, and on the west by Park-lane! Our pensive pedestrian does all this region thoroughly. He tries to make a mental calculation as to how much a year each house in Grosvenor-square represents. He trembles, and passes on to Berkeley-square, where the ladies are eating ices in their carriages, wearing a greedy and guilty aspect all the time (beggars looking on and spoiling the fun); and that done, he sneaks along Hill-street (for the aspect of things is chilling his very soul within him), and grovels in Curzon-street, and quails in Piccadilly, and

finally turns aside into the Park to rest. But his labours are not over yet, nor anything like over. One would have thought that the region from which he has just escaped would have been large enough to have held all the millionnaires in London. But there remain the vast domains of Belgravia, Kensington Gore, South Kensington, Palace Gardens, where people buy houses at the rate of ten, fifteen, twenty, thousand pounds apiece, and more.

Nor is even this all. Outside and beyond these districts of extremest luxury and fashion, what numbers of villas are there all round about the outskirts of London, whose inhabitants are people of fortune? In eastern and unfashionable regions, as at Hackney or Clapton, in St. John's Wood, round about Clapham or Wandsworth, and by the banks of the river, how many houses are there which speak in plain and easily understood terms of the wealth of their proprietors! It is bewildering. Who are all these people? Where does all this money come from? How is it done?

Not unfrequently, by means of such extreme exertion, and such excessive straining of the faculties, as I have already spoken of. It is in the desire to live in such splendour and luxury, that men strive to get out of themselves something more than is in them. This desire lies at the root of much of that nervous suffering which is one of the special miseries of the day.

Unquestionably it is the luxury of the day which in a great degree brings all this about. There are other indications of what our present-day life is like, which may be noted by the observant in their rambles about the metropolis. The shops—what sort of tale do they tell? How many of them, in our leading thoroughfares, minister to our wants, and how many to our fancies? The number of luxury-shops in our streets is ever on the increase. In Oxford-street, Regent-street, Bond-street, Piccadilly, St. James's-street, how many of them! How many jewellers, how many scarf-shops, how many for the retailing of artificial flowers, furs, and what are called fancy articles, such as highly decorated paper-cases, ink-stands, paper-weights, and the like? Nor must we forget that the windows of many of the shops which sell necessities—the clothes we put on, for instance—are carefully fitted with such articles of wearing apparel as are altogether useless. It is wonderful how all the shops where nothing is sold but what we can perfectly well do without, prosper and flourish. Where do all the people by whom they are supported come from—and the money?

Alas! would it not be better—this is what you say, sir—if we were satisfied with a less number of revolutions of the mental machinery to the minute—satisfied even though the concession should lead to such terrible results as the giving of a dinner without kromeski, or going out to make merry with our friends in a cab from round the corner?

Alh, my dear father, it is no use asking whether

it would be better or not. The times are altered, and there is no going back possible.

Let us come to a new question, one on which I have often heard you hold forth. Is not life rendered both more difficult and more expensive than it used to be, by reason of the hours we keep? It is more difficult and more expensive to provide two dinners a day, for example, than one. Yet two dinners a day are wanted now. A man who breakfasts at nine, and dines at eight, must have a substantial meal of some kind at half-past one or two o'clock, or else he must fall into a state of extreme exhaustion as the afternoon advances. The biscuit and glass of wine which used to suffice for a luncheon when dinner was eaten at six, or half-past six o'clock, has become altogether inadequate. Yet must that biscuit and glass of wine have been a prodigiously convenient kind of snack. I speak from tradition only, but I see its advantages. It could be consumed parenthetically, if the expression may be allowed. There was no fixed hour when it must be eaten. It was not a sitting down affair, involving preparation and punctuality, tablecloths, and knives and forks, maybe even a pharisaical hand-washing. It was inexpensive, and, finally, its effects were not demoralising. But, *how* demoralising is a substantial luncheon! What an interruption it is—what a break in the day's proceedings!

From such mid-day meal, a man comes back to work in a state the reverse of intellectual. A heavy meal in the middle of the day disposes a human being to trifling, to absence of mind, to sleepiness, and humming. It may be that for the natural man, eating in the early afternoon is good and wholesome. It is perhaps an arrangement which is conducive to the body's health—though even that I doubt—but of this I am sure, that to us, living as we do, not altogether in a state of nature, the practice brings not advantage but the reverse, and that if even it were for the good of the body, the mind would be likely to receive injury, the flesh overwhelming and weighing it down in consequence of dangerous over-pampering at unseemly hours.

Because, then, of its being a great interruption, and because of the unsatisfactory results that follow it, the mid-day meal is very frequently neglected by men who have anything to do in the world. It is a bore, the arrangements connected with it are troublesome and disturbing, and so we let it alone. We fall back, perhaps, on the biscuit and glass of wine, which, though enough under the old régime, are now miserably inefficient; or, perhaps, finding that there is afternoon tea going on when we get home, we desperately drink a cup of that beverage, and more desperately eat a slab of deadly cake. We do so to keep nature from giving in altogether, and a terrible mistake we make. To swallow a cup of tea at a moment of such exhaustion, is to take something that stimulates and does not nourish. It has a raking and a tearing effect upon the stomach. It tightens all our constitutional strings to con-

cert pitch for a brief while, and until an inevitable reaction sets in.

Men suffer more—infinately more—the doctors say, in consequence of the present late hours, than women do. Not having business to attend to in the afternoon, our ladies can, and it is whispered *do*, make a heavy meal in the middle of the day. The results are not ruinous to their interests. A little trifling, a certain amount of absence of mind, of sleepiness, even of humming, are not fatal in their case as they would be with the lords of the creation. They can partake, then, of the hot joint and other substantial delicacies of the luncheon-table with impunity, and having then to all intents and purposes dined, and having, moreover, in the course of the afternoon, indulged in tea and concomitants, they are in a position to be abstemious at dinner-time, and thus they get on pretty well on the whole, and prosper. Not so their husbands and fathers. These, by the time that dinner is at length on table, are in a condition of such extreme weariness and exhaustion, that they are ready to lay violent hands on every eatable thing that comes in their way. With digestive powers and vitality at a low ebb, they feed largely, perhaps greedily, eat anything and everything that comes to table.

And then, this great meal disposed of, it is not unlikely that a drowsiness, very hard to be resisted, sets in immediately, and our friend on the "road to" digestive "ruin" either goes to bed early—supposing that he can get the chance—with that "rudis indigestaque moles" which he has swallowed lying heavy on his chest; or he tumbles asleep in his chair, and so becomes a diligent cultivator of plethoric disease in all its worst forms.

There is another noteworthy effect of our late hours. Our evenings are so shortened that we do not think it worth while to undertake any evening occupation or engage in any evening amusement. No doubt the theatres suffer by this to a considerable extent, and it is even possible that the general decline in dramatic matters may have been brought about by this among other causes; it being well-nigh impossible to get together an audience of enlightened people, ready to devote a whole evening to the consideration of a carefully elaborated work of art. After a modern dinner it is too late to think of going to the play. It is hardly worth while to take a hand at whist, or to play a game at billiards. Yet these are good things to do; they keep a man awake, they give him occupation, lay hold of his attention, and compel him to think of something which is not really important—all highly desirable objects to accomplish, and especially when bedtime draws near; that season of compelled inaction when the mind should have some unimportant matters to *digest* upon, since he who concerns himself at that time with his business, twisting and turning it in busy impotence, wears himself out, mind and body, to no purpose.

So much for the late dinners, regarded from a sanitary point of view. Looking at them in

a pecuniary light, we shall find that they are expensive as well. Except in households where money is no object, the providing of this second dinner daily is a very serious addition to the expenses of housekeeping. The luncheon required in these days, is a formidable meal. It is a first dinner, and requires thought as well as expenditure. It must not clash with the second dinner. The two must be composed, each with an eye to the other. Hard work this for whoever does the housekeeping. Hard work especially, when you have a house full of visitors to provide for.

But there are other things connected with the habits of the time, which probably have even a larger share in generating the functional derangements which are so much complained of just now. Surely it is not too much to say that the two conditions of *hurrying* and *waiting* may have their share in throwing our nervous machinery out of gear.

Consider for a moment the harassment which belongs to railway travelling at home or abroad. To begin with, a punctuality which is a thing of half seconds is indispensable. You cannot hail a train which has just started, as you could a coach. You cannot run after it, or overtake it in a swifter vehicle. A difference in clocks, a block-up in the City, a slippery roadway in winter, a refractory or incompetent cab-horse—and you are lost. You sit on thorns; you refer to your watch incessantly; you compare the public clocks that lie along your line of route; your heart is in your mouth every time that a Pickford or a Chaplain and Horne gets in your way. You are on tenter-hooks, sanguine for a moment, then desperate. You gallop up to the terminus—the doors are just closing—a porter rushes at you, tears you out of your cab, flings himself upon your luggage—what are you to give the driver? no change—you are whirled to the ticket-office, more difficulties about change—you have things to carry, your hands are full—there are whistlings, screamings, bells—where is the luggage? who knows?—a door bangs, and you are off. What sort of work for the nerves is this! And it follows a morning spent in hurrying hither and thither, in order that you may be able to get off on your journey at all.

Or, perhaps, when at last you drive up to those terminus docks, you find that all your hurrying has been in vain, and that they are closed. Behold now you find yourself involved in that other necessity which belongs to our present-day life, the necessity of waiting. Waiting and hurrying go together. You have to wait two hours now for a train. How valuable would an eighth of that time have been a little while since. Now you have nothing to do. You kick your heels, you loiter, you read the backs of the books on the stall, you try to understand the principle of the locomotive, you are unable to do it. You reflect that this spare time would have been invaluable to you at the other end of your journey. You consult and re-consult time-tables, and hold conferences with iron-witted porters. You fret and fume, and make

bad blood. Presently you begin to hurry again. You had originally so much time on your hands that it seemed inexhaustible, and so, having at last managed to occupy yourself, the minutes have slipped away, and you are suddenly aroused to a conviction that it is needful you should bestir yourself, lest you should again be too late. Then the whistling begins again, and all the rest of it.

Hurry and dawdling. Hurry and dawdling. All this is repeated again at that station where there is a junction—a junction where the trains don't fit, and where again you have to go through that performance of killing a couple of hours or so. You thought that (by hurrying) you might have caught the 4.20 train, but you find that this was a mistaken idea, and that it only now remains for you to secure (by dawdling) a place in the 6.15, which brings you to your journey's end at an inconvenient hour, and with vague prospects in the article of dinner. As to the effect upon the nerves of the various panics to which the railway traveller is exposed—when he is in a train which is making up for lost time, when the carriages rock violently, when he finds himself shut up with a gentleman obviously deranged, who talks to himself, or takes medicine out of a bottle, which may contain poison, there is no need to mention these things.

The miseries connected with the termination of your journey are probably not much greater than those which attended a similar arrival in former times. To be cold and sleepy, or hot and swollen, has ever been the lot of the traveller when arriving at his journey's end. True, we have now more anxieties about our luggage, being entirely separated from it en route, and true that we require some means of conveyance from the station at which we arrive, to the hotel or other place of destination. Still, we have not much dawdling nor much hurrying at our journey's end: only a sense of deadly fatigue and an inclination to doubt whether the journey was worth making.

The nerves are a good deal shaken by a day such as this. The nerves are shaken by everything that is in any way connected with a train. Think of Bradshaw. Think of the railway whistle. What a sound it has when you are drawing near a station hoping to catch the train; it goes off with a sudden yell, and your marrow freezes as you think that it is the parting screech, and that the train has left without you. How do we like it again, when in the middle of the country, say at the entrance to a tunnel, and far away from any station, the train begins to slacken its pace, and the whistle is heard sounding inexplicably. Stoppages of this sort are by no means uncommon—inscrutable stoppages which none of the officials can or will explain. After half an hour of whistling, something goes by on the other line, and then you proceed. But meantime you have suffered. The responsive style of whistling again is a bad thing. This commonly takes place at a short distance from a station, and is very trying. You remain outside the station precincts, mysteriously,

and there is an abundance of whistling and counter-whistling—loud and near at first, and then faint and afar off; the two whistles answering each other, as nightingales do: the effect, however, being less harmonious.

In my next letter I propose to allude to a matter, in connexion with which my observations have led me to believe that you specially need guidance. Meantime, I am, as always, your affectionate son,

P. CHESTERFIELD, JUNIOR.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SNOWDROP.

I.

Adown the leaden sky
The drifting snow-flakes fall;
And o'er the ground they lie
A soft and velvet pall.
A symbol of the grief
That shivering Nature feels,
When ice on stem and leaf,
Her every tear congeals:
Yes, on the earth so light
They form a velvet shroud;
And strange that flakes so white
Should come from blackest cloud!
Floating, drifting, soft descending
From their sources up on high;
Falling, floating, never ending,
In the dull and sullen sky.

II.

The languid sun with slanting beam
Illumed a snowdrift fair,
And with his pale and wintry gleam
Formed silver crystals there.
But when the stealthy evening came,
And bathed the western sky
With indigo and lurid flame,
It bade the sunlight die.
Then, like a lovely robe of fur,
The snow lay far and wide;
A robe of whitest miniver
Cast o'er the earth, its bride.
A mantle for the slumbering night,
And though itself so cold,
It warms with its protecting might,
All things within its fold.
It shelters embryo life in seeds
That in the spring shall rise,
In painted flow'rets o'er the meads,
With bright and loving eyes
Those roots that hide and hibernate
Within their frozen home,
It covers up, and bids them wait
Till summer days shall come.
Floating, drifting, never ending,
In the dark and sullen sky,
Falling, floating, soft descending
On the earth so tranquilly.

III.

Then spoke small voices sweet
From crypt beneath the ground,
Where busy pigmies meet
To babble lore profound.
"Oh, Nature, hear our prayer,
The prayer of sprites who love
The spotless drift so fair,
Born in the heavens above.

We are not elves who dwell
In perfumed cups of flowers,
When summer lights the dell
And gilds the laughing hours.
We care not for the days,
That dress in vesture green,
For we are winter fays
Who love the frozen scene.
We live in icy homes
Where bulbs and fibres grow;
Yes, we are winter gnomes,
The genii of the snow.
So Nature hear our prayer,
The prayer of sprites who love
The spotless drift so fair,
Born in the heavens above."
Floating, drifting, never ending,
In the dark and sullen sky;
Falling, floating, soft descending,
On the earth so tranquilly.

To this replied a voice, in whisper low:
'Twas like the murmuring where waters flow,
"Speak, fairies, speak, and mine the task shall be,
To grant the boon you seek, all willingly."

IV.

"Thanks, Nature, thanks, we ask of thee
Memento of our darling snow,
Before that dreadful time shall be—
And come it must, we know—
When that the glowing days shall bring
Vertumnus and the sun,
To change the drift to gurgling spring,
And bid its waters run;
We ask some token ere the dress
Belov'd by every fay,
That cherished us in loneliness,
Be rudely torn away.
For we must wait the circling year
Before it comes again.
So bounteous Nature hear our prayer,
And ere the lovely frozen rain
Shall vanish quite, and winter go,
Oh leave some record of the snow."
Floating, drifting, soft descending,
From its sources up on high;
Falling, floating, strangely blending
With the dull and leaden sky.

They ceased; then once again there fell
A voice which like a perfume filled the dell.
So mystic in its tones, it floated round
As gently as the snow, in flakes of sound,
Yet clear, as Nature's whispers ever fall
For those who love her; clear as madrigal
From reedy flutes where breezes lightly play,
And from the pipes evoke strange harmony.
For those who love her, fragments of a tone,
Or scent, or sigh, have meaning of their own.
Thus came, in trembling notes, her answer sweet,
Which I, in feeblest verse, must fain repeat.

V.

"Oh, fairies of the frozen earth,
Who know the secrets of my power,
Who watch, and aid the magic birth
Of root to tree, of seed to flower,
I grant thy prayer, and freely give
A relic of the winter time;
Within this very dell shall live
A lovely child of snow and rime.

Before the sun shall warmer grow,
And bid the drowsy Undines leap;
Before the rivers dancing go,
That late were frost in tranquil sleep:
Within this fairy dell shall rise
A snowdrop from the frozen rain,
And pale with maidenly surprise
At gift of life, shall pale remain.
No colour that can change or fade
Shall she assume, but like a nun
With hood of pearly petals made,
She'll 'scape the rude and garish sun.
Amidst her maiden leaves so green,
She'll sit, and bend her head to hear
The words which call her winter's queen
From knightly crocus growing near.
Sir Yellow Crocus, gay and bold,
Would win her for his lovely bride,
Dressed in his panoply of gold,
With spears of sharp leaves by his side.
But soon the sunny days will shine,
And ice be changed to rippling water,
Then make, oh elves, the snowdrop thine,
And love her as adopted daughter;
And wipe the tear-drops from her eyes,
And tell her this sweet hope is given,
That though her mother melts and flies
She'll come again in flakes from Heaven!"
Floating, drifting, soft descending
From their sources up on high;
And their whiteness strangely blending
With the dull and leaden sky.

UNDER THE GUNS OF THE MORRO.

THERE used some years ago to be a little
tobacconist's shop, somewhere between Pall-
Mall and Duncannon-street, by the sign of the
Morro Castle. It was such a little shop, and
it smelt so strongly of cedar and of the Indian
weed, that itself was not unlike a cigar-box.
Here I used to think a threepenny cigar about
the greatest luxury in which a young man of
pleasure could indulge; but a luxury only
to be ventured upon at the occurrence of
solemn festivals, and when the treasures of
the mines of Potosi, to the extent of a few
shillings, lay loose in one's waistcoat-pocket.
There were threepenny cigars in those days, and
they were delicious. I am afraid that the
manufacture has ceased, or that the threepen-
nies have lost their flavour, for Ensign and
Lieutenant Dickey, of the Guards, declares
that you cannot get anything fit to smoke under
ninepence, and that a really tolerable "weed"
will stand you in eighteenpence. Prince Fortu-
natus, they say, gives half-a-crown apiece for his
Havanas. The Morro Castle, however, did a
very modest but, I believe, remunerative busi-
ness at from threepence to sixpence. Well do
I remember courtly old Mr. Alcachofado, the
proprietor of the Morro—always in the same
well-buttoned frock-coat, always with the same
tall shiny hat with the broad turned-up brim
—always puffing at, apparently, the same stump
of a choice Londres. It was well worth while
laying out threepence at the Morro Castle; for,
in consideration of that modest investment, you
were treated, for at least five minutes, like a

peer of the realm. Mr. Alcachofado himself selected your cigar, and, if you approved of it, snipped off the end in a little patent machine, and presented it to you with a grave bow. You proposed to light it; but this Mr. Alcachofado would by no means permit. He drew a splint from a stack in a japanned stand, kindled it at the gas-jet, and with another bow handed it to you. If you wished to fill the heart of Mr. Alcachofado with anguish, and to pass in his eyes for a person of the very worst breeding, you would, when the splint had served your turn, cast it on the floor, and trample it under foot. I have seen the proprietor of the Morro glare at people who did this, as though he would have dearly liked to take off his curly-brimmed hat and fling it at their heads. Regular customers knew well the etiquette of the Morro, which was gently to blow out the tiny flame of the splint, and place it horizontally on the top of the fascies in the japanned tin box. Then *you* bowed to Mr. Alcachofado, and *he* bowed in return, and, taking a seat, if you liked, on a huge cigar chest, you proceeded to smoke the calumet of peace. Did I say that for five minutes you would be treated like a nobleman? You might softly kick your heels, and meditate on the transitory nature of earthly things, in that snug little shop for nearly half an hour. Threepenny cigars lasted five-and-twenty minutes in those days. Austere personages of aristocratic mien patronised Mr. Alcachofado. They looked like country members, masters in Chancery, charity commissioners. They looked as though they belonged to clubs. They called the proprietor Alcatchanything, without the Mr. He was gravely courteous to them, but not more so than to humbler patrons. I remember that he always took in the second edition of the *Globe*. I have, in my time, bespoken it, I think, not without fear and trembling, from a baronet. They were affable creatures, those exalted ones, and talked sedate common-places about the House, and the crops, and the revenue, until I used to fancy I had land and beeves and a stake in the country. There was only one absolutely haughty customer, who wore a spencer and gaiters, and sometimes swore. He smoked a costlier cigar than the ordinary race of puffers; and one had to rise from the big cigar chest while Mr. Alcachofado, a shining bunch of keys in hand, like a discreet sacristan, unlocked this treasure-coffer, and produced regalias of price. Yet even this haughty man in the spencer gave me a bow once when I brushed by him in the lobby of the House, where I had been waiting two hours and a quarter on a night when Sir Robert Peel was up, in the vain hope of getting into the strangers' gallery with an Irish member's order. The haughty man thought he knew me. I felt so proud that I had my hair cut the very next day, and determined, like Mr. Pepys, to "go more like myself." A grave company we were at Mr. Alcachofado's. Now and then, on Opera nights, dandies in evening dress would stroll in to smoke a cigarette. There was great

scandal one evening—it was Grial's benefit—when a tall young man, with a white cravat and a tawny moustache, ordered Mr. Alcachofado to "open him a bottle of soda, and look sharp." Those were his very words. There was a commotion among the customers. Soda water! Was this a tobacconist's and fancy stationer's in the Clapham-road? As well might you have asked the beadle of St. George's, Hanover-square, for hot whisky-toddy between psalm and sermon. Mr. Alcachofado, under the circumstances, was calm. He gave the tall young desperado one look, to wither him, and in slow and measured accents, not devoid of a touch of sarcasm, replied, "I sell neither soda-water, nor ginger-beer, nor walking-sticks, nor penny valentines, sir." The customers grimly chuckled at this overwhelming rebuke. There was nothing left for the tall young man but to withdraw; but, as I was nearest the door, I am constrained to state that as he lounged out he remarked that the "old guy," meaning Mr. Alcachofado, "seemed doosid crusty."

He is gone, this Grandison of the counter and till—gone, seemingly, with most other professors of the *grande maniere*. The modern tobacconist is loud voiced and obtrusive; proposes to send you home a box of the Cabana Kings of which you have scarcely tasted one; and, ere you have been in his shop five minutes, gives you a tip for the Two Thousand Guineas. This was not Mr. Alcachofado's way of doing business. By-the-by, why wasn't he a señor? But he betrayed no symptoms of Iberian extraction; and when, seeing an engraving of the Morro Castle itself on one of his cedar boxes, I strove to draw him out, and asked him if the picture resembled the place itself, he replied, ambiguously, that he had not visited foreign parts—adding, after a moment's pause, that he did not approve of their ways. Whence his Spanish name, then? Whence anybody's name? I dealt with a green-grocer once who had the self-same appellation as the last prime minister of Constantine Paleologus. How Mr. Alcachofado had come to enter the tobacco business—unless he were a retired Custom-house officer—was to me a mystery. There was a dim something about him that always led you to fancy that before he had dealt in cigars, he had been in the church.

The Morro Castle had to me always a fascinating sound. There were three boys at the school at Turinham-green, where I completed my education—that is to say, where on the last day of my last "half" I began to discover that I didn't know anything—three Spanish Creole boys all hailing from Havana. They kept very close together, and aloof from the rest of the school, and wrapped themselves up in Castilian pride as in a cloak; indeed, one of them subsequently admitted to me, that, on leaving Cuba, his papa had given him two special cautions: to beware of the "Estrangeros," and not to show them—"enseñar"—the Spanish tongue. We, too, were rather shy of them at first; for there was a received tradition among

us, that all foreign boys, when moved to anger, stabbed. Very unjustly we christened the youngest Creole, Dagger; his little brother, Bodkin; and the third, who was a tall lean lad with glittering eyes, Carving-knife. I think a good deal of nonsense—as could be proved by the police reports and the Old Bailey sessions papers—has been talked about the “un-English” nature of the crime of stabbing. It is not the custom to carry deadly weapons on the person in England, for the reason that the laws for the protection of life and property are very stringent, and, as a rule, efficiently administered; but I never heard of a drunken savage Englishman who could get hold of a knife in a row, who wouldn’t use it; nor, as regards the softer sex, are the biting off the nose of an adversary, and the searing of her face with a red-hot poker, quite “un-English” or un-Irish practices.

Our schoolmaster, who was an eccentric instructor, half Pestalozzi, and half Philosopher Square, had an idea that all Spanish children were weaned upon tobacco, and absolutely permitted these three Creole lads to smoke: on condition, however, that they should not light up their papalitos until night-time, when the other boys went to bed. How we used to envy them, as, marching in Indian file to our dormitories, we could see those favoured young Dons enrolling their squares of tissue paper, preparatory to a descent into the playground, and a quiet smoke! The demoralisation among the juvenile community, caused by this concession to Spanish customs, was but slight. One or two of us tried surreptitious weeds on half-holiday afternoons; but the Widow Jones in Clivestock-lane did not keep quite such choice brands in stock as did Mr. Alcachofado of the Morro Castle; and Nemesis, in the shape of intolerable nausea, very soon overtook us. It is astounding, at fourteen years of age, how much agony of heart, brain, and stomach, can be got out of one penny Pickwick. Pestalozzi Square, Ph. Dr., very wisely refrained from excessive severity on this head. He made it publicly known that a boy detected in smoking, would not necessarily be caned, but that on three alternate days for a week following the discovery of his offence, he would be supplied at one P.M. with a clean tobacco-pipe, and half an ounce of prime shag in lieu of dinner. We had very few unlicensed smokers after this announcement.

It was my singular good fortune, ere I left the tutelage of the sage of Turnham-green, to be admitted to the acquaintance, and almost to the intimacy, of the three Creoles. I had somewhat of a Spanish sounding name and lineage, and they deemed me not wholly to belong to the “Estancieros;” at all events, they talked to me, and told me as much as I hungered and thirsted to know about the Morro Castle. For, long before I began to deal with Mr. Alcachofado, I had pondered over a picture of this fortress, and mused as to what its real aspect might be. So, softly and gratefully as dried mint falls upon pea-soup, did the tales of these Spanish boys about the rich strange island of Cuba fall upon my

willing ear. I saw it in its golden prime, all sugar and spice, and redolent of coffee-berries and the most fragrant of cigars. I basked in the rich full light of the tropical sun. I saw the caballero gravely pacing on his Andalusian jennet; the lazy negro, pausing as he cut the sugar-cane to suck the luscious tubes; the señora in her mantilla; the seofrita with her fan. I revelled in a voluptuous dream of the torrid clime, where you ate fifteen oranges before breakfast, and a plateful of preserved cocoa-nut at breakfast; where you never failed to take a siesta in your hammock during the noontide heats; where full evening costume consisted of a suit of white linen, a Panama hat, and a guitar; and where, with any little circumspection, you might win the hundred thousand dollar prize in the lottery. I longed to go to Havana, or the Havannah as it was known in our time. Who has not so longed to visit strange countries when he was young, and imaginative, and had no money? Byron’s words used to drive us crazy to see Sestos, and Abydos, and Athens. Anastasius, or the Memoirs of a Greek—why does not some one republish that pearl of picaresque romance?—made us tremble with eagerness to see the Fanat of Constantinople and the Bagnio of Smyrna; and, later in the day, Eothen set us wild to catch a gazelle, and bathe in the Dead Sea, and read the Quarterly Review in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. I cannot say the same for Gil Blas. Unsurpassed as Le Sage’s great work is, as a feat of story-telling, it is to me singularly deficient in local colour. The Robbers’ Cave might be in Italy or in England in the days of Robin Hood. The Archbishop of Granada might be resident at Barchester Towers. I know Doctor Saigrado. He lives in Bloomsbury. Now Don Quixote, on the contrary, ola su ajo, is odorous of the real Spanish Gaelic from the first to the last page. But Don Quixote is not a boys’ book, whatever you may say. It is a book for men.

Well, the great whirling ice-totum of life spun round, and one day it fell, spent, athwart a spot on the map marked “United States of America.” I packed up my bundle, and crossed the Atlantic; but with no more idea of visiting Havana than I have, at this present writing, of going to Crim Tartary. I am not ashamed to confess that I had but a very dim notion indeed respecting the topographical relation in which New York stood towards the Island of Cuba. I think there must have been something wrong in the manner they taught boys geography in our time. It was too sectional; you were made to swallow Mercator’s projection in isolated scraps of puzzles; and if your eye wandered towards the Gulf of Mexico when it should have been intent on the Bay of Fundy, they boxed your ears. We used to learn all about the West Indies, and Wilberforce, and Clarkson, and Granville Sharpe, but no stress was laid on the fact that Cuba, and St. Domingo, and St. Thomas, were likewise West India Islands, and they were never mentioned in connexion with North America. I think Admiral Christopher Columbus, or the

Spanish *Censillo de las Indias*, must take some of the blame in this matter. What on earth made them call those American, or rather Columbian islands, Indian ones? I have never surmounted the early perplexity which beset me on the subject, and to this day it is to me incomprehensible why the passage from Halifax to Bermuda should be such a short and easy one; you ought to go round the Cape, surely, to the Indies.

Round again went the tee-totum, and the tip of its tiny staff pointed to the Southern Atlantic. "Havana" was inscribed on the uppermost facet. Again I packed my bundles, and, taking passage in a United States mail steamer, sped past Charleston, the which luckless city General Gillmore was then actively engaged in warming with Greek fire, and which Northern preachers were cheerfully and charitably comparing every Sunday to Sodom and Gomorrah. On the third day we were close on the Gulf Stream, and the usual feat of parlour or rather gangway magic was performed by a boatswain's mate, who lowered a bucket of water over the side, and bade us plunge our hands in it. It was cold as ice. Twenty minutes afterwards he lowered the bucket again, drew up more water, and bade us dip. We did, and the water was tepid, almost warm. There was an increase of thirty degrees in temperature, and we were in that stream which an irate American politician once threatened to dam up and divert from the shores of England, thus leaving us "out in the cold," and freezing perfidious Albion to the glacial mean of Spitzbergen.

Threentimes—I do not understand the mysteries of navigation—we crossed the Gulf Stream. We skirted the coast of Florida so closely that we could see the pines that made a grim horizon to that swampy shore—so closely, that you might almost fancy you could see Secession in arms shaking its fists at the stars and stripes we carried. All this country was at the time to which I refer a land tabooed and accursed in Northern eyes. It was the coast of a rebellious state. Below St. Augustine, half way between that and Key West, we saw the coral reefs and the Everglades. Coral reefs, I may observe, do not make so pretty a show on the coast of Florida as the material does, in the form of bracelets and earrings, in the jewellers' windows in Cockspur-street. In fact, a prudent ship-master keeps as far away from the coral reefs as he possibly can.

We should also have sighted Cape Florida Light and Carysfort Light; but the Confederates having carefully put the lights out, to favour blockade-running and perplex their enemies as far as they could, it was rather ticklish navigation after sunset. However, it is but a few days' voyage from New York to Cuba, and we had a tight ship and great confidence in our captain. Occasionally, when the look-out man signalled a sail, there was a slight exhibition of nervousness among the passengers. The loyal immediately assumed the stranger to be the Alabama—not yet

scuttled by the Kearsage off Cherbourg—and indulged in dire forebodings that within two hours the steamer's chronometers would be ticking in the cabin of Captain Raphael Semmes, C.S.A., the ship burnt or bonded, and themselves carried off to some port in the White Sea or the Indian Archipelago, thence to find their way to their destination as best they could. The disloyal, of whom I am afraid we had a considerable proportion among our passengers, generally jumped at the conclusion that the speck on the horizon, momentarily growing larger, was a Yankee gunboat specially detached from the blockading squadron to overhaul us. What sudden declarations there were of "whole hog" Union sentiments!—what dives into state-rooms, there presumably to make such little matters as revolvers, Confederate commissions, and rebel mail-bags, snug! The captain was a discreet man, Union to the backbone, but not inveterate against the opposite party. We had one passenger on board who, for all the privacy in which he kept, and the very large cloak in which he wrapped himself, was unmistakably, inside and out, Southern Greyback and Seash. To this gentleman in political difficulties I heard our worthy captain remark one morning, "My Christian friend, I'll tell you what it is. As soon as we get inside the Morro I should advise you to clear out of one of the starboard ports, and never stop running till we've got steam up again. The smell of Uncle Sam's mail-bags ain't good for you. It ain't indeed." The which, I take it, was very sensible, and at the same time very kind-hearted counsel.

All this time, while we were eating and drinking, and lounging and smoking, and dawdling over books and newspapers, and card-playing, and listening to the grand pianoforte in the saloon, which was exemplarily punished at least a dozen times a day by Mrs. Colonel Spankie and Miss Alexandra McStinger, lady passengers—and pretending that the time hung heavily on our hands, when, to tell the truth, sluggards as we were, we revelled in our laziness—there was going on all around us, and to a certain extent in our very selves, a curiously phenomenal process called Transformation. You have read poor Hawthorn's delicious book; you have read Faust, with an English crib; you have seen Lucas Cranach's picture of the Fontaine de Jouvence in the Berlin gallery? Well, we and our surroundings had become transformed. I had left New York in the middle of January, and in the rigidest throes of a Northern winter. The snow lay thick in the streets. They were skating on the lake in the central Park. There were midnight sleighing-parties on the Bloomingdale-road. The steamers on the North river had frozen fringes on the water-lines of their timbers, like the callous raggedness thrown out from the ends of a fractured bone; and you could see the very shapes of the ferry-boats' hulls cut out in the quickly parting ice that gathered about the landing-place. I had left Pier No. Seventy-seven, bottom of I forget which

street, swathed in furs and woollens, and shivering through all my wrappers. I heaped mountains of extraneous coverlets in my berth that night. It was not quite so cold next day. On the third it was positively mild. On the fourth morning, taking my ante-breakfast walk on deck, I remarked with astonishment that I was clad in a full suit of the very thinnest nankeen, and that I wore a very broad-brimmed straw hat. Nankeen white linen, or thin blue flannel, were the only wear among my fellow-passengers, and the ladies had become positive zephyrs. The smallest children on board testified very conclusively indeed, as to the weather having become warmer, by removing their apparel altogether, unless restrained by parents or nurses; and then I remembered that I had kicked off all the bedclothes during the night, and had had troubled dreams bearing on iced cider-cup. We had all become transformed. Where yesterday was a fire-shovel, to-day was a fan. We looked no more on a grey angry wintry ocean, but on a summer sea. It seemed ten years ago since there had been any winter; and yet it was only the day before yesterday.

For four-and-twenty hours did we sigh and swelter, and complain of the intolerable heat, and yet think it the most delightful thing in the world. We dined at four o'clock, as usual; but the purser, if he contracted for our meals, must have made rather a good thing of our repast that day. The first course was scarcely over, before seven-eighths of the diners rushed on deck to see the highlands of Cuba. Yonder, rather blue and indistinct as yet, was the Pan of Matanzas. That day we dined no more; but, there being a bar on deck, forward, with a New England bar-keeper of many virtues and accomplishments in his profession, many cheerful spirits adjourned to his little caboose, and, with steadfast and smiling conviviality of countenance, did liquor up on Bourbon and old Rye, till the Pan of Matanzas, to which we had come so close that it was clearly visible to the naked eye, must have been, to the convivialists, more indistinct than ever.

We were yet fifty miles from Havana; but by the help of strong opera-glasses, and lively conversation, and a glorious tropical sunset, they were the shortest two and a half score miles I ever knew, by land or sea. Coasting along the northern shore of Cuba from Matanzas westward, by high hills and white houses which, without any intervening beach or sand, came right down to the water's edge, like the castle-crowned vine-hills of the Rhine, we sighted, just before sundown, the Morro Castle itself: a great mass of dun-coloured rock, and tower, and battlement, and steep, of which the various parts seem to have grown into one another, like a rocky convent of the Sagra di San Michelo, so that you could scarcely tell which was castle and which crag. From its summit floats the flag of the Most Catholic Queen, blood-red and gold; and in front, and in the sea, like a tall grenadier on guard, stands the Morro Lighthouse. No Confeds have put *that* out. We pass between the

Morro and a promontory called the Punta, and can see a harbour, forested with masts, and a city all glancing and twinkling with light. We revel in thoughts of landing, of abandoning our keys to a commissionaire, and leaving the examination of our luggage until the morrow morning; of rushing to an hotel; of bathing, and supping, and going to the Tacon Theatre, or eating ices at La Dominica, after the band has done playing on the Plaza di Armas. Bless you, we know all about Havana by this time. I seem to have been familiar with the place for years. Did not Dagger and Bodkin and eke Carving-knife, tell me all about it? But the Captain of the Port of San Cristobal de la Habana is a great man—a very great man, under correction of the Capitan-General Dulce, be it spoken—and his laws are stringent. The sunset gun has been fired; the last notes of the warning trumpets have died away from the ramparts. We are just permitted to smuggle into the outer harbour; but there is no landing for us until six A.M., and under the guns of the Morro we are bound to remain all night. A very few years ago, even this privilege would not have been granted us, and we should have been forced to turn our heads seaward, and anchor in the roads.

It was tantalising, certainly; but still it was exceedingly pleasant, and no one felt inclined to grumble. It was something, at least, to know that the huge engines were at rest, and that we should hear their churning and grinding, their panting and trembling, no more, until, like poor Jack in Dibdin's song, we "went to sea again." So all the call was for coffee and cigars; and we idled about the deck, and speculated on what might be going on in the innumerable tenements in which the lights, now dim, now bright, were shining. Then out came the moon, like a great phantom of greenish white, and spread her arms right over the city of Havana. We could make out the hoary towers of the cathedral, and the church where is the tomb of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS; we could see the long slanting shadows cast by the beetling guns of the Morro on the rubbed walls. Boats came and went on the glassy waters of the harbour. There were lights in the port-holes of the ships too. What was going on *there*, I wonder? Skipper drinking cold rum-and-water. First officer playing a quiet rubber with the surgeon, the supercargo, and dummy. Purser making up his accounts; foremast men drinking sweethearts and wives, in the round-house. Everybody glad that the voyage is over, save, perhaps, that poor Northern lady in the captain's state-room, propped up with pillows, affectionately tended by that little band of Sisters of Charity who are going to New Orleans, and who is dying of consumption. Even she, perchance, is grateful that the restless engines no longer moan and labour, and that tomorrow she may land, and die in peace.

As "good nights" and "buenas noches" cross each other in the harbour, you begin to wish you could find a friend to take a second in "All's well." For the waning moon now deserts you,

and only the twinkling lights shine out from the black masses of buildings. The lights, too, are growing fower, and ever since you came into port—which was at about eight o'clock—you have heard from time to time gusts of wild martial music from the shore. These gusts, the captain tells you, are the strains of the military bands playing in the Plaza di Armas. Hark! a most tremendous crash! then what a quaint yet plaintive flow of melody. Is that a Seguidilla, or a Cubano, or one of the hundred variations of the Jota Aragonese? Now, comes another crash; the cymbals have it clearly; the bassoons have given out; 'tis the big drum that is making all the running; the cymbals are nowhere; bah, it is a dead heat, and the grosso caisso and the plated dishes come in together. Now, the sounds have changed their direction. The soldiers are marching home to their barracks. Now, the wild sounds grow fainter; now, they die away altogether, and Havana is left to dulness and to me.

I walked the deck until long after the ship was wrapped in darkness—all save the illumined binnacles and my fellow deck-walkers' cigar-tips. It was not at all the kind of night for going to bed. It was, the rather, a night on which to stroll and stroll, and indulge in the deleterious habit of smoking, and wonder how many broadsides from the guns of the Morro it would take to blow you out of the water, and try to remember one of the movements of the Jota Aragonese, and at last, softly stealing into the saloon, and quite disdaining state-room berth, to fling yourself on a couch, and dream till morning of Mr. Alcachofado and the three young Creoles of Turnham-green.

Hasta Mañana. In my next I will relate something cogent as to what Mañana means in this part of the world.

HARD CASE OF THE WORKING BRUTES.

THE hard case of the working men at all times finds plenty of exponents to make it known through the length and breadth of the land; but I am not aware that any one has yet discerned, much less expounded, the hard case of the working brutes. I am about to supply the omission.

I hold my brief from a cab-horse, which pulled me through the snow the other day. As I was paying his master, an extortionate dog—the animal turned round and looked at me, and, at a single glance, I saw the whole of the hard case in his melancholy eye. It was not for himself alone that he appealed with that sad but expressive look; he spoke also for his fellow-labouring brutes, the cow, the donkey, the sheep, and the pig, and for those foreign brethren of his, the elephant and the camel.

He did not complain of individual wrongs (which might be exceptional), but of the inevitable lot to which he and all his hard-working tribe were decreed, not so much by the

design of nature, as by the insensibility of mankind. I think I understand him clearly.

He has no objection to work for a reasonable number of hours every day; he thinks it right that he should have to labour for his living, and does not, like his master, man, regard the necessity as a curse. Such a thought never entered his head. He will not even complain that other brutes, such as the dog, the cat, the parrot, and the canary-bird, are exempt from useful exertion, while he is obliged to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow and his whole body; though that circumstance might very fairly be urged as an aggravation of his wrongs. What he does complain of is, that he is rarely allowed to see any pleasure, and never, on any occasion, gets luxuries.

Here is the key to the whole matter. Day after day it is corn and hay, hay and corn—no other variety, no little made dishes, no dessert, no sparkling wine, no choice cigars. Then when he has done his work we tie him up in his stall and keep him there until we want him to go to work again. All work and no play for the poor horse—no going out in the evening to relieve his overtaxed energies with a play or a concert, or an harmonic supper. No luxuries, no amusements whatever. Putting the case to me with that appealing look, the working horse says: "How would *you* like it? at work all day in the City; beef and mutton, mutton and beef from one week's end to another; and to bed every night the moment you have swallowed your supper. Oh, but you are an intelligent animal, you say. Am not I an intelligent animal? You yourself are constantly speaking about the sagacity of the horse, and when you want to sell me you call me 'clever.' You are quite right, I am clever. Perhaps there is not such a very great difference between us in that respect, after all. I can carry burdens, I can go errands, I can run, leap, and dance, and I understand what is said to me. It appears to me that I only fall short of you in not being able to speak and read and write. But these are accomplishments which have nothing to do with animal enjoyments. I have a palate, I have taste—why do you suppose that I cannot enjoy a *pâte de foie gras*, that I do not appreciate a glass of old port, that I take no delight in a sensation drama? You say I am talking nonsense. Well, put it this way. Are there no horse equivalents for these human luxuries and amusements? Look at other brutes, which are merely ornamental, while I am useful. There is your canary-bird, you give him sugar; your pet dog, you treat him to cakes and give him cream to lap—nay, I have heard of a dog having roast chicken for dinner; your parrot, to whom you allow the double luxury of indulging in nuts and bad language; your cat, who is permitted to hunt mice, and repose after the chase on the drawing-room sofa. You allow all these brutes luxuries and pleasures, but you deny them to me."

It must be admitted that this argument of

the horse is cogent. One can readily see how it might be urged on their own behalf by the cow, the donkey, the camel, and the elephant. Perhaps not so cogently by the last-mentioned animal, for somehow or other man has made a pet of him, and the more he is petted and the less he has to do, the better he is treated. When he works hard in his native country, or in any of those countries where he is employed as a beast of burden, he gets nothing but his food and water; but when he becomes an ornamental animal, with nothing to do, he is treated to apples, oranges, and biscuits. It is the way of the world. The useless classes are always the most pampered. I don't know about the camel. I believe he does not care about apples, oranges, and biscuits; but still there may be something which he does care about. How do we know that he is not passionately fond of pine-apples, and a "drop of something" in his water?

We do not take much pains to consult the tastes of our best friends. The fawning sycophantic favourite always gets the best of it. The horse says: "Look at the dog, the cat, the canary, and the parrot, and compare their condition and privileges with those of the working brutes." Let us look at them. I will take the instance of my dog 'Tiny. I will not call him a pampered menial, but a bloated aristocrat. He is an idle dog, utterly useless; never does anything but mischief, never hunted anything in his life but some defenceless chickens, never caught anything but the distemper, never barks at strangers except in the daytime. Yet I lavish every sort of kindness upon this dog as if he were the most useful creature in my establishment. He is present at every meal, and gets tit-bits at every chair; he has chicken-bones afterwards on a china plate; he is washed and combed; he is petted, and made much of; he is allowed to lie on the best cushions and the daintiest rugs; he is taken out for walks and into society, where, with impunity, he generally misbehaves himself in one way or other. Look at the luxuries which that dog enjoys. He has butter to his bread, lumps of sugar, tea and cake with it, wine of Oporto—he acquired the taste during his indisposition, and it has grown upon him, so that he makes a beast (no, a human being) of himself whenever he gets the chance. In one respect that dog is more fortunate than his master. He goes into the very highest society, and is received there with open arms. I have seen him confabulating with a duke's dog on terms of the closest familiarity, when I, his master, dared not go up and speak to the duke.

Then, again, there is my canary-bird. Not only is it a regulation of the establishment that he shall have fresh seed and water every morning, but he has lumps of sugar and dainty bits of green meat thrust between the bars of his cage. His house is swept out every day, and his floor carefully sanded; if he shows the slightest symptoms of indisposition, his drink is medicinally impregnated with saffron or the

oxide of iron. He is a privileged person, and he knows it; he flies down upon the breakfast-table and helps himself, and, turning up his beak at crumbs, shows a pampered preference for sugar. And what return does he make for all this? Sings morning, noon, and night, until his master is almost deafened with his noise.

The Cat. Petted and pampered too. His partiality for fish is indulged on every convenient occasion. Too idle to catch mice, the mice are caught for him, and he makes an easy prey of them as they run out of the mouth of the trap. He takes his sport like a bloated aristocrat as he is; has his game driven up by beaters to his very feet, in a battue. Every night that cat goes out upon the spree and comes home Heaven knows at what hour in the morning!

My half-dozen of bantams have everything their own way. I have given over the garden to them. They are lords and ladies of all they survey there. I cannot have flowers. I cannot have vegetables. To humour my bantams, I must have nothing but gravel, worms, and insects. If I do not go down every morning and feed them upon the very best shelled wheat, they march into the house and peck at my legs. When the snow came on the other day, they left their house, as not being comfortable enough for them, and insisted upon roosting on the backs of my best mahogany chairs, in the dining-room. The noise they make when any female member of the community lays a ridiculous egg, is dreadful. If I go out and beat them they only make more noise; and the moment my back is turned, the cocks all set up crowing in token that they have got the best of me. They are the artfullest cocks and hens I ever knew. They are aware that I am flattered by their flying up on the window-sill and rapping with their beaks on the glass to call my attention when I am busy writing, and they do it on all occasions, their reward being some chopped meat—they have no objection to their own species—or a handful of canary-seed, which they consider a dainty. I even indulge those fowls with black-beetles, which I take much trouble to catch for them with elaborate snares in the back kitchen. What thought and cruel ingenuity do I exercise on behalf of those bantams! I pour some double stout into a deep basin, I place the basin in the back kitchen. I fix a little wooden ladder to the side of the earthenware wall, and then I enshroud the back kitchen in Cimmerian darkness. The beetles, lurking in their holes, smell the double stout (which they instinctively know to be Barclay and Perkins's best), creep cautiously out, ascend the ladders, and reaching the giddy top of the wall, make a false step, and fall into the seductive but treacherous abyss. But they are not drowned. Such is the refined cruelty of man, that he only puts enough double stout into the abyss to tempt his innocent victims to besottedness. When they recover from the stunning effects of their fall, they think they are in the

beetles' heaven, feeding upon the ambrosia of their gods. They wallow in their plentiful cups, and sing roaring songs about beetle love and double stout (they call it "rosy wine," of course), and think it will be ever thus. But artful and cruel man appears in the morning letting in the reflective light, and the unhappy beetles know that they have been deceived. They cry "Ha! betrayed!" and make a rush to scramble up the wall, but are so drunk that they all tumble down again. And their fate is to be eaten alive and in a state of intoxication by those bleated bantams! Never did Roman emperor enjoy such wild, ruthless, extravagant, luxurious saturnalia as those fowls.

All this time my horse is in his stable, my cow is in her shed, leading the dullest and most monotonous of lives, getting no luxuries, seeing no pleasure, but toiling or yielding day after day for bare food. I don't think I have visited my horse in his stable (to see that he is comfortable) half a dozen times in as many years. I don't remember treating him to any luxury, except a few handfuls of clover, and I did not let him have much of that, for fear that he should be "blown," which would, of course, have unfitted him for dragging me about town. Whether the groom gives him sufficient food or not, whether he has water when he requires it, or if he is whipped or beaten when he is naturally restive or uneasy, I do not know, and I never care to inquire. It is enough for me that he is at the door when I want him to do my work. Yet I am not insensible to his claims upon my consideration. I never over-drive him; I am careful not to keep him standing in the wet or the cold; I never use the whip to him, except in the gentlest manner. Indeed, in this respect, I am exceedingly tender-hearted. I cannot bear to see a horse beaten, and would rather miss a train or an appointment any day than that my horse—were it a cab hack that I had never seen before—should be urged along with blows. With all this consideration for the animal, I give him over to the tender mercies of a groom, and in the hours when he should be well fed and carefully tended, I leave him to his fate. Yet I believe that a horse can appreciate attentions from his master, that he likes to be patted, and spoken to with kind words; that it is a pleasure to him to receive food from his master's hand; that he considers a biscuit or a bit of bread a great treat. But these attentions are lavished upon those unproductive animals, the dog, the cat, and the pet bird. The hard-working horse, like the hard-working man, gets none of them.

The case of that gracious animal the cow is even more pitiable. If a civilised people were to lapse into the worship of animals, the cow would certainly be their chief goddess. What a fountain of blessing is a cow. She is the mother of beef, the source of butter, the original cause of cheese—to say nothing of horn spoons, hair combs, and upper leathers. A gentle, amiable, ever-yielding creature, who has no joy in her family affairs which she does not share

with man. We rob her of her children that we may rob her of her milk, and we only care for her that the robbery may be perpetuated. How little do we Londoners think of these patient, devoted animals—to which we owe so many necessities and comforts—tied up by the neck in close, foul, stiving sheds, feeding upon hard, dry food, and never seeing the green fields, or breathing pure country air, from one year's end to another! How little do their owners think of them, or care for them, until some epidemic disease appears among them! Then, and not till then, is our solicitude awakened—not, however, for the ill-used, long-suffering cow, but for our own selfish selves.

Perhaps if we were to pet our useful, hard-working animals more, we should be more worthy of the name of a humane people, and find it both to our credit and our advantage.

REAL BRIGANDS.

THE poetic brigand of noble impulses and elevated intellect, who has been driven to a lawless life by the oppression of man, and who is merely a hero turned the wrong side out—that mysterious and glorious creature who sits on a rock talking to himself, and apostrophising the moon, his mother, and the distant sheep-bells below, while confiding Medora or devoted Gulnare watches for his coming or waits on his moods—that courtly gentleman of the greenwood, who is brave to his foes, generous to the vanquished, and chivalrous to woman, is doubtless a very fascinating personage, especially to the young; but the real brigand, seen as he is, and not through the softening haze of romance, is a different creature. A greedy truculent half-starved coward, whose life is one of perpetual fear, who shivers with terror if the troops be within hail, and whose greatest exploits are performed by overwhelming numbers against defenceless passers-by—a mean thief stealing shirts and stockings, and bits of stale bread from a helpless captive—a savage, now gorging himself with meat, and now fainting for want of food—inexpressibly dirty and shabby—brutal to the woman who has temporarily united herself to him—alternately the tyrant and the victim, the extortioner and the prey of the peasant—the bandit, as Mr. MOENS* found and has described him, is about as repulsive a ruffian as one would wish not to see anywhere; the brigand of romance and reality having no more resemblance to each other than Voltaire's Huron has to the stamping grunting rascal who quails before a "medicine-man" with a bladder rattle, but who takes the scalp of a fallen enemy as his version of "Who's afraid?"

There never was a book which took all the romance out of a thing more completely than this dashing and unaffected narrative of the English traveller who went down to Pastum,

* English Travellers and Italian Bandits. By W. J. C. Moens.

and fell among thieves by the way. From the first page to the last there is not a single trait of heroism to enliven the prosaic brutality of the men. Nothing but hardship, selfishness, and fear. Like the savage, whose mode of living he affects, the brigand's whole existence is one of suspicion and terror. He is afraid of everything—of sickness, of death, of the peasants, of the soldiers, of his kinsfolk, of his wife. At every turn some peril, beyond the usual peril of human life, meets him face to face; and familiarity, far from producing contempt of danger, only serves to sharpen his faculties in the perception of it, and to keep his fears for ever alive. Even in the ordinary danger of their trade they are cowards. When the soldiers were once close to some of them, "Pavoni's teeth were all chattering, and he was as white as a sheet; Scope was the same, and lying on the ground; and Antonio was in such a state of fear and shaking, that he kept striking his gun against the rocky sides of the cave, and making a great noise, to the dismay of all. I sat down on a stone, and, to reassure them, said, 'Courage, courage; eat a little;' and, to set the example, took some bread and meat out of my pocket, and began eating it. My doing so enraged them to a great extent, and they said, 'What a fool you are to begin to eat when you will be dead in two minutes!'"

Indeed, the self-possession of this Englishman, and his contempt of death and danger, stand out at all times in startling contrast to their incessant fear; and this, together with his quickness of observation, his power of enduring fatigue, his cool good temper, and his "cleverness" of hand and eye, gave him a certain hold on their esteem and rough good-fellowship, which probably saved him from many a torture. For he was not ill treated on the whole. The band itself fared ill. Hunted by the soldiers into a strange country where they were not sure of the peasantry, by whose connivance alone they exist; without shelter at all times; often without food; living like wild beasts driven from lair to lair, they had but a bad time of it. Except in the thievings and ill humour of two worthies, Pepino and Scope, the Englishman shared the fortunes of the rest pretty equally. There was always the great difference of state which could not be got over—that he was a prisoner, and had to be watched and guarded, and hidden out of sight (which was not always easy, seeing that he was the tallest of the band, and towered a head and shoulders above any of them), while they were "companions," with guns, money, wives, and a certain amount of freedom, always stopping short of the liberty to escape, or to betray their comrades.

The five *brigandesses*, with their short cut hair, and dressed like the men, looked so like boys, that it was some time before Mr. Moens found out they were women. They were not a very fascinating quintette of womanhood, though not the bloodthirsty creatures they are often depicted; being just a group of strong-limbed

active coarse-minded young women, able to bear an immense amount of privation and fatigue, but in no way remarkable for devotion, heroism, melancholy, or any other form of tragic sentiment. One girl though, poor Concetta, the chattel of Cicco Guange, showed immense courage and a kind of Red Indian stolidity of endurance, when her arm was broken by an accidental shot from one of the band. She bore the pain without flinching, not uttering a sound of complaint, but merely clenching her teeth together, and hissing through them when they were dressing her wound with a pair of scissors. And even when gangrene set in, and she was compelled to come down into the plains and give herself up to the authorities, and her arm was amputated, "she had so much nerve that she refused chloroform, and neither groaned nor complained. The only sign she gave of suffering was clenching her teeth. When the surgeons left her, she said, 'Remember, I had eighteen napoleons about me when I came here; I must have them again when I am well.'"

Two of the five women belonging to Manzo's band carried guns, the other three revolvers. Their chief office seemed to be, to mend rent clothing, and to hain batches of new handkerchiefs, when they could get them—a gaily coloured handkerchief being the brigand's gala dress; but for all womanly work of cooking, washing, baking, or the like, they were absolutely useless. The men were generally both butchers and cooks, when they managed to either steal or buy a sheep or a goat, while the peasants do all the rest—and at a rather larger profit than they could get by dealing with honest folk.

"All the time I was in their hands," says Mr. Moens, "I used to inquire the prices of various articles of food in the towns, and got a very accurate idea of what the brigands paid for them; a pezzo, their term for a ducat, equal to three shillings and fourpence, was the peasants' ordinary price for a loaf weighing two rotoli (equal to about three and a half pounds English); this costs from threepence to sixpence in the towns, according to whether it was made of rye, maize, or wheat, but it made no difference in the price paid by the brigands. A coarse cotton shirt cost them two and a half ducats, or eight shillings and fourpence; and washing one, a ducat, or three shillings and fourpence; each cartridge for a revolver cost the same, and everything else in proportion. From a calculation I made when with them, I do not think that a band consisting of from twenty-five to thirty men would spend less than four thousand pounds a year for absolute necessities, and the rest of their spoils would be lent out among their friends in the country at ten per cent interest. I recommended them to try Italian five per cent stock, as being safer than lending money on personal security. But they said they never lost any, and they feared the stock being confiscated by government."

Thus, the peasant is the great supporter and the great gainer by brigandage; though on the

other hand it may be said that the risk he runs in carrying on any correspondence with the brigands renders it absolutely necessary that he should be well paid to make it worth his while. Indeed, between the authorities on the one side, with fine and imprisonment, or even death, as the punishment for collusion with the brigands—and the brigands on the other; with a vendetta carried out to the last extreme should any information be given to the authorities, and irreparable damage done to standing crops, to whole villages, and to individuals should there be persistent refusal to forward supplies—the poor peasant has a difficult time of it. Very wary walking between his two hard task-masters is necessary to keep his place in life.

Then, the brigands are generally old comrades and countrymen; with numberless small ties of friendship, relationship, and old association among the peasants—themselves, for the most part, brigands undeveloped. An unlucky thrust with the stiletto has made the one, and the same cause would make the other; public opinion in the plains and villages not bearing hardly on the “companions,” but very much the reverse; high payment, defiance of the law, a picturesque uniform when clean and gay, and the repute of deeds of daring (never mind the actual cowardice), being generally sufficient to enlist popular sympathy for any body of men extant.

But, after all, the peasants are really as criminal as the brigands themselves, for it is from them and the vetturini that these gentlemen gain their knowledge of the goings and comings of rich travellers—foreign and home-bred—and that if there were no such scouts and spies among the unsuspected, the career of the real criminals would soon be brought to a stand-still. Information to begin with, and food to follow—with the reward of enormous prices for all they do—the peasants are the mainstays and supports of brigandage, and against them as the tap root should the vigilance and the vengeance of government be directed.

Mr. Moens says but little concerning the presumed political connexion, between the brigands and Rome, and the ex-king. Certainly no part of his ransom, he believes, went either to Rome, or to any part of the province of Salerno. He saw it himself paid and distributed, each man present at the time of the capture getting his share, and a certain per-centage kept back for the general expenses of the band. But he was told by them that Apulia was the headquarters of brigandage, and that there they had a general named Crocco, who they said was in communication with Rome. He asked how many men this Crocco had under him, and was answered, “A thousand men and many captains, as well as six hundred men in the Basilicata.” They also told him that, in 1861, Spanish generals came to lead those fighting for Francis the Second against Victor Emmanuel, and that one of them named Borjès had an enormous black beard, which they said he always held in his left hand when he

drank milk, of which he was very fond. Their sympathies go decidedly with Bomba, in preference to Il Rè Galantuomo; for once when the conversation was becoming dangerously personal concerning Mr. Moens’s ears, and “his beard with his chin attached,” to turn the subject he asked Manzo, the captain, what they would do with Victor Emmanuel if they caught him? “They all chuckled at such an idea, and Manzo declared that he would have ten millions of ducats and then kill him. To Francis the Second, if they caught him, they said they would give a good dinner and then release him.”

One of the most curious things in this account is to trace the gradual hardening of the system, and the elimination of all British-bred fastidiousness, as the unfortunate captive became more and more familiar with hardship. The day after their capture, Mr. Aynsley and Mr. Moens were offered a little piece of hard sausage called *supersato*; but after discussing its digestible qualities they gave it back, telling the brigands that it would not agree with them. They laughed, and the captain said, “They will like it by-and-by:” which truly came to pass. Mr. Moens never heard the last of this. It must have seemed strange to men who are thankful for a handful of Indian corn daily, who rejoice over a tough sheep or a lean and scraggy goat, and to whose palates anything that will keep body and soul together comes as acceptable food, if not as delicious luxury. A bit of *supersato* was a luxury to the brigands; and when their prisoners declined it, they felt much as we should feel if a pauper declined roast beef and plum-pudding on the plea of indigestibility. As time went on, and starvation became a daily companion, nature broke up the pretty mosaic work of civilisation and the culinary art; and raw onions, raw cabbage, dry hard bread only too dry to be mouldy, a bone of half raw meat, garlic, entrails, and even the rancid grease used for greasing their boots, all these things passed the ordeal of English taste, and were welcomed as means whereby to live. It is strange how quickly even the most highly civilised man resolves into the savage again when fairly under the harrow.

As a rule, Mr. Moens was treated tolerably well by the brigands, as has been said; but he had two tormentors, Pepino and Scopo, and when left under their charge, fared ill enough. Manzo was the captain of the whole force, and was a bandit of somewhat more likeness to the popular ideal than the rest. He was handsome, fairly good tempered, prompt, and, in his own way, generous; always kind to his captives when not half maddened by disappointments respecting the arrival of the money, when there would be highly unpleasant scenes, and threats of ears and head, and the like, which did not tend to reassure the Englishman; though he generally answered, “As you please,” and took the thing with perfect coolness. Manzo was not a man to be trifled with, either by his prisoners or his men. Indeed, from his men he

exacted an obedience that left no question of a divided command.

One day "Guange, who had been a soldier in the Italian army, and who had become a brigand merely for having been away from his regiment one day without leave, was having an altercation with one of his comrades, and, like these people, wished to have the last word. Manzo told him to be quiet, and just because he did not obey at once, he rushed at him, knocked him down, and kept hitting him and rubbing his face on the stones. Still Guange would not be quiet, until Manzo had pounded his face into a jelly, it being quite bruised, and bleeding freely. Even his gums were cut badly from the grinding against the ground. Manzo looked a perfect demon when excited; he curled up his lips, and showed all his teeth, and roared at his victim, jerking out his words. The implicit obedience generally shown to him by the members of his band was extraordinary. They loved him on account of his unselfishness as regards food, he being always willing to give away his own share, and they feared him because he had shown on one or two occasions that he did not scruple to shoot any of them on the spot if they refused to obey orders."

When the "order of release" came for the prisoner in the shape of the last instalment of ransom, Manzo sent round the hat, in order that Mr. Moens should "go to Naples like a gentleman," and made up a sum of seventeen and a half napoleons, besides rings and other keepsakes. But this was not a very large percentage on a ransom of thirty thousand ducats; and the Englishman took all he could get, and asked for more, getting some things he wanted, but not others. He got Generoso's ring and knife—the knife that had already taken the lives of two men—giving in exchange the small pen-knife with which he had whittled out a spoon, and carved a cross, and made many other little matters, to the intense admiration and amazement of the brigands; but he just missed by an accident a very thick and long gold chain, for which he asked Manzo, and which he would have had, but that the gentleman was called away while he was taking it off to present to him. He got five rings in all, which Manzo's mother made him show two peasants after he was free; and which she evidently considered reflected great dignity on her as the mother of one who had shown such princely generosity.

But if times were more tolerable when Manzo was with his band, they were very intolerable when Mr. Moens was left with only a guard, while the captain was off, either on a foraging expedition, or looking after those eternal instalments which, though paid, could not be "lifted" because of the soldiery. When with Pepino's band especially, things went hard with him. As they were to have no share in his expected ransom, they looked upon him as a nuisance, and grudged every morsel of food they were obliged to give him. Pepino stole his drinking-cup, his capuce or hood, in fact all he could lay his hands on; and they half starved him; making a point of speaking to him with the utmost brutality,

and constantly threatening his life with their pistols, guns, and knives. One great game in which they indulged, was thrusting their knives quickly between his body and his arms. Their captive says, "I never allowed myself to show the slightest fear, and always told them that it was nothing to die, it was soon over, and that the next world was far better. They all have the most abject fear of death, and I always tried to impress them with the idea that Englishmen never fear to die, and that, if they wished it, they were perfectly welcome to take my life, as it would save me and my friends so much trouble. I felt sure that in a short time they would discontinue trying to frighten me, when they found out that I only laughed at their attempts, and ridiculed them for their fear of death."

It was the only thing to make them respect him, though another time it was a chance whether the English spirit would lead to good or evil for him. They were going up a very steep ascent, when Generoso, who was immediately behind Mr. Moens, "kept hitting and poking me with the barrel of his gun, because I did not ascend as quickly as he wished, though I was close behind the man before me. At last I turned round in a pretended rage, and with my stick in both hands, raised it over his head. He shrank back and brought his gun up to his shoulder with an oath. Two or three ran up. I caught hold of him, but at the same time they abused me, and seemed quite taken aback at the idea of a ricattato threatening one of themselves. I told them I walked as well as they did, and I would not be bullied, so it was no use attempting it—that they might kill me if they wished, and the sooner the better. I found this answer capitally, and I was never touched again while on the march, and it was from this moment that they began to respect me a little for my apparent disregard of death; and when we arrived at the camp-fire, it was immediately narrated how I had threatened to kill a *companion*, this being the term they always use when speaking of each other."

These camp-fires on the mountains are the really picturesque circumstance of a brigand's life, and when lying round them the only time when he is picturesque; for his uniform, which looks well enough when new, soon gets torn and dirty, and incomplete—this article being left behind in a sudden flight—that article falling as a legacy to an accommodating peasant who has taken it to wash or to repair, and on whose hands the unexpected appearance of troops finally throws the dangerous treasures—while, as for the gay foppery of rings and chains and coloured scarves and kerchiefs, and all the rest of the stock adornments, they exist certainly, but they appear only on rare festival days, when the times are considered safe, and finery and jollity not out of season. But these times are very rare; the main object of a brigand's life being to procure food, either by "tithes in kind," levied in unfriendly districts, or by exchange and barter when the peasants are of a more commercial and obliging frame of mind, or as future ransom-money in the shape of defenceless wayfarers with families who

respect their cars, and would rather not have their heads sent to them in a paper parcel, while their bodies feed the wolves on the mountains. But round the fires at night—then Salvatore Rosa lives again, and the brigand of the drama and the studio is in some sense realised. Swarthy men lying in every attitude round the blazing pile, their guns in their hands, their dark faces gleaming in the light, while hooded sentinels watch silently under the shadow of the rocks and through the long vista of the darkened trees, overhead the sky glittering with stars, and the old mountain echoes ringing to the sound of song and laughter; seen, just as a picture, the thing is well enough, and full of admirable material for artists and the like; but that is all. Any group of men, from soldiers to settlers, bivouacking in the open air, affords the same combination of light and line; and one need not go to melodramatic thieves even for studies after Salvatore Rosa.

The dresses of the two bands, Manzo's and Pepino Cerino's, were sensible and wise-like enough, and with far more simplicity and less finery than is the current notion of a brigand's wardrobe. Manzo's men had long jackets, of stout brown cloth the colour of withered leaves, with a most useful and generous arrangement of pockets: one pocket especially in the back being not unlike a pantomime clown's. Mr. Moens has seen a pair of trousers, two shirts, three or four pounds of bread, a bit of dirty bacon, cheese, and other things, brought out thence, one by one, when a search was made for any missing article; in fact, it is the sac, or hand-bag of modern days sewed inside the coat, and not carried outside. The waistcoats, of dark blue cloth, were buttoned at the side, but had showy gilt buttons down the centre, and they, too, had an arrangement of pockets of great use; for in the lower were kept spare cartridges, balls, gunpowder, knives, &c., while above went the watch in one, and percussion caps in the other. The trousers were of dark blue cloth like the waistcoat, and were cut like other men's trousers. Cerino's band were in dark blue coats and trousers, with bright green waistcoats adorned with small silver buttons; and they all had belts for cartridges, &c., and all had hoods attached by a button to their jackets, which, however, were often lost in the woods, and always at a premium when retained. They had wide-awakes; and one which Manzo gave to Mr. Moens as being rather more sightly than his own, had inside it the label of Christy of Gracechurch-street, who happened to be the Englishman's own hatter when at home.

But the blessing of blessings to the brigands in the way of clothing, is the capote, the large-hooded cloak worn in Italy by peasants, and familiar to all who have travelled on the Continent, as a general article of dress everywhere, with certain slight modifications of cut. Manzo gave Mr. Moens one of these capotes, but as time went on, and these and other things became scarcer, he had to share it at night with Pavone, one of the band, who had a habit of snoring, and who was not quite as fragrant as a bottle of eau-

de-Cologne. When the poor captive was ill, as he was once—so ill that he thought they would have “to dig a shallow hole to put his body in,” he gave Pavone an uncomfortable night by “hitting him to stop his snoring, rolling myself round, and so dragging the covering from him, and groaning from the pain I suffered; but I must say for all that he was most forbearing.” This bad fit of illness (diarrhœa) was cured by some cheese made of cow's milk. Lorezo, another brigand, cured himself of fever by drinking a good-sized bottle of castor oil at one pull, and about ninety times as much quinine as would lie on a franc. This somewhat heroic remedy cut down in a day, a fever which had lasted a fortnight.

One of the causes which lengthened the captivity of Mr. Moens, was the belief of the brigands that he was a highly influential personage, related to Lord Palmerston, and of such importance that the Italian government would pay his ransom, whatever the amount asked. Wherefore, they fixed it originally at a hundred thousand ducats for himself and Mr. Aynsley, equal to seventeen thousand pounds; then after a few minutes' conversation with Sentonio, “a tall clumsy ruffian with black eyes, hair, and beard,” it was reduced to half, namely, fifty thousand ducats; but finally they accepted thirty thousand, which was a considerable reduction from the first demand. Many and great were the difficulties, not about raising the sum, but about transmitting it. The laws against paying ransom to the brigands, or trafficking with them in any way, are very severe; and as the capture of an English milord, a relation of Lord Palmerston, and the friend of the Italian government, had created immense excitement, the whole country was scourged by soldiery, to the imminent risk of the poor captive's life, when they came to shots with the brigands. For, as he says, they always seemed to take special aim at him, as he was the tallest of the party; and he was thus in even more than equal danger with the rest, of a bullet through the heart. Their activity added to the prolongation of his captivity; for the brigands would not let him go without the money, and the money could not be brought up to the band; and so the whole thing was a game at cross-purposes and checked intentions, and an immense amount of suffering, mental and physical.

It was a tremendous moment for both Mr. Moens and his then fellow-captive, Mr. Aynsley, when they drew lots as to which should be set free to go and raise the ransom. Mr. Moens held the pieces of wood which were to decide the lots, and Mr. Aynsley drew. When he drew the fortunate longer one of the two, “I must confess I felt as if I had been drawing for my life and I had lost,” says Mr. Moens. A minute afterwards, the report of a gun—the bullet whizzing over the prisoner's head—told the band that the soldiers were upon them. Mr. Aynsley had met them, almost immediately after leaving the brigands, and they started in hot pursuit. No good was done; no good ever was done by the soldiers; only poor Mr. Moens slipped and

fell in the general flight, nearly broke his arm, nearly got drowned, and was nearly shot; but finally escaped all these close chances to which his would-be rescuers subjected him, thanking God for his safety, but "feeling anything but charitably disposed towards the rulers who ought years ago to have cleared their country from these ruffians, instead of leaving them alone till they carried off an Englishman."

He never had any very good chance of escape save once; when, if he would have shot two sleeping men, and one other awake and at a distance, he might perhaps have got away. Scope was the one at a distance, he having moved away two or three yards from his gun in order to get into the sun while he was freeing his shirt of vermin. For, the brigands, who rarely change their clothes, and never wash themselves, are, as might be expected, overrun with vermin to a most disgusting extent. Mr. Moens was inside a cave. Sentonio and Pavone had laid their carcasses across the entrance, and Scope, as was said, had moved off to a little distance. Two guns, one single, the other double-barrelled, lay within reach of his arm; he might seize one and kill the two sleeping men, and Scope too, if he threatened to move. It was a temptation, and he pondered over it—but his mind and heart revolted from a double, perhaps triple murder; his life was in no immediate danger; he fully believed that the ransom would be finally all settled; and, to turn away his thoughts, he opened the little book of Psalms he had with him, when his eye fell upon the passage, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord!" The words spoke home; he resolutely put the temptation behind him, amused himself with picking out the grains of wheat and rye from some ears he had plucked, and then a herd of cattle passing near, woke the sleepers, and destroyed his only available chance of escape.

This same Pavone was a double murderer; for the first crime he had been imprisoned three years; but, repeating the amiable weakness, he had been afraid to face the authorities, and so took to the woods. His wife and children were in prison, that being the practice of the Italian government concerning the families of brigands. He would have given himself up to release them, but that he was afraid of Manzo's vengeance against members of his family, all of whom would be murdered on the first opportunity if he had deserted. Else it is not an uncommon thing for the minor members of a band to give themselves up when they have amassed a certain sum of money, whereby they can be well fed while in prison for their term. This they call "retiring from business;" and a very pleasant and profitable retiring it is.

Great care was taken that Mr. Moens should never see any of the peasants who came up to transact their small business with the brigands. It was a matter of indifference whether they saw him or not, but he was not to see them, so that he might not be able to recognise and thus bear wit-

ness against them, to the result of twenty years' imprisonment for them if detected. He had to sit out of the way, pull his capote over his face, lie on his back, go through all sorts of voluntary methods of blindness, when the bread, and the meat, and the ciceri (a curious kind of pea, only one in a pod, and the name of which every one was obliged to pronounce on the night of the Sicilian vespers, when those who did not give it the full Sicilian accent were set down as French and killed), the milk, and the washing, and the rosolio came up, and money was chinked out, and the band kept from starving, for that day at least. It was the one point of honour, also of common-sense precaution, with the brigands.

Gambling is the favourite brigand amusement; and they gamble, as they do all things, to excess. Manzo lost seventy napoleons at one toss; and the private shares of ransom-moneys change hands twenty times before finally dispersed and disbursed in the plains. They wished Mr. Moens to play with them, but he, shrewdly suspecting that it would be a case of "heads I win, tails you lose," tried the experiment with confetti. They lost, and laughed in his face when he asked them to pay up. On which he took the hint, and declined the heavier stakes. The day when the last of his ransom was paid, there was great gambling going on, and in a short time the money was nearly all in the hands of four men—the captain, Generoso, Andrea, and Pasquale.

On the whole, now that the danger is past, the money gone, and no real damage done to any one, it is an experience scarcely to be much regretted. The ears of Mr. Moens were saved, his limbs were saved, his life was saved; and for the "compliment" of a few thousands, he has had an experience and an adventure, of startling magnitude in these prosaic times of ours. He has seen what no other Englishman of the time has seen, and has done what no one else has done, and has written a bright and charming book as the result; with one piece of advice as the moral, very patent to the reader—namely, do not travel with much luggage, whether consisting of photographic plates or not, and do not travel in brigand-haunted places at all, with luggage or without. The heavy baggage was in part the cause of the Englishman's disaster. Continentals do not understand our love of work and turmoil, and the only facts that seem to have at all shaken the belief of the brigands that they had captured a milord, were the blackened state of his hands from his manipulation of photographic chemicals, and his flannel trousers—like those which Italian prisoners wear. But they got over these two shocks, pursued the even tenor of their faith, stuck to their text, and did not abate in their demands until the very last.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK I. •

CHAPTER XII. ST. CECILIA AT THE ORGAN.

THE day wore on. The sun had travelled across the field, and the calm of evening began to set in quickly. The cricketers were growing fatigued, but the untiring ladies showed no sign of flagging interest. For them there was no monotony in the spectacle—at least, the succession of gentlemen who came up and amused the Miss Tilneys, prevented their taking much heed of the passage of time. Of Mr. Tillotson, absent, dreamy, and silent, they had long since ceased to make any account. About four, he had wandered away unnoticed towards the old cathedral, which, with the enclosed green, and the little Close, and the old-fashioned houses, had begun to have a sort of attraction for him. There had been the cold funeral of a Service there that day as usual; but it had been a very dismal ritual. And Fugle, the seraphic tenor, had to expend notes, that properly belonged to the cherubim above, on two old ladies and a mildewed ancient, dotted among the lugubrious stalls, and on a tourist who, book in hand, and studying the monuments, looked in curiously at some angelic cry of Fugle's, but cautiously took care not to be imprisoned within the great gates of the choir. When Mr. Tillotson walked among the grass, he heard the billows of the organ still rolling and swelling within. He went in. Bliss was practising above. There was no one else there. His footsteps echoed as through some vast stone grotto. He was quite alone, and walked softly into an oaken stall to listen to Bliss, Musical Doctor, Oxon.

It was a soft solemn stalking theme of Bach's, grand, old fashioned, and piquant, like music in bag-wig and ruffles and square cut coat—music that ambles on in a solemn canter round and round in a ring, with quaint curvets and backings for any length of time, with a very charming monotony, that finally wakes up into a *grand ronde*, and ends triumphantly, and like the last burst of a procession. Mr. Tillotson in his stall, with two comic lions with twisted tails and a paw leaning on a shield

on each side of his head, thought of Doctor Bliss and his powers, and was wondering whether the dull bricklayer-work of lessons, teaching, and the like, dulled this fine sense of music, and whether this grand power fell into a fatal routine also, when he heard the rattle of closing stops and the locking of the organ doors. Doctor Bliss was going home. He stood out in the middle looking up at the great gallery, and, as he did so, the organist glided across. But it was not Doctor Bliss. Heavy shadows were floating up among the groined arches, but with a quick instinct he knew the outline of that figure, and walked up to her quickly and stopped her. By the same instinct she knew him.

"I have been listening," he said, "in that old dark stall. I thought it was Doctor Bliss, and have been delighted."

"He lets me play in the evening sometimes. It is the greatest treat I can have. It is quite a world for me, that noble old organ, with life, fancies, intellect, everything. In its company I forget everything."

"Just as I," he said, "when listening, have forgotten everything too. I have never been what is called musical, but I can follow and understand what I have just heard."

"But there are very few who *are* musical," she said, in her serious way, and smoothing down her yellow hair, which rivalled an illumined patch of amber glass just above. "They are taught instruments and notes, but that is scarcely music." Then she said, abruptly: "You have spoken more than once of troubles, and some secret bitterness which is to be irrecoverable. May I speak to you freely? May an inexperienced girl out of a country town give a little advice?"

"And I shall promise to try and follow it, too," he answered eagerly. "Indeed I shall! Country girl! why near your wisdom ours is all foolishness. Do speak, Miss Millwood."

"You have been so good to me," she went on (and the two figures standing there under the great gallery looked picturesque even to the verger, who had come to look up, but went away softly, recognising her), "even from the first night when you made me a promise which I had no right to ask of you—that I *will* speak to you without restraint. If you had some dreadful trouble—some terrible blight, why should you sit down under it, or take it with

you all through life? Believe me, we should struggle; and after we have indulged ourselves in a sorrow and repentance, perhaps, for a time—let it be a long time even—we should then think of life and its duties. Dear Mr. Tillotson, I do not want to run into the common exhortation that comes from that pulpit there every Sunday; but I myself was inclined to do as you are inclined to do—to drag hopelessly through life, but——”

“It is too kind of you,” he said, excitedly—“too generous; and indeed, if I dare, or if I could, I would carry out what you say, when I would shut my ears to the platitudes poured from *that* place. But you do not know—you *can't* know all, Miss Millwood! Sorrows and troubles! Yes! I were blessed indeed if all known misfortunes were poured out on me: ruin, poverty, sickness, anything. You will think this extravagance. But I know how to struggle, and would welcome such trials. But there are other things that *must* walk with us through life till we reach our graves. That, nothing *here* can atone for. That gives us a dismal pleasure in gloom and misery, because we know the more we suffer the more we are atoning.”

She answered him as excitedly as he had spoken, and the setting sunlight outside came now in a gorgeous slant from the amber panes right on the amber hair.

“Why,” she said, “this is the hopeless doomed Calvinist's faith—despairing, wretched, hopeless. It makes me miserable to hear you talk so. It fills me with despair. I don't know your history, and I don't wish to know. But no matter what has happened. I conjure you and implore—I would go down on my knees here, in this sacred place, to ask you to fly from yourself and banish this fatal, miserable, destroying idea!”

“And what *am* I to do?” he said, putting his hand to his forehead. “If *you* preach, I must listen. Call it destroying, despairing, horrible—what you like. But you do not know—you cannot guess——”

“I can look into your face,” she said, confidently, “and see none of the cold hard lines of guilt. I can tell that you have been, to use the common hackneyed form, more sinned against than *sinning*. That, when young, you have been foolish, thoughtless, and have thus done things which others do coldly and with guilty premeditation.”

“Oh,” he said, “it is indeed as you say. I dare sometimes to flatter myself it is so. Thank you a thousand and a thousand times over for this kind judgment. I shall think of it, and force myself to believe it. You say you look in my face; but can you *look at this hand*? Ah! is there no physiognomy in the hand?”

She shrank back a little. “It is not for me,” she said, “to pass judgment, nor do I wish to know the course of any one's past life. That is for his conscience.”

“They have not put ‘Confessionals’ round this cathedral,” he said, bitterly, and looking

round. “I wish to Heaven sometimes they had. I saw you turn away, Miss Millwood. You see I judged myself better, after all, than *you* could do.”

“No, indeed,” she said, eagerly, and coming back close to him again, “you mistake. You spoke so mysteriously.”

“And yet you must not,” he said, “take with you a wrong impression. Whatever was done was forced upon me. Whatever——”

“But tell me,” she said, suddenly, “have you no relative—no sister, father, or mother?”

“Not one left,” he said, in a strange steady key of despair that went to her heart; “and yet my father and mother might both have been alive now. For it rested with me!”

Again she half shrank away.

“I see it,” he said, bitterly. “How empty are professions, after all. No matter; I was young, and careless, and wicked. ‘Wild’ is the gentle word of the world. I was wilder than even those complimented as wild. I was sent away abroad to save them at home from disgrace, although it nearly broke *their* hearts. But it had to be done. We are not in a confessional, Miss Millwood, but I am telling you everything. I went away recklessly, rejoicing at being free now and for ever. My father, ill and broken, sent for me. I in part disbelieved the illness; in part was too proud, and said, ‘Let them come to me, since they sent me away from them;’ in part listened to some wicked friends who were real ‘men of the world.’ He died without my seeing him. I *did* feel that—I did indeed, Miss Millwood, though I cannot expect you to believe me.”

“How you mistake,” she answered. “I believe you and feel for you. Indeed I do.”

“Ah, but you have not heard all. There came a passionate letter from her, laying his death at *my* door, calling me her husband's murderer, telling me to be an outcast, never to come near her, and end my wretched course as soon as I pleased, and let her end hers. That roused my wretched pride again; and oh, Miss Millwood, what will you think of me now? Then I went on from worse to what was yet worse, until even in the foreign places I became notorious. One vile story after another travelled home about me, some true, some false, but all reaching, until came *that worst and most fatal* story of all, which, oh, Miss Millwood, *was true, true*, and ever will be true. And when they told her *that*, she could bear no more, and——” He could not go on.

But, in a voice of the tenderest sweetness, she said to him, “There, you must not think or talk of these things any more. I can understand. I don't ask to know more. And still I repeat what I have said before: whatever has happened, you must try and struggle. It is a duty, and the best atonement you can make to that lost parent.”

“Ah, that lost parent,” he said, despairingly. “But I did not tell you what led to the loss. No, no, dear Miss Millwood. I must go on as I have gone on. I have indeed tried travel,

books, and now business, hard, constant, laborious business. I am longing to get up a *greed* of money. If that were to take possession of me body and soul, I might drive the other enemy out; but, somehow, should it not be kept there? It is better to go on to the end even as it was at the beginning. Though since I have come down here, I seem to have got upon more quiet waters. What with this cathedral and its old-world associations, this little enclosure about it, and its air of peace and happiness, I seem to be less wretched; or, rather, it seems to me that there is less misery in the world. And some words of yours, dear Miss Millwood, have sunk deeper than perhaps you would fancy."

The great pillars and arches had begun to cast broader and broader shadows. The light behind the amber panes had gradually faded, and left them cold and dull. The glories of the sunset had gone down. The monument to the Yeomanry Captain looked like a spectral dining furniture set out for a ghostly banquet. Suddenly two figures came round the corner, and stopped before them.

"Come," said Ross, roughly, "what does all this mean? This is nice work! Is this a place for you? Don't you know how long they have been looking for you?"

"I am coming," she said, softly. "I was playing—"

Ross laughed. His laugh echoed harshly through that great cave. "You hear that, Bob. How ready a woman is with her excuse. Why, we didn't hear a sound this hour back. Perhaps you, Mr. Tillotson, were playing also—an undiscovered accomplishment."

"Let us go away now," she said, hastily. "Don't let us lose time. Come, Mr. Tillotson."

She went on in front with Mr. Tillotson. The other two followed hastily.

"We were unfortunate," said Ross's friend, "that we came too late for the music. I should like to have heard that old instrument trembling and roaring under your fingers, Miss Millwood."

"And don't forget our friend, who hates cricket, and I suppose dropped in here by the merest accident," said Ross.

"It *was* accident," said Mr. Tillotson, calmly; "but what of it, supposing it were not? This cathedral, a wonderful exception is, I believe, always kept open like the foreign ones."

"Ready always at repartee, is he not, Bob? Mr. Tillotson, the London banker, can give us lessons down here. Can't he, Bob?"

"Why should you say that?" said his friend. "Why, you are as bitter as an almond. Confound you, why, if you spoke that way to a Mexican gent, he'd have you out on horseback in ten minutes, with a Colt's repeating musket opposite. My dear friend, you must keep your tongue in order. You won't meet every one with such restraint and moderation as this gentleman."

The banker coloured. "I don't deserve it so much as you say. Mr. Ross knows I have not restrained myself nearly so much as I ought to have done."

Ross stamped his foot savagely down on the pavement.

"Ah! that would be different, of course," said Grainger.

"Will you stop," said Ross, his face glowing suddenly, and his eyes glaring. "What is this you mean? Come on in front—I wish to speak to you," he said, seizing her arm. "Come quickly;" and he almost dragged her on.

"Our friend," said Grainger, nodding his head, "is a little rough at times; but he is really good at the bottom."

In a few minutes they were at home.

CHAPTER XVII. AN ILL-CONDITIONED MAN.

IT was impossible to withstand the accolade manner of Mr. Tilney—his absorbing Friend of Man deportment—and, if this could be withstood, it was equally hopeless to think of battling against the Friend of Man, sensitive, and meaning well, and wounded. But he was really good natured.

"It is like fresh air to me to get a gentleman now and then into the house. I have been accustomed to that sort of thing—to sit with the best, with his late Majesty, Jack Norman, and a hundred such. The best dishes, sir, the best clothes, the best men and women, sir! And then to be cocked down in a miserable hole like this! A low nest of psalm-singers and tailors. It's not a fit place for a gentleman."

This tone was inconsistent with Mr. Tilney's previous praises of the tranquil pleasures of the cathedral, whose special charms, he had often insisted, lay in its retirement and simplicity, as contrasted with the false pleasures of high society. But the day had been very warm, the sun beating down on his forehead, and Mr. Tilney was seen to go in and out very often of the cricketing tent, where he found out and perhaps wooed the maiden Brown Sherry. Presently he grew ruminative. (This was at the door of his own house.) "How about your plan," he asked—"the directors of the new scheme? You will have gentlemen, of course—fellows that won't rob the till? But you won't fish many gentlemen out of this place. If I can help you, my dear friend, or my name can be of use, or my cousin, Lord Chinnery, don't be afraid to speak. In fact, I should like it. I have often wished for something to do."

Mr. Tillotson was a little embarrassed. He would have liked to have served this old soldier of society. "Why, you see," he answered, "Mr. Tilney, I can decide nothing as yet. I am afraid it is the class of purely business-men that we want—men that have been trained to things of this kind. But later, I dare say—" In short, a series of the good-natured common-places by which the fall of a refusal is broken. Mr. Tilney was not vexed.

"Well, I suppose so," he said. "It's generally my luck. I recollect H.R.H., who cared for me about as much as he did for any man, saying to me, 'Ask me for something, Tilney,

one of these days. Don't be afraid about it. If I can't, I'll refuse you.' But, egad, whenever I asked, he always *did* refuse me."

That night, then, when Mr. Tillotson found himself again with the family, he said to himself, almost pettishly, "It is absurd going on in this way, haunting a family." But he wanted a little resolution in the mere trifles of life. There were no military present, so that Miss Augusta could devote herself without distraction to the entertainment of the guest. Miss Helen was tired, and went to lie down. Mr. Ross was not present. "I am glad of it, I am sure," said Mrs. Tilney. "I am tired of waiting on his humours." Miss Augusta exerted herself surprisingly to amuse the stranger. When there were patches of scarlet lighting up the landscape with a gorgeous military sunset, the poor girl naturally became bewildered and divided in her attention. Now that there were only the autumn greys, the task was easier, so over she went to her piano, and warbled ballads aimed at the heart of the stranger.

For a few moments—when she had gone to look for another ballad up-stairs—Mr. Tillotson was left with Miss Millwood. He asked her where her father was.

"He has gone out," she said. "He is in low spirits. He has met some cruel disappointment to-day, he told me. I cannot guess what it can be. Poor papa, he has many troubles."

"I can guess," said Mr. Tillotson. "I know, in fact. I believe I am accountable. It was about the new bank. But I fear there is a difficulty."

"Poor papa!" she said, sadly. "His life has been trouble enough. And he was once very happy. This place is a sad change for him, as you can imagine. It is hard, at his time of life, to be subject to fresh disappointments."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Tillotson, looking at her; "but I hope there will be no disappointment here. In fact, I think I can smoothe away the difficulty. I am sure it can be managed."

Again the deeply gratified look came into her face—the soft charming look of devotion which he had never seen in any other face. Then Miss Augusta came back with her book, and began once more.

About ten came in Mr. Tilney, depressed and almost *thoddy*.

"Where is that Ross?" he said. "I have been looking for him. He said he would be here."

"Oh, with his odious pipe, or some of his mess friends," said Mrs. Tilney. "What a life the creature leads. I am sure a person that has staked his all on a chance in this headstrong way, might at least conduct himself with humility and gentleness. I am sick of his airs. One would think he had got a fortune already."

"That is the reason, perhaps," said Mr. Tilney, gravely. "I suspect he feels it as much as any one, but is so proud, he puts on this 'devil-may-care' manner to hide it. Here there was Bob Childers, who was Master of the Horse, why,

when all his friends knew he was breaking, and scraping up a guinea here and a guinea there, God knows how, he was as proud and offensive a creature as the commonest cockney. There was——"

Mrs. Tilney had always to restrain these reminiscences.

"I know," she said, smiling. "Would you ring for the wine and water?"

About eleven, when Mr. Tillotson was going home, young Mr. Ross entered very brusquely; his hair was tossed, his cheeks were flushed. He gave an angry look, and flung himself down on a sofa, making it creak and rattle. Mrs. Tilney moved indignantly in her chair.

"What is it now?" she said. "We expected you before. What detained you?"

"What detained me? I wasn't able to come. There!" he answered, rudely. "I was dining at the mess. Have you been jolly, here? The usual entertainment, I suppose? To be continued every night until further notice." And he laughed harshly.

Mr. Tilney shook his head. "My good Ross," he said, "you are getting a little rough. It will be time enough, you know, when you come in for your fortune. Put it off until then."

The other burst into a loud harsh laugh.

"By the way, I have got some news for you all about that."

They all started. Augusta turned round from the piano. The hands of the yellow-haired girl were clasped fervently.

"Well?" they said, eagerly and together.

"Look at 'em! What excitement," he said, ironically. "A nine days' wonder. Put all the heads together to devour the great secret. Stare me out of countenance. Do——"

Mrs. Tilney, without any pretence of a smile whatever, half rose and said, calmly, "I see it. He has heard some bad news about the suit. I know he has."

"Well, suppose I have," he answered, bitterly, "is it not my own concern? Was it not my own venture? I don't want any one's sympathy or expostulations."

"Oh, William," said Ada, clasping her hands, "this is dreadful."

"Dreadful," said Mrs. Tilney, hardly containing herself. "It is all his own doing. He has brought it on himself. I have no pity for him; none in the world. Such sheer egregious folly is contemptible. You are a beggar now, and you have only yourself to thank for it."

"Pray, do I want to thank any one else for it?" he answered, coldly. "However, it finishes the business once for all, and I am not sorry for it."

"But what is settled?" said Mr. Tilney. "God bless us! is it final?"

"Final, for ever," he said, impatiently. "What is the use of giving details? Those precious attorneys have been taking a big-wig's opinion—Sir William Bushell's. I hope to God he has made 'em pay. It is discovered, now, that we never had a chance from the beginning. I sup-

pose, like myself," he added, getting up. "I never had a chance from the beginning."

"Plenty, sir," said Mrs. Tilney, "if you had used them properly. I am disgusted."

"Well," he said, with a dismal ruefulness, "I suppose I must weather on somehow. Begin again, perhaps. There's nothing wonderful in it, after all. It has happened to plenty more before my time. But now leave it. I don't want to talk of it any more. What's been doing? What's been going on?"

No one answered him, and he looked from one to the other with a poor affectation of being at his case, which Mr. Tillotson felt pity for.

"You must cheer up, Mr. Ross," he said, good naturedly, and going up to him. "It may not be so bad as reported. Things may turn out better. Don't be cast down."

Mr. Ross looked at him from his foot up to his head.

"Have you seen the letter that came to me to-night? No, I should say not," he said, with a sneer. But he checked himself, and added, in a softer tone, "No, the thing is about as bad and as settled as it can be."

Then Ada spoke, in a low voice. "It may be as Mr. Tillotson says. We must all hope for the best. Don't be cast down—*don't*, William. It's not so great a blow, after all." And she came up to him with a soft imploring look.

"Why don't you say, While there's Life there's Hope, or some other amiable platitude? Good gracious! What are you all looking at me in this way for? Is a man that has got a letter such a wonder? You are all delightful comforters. I'll not stay here any longer. I'll go back to the mess." And he rose up in a rage, and walked hastily out.

Mr. Tillotson followed him. "Excuse me for one moment," he said. "Look here, Mr. Ross. I fear you do not understand, but I mean you well—I do indeed. If I can be of any service in this misfortune, I hope you will only show me the way. Recollect, you have some claim on me for an unfortunate mistake I fell into."

For a moment there was a softened expression in Ross's face, but only for a moment. This was an unlucky allusion. There was a cold stiff iron bar of pride that ran through his frame from his head to his heel.

"You are very good," he said, coldly. "But I want no assistance. I have remarked, since you came here, you have been kind enough to be making me these sort of offers. What interest, might I ask, have you got in me? Is it for my own pure merits? I have not been in the world so short a time as to believe that. And as for what you allude to about——"

"Well, I don't care telling you," said the other, eagerly, "that it is for the sake of another, who I can see is a little interested in you."

"Ah, I thought so. Now we have it. Then let me tell you, Mr. Tillotson, great banker as

you are, I have seen your game from the beginning. I know what you are staying here and coming here for, with such benevolent and sympathising looks. I suppose you want to make capital, as you do out of the Funds, with this grand pity and generosity. An excellent dodge. This suit of mine has fallen in capitally, I suppose, with your plans. But look here, Mr. Tillotson the banker," he added, raising his voice. "I may have to go away, I suppose—somewhere—I don't care where. But I shall be watching you wherever I am. You are counting on my being beaten in this. But I give you warning. If I am, some one shall suffer! I am not a man to stand these tricks, and I give you notice——"

There was a rustle of a dress close beside them, and there was a sweet voice too. "Oh, for shame! for shame!" it said. "I could not believe this of you! I begin to think you are unworthy of all pity, kindness, generosity. Mr. Tillotson, say no more to him. I am grieved, I am shocked, that your goodness should have exposed you to this; but I had thought that this—this *man*—had some feeling in him. But I begin now to see what he is."

He looked from one to the other with a look of impatient fury. "So this is what you are beginning to think?" he said. "I don't care who thinks that I have feeling or not. I want no compliments in that way as to thinking well or ill of me. You are both in a charming partnership. Not that I mind, indeed. Good night to you *both*."

The feeling in his listeners was, that this was mere insanity—his eyes were so wild—and that common shape of insanity that comes from a furious struggle of such passions as contempt, disappointment, rage, and pride.

The eyes of the golden-haired girl were flashing, her cheeks glowing. "I thought," she said, bitterly, "that under all that rudeness and roughness there was a kindness and natural generosity. But he has undeceived me now. I have tried," she continued, in a voice that still trembled a little, "to hope the best, and do what little I could by my poor words to save him from himself. But it is useless now. Let him go."

It was scarcely surprising that Mr. Tillotson's cold cheeks should have found colour at these words, or that he should have felt a thrill of something like pleasure. Then she seemed to recollect herself, fell into a sort of confusion, and fled away up-stairs.

When he came back to the drawing-room, he found the family still excited.

"It is one satisfaction," said Mrs. Tilney, decidedly, "we can have done with him now. There is no further excuse for our putting up with his airs. I declare," she continued, with her favourite motion of rustling her dress angrily, "all I have endured from him, his insolence, and want of respect, from the fear of hurting his sensitiveness. A person of *my* age consulting a

young man's humours is rather a new thing. He shall not come here any more. Indeed, I suppose he will have enough to do to keep himself from want. "I am sure," she continued, trying to put up the smile, only now it fitted with difficulty, and seemed made for another month, "Mr. Tilletson, who was considerate and kind towards him all through, must have seen what a thankless, ungracious person he was. Not one of the girls," continued she, "liked him; and as for that child, Ada—to whom he had some dislike—I know *she* will be glad to be free from his tyranny."

THE HUMOURS OF HAVANA.

THE morning, you may be sure, did not find me a sluggard on my couch in the saloon. Never rose a lark, or a landscape-painter on his first sketching-tour in Wales, with more alacrity than did I from the steam-packet's scrubby velvet sofa. Early bird as I was, there had been even lighter sleepers; and the ship, above and below, was full of joyous life. During the few hours of darkness, too, that process of transformation I lately spoke of had been making rapid progress. I had fallen to sleep, it is true, in Spanish waters, but in Anglo-Saxon company, but I woke up on board a caravel belonging to the Spanish Armada. The grave, sonorous, and dignified Castilian—noblest and most Romanesque of tongues—resounded on every side; and although the day wanted several hours of breakfast-time, the blue filmy fumes of the cigaritos were floating about the cabin like aromatic gossamer. The consumption of chocolate was immense. Only yesterday we had been content with an early morning cup of coffee; but chocolate is the sole recognised Spanish *desayuno*; nor, with a glass of cold water and a cigarito afterwards, does it make you so very bilious. Or is it that your liver becomes, on your entrance into these torrid climes, so utterly disorganised, that nothing can make you *more* bilious, save the yellow fever, which kills you? "If in doubt, take a drink," says the American proverb. You had better give chocolate the benefit of the doubt, and drink *that*; for, although made so thick that a spoon will well-nigh stand upright in the cup, it is a most delicious and refreshing beverage. I noticed, too, that several of our transatlantic fellow-passengers, in compliment to the climate and the Spanish flag, had substituted chocolate for their habitual "morning glory," or cocktail; in fact, one gentleman, used to these latitudes, informed me that he had "sworn off" alcohol altogether, until when returning from New Orleans, whither he was bound, he should be north of Cape Florida again; "and then," he concluded, "I guess I will change my breath, and nominate my pison,"—a prudent resolve, and one that Englishmen as well as Americans would do well to imitate in the tropics. Yellow Jack is a bitter foe, and swamp fever a fearsome scourge; but I will back Old Rye and

brandy-pawnee to sweep off more Anglo-Saxons in a week, than the vomito or the fever will do in a month.

Tables and chairs covered with oranges—come from none could tell precisely where; but it seems to rain oranges in Havana—and the presence of sundry officials in suits of white linen or faint blue stripe, with huge Panama hats, helped to complete the idea of transformation. Are you aware of the beauties of a Panama hat? It is of fine straw—straw so fine and so exquisitely plaited, that it appears to be of one united glossy nature. It is as soft as silk, and as strong as chain-mail, and as elastic as caoutchouc. If you are caught in a shower of rain, and your Panama gets wet through, you have only to wring it out as though it were a towel, and hang it on your walking-stick to dry, and in a quarter of an hour it will have regained its pristine shape. The Spaniards declare that a Panama is shot-proof, and an infallible protection against sun-stroke; but of these assertions I have my doubts. The life of a Panama hat may be measured by that of a raven. It is supposed never to wear out. At all events, there is a cunning hatter in New York, who, for ten dollars, will undertake to return to you, as good as new, a Panama which is twenty years old, and has been in the wars, and shipwrecked, and thrown into a lime-kiln, a tan-pit, and a bucket of tar. This peerless hat is not to be purchased at a mean price. It is the dearest head-gear manufactured. Indian maidens have intoned whole cantos of Indian epics while they plaited and sewed together those minute circles of straw. A good Panama will stand you in from fifty to seventy-five pesos de oro—from ten to fifteen pounds sterling.

And now, on this first of tropical mornings, did the steamer's state-rooms give up their semi-dead. Whole families of *Señoras* and *Señoritas* made their appearance in shiny black and pink silks, and low mantillas, and pink stockings, and white satin shoes, and colossal fans, ready for any amount of flirtation, serenade-hearing, and bull-fight witnessing. Where had those *Señoras* and *Señoritas* been for the last five days? On their backs, I trow, in their berths, screaming piteously when the steamer pitched; moaning dismally when she rolled; imbibing chloroform, cognac, tea and other nostrums against sea-sickness, and calling upon many saints. Our Lady de los Remedios might be the best to invoke under such circumstances, perchance.

There is an immensely stout old lady in violet-coloured satin, with a back-comb as high as the horn of Queen Philippa in old illuminations, a burnt-sienna countenance, a cavalry recruit's moustache, a bright green umbrella, and an oaken casket clasped with brass under one arm. This is the old lady, I apprehend, to whom the stewardess used to take in such tremendous rations of stewed beefsteak, fried bananas, and bottled ale every day at dinner-time. She suffered awfully. Her

cries for Cerveza Inglesa were incessant. She was troubled in her mind one afternoon, when we had a chopping sea on, and sent for one of the Sisters of Charity; but I am sorry to say that nurse and patient did not agree, and that the good sister was speedily dismissed with unhandsome epithets. Sister Egyptiaca being of Irish extraction, fresh from an orphanage in New York,—whence she was going, good little creature, in perfect peace and contentment, to risk her life in the fever-baled wards of a New Orleans hospital—and speaking nothing but English, and the old lady only talking Spanish, may have had something to do with their misunderstanding. However, the old lady is all right now. She is very voluble; she has given the steward a golden ducat; and he has kindled a match for her, and she has begun to smoke a cigarette. It is reported that the oaken casket with the brass clasps is full of diamonds. The stewardess says, she always kept it under her pillow during the voyage. She looks a rich old lady; comfortably quilted with ounces, moldores, and pieces of eight. I connect her in my mind with a huge sugar estate and teeming gangs of negroes. I would rather be her overseer than her slave, I think.

It is worthy of remark, as another element in the transformation we have undergone, that our talk is now all of a metallic coinage. Five days ago, nobody had anything but greenbacks. The stewards won't look at greenbacks now. Five days ago, the passenger who had hoarded a silver dollar was quite a lion; he who had an English sovereign hanging to his watch-chain was made much of; and one thin, dry New Englander, who was absolutely the owner of an American gold double eagle—the handsomest coin in the world—kept it in a wash-leather case, like a watch, would only exhibit it on pressing solicitation, and, I am led to infer, made rather a good thing of it by taking the precious piece forward, and allowing the hands to smell it at five cents apiece. But what cared we for paper money now? Piles of gold suddenly made their appearance. Little bills for stimulants were paid in five-dollar pieces bearing the effigy of Isabella Segunda. For the first time in my life I saw that numismatic parallel to Brobdingnag and Lilliput—to dignity and impudence—the gold dollar, which is about the size of an English silver penny, and the gold doubloon, or ounce, which, to the dazed and delighted eye of the possessor, looks as large as one of King Croesus's chariot-wheels, but is in reality about the diameter of a crown-piece, and is worth three pounds ten shillings sterling. They say Havana is the dearest city in the world; and I cannot help thinking that the costliness of living there is mostly due to the fact of the ounce being held to many intents and purposes the financial unit. It is the Creole sovereign. If you stay at a friend's country-house and his body-servant has saluted you, you give the man an ounce; if you bet on a cock-fight, you bet an ounce; if a torreador has won your approbation,

you send him an ounce; if the prima donna at the Tacon takes a benefit, you purchase a stall and pay an ounce—or as many ounces as your admiration for the prima donna prompts you to disburse. A whole lottery-ticket—an intiero, as it is called—costs an ounce. If you hire a calèche and two horses for the day, the driver very coolly demands an ounce for his fare: in short, I should imagine that the only wild animal in Cuba must be the ounce. "I call that man a gentleman," I once heard a German settler in Havana remark, "who can afford to lose at monté or tressillio, every day of his life, four or five ounces." Four or five ounces! Ingots and goldbeaters' hammers! to what a Tom Tiddler's ground had I come!

I went on deck, where everything was noise, bustle, and transformation, and where they seemed already to be taking in oranges, bananas, and cocoa-nuts, as a return cargo. The skipper only remained untransformed. He wore the same fluffy white hat, the same long-skirted bottle-green coat with the same blue-black velvet collar, and the same shepherd's-plaid trousers in which he had loomed imposingly on the paddle-bridge of his ship, foot of pier Number Something, New York city, five days since. He had a heart of oak, this skipper of ours, and I believe was an excellent seaman and navigator; but I could never divest myself of the impression that he had been concerned in dry goods, or even a wooden mummy factory, before he had taken to going down to the sea in ships. He had made, I dare say, fifty trips to Cuba, but he couldn't speak Spanish yet. He pressed the doctor into his service, to act as interpreter in a slight dispute with the health officer. "Ain't posted up in his lingo," he unaffectedly remarked.

I looked over the side, and drank in a spectacle the most gloriously picturesque I had ever beheld. I have travelled a good deal; but there are many spots, even on the map of Europe, which to me are still terra incognita. I have never been to Naples; I have never been in Old Spain. Looking out upon the crowded port of Havana, I was reminded irresistibly of the market-scene in Masaniello—the Morro Castle doing duty for Vesuvius. We were close upon a quay swarmed with sunburnt varlets in red nightcaps, in striped nightcaps, in broad flapping straw hats, and some with shaven kerchiefs of gay colours twisted round their heads. Nearly all wore gaudy sashes round their loins. They were bare-armed and bare-legged: their shirts were open at the breast, and, if they had jackets, those garments hung loose upon their shoulders, or with the sleeves tied in a knot before them. Dark elf locks, black glittering eyes, earrings, and little dangling crosses round the neck; baskets of fish and baskets of fruit, crates of crockery, coops of poultry; cries of gratulation, welcome, derision, defiance, quarrels never ending in blows, general hubbub and confusion; and over all the hot, hot sun and the cloudless vault of blue.

But the market-scene in Masaniello soon

faded away to nothingness. Havana began to assert its own individuality. I saw a town whose houses were painted in all the colours of the rainbow. I saw long lines of grey and crumbling bastions, and curtains and ravelins built in old time by jealous Spanish viceroys, and which, I learned, not without pleasure, General Dulce, the then Captain-General, was beginning to demolish, to give the pent-up city of Havana elbow-room. From all these bastions and ravelins the morning drums and trumpets of the garrison were braying and rub-a-dubbing at the most alarming rate. The port seemed as full of shipping as the Pool of London, and what scant show of blue water there was to spare was packed close as Cowes harbour at a regatta with the shore-boats. Pretty little skiffs they are, with a lateen sail, often decorated with a portrait, en pieth of San Cristobal, the patron saint of Havana, and with a gaily striped awning aft. From where we lay was a good twenty minutes' row or sail to the custom-house. Were the Americans to gain possession of Cuba—a consummation which, for many reasons, is most devoutly to be wished, for they would be bound to commence their occupation by the abolition of slavery—they would have twenty piers built in the inner port in less than six months, and the passenger steamers would come quietly up to the pier-foot and discharge their passengers on the wharves without any boats at all; but this is not the Spanish way of doing business. "Mastana," they would answer, were this necessary reform pressed on their attention. The authorities are of opinion that the harbour boatmen have a right to live as well as other folks, so you are not allowed to proceed from your ship to the shore without the intermediary of a boatman, to whom you pay a dollar, and as much more as he can argue you out of. He never threatens, never is rude: his endeavours to obtain an additional four and twopence cannot even be called begging. He puts the case to you as one between man and man; he appeals to your sense of justice, your self-respect, your honour. You are a caballero; he is a caballero. This—here he rests on his oars a moment, or objurgates Pepe, his assistant, who is putting on too much sail—will at once lead you to accede to his demand. The name of the boat which conveyed me to shore on this said morning was La Rectitud. The boatman was a most unconscionable rogue; but there was something in the calm assumption of dignity in the name on the stern, which drew the dollars from us as though we had been two-years children. I am reminded that when I use the first person singular, I might with greater propriety use the plural; for in this trip to Havana I made one in a party of three. I had two genial travelling-companions, both fellow-countrymen, in whose mirthful fellowship I enjoyed to the full all the humours of Havana, and with one of whom I was destined to travel to a stranger and more distant land, of which, in process of time, I purpose to discourse. But, as these travelling-companions happen to

be alive and merry—as they will probably read these papers, and as one in the Old and the other in the New World is as well known as Charing Cross—I feel that it would be impertinent to drag them into a rambling and fantastic narration, full of perverse conceits and most egregious fancies; and I hesitate, too, to veil them under thin pseudonyms or provoking dashes. Let me, then, the old Babbler, be solely responsible for all I put my egotism to; and as for any other travellers, not my immediate companions, whom I may touch upon, do you set them down as mere brain-worms, abstractions, and creatures of the imagination. Do you know that I was once most savagely handled by the "Affectionate Review" for having made an "unmanly attack" on the character of a lady, in depicting the airiest shadow in the world of a harmless spinster, by name Miss Wapps, with whom I journeyed due north, as far as Cronstadt, ten years ago? To please critics of the affectionate school, all travellers should be blind, and deaf, and dumb, and should write their words in invisible ink, and publish them in coal-cellar.

I, then, Babbler, having, after many shouts, and with much loss of inward animal moisture, selected a boat from among upwards of fifty applicants, saw my luggage thereto, and free pratique having been granted by the officer of health, was rowed to shore. I should not have minded that health-officer's boat as a conveyance, but for the thought that people whose business is mainly with the quarantine and the lazaretto usually carry about with them the seeds of the cholera or the yellow fever, and die thereof. It was a most luxurious shallop, with an awning striped crimson and white, a rich carpet, and cushioned benches. The crimson and gold banner of Spain, with the crown on, floated at the stern; and under the awning the health officer lolled at his ease, clad in bright mankeen, a red cockade in his Panama, and smoking a very big paro. My passport, a document with a very big red seal, granted me by Mr. Archibald, his Majesty's consul at New York, had been left with the purser on board the steamer, and would duly be transferred to the Havana police authorities. The journey to the shore is very picturesque, though somewhat tedious. One man rows, another attends to the sail; both are smoking and occasionally squabble; and you, the passenger, are expected to steer. If you happen to be totally unacquainted with that art and mystery, the possibility of your running foul of other craft in the port is not a very remote one; and sometimes, while the boatmen are quarrelling or singing a little duet about "Juani-i-i-ta, la Chi-i-i-quita!" the boat lets you know that she has something to say for herself, by heeling over and capsizing. But I believe no passenger in a shore-boat was ever known to be drowned before he had paid his fare; and if you steer badly, the helmsman in the next boat may be steering worse; and the two negatives make an affirmative, saying "yes" to the question whether you are to get safe to the custom-

house. I suppose there are persons who can steer by intuition. I know there are who can drive mail phaetons, mix salad, and compose charades, without ever having been taught. It is a gift. One is born to it, as to roasting meat and playing the overture to "Semiramide" on one's chin.

The custom-house was an apartment as big as a barn—all the rooms in Havana are enormous. The floor was intolerably dirty; but the roof was a magnificent open timber one, the timber being solid beams of delightfully fragrant cedar. So you had the Augean Stables underneath, and Solomon's Palace in all his glory above—not an uncommon contrast in Cuba. The custom-house officers gave us very little trouble. I addressed the first gentleman with a cockade I met as Señor—I should perhaps have called him Caballero—beggd a cigar light from him, and slipped a dollar into his hand. He opened one of my trunks, let a little tobacco-smoke into the orifice to fumigate it, and then dismissed me with a very low bow. Then I was handed to a little grated wicket, where another official, who was smoking so desperately that he sat, as it were, in the midst of a fleecy cloud, like one of Sir James Thornhill's allegories in the painted hall at Greenwich, asked me my name and country, and delivered to me a printed license to reside in Cuba for the space of three calendar months, which was very kind on his part, seeing that I only intended to remain in the island until the West India mail-packet came in from St. Thomas. This license cost a good deal of money, four or five dollars, I think; and I noticed that when the official had filled up the form, he was a very long time hauding it from a small pepper-caster, and looked very hard at me. I know, from long experience, what being intently regarded by an official of the Latin race means, and so "executed" myself without delay. We parted the best of friends, and I was a psceta the poorer.

I was now free to proceed to an hotel; but this was much more easily said than done. In the first place, there were no public conveyances about, save the volantes, which are vehicles far too ethereal to carry heavy luggage; in the next, to find any tolerably comfortable hotel in Havana is a labour which, had it been imposed on Hercules, might have caused that strong-man to be a little less conceited about his triumph over the Erymanthian boar and the eleven other difficulties. The wealthy and splendid city of Havana is worse off for hotels than any other in the civilised world. The Antilles, perhaps, cannot be held as belonging entirely to civilisation; but, as the "Queen" of the Antilles, I think Havana might maintain at least one decent inn. There is an hotel in the Plaza Isabella Segunda, close to the Tacon Theatre, kept by one Legrand, a Frenchman; but I had heard dismal reports of its cleanliness, and it was situated, besides, beyond the walls, whereas I wanted to be near the Plaza de Armas and the sea. There is a very excellent boarding-house, clean, comfortable, and well appointed, kept by Mrs. Almi, an

American lady; but her accommodation is limited, and her establishment is nearly always as "complete" as a Parisian omnibus on a wet day. I have been told, also, that there is a slight drawback to the comfort you enjoy at Mrs. Almi's, in the fact of the house being the chosen resort of consumptive invalids from the United States, who have fled from the asperity of the northern winter to the warmer sky of Cuba. But they are often in the penultimate stage of the disease when they land; they don't get better; and it is apt to spoil your dinner—so I was told—when inquiring for your next neighbour of the day before, who talked so charmingly of the last opera, and so hopefully of the coming bull-fight, you are informed that he has been dead for some hours, and will be buried this sundown in the Potters' field. You grow accustomed to this at last; for it may be said, without exaggeration, life in these regions of vomito and fever resembles life on board a man-o'-war in war-time. You are very merry with Jack and Tom overnight; and on the morrow Jack is "knocked over," and Tom "loses the number of his mess," and you say "Poor Jack!" "Poor Tom!" their clothes are sold by auction before the mast, and you forget all about the sad occurrence.

With the exception of Legrand's and Mrs. Almi's, the inns of Havana are all very like what I should imagine the fondas and posadas of old Spain, away from Madrid, to be. I had heard such dreadful stories about them, that, blinking the pulmonary drawback, I determined to try Mrs. Almi's. By this time, with the assistance of several willing and grinning negroes, who danced with delight at the gift of a very small silver coin—I never saw any copper money in Havana—my luggage had been piled on a machine closely resembling one of those miniature drays in England, on which a very small barrel of beer is drawn by a very big horse, conducted by a very big man. The beast of draught was in this case a bullock, with an enormous gole, not over his shoulders, but right across his forehead. That poor animal certainly earned his bread by the sweat of his brow; and, to judge from his lean flanks and protruding bones, I should infer that the jerked beef he might furnish, subsequent to his demise, would be dear at threepence a pound. The conductor, who sat the horse, side-saddle fashion, was a prodigious old negro whose wool had turned white, and whose wicked old head—he was such a nasty-looking old man—was surmounted by a ragged straw hat. He was singing, of course, occasionally varying that recreation by skinning and gobbling the pulp of some oranges, of which he had a pocketful, and, on the whole, took things very easily. I presume he was a slave. I was bound to walk behind this sable drayman, for, although I might have taken a volante, was it not my duty to follow my luggage? And, but for an uncomfortable fancy that if I stepped on the dray and sat aside my trunk I should look like a traitor being drawn to execution at Tyburn on a sledge, I would have patronised that mode of locomotion.

There was no obtaining admission at Mrs. Almi's. Intending visitors had written for their rooms a month or six weeks in advance; and the mansion was as full of phylaxis as a Ventnor lodging-house. Next I tried the "Fonda de America," a few streets off. There was some room in that hotel, which was under the arcades of a crumbling old portal, not unlike the Covent Garden Piazza, with the aroma of all the Spanish onions, leeks, and shallots of the adjoining market hanging about the staircase:—a despotism of garlic tempered by tobacco-smoke. The landlady was a German, fair, fat, and twenty-five, and was basking in a rocking-chair, enjoying the smoke and the smell of onions with apparently intense gusto. The perfume was almost like Fatherland. She had one huge apartment to let. It was not vacated yet; but the occupant, a French commercial traveller, who had seemingly just risen, and who was carefully oiling and curling himself before a glass, most courteously permitted me to inspect the room. He was quite affable, indeed, and was good enough to inform me that a packet I saw lying on a side-table contained some of the genuine Amaranthine soap of her Majesty Queen Victoria, patented and gold-medalled at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, and that he was just then clearing through the custom-house eighteen cases of Bully's Toilet Vinegar. Ere I quitted his quarters, he likewise enounced the opinion that the island of Cuba was un *sichu* pays, and that the landlady of the Fonda de America was a *mégère*. Heaven bless the Frenchman wherever in the world's weary journey you find him! He is always easy, sprightly, confidential, and conversational. Bless him for his grimaces, his airy philosophy, his harmless, naïve vanity. He is, with the exception of the Englishman, the best travelling comrade in the world; only, for an Englishman to speak to a stranger to whom he has not been introduced, the stranger must be in the cramp-stage of the cholera morbus or on the point of having his brains blown out by robbers. Then, but then only, the Briton becomes own brother to the man he doesn't know. But the Frenchman waits for no such crisis.

There was room at the "America," but not for all of me. You will bear in mind that I was in triplicate; and so raw was I then to Hispano-American usages, that I imagined that a traveller with money in his pocket had a right to a bedroom to himself. I had yet to learn that our English word *comrade* is derived from three Spanish words—"camara a dos," double-bedded lodgings. I took a bath at the America, for the good of the house and my own (the offender you bathe before eating, and the more seldom afterwards, in the tropics, the better it will be for you); and then the dray, and I and the negro, who was a spiteful old man, and had lost his temper fearfully by this time, resumed our peregrinations. We tried, I think, at "Los Dos Amigos," "La Reyna de Inglaterra," "La Corona de España," and other hostelrys; but the answer in all of them was "no room," of

"not room enough." I was, for the nonce, El Señor Ferguson, and not fated to lodge anywhere; and the negro sitting side-saddle on the bullock began to spit and swear in Spanish, like an infuriated old cat.

But to me the time was not all lost. Far from it. I had begun to study the humours of Havana. The time had worn away, it was ten o'clock, and the city had burst into the full blaze of tropical life. The Anglo-Americans rail at Havana, because the streets are so narrow and so tortuous; but ah! from ten to four p.m., how grateful you are for narrow devious lanes, in lieu of broad staring thoroughfares! You have the inestimable blessing of shade. Now and then you must take, perforce, a hot bath, and frizzle for a moment in the sunshine as you cross a plaza; or, turning a corner, the sun, suddenly spying you, cleverly refracts a ray at your head, which pierces your brain well-nigh as an arrow would, but you are soon in the shade again. The streets of Havana are perhaps as clean as those of most southern European towns. The principal sanitary inspectors are named Garlic and Tobacco-smoke. They are at least determined to keep the other stenches down. The roadway is littered and untidy, but who should complain of litter composed mainly of orange-peel, the rinds of pine-apples, cocoanut shells, fragments of melons; and exhausted Indian corn-cobs? I must go to Covent-garden again for a comparison. Don't you know that delightful litter between the grand avenue and the Old Hummums—I mean that spot where the orange-boxes are bursting, and the almonds are tumbling out of their sacks, and the Irish market-women sit in the June afternoon shelling peas. The scene is untidy, but grand. I always think of the Garden of Eden run to seed, in consequence of the gardener, Adam, having been turned away.

There is but a ridiculous apology for a foot-pavement in these streets. The average width of the trottoir certainly does not exceed twelve inches. It is a kerbstone with nothing to curb. I have fancied this exiguity of path to be a deliberate device on the part of the municipality to keep up the practice of politeness in Havana, for of course, if you meet any one on the trottoir proceeding in a contrary direction to your own, you naturally step into the kennel to allow him to pass. You don't give him the wall, you give him the totality of the pavement. This hypothesis, I fear, however, is as fantastical as that suggested, that the narrowness of the streets in Havana is also due to premeditation, and is designed to allow opposite neighbours to light their cigars from each other's weeds. Small as is the space between the houses, they preserve, nevertheless, a tolerably perpendicular elevation; whereas in the town of Algiers, which in the narrowness of its thoroughfares closely resembles Havana, the houses are built on the lean-to principle. Each story seems on the brink of toppling over; and at the roofs, opposite houses nearly kiss each other. I have heard that the Moorish architects adopted this style of con-

struction from notions of economy. You see that all but the very narrowest strip of sky *must* be shut out. For why? The heavens above are for ten hours out of the twenty-four one blazing basin of burnished copper. The Cubans, however, being wealthy, can afford to leave a wider space between their houses; but while the sun shines they shut him out with vast awnings of parti-coloured stuffs. This aspect of Havana would delight the heart of an Edgington. The populous part of the city is one huge marquee.

Ah! and how shady the shops are. There are some as dark as the purser's store-room in a cockpit. You enter them, not only to shop, but to bestow yourself in a rocking-chair, to nod and to take, if you please, forty winks. The shop-keeper never dreams of disturbing you. He puts your nap in the bill; that is to say, he adds fifty per cent to the price of the articles you wish to purchase. Of course you beat him down. You bargain for everything in Havana mayor o minor, wholesale or retail. The apothecary who sells you a blue pill expects an amicable little tussle over the price. What matters? It fills up the time, and, unless you are concerned in sugar or coffee, you are sure to have plenty of time hanging on your hands. "Are there no beggars at your gate? are there no poor about your lands?" the Poet Laureate might indignantly ask. Well, the poor are slaves, and are very fat and shiny, and seemingly well cared for (which does not in the least militate against slavery being a stupid, blundering, and accursed anachronism, of which the Spaniards themselves are heartily sick), and as for the beggars, I never saw any in Havana; and, had I met one, I should certainly not have presumed to offer him less than a golden dollar.

The tradespeople seldom, if ever, put their names over their shop-fronts. They adopt signs instead—not painted or plastic ones as the Americans and the Germans do, but simply written inscriptions usually implying some ethical allusion. "La Rectitud," our old friend of the boat, is much patronised by the mercers; but that tradesman in the Calle O'Reilly must have had queer ideas of rectitude when he charged me seventy-five dollars for a dress professedly made of pina or pineapple fibre, but which subsequently turned out to be a silk grenadine from Lyons, not worth three guineas. Then you have "La Probidad," "La Integridad," "La Buena Fé," "La Consciencia"—all special favourites with the gentlemen of the narrow width and ell wand. Their signs are very pretty, but methinks they do profess too much. Some are simply arrogant, "Todos mi elogian"—I am praised by everybody; "Mi fama per l'Orbo vuela"—my fame is universal: these are over the cigar-shops. The photographer has a flourish about "El Sol de Madrid" and "El Rayo de Luz;" one studio went by the name of "El Relampago"—the flash of lightning; and I never could refrain from laughing at the motto adopted by the proprietor of a shop for the sale of lucifer matches—"La Explosion."

And now, if you please, picture these thread-my-needle thoroughfares, not one of them a third so wide as Hanway-yard, shady to intensity, but yet rich in the tender tints of reflected light, and semitones stealing through the diaphanous awnings overhead, with here and there a pod, a splash, an "explosion," of positive light and colour—where the sun has found a joint in the armour of awning and made play with his diamond dart; picture these lanes thronged from morning till night with sallow Spanish Creoles, in white linen and Panamas, and negroes and negresses gaudy, gaping, and grinning, according to the wont of our African brothers and sisters. Now and then a slouch-hatted, black-cassocked priest, now and then a demure Jesuit Father; many soldiers in suits of "sur-sucker," a material resembling thin bed-ticking, straw hats, and red cockades; many itinerant vendors of oranges, lemonade, sugar-plums, and cigars, for though every third shop is a tobacco-conist's, there is a lively trade in cigars done in the streets. The narrowness of the foot-pavement affects you little. You may walk in the roadway without inconvenience. There is nothing to run over you save the bullock-drays, whose rate of speed rarely exceeds a mile an hour, and the pack-mules, which are so laden with fresh-cut Indian corn-stalks for fodder that only their noses and the tips of their tails are visible beneath their burdens, and they look like animated hayricks, and the volantes, which are so light and springy that they would scarcely crush the legs of a fly if their wheels passed over him.

I confess that these several and sundry humours of Havana were, when first I viewed them, subordinated to my intense desire to find an inn in which I could take mine ease; and I was on the point of desiring the old negro (who was frantic with rage by this time) to turn his bullock's head to the city gates and journey towards Legrand's, when the odour of a decidedly first-rate cuisine attracted me, and ultimately induced me to put up at an inn in the Calle del Obispo. To tell the truth, I wanted my breakfast, desperately.

THE LAY OF THE PHANTOM SHIP.

And soon
Those ugly human shapes and visages,
Of which I spoke as having wrought me pain,
Fast floating in the air, and fading still
Into the winds

Prometheus Unbound.

All in a gay and goodlie ship
There sail'd away to sea,
Beneath a blue and golden sky,
A gentle companie;
Old men and young, and maidens, too,
As faire, as faire could be.

High, high in air, exceeding faire,
A golden sky did glance
With limpid eye upon the waves,
That merrilie did dance:
And the white foam stream'd behind the ship
O'er this ocean's vast expanse.

Anear, around, the glad waves bound
 Career'g o'er the sea;
 The foaming crests high rear'd their heads,
 Proud of their liberty;
 And each white tip look'd like a stone
 In a mighty cemetery.

Ah me! they were a gallant crew
 As faire as faire could be;
 As brave and bold as ne'er was told
 Of a goodlie companie;
 And the ship sped on beneath the sun
 To the sound of minstrelsie.

And now the sun had climb'd the sky
 Right straight above their mast,
 And look'd down like God's own eye
 On the ship that sail'd fast;
 And on the deck all look'd, and saw
 No shadow it did cast.

The day wax'd old, the evening came
 Out of the eastern skies,
 And in the West a ruby flame
 Shone o'er their charm'd eyes;
 And broad and bright, a glorious sight,
 The moon did softly rise.

Out of the East and with the night
 The moon did softly steal;
 Calm grew the breeze, and straightway then
 The companie did kneel;
 And as they knelt, with gentle tone
 The vesper-bell did peal.

And then there rose from sea to sky
 In loud, harmonious swell,
 The sounds of tender melody
 An earnest prayer can tell;
 And through the cry was heard to sigh
 The holy vesper-bell.

And on the ship there fell a calm,
 Her sails flap'd to and fro;
 And sweetly slept that goodlie ship
 Beneath the moonshine glow;
 And the waves they sang a quiet tune
 As they journey'd to and fro.

O Christ! it is a blessed sight
 To see beneath the sky,
 Hush'd by the waves, hush'd by the moon
 A ship sleep peacefully;
 Whiles all around steals up the sound
 Of a gentle melody.

A mother singing to her child
Dormi blandule;
 The mavis' note that sweet doth float
 Through shady greenwool tree,
 Is not so exquisite, I ween,
 As an ocean's melody.

The sounds of psalmodie have ceased,
 No more to overwhelm,
 The gentle murmur of the waves
 That chase the ocean realm;
 But One alone remains awake,
 And he is at the helm.

He gazeth on the crystal shield
 Em-paradising night;
 Lo and behold! his brow is cold
 What doth him so affright?
 He gazeth on the quiet tide,
 And his hair it stands upright.

Slow rising from the sapphire flood,
 The taper masts, I ween,
 Of a ghostly ship rose up and shone
 Bright in the pale moon-sheen;
 And they rose and rose from that sapphire flood,
 Hush'd in a sleep serene.

Slowly they rose, and as they mount
 Into the moonlit air,
 The helmsman saw the masts and spars
 Of a Phantom Vessel there;
 And as they clomb the helmsman gazed
 With a dull and leaden stare.

The lazy stars that shone on high
 Gleam'd redly through dim space;
 And the bloody moon stood in the sky,
 Showing her awful face;
 And the helmsman 'gainst the quivering heavens,
 These phantom masts did trace.

The helmsman shook,—the blood forsook
 His heart, and to his head
 It rush'd with might, and dimm'd his sight
 In a canopy of red;
 And drops of agony his brow
 In big round drops did shed.

And ever mounting rose the hull,
 Its decks exposed to view;
 And the helmsman gazed with pale affright
 At a diabolic crew:
 At skeleton forms that did compose
 This diabolic crew.

Around each head there shone a flame
 As plays upon the tomb;
 And it shone most horribly distinct
 In the tremulous moonlit gloom;
 It shone like the ray that clouds send forth
 From their deep horrific womb.

O dread and woful suffering!
 O mortal agony!
 To see an hideous sight, yet know
 Not what that sight may be!
 To stand and quake and fear and shake
 Before dead companie!

To gaze upon the spectral dead
 With cold and livid cheek,
 Whiles in thine eye the pale moonshine
 Glows drowsily and bleak,
 And watch the spectres' grinning mouths
 With lips that never speak!

Ah me! that it should e'er have been!
 For, pacing to and fro,
 A horrible form was there, I ween,
 Pale in the moonshine glow;
 A form that look'd an it had been
 Bleach'd in the Land of Snow.

Its fleshless skull with eyeless holes
 Wag'd fearfully about;
 And at the ears and at the mouth
 Foul things crept in and out;
 And the lifeless limbs on this lifeless form
 Moved restlessly about.

The helmsman's gaze in the red moon's blaze
 Wax'd fair and cold and dim;
 He watch'd the sight by the bloody light,
 But could not move a limb;
 And his brow grew cold as the earthy mould—
 O Jesu, pity him!

All noiselessly these skeletons
 Stood leaning o'er the side,
 Watching the flames around their heads
 That slowly by did glide;
 Watching the phosphorescent glare
 That slowly by did glide.

And ever mounting in the air,
 The ghostly ship did rise;
 And the helmsman saw the wondrous thing
 Climbing the leaden skies,
 Saw the dull glare in the midnight air
 Of those phosphorescent eyes.

Higher and higher the blue flames flew,
 Upwards the phantoms spread,
 Until they mingled with the stars
 That shone above their head;
 But the helmsman saw not, for his eyes
 Were fixed, and he was—dead!

Then thrilled around an awful sound,
 A fierce, unearthly cry;
 It thrill'd around with an hideous sound,
 And awoke the companie.
 They leapt from their trance, and threw a glance
 At the pallid heavens on high.

The moon was waxing faint and pale,
 The East was growing bright,
 And the rosy flush of morning's blush,
 Beam'd down its dewy light;
 But the stricken form of the helmsman lay
 Dead to their wondering sight!

COURT, BALL, POWDER, AND EVENING.

LATELY, while looking in at the pretty, sweet-smelling things in the window of Mr. Truefitt's shop, my eye (which had for some time been suggesting to my palate that a dish of shaving lather was trifle, and some cakes of pink soap were Neapolitan ice creams) fell upon the following bill:

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

BRITISH

HAIRDRESSERS' ACADEMY.

(Here a list of the Presidents.)

The Committee beg to announce that they will hold

A GRAND SOIRÉE

At the above Rooms

On Tuesday, January 23rd, 1866, at Half-past
 Eight o'clock precisely,

When the members of the Academy

WILL DRESS A LARGE NUMBER OF LADIES
 IN

Court, Ball, Powder, and Evening Head-dresses.
 At Ten o'clock,

A GRAND BALL

Will take place, to commemorate the opening of the
 BRITISH HAIRDRESSERS' ACADEMY.

Was it a joke, one of those elaborate pieces of facetiousness, which people with more money than wit are, in these facetious days, too much disposed to perpetrate? No! surely Mr. Truefitt would not joke on so serious a subject. It was not a joke. There, among shaving trifle

and the ablutent ice creams, lay several packets of tickets, reserved and unreserved, double and single, duly marked with the prices, which were: gentleman's five shillings, lady's three and sixpence, admitting to ball and soirée, and including refreshments and supper. Thinking that I had never known so much entertainment both for the mind and the body, offered at so low a charge, I entered the shop and bought a ticket, making at the same time this memorandum in my diary: "23rd January, engaged for the grand soirée and ball of the British Hairdressers' Academy."

At the appointed time I presented myself and my ticket at the Hanover Square Rooms, and passing through a throng of the Academicians and their wives and daughters, all in evening dress, I entered the grand salon. I had seen some odd sights in the Rooms of Hanover-square. The last time I had visited them, the apartment was occupied by a "structure" in which two mountebanks bound and unbound themselves with cords, thrummed nigger tunes on banjo and tambourine, and called their absurd performance a manifestation of the spirits. The structure was a strange thing enough; but the sight which now presented itself was stranger still. The centre of the large room was occupied by a long row of tables spread with a white cloth, as if for dinner; only instead of plates, the festive board was set out with oval hand-glasses. The knives and forks were hair-pins.

If, not knowing what was about to take place, you had been asked to guess the nature of the entertainment, you would probably have guessed a Feast of Winkles. When, presently, the Academicians trooped into the room in a procession, each one having on his arm a young lady with dishevelled hair, your thoughts would probably have wandered from winkles to the wild suspicion that there was going to be a wholesale execution of maids, unjustly doomed through the larcenous propensities of magpies. Or was it to be a competition in madness for the appointment of an efficient Ophelia to a Temple of the Drama?

The Academicians hand the dishevelled ladies to their seats, each Academician standing respectfully behind his particular lady's chair. There is a short pause, as if for grace; but the signal that is waited for is a wave of the chairman's bâton, which is a comb. When you more than half expect that each waiter will hand his lady a plate of soup, each waiter, as if he had purposely arranged to beguile and astonish you, seizes his lady by the back hair. The simultaneous seizing of forty beautiful females (in white frocks, with their back hair down—consequently in distress) by the back hair is almost too much for your chivalrous feelings, and you can scarcely resist the impulse to rush upon the scene, hitch up your trousers, draw your cutlass, and bid the land sharks avast! But the next moment you perceive that it is only "in the way of kindness" that hands are laid upon the back hair of the lovely females;

and the gentle and delicate skill of those hands proves their owners to be worthy of the name of British Hairdressers.

There are about forty female heads under operation; three of them, who cannot find room at the principal board, taking their meal of dressing at a side-table. No two heads are to be dressed alike; but each operator is free to follow his own fancy. There are all shapes of heads, all colours of hair. Some ladies have a profusion of rich glossy locks; others have scarcely any. The latter, I notice, are frizzed (with hair-pins, not with hot destructive tongs), and by this process a very little hair is made to look a great deal of hair. One head is dressed in the fashion of Queen Anne's days, the hair being pulled up over a cushion, and powdered with flour; another is arranged in lateral bandeaux, and powdered with glittering pearl; a third is frizzed, decked with sprigs, and powdered with gold. Yonder is a black-eyed, cherry-cheeked damsel, being arrayed as a bride, with orange-flowers and a long white veil. She acts the character to the life, blushes deeply, and keeps her eyes fixed on her white satin shoes. If it were half-past eleven A.M. instead of half-past eight P.M., the bachelor spectator might feel tempted to take her by the hand, and lead her across the square to St. George's, on the chance of finding a stray clergyman at the altar to perform the service offhand. A thought comes into my head, that it must be very tantalising to that young lady to be dressed thus, like a bride, and find that nobody is coming to marry her. And when the happy day *does* arrive, will she not be used to the sensation? Think what a disappointment it might be to the bridegroom to see his bride taking it coolly, exhibiting no agitation, omitting perhaps to blush; in fact, conducting herself generally like an experienced widow.

Moving onwards towards the other end of the table, we pass in review a great variety of styles of hair-dressing—some exceedingly simple, others most elaborate. Here is a little Queen of Night, with golden stars twinkling in her raven hair; here a stately lady with marabout feathers, another with a white muslin scarf interwoven with her locks, others with twigs of coral and coins and dingle-dangles. I observe now that the Academicians are racing. When the President waved his comb, that was the signal to start. "They're off, they're off—they're round the corner! There they go—there they go!" and Mr. Carter, the president, is the first horse—I mean, hairdresser—to pass the winning-post. Great applause greets his triumph. He has dressed his head in twelve minutes. Most of the others take ten or fifteen minutes more, but at the end of half an hour all the forty heads are dressed. Thunders of applause! Mr. Carter now makes a short speech, informing the spectators that the ladies, accompanied by their hairdressers, will pass twice round the room, so that all present may have an opportunity of inspecting the various triumphs of art in hair. Accord-

ingly, each Academician gives his arm to his lady, and the whole of the forty couples pass round, while the band plays a slow solemn march, and the spectators applaud. At length the ladies are led from the room to their own private apartment, and the cloth is cleared from the tables, to the highly appropriate tune of "God save the Queen."

Regarding the foregoing as the story of the piece, I now proceed to make my critical remarks. The ladies, who were evidently the wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts of the Academicians, were all well up in their parts. It was clear that they had rehearsed them repeatedly and thoroughly. Whenever a curl or a bandeau was ready to be fixed, they handed up a hair-pin to the operator. They knew the very instant to hand the comb, the flower, the net, the twig of coral, the bunch of dingle-dangles, the pearl-box, and the gold-dredger. There were hand-glasses before them in which to watch the process; but they did not use them. They *felt* their parts, and acted them out of that inner consciousness which is the true attribute of genius. As to the Academicians, they were to the manner born. The brush, the comb, the pomatum-pot, and the wash-bottle, had marked them for their own. I regret to say, however, that some of them were not in themselves testimonies to the virtues of macassar and the regenerating properties of wash. Shoemakers' children, it is said, are always badly shod. By the same rule, it appears that the artists who profess to make hair grow on the bald places of others, are denied the ability to make hair grow on the bald places of themselves. Some of the Academicians here were suffering from a most damaging exposure of "thinness on the top." If you ask me if hairdressers have any idiosyncrasy as regards costume, I answer that they have, and that it manifests itself in a white waistcoat with brass buttons. Intellectually, they must be a very superior race; for the president talked to me in a most learned manner of the æsthetics of hairdressing. If the art of hairdressing has its "æsthetics," which is quite as fine a thing as the "chiaroscuro" of the painters, why should not the professors of the art have an academy? While the hall is being cleared for dancing, let us examine the project. First of all, it has been resolved:

"That an academy be established by British Hairdressers, and when established, that it be open to the hairdressers of all nations. In furtherance of this object, the committee venture to hope that they will receive sufficient funds to warrant them in taking chambers in a respectable locality, where they propose to have a general practice-night once a week, and a club, or general meeting-place on the other nights, where all novelties in the trade, whether in hairdressing, new ornaments, or inventions connected with false hair, perfumery, brushes, combs, &c., may be exhibited, and their merits discussed. They also hope that they may be enabled to engage ladies for each practice-night, as they consider practising on blocks to be worse than useless.

They propose to have a public soiree at their own rooms once a month, where dressers, selected from three previous practice-nights, will give an exhibition of their skill; and a grand soiree every month at the Hanover-square Rooms, where all the dressers chosen on the three previous monthly soirees will perform before the public. By these means, and from the subscriptions of their members, the committee hope to realise sufficient funds to enable them to establish a Hairdressers' Club-house of all nations." A most laudable object, truly—one in which every person who has a head to be dressed, and a heart to feel for the man who dresses it, will most cordially sympathise.

The British hairdressers have a grievance, and it is much to their credit that they do not parade it in the prospectus of their present scheme, nor make it in any way the basis of their claim to public support. It was whispered to me confidentially—and I am going, at my own risk, to whisper it confidentially to the public—British ladies have a predilection for *French* hairdressers. This is quite of a piece with our favour for Italian singers, and French cooks, and Spanish dancers. Yet we have English singers who are equal to any of the Italian, and English cooks who are as good hands at a kickshaw as Francatelli himself; and have we not recently exported dancers to Spain, and France, and Russia, where kings and emperors have presented them with diamond necklaces, and princes and counts have fought duels for their sweet sakes? As to the British hairdressers, they only want fair play. At these periodical exhibitions of their taste and skill they will give British ladies an opportunity of showing what they can do. If they are less tasteful than the Frenchman, they will not complain if the Frenchman is preferred; but if they prove that their skill is second to none, they have a right to expect that native talent shall not be sacrificed to a mere caprice. The British hairdressers have not asked foreign artists to join in initiating the present movement; but when the academy shall have been securely established, it will be open to the hair-artists of all nations. They don't want protection; they court the fullest competition. All they ask from the ladies of England is fair play.

Having thus disposed of the business part of the matter, let us now devote ourselves to pleasure in the ball-room. But just one moment. I am invited to view the ladies in their private apartment. Here they are, a bevy of beauty, a wild *parterre* of the choicest flowers—as regards their heads—shaking from their curls, and bandeaux, and chignons the powdered gold of Ophir, and the balmy perfumes of Araby, with just a flavour of the unguent odours of the northern bear. Who shall be fairest at the ball to-night? To whom shall we award the prize? Here in the midst of them all, it is an embarrassment of rich tresses. Let us fly from the intoxicating scene, and plunge into the giddy vortex which Terpsichore is preparing for us in the grand hall!

A delightful ball! The Academicians most gallant and polite, the ladies elegant and stately; but gracious. Etiquette and the proprieties strictly observed; but not too strictly. No affectation, and certainly no vulgarity. Nothing that the most ill-natured person could sneer at. My impression is, that I have never seen at a ball so much natural politeness and easy courtesy. If these hairdressers, and their wives, daughters, and sisters, are not ladies and gentlemen—in the ball-room sense—they are the best imitation of them I have ever met with among what is called the industrial classes. That many of them are ladies and gentlemen in the true sense, I was fully assured by their intelligent conversation and good manners. And the ladies—ah, what charming dancers they were! Why was my *polite* education neglected in early youth? Why was I not sent to dancing-school, practically to have learned that the *polite* arts soften the manners, and prevent a man from becoming savage? Not having learned the polite art of dancing, I am (as a natural consequence) savage—very savage that I am not in a position to go up to that handsome young lady with the gold-dust in her hair, and beg the favour of her hand for a polka. How tantalising it is as she sweeps past, on the arm of another, shaking the gold from her curls as if she were Fortune scattering her favours. Alas! the golden shower falls not on me, for I cannot dance. I retire into a corner to gaze in silence upon the giddy scene in which I cannot join. How I envied those happy joyous dancers! I do not know whether I fell into a reverie and dreamt what follows, or whether it actually occurred; but it is deeply impressed in my mind, that when I exclaimed, "Ah, how happy they are!" a lady sitting near me sadly made answer: "Ah, sir, you know not what it is to be the daughter of a member of the Hairdressers' Academy."

"Is not your father kind to you, then?" I asked.

"As a man," replied the maiden, "he is kind, loving, and indulgent: as a member of the Hairdressers' Academy, he is cruel, relentless, and inexorable."

"Explain yourself, maiden: you speak in riddles."

"Know then, sir," the maiden began, drawing a deep sigh, "that I am cursed with a luxuriant head of hair, whose colour is that of the setting sun."

"Some," I muttered, "would call it blessed to be thus endowed. It is the fashionable colour."

"Worse luck," said the maiden, in tones of despair. "That accursed tint is the cause of my persecution. My paternally kind but professionally cruel father has woken me in the dead of night and seized me by this golden hair—"

"To beat you, maiden?"

"Nay, sir; to dress my head à la something, a new form of coiffure which had arrived from Paris while I slept. When I have been coming to the most deeply interesting part of a novel,

he has rushed into the room and insisted on my trying on a chignon. He takes me from my tea to practise the double roll upon me. When I am ready dressed to go to the play, he pulls my hair down to try a new form of bandeau. At all hours of the day and night I am liable to be curled, and frizzed, and plaited, and powdered. In sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, I must yield my head to his ruthless but skilful hands. I know no rest. For months I have slept with my eyes open."

"With your eyes open, maiden?"

"With my eyes open. It was the consequence of having my hair done à l'Impératrice. It was pulled back so tightly that I could not shut them. It was not until the *négligé* friz came up that the muscles relaxed. Ah, sir, you know not what I have suffered—what I have sacrificed!"

"Sacrificed, maiden?"

"Yes, sacrificed. My heart, my love, my life. Listen. A young man, handsome, elegant, accomplished, from Truefitt's, was in the act of offering me his hand and heart, when my father entered the room, and, though that elegant young man was on his knees before me, insisted upon my going down into the shop and having my hair done with blue bugles. When I returned to the apartment, the young man had fled."

"But he came again, of course?"

"Alas! he did not—he married another."

"Every great cause, maiden, has its martyrs," I said, by way of consolation.

"And I," she replied, "am a martyr in the great and, I trust, good cause of the Hair-dressers' Academy."

OUR CARRIAGE-HORSES.

WHEN the carriage is launched, the next step is to horse it properly, and provide the harness and coachman, on which the completeness of the turn-out will depend.

But, before driving away, there is one important point that has been altogether omitted, and that is the best way of paying for Our carriages.* There are three well-accepted ways of dealing with a coach-builder. You may buy out and out; you may purchase by three equal annual instalments; or you may hire for a certain term, generally three years, with the privilege of having a new carriage at the end of the term; you may also, of course, hire by the month or year. In hiring, or as it is commonly called jobbing a carriage, the builder is liable for all repairs except accidents; hence the reason that the system has grown in favour in London and many large towns.

For those who live near a coach-builder, who have an expensive carriage like a brougham-barouche, a sociable, or chariot in constant use, to whom appearance is of importance, who have no time to look into details, and would not under-

stand them if they did, there is no arrangement so comfortable as a first-class "job." A carriage, if not the same carriage, is always at command, it is fresh and in the fashion, and the annoyance of annual coach-builder's bill of incomprehensible items, and an amount settled by the conscience of your coachman, is altogether avoided. Fashionable physicians and ladies of fortune are good specimens of the classes to whom the system is invaluable. The one is protected from trouble and uncertain expense, and the other from certain imposition. It is not unfrequent for those who keep only one carriage to arrange to have a close one in winter, and an open one in the summer months.

The prices for jobbing vary according to the customer and the carriage, but broughams may be had at from thirty to fifty pounds a year.

The division of price into three annual payments is in part a 'system of credit' which was brought into extensive practice by the late eccentric Dick Andrews (the friend of the P. and O., the virtual founder of Southampton Docks), for the benefit of country gentlemen with incomes, and without ready money to spare. He applied the system to all sorts of conveyances, from the smallest pony carriage to the most expensive one. The seller on this system limits the credit he gives; the purchaser has only to take care that what he buys is intended to last, and not tacked together for three years' wear. For those who can keep in check the coachman's propensity for running to the coachmaker whenever a screw is loose, who have a dry, well-ventilated, weather-tight coach-house within reach of frequent inspection, and who only require a carriage for pleasure purposes, or, which comes to the same thing, are not expected to appear in the height of polish, varnish, bloom, and fashion, the cheapest plan is to purchase for cash the work of a conscientious builder—and these are to be found in town and country—men who not only put a carriage together with first-rate wood and ironwork, but spare time for seasoning, and give quality in paint and varnish.

The wear and tear of a well-built brougham or family carriage, if properly taken care of, is, with the exception of the wheels, practically unlimited; and one which is regularly used and regularly cleaned will wear longer than one shut up for months in a close coach-house.

Mr. Starey, of Nottingham, has published a framed set of instructions for the care of a carriage, which should be hung up in every coachman's room.

To horse suitably is much more difficult than to buy a carriage, because horses cannot be made to order. The first point is to know what you want. Suppose it is a brougham promised to be ready in the course of two months. Your first brougham! Is it to be ornamental, or useful, or both? Does a lady only require it to take her into the Park, on a round of visits every afternoon in the season, and through a course of shopping? or is it to be a family vehicle to hold all the children, and crawl out on constitutionals as a sort of nursery on wheels?

* See page 11 of the present volume.

Again, is it intended for country use and long expeditions, to run morning and evening several miles to and from a railway station, or to convey a quatergenarian fox-hunter fifteen or sixteen miles to cover? Is it a general practitioner going his mill-horse rounds in Peckham or Clapham, or the physician in whom duchess-mothers put their trust? When this point is settled, the choice can be made with more or less difficulty, in proportion to the degree of perfection required. Useful animals, strong, slow, and steady, with no pretensions to beauty, sufficiently sound for all practical purposes, and other useful animals active and fast but without that action which is in horses what style is in women, are always plentiful, and to be purchased by those who know how to go to market at somewhere between thirty and sixty pounds apiece. For a horse may be serviceable in harness without being sound or even safe in saddle. A one-eyed horse may go very grandly, and a horse touched in the wind will not always make a noise in his trot; besides, harness hides many blemishes and original defects. A pig-eyed coffin head or a rat tail and mangy mane will seriously depress the price of an animal otherwise perfect.*

A brougham horse should be long and low, full-barrelled, and from fifteen hands two inches to three at most, with a broad chest, lofty crest, a broad back—if rather hollow it is no objection—a flowing mane and full tail well carried, showing altogether a combination of breeding and power, and, above all, with grand, stately, regular, machine-like forward action all round, each foot keeping time as truly as Signor Costa's bâton. Not flourishing his fore-legs about in mock movement like the black brutes that draw hearse; but while champing the bit, arching the neck, and bending the knees at seven or eight miles an hour, able to do twelve at a pinch. For although the brougham is not intended, when drawn by one horse, to be rattled along like a hansom cab, there are times when an appointment has to be kept, or a railway train caught, or a dinner-party delayed, and then it is very provoking to have your coachman whipping, and your two-hundred-guinea animal see-sawing like a rocking-horse, up and down, "all action and no go."

A fine brougham horse is worth from a hundred to two hundred guineas; anything beyond being a fancy price, paid either for a very extraordinary animal, or more likely by a very rich man to a great dealer who happens to have the sort of animal he at that moment fancies. It is a great mistake to dwarf a brougham by a too large horse continually pulling the fore wheels off the ground.

Carriage-horses of the highest class, not less than sixteen hands high, well matched in size, shape, colour, and action, perfectly broken and seasoned to town, will fetch from three hundred to six hundred guineas, and barouche horses not quite so powerful, and very highly bred, and an inch less, will fetch about the same prices.

Bays, browns, and dark chesnuts are the favourite colours; greys are out of fashion, and scarcely to be found of the first class. Indeed, there are only two grey thorough-bred stud-horses, and the majority of first-class carriage-horses are bred from thorough-bred sires. Grey is generally a jobmaster's, not a gentleman's colour.

In all expensive harness-horses, the first qualification is action. Without action, the greatest symmetry is of little value; and with perfect action, many defects may be passed over. But this rare and costly quality—which is seen in its highest degree in a select number of pairs returning from a royal Drawing-room, and in Paris, whence a few orders to English dealers come every year, requires for its preservation almost as much care as a tenor singer's voice or a tea-taster's palate. It is essentially an ornamental luxury, which will be entirely spoiled by anything like useful work. To develop it in perfection, the coachman must be a genius in his way, with fingers as delicate and sympathetic as Monsieur Sainton, or whoever is the violinist of the day; so that as his high-couraged horses rush forward, at each step he imperceptibly suspends them in the air. Having, then, the artist in the cauliflower-wig, the instruments must be always in tune, and therefore above their work, stuffed with corn and beans, and just enough exercise to keep down fever. A very short season of steady, regular, day-by-day morning concerts, afternoon visits, and Park drives, will reduce five hundred guinea action down to two hundred. This is a fact it is very difficult to make ladies understand. The best illustration will be found in the system of an Anglo-Hungarian count, who was a few years ago celebrated for the magnificence of his equipages and the beauty and action of his harness-horses. His secret was not only in buying horses of splendid action, that many of greater wealth could do, but in always having his pairs above their work: for that end he had six horses to do the duty of three. The pair that excited murmurs of admiration in the Park or at a Chiswick or Sion House fête one day, rested the next, with one hour's exercise in a break; and if any one horse showed the least symptom of flagging, he was at once sent off to holiday in a loose box at a Willesden farm.

To return to the brougham. Builders have of late years produced carriages light enough for small blood-horses; but, as a rule, for comfortable riding without noise, a very light brougham is a mistake, and power, always with action, should be the characteristic of the single brougham horse. When a brougham is required to travel long distances and fast, a pair of quick-stepping blood-horses of from fourteen hands two inches to fifteen hands, look best, work best, and need not cost more than one full-sized animal. They are equally suited for a Stanhope phaeton or waggonette in fine weather, and, if well chosen, may also be ridden.

In the old times, when carriages were as

heavy as vans, and roads a foot deep in clay, it was rightly considered that harness destroyed the true action of saddle-horses, because as they drew they threw themselves forward to add their weight to the power of their muscles, and thus assumed the most objectionable form for a riding-horse. But with a smooth road and a light carriage, a pair of horses find the weight behind them mere play, and trot along with heads proudly carried—rather improved than otherwise, from the steadiness of their pace, and the true action of the reins in the hands of a good coachman. The most difficult task, next to suiting a royal or millionaire duke's state-coach with a team of giants, is to obtain a pair for a lady's Park phaeton. They must match exactly in every respect; they must be beautiful, with thorough-bred heads, flowing manes, and Arab-like flags; they must have high courage and light mouths; they must be indifferent to drums, banners, glancing bayonets, and Punch and niggers they must treat with contempt, yet, boiling over with life, ready to start away at the lightest touch. They must look like fiery dragons and be docile as spaniels; while they seem to glance fire from beneath their flowing fore-locks, they must obey the slightest touch of the lovely and impassive driver's little hands. This is perfection, and such a pair will command a fabulous price. At the last horse-show at the Agricultural Hall, three hundred guineas were offered and refused for a pair of ponies thirteen hands high.

There are some ladies, and of high position, too, who affect fast trotters of a wiry useful kind, and others who condescend to large old-fashioned carriage-horses; but these are abuses of the privilege of the sex, and of the Park phaeton, which is essentially a lady's carriage, ruled by a sceptre in the shape of a parasol whip, to which nothing stout or masculine should be attached, except a groom or two—very spare, silent, middle-aged, and perfectly dressed. There is one occasion in which ornament and utility may be gracefully combined in the lady's phaeton, that is, when with wheels of a larger diameter than for the Park, and the dragons exchanged for a pair that can "step and go," the lady steers her lord to covert-side, and after leaving him unfolded from a chrysalis of coats in all the glories of scarlet and white, on his hunter, follows the chase along convenient roads, like a good fairy, with an amply stored basket for the refreshment or hungry and thirsty fox-hunters. Such sights and scenes are not amongst the least charms of hunting in the "Shires."

There is a class of horses which brings immense prices when needed, but are very unsaleable at other times. The enormous animals, seventeen to eighteen hands high, used by Royalty on state occasions. Our English Queen requires grandeur without any exhausting pace; but the Emperor of the French is always a customer at four or five hundred guineas for a horse as near eighteen hands high as possible, that can trot about fourteen to

sixteen miles an hour, while seeming to do only ten, for drawing state-carriages of monstrous weight said to be bullet-proof.

The hire of a pair of carriage-horses is from 70*l.* to 100*l.* a year, the latter being the outside figure; and nearly as much is charged for the season of five months. For these sums a pair of horses are always at the disposal of the hirer, who feeds them and pays all expenses. But although he pays nominally for a pair, he really has the use of at least three, as one will frequently be sick, or unfit in some way for work. Large carriage-horses are so difficult to find sound, require such careful seasoning before fit for London work, and are always so subject to accidents, that men of fixed, even of large means prefer jobbing, because it is a certain way of being always served at a limited expense. Many jobmasters will also feed at an additional fixed charge, delivering the fodder weekly. Under such arrangements, it is as well to job the coachman too. A brougham horse may be had for about 40*l.* a year.

The system is decidedly economical for all ladies and busy men who do not care for the individual animal, and consider a carriage merely a machine for locomotion.

There are a few points worth remembering by those who decide to buy their first pair or a single horse. Aged horses, if sound in legs and wind, are the best for harness, because they are seasoned and safe from a variety of ailments and diseases incident to juvenile horseflesh. Some of the finest horses in London are sixteen and seventeen years old. An organised system of tampering with the teeth in the breeding-counties, makes all three-year olds seem four, and all four seem five. An honest seven or nine or ten, with good legs and wind, is cheaper than a dishonest five. Few veterinary surgeons can detect the deception. It takes at least six months to break an average pair of well-bred horses, or a single brougham horse, fresh from the country, to town use, although many go well in six weeks.

A horse that has once kicked or lain down in harness is never safe. Some horses will only go double, some will only go single, and some will never go safely in harness at all. Courage is an essential quality in a harness-horse. A riding-horse sometimes walks and sometimes canters. A harness-horse should stand stock still, and yet be always ready to trot and trot on gently pulling at the bit, without ever requiring the whip. The slug is even more dangerous in the streets than the hard puller. As a rule, horses regularly worked in town become quiet, probably from being occupied by a multiplicity of sights and sounds. Those to whom horses are a necessity, and economy is an object, may purchase exceedingly good-looking useful animals, with some unimportant defects, at a low price at the end of the season.

Harness is the next consideration after the horse, and in that article there is no middle way. The best only is worth having, however plain. The best leather and the best workmanship are

by far the cheapest in the end; besides, your life may depend on the soundness of a buckle or the strength of a strap. Brass mountings wear better than silver, but are more difficult to keep bright; the latter, however, plated on white metal, have been so much improved, that they are very durable. Where shafts are used, the open Tibury tug, into which the shafts drop, instead of being poked through a hole, are an old approved arrangement. Patents in connexion with harness are innumerable, but scarcely any of real use. White's, far superseding the buckles of traces and tugs by a flat-covered slide, with a peg instead of the buckle-tongue, is admirable, from its utility and simplicity. It is almost impossible to alter a trace-buckle without a long struggle; but with White's patent the operation may be performed instantaneously, and this is often of importance when changing a carriage, or when a horse falls. In single harness, a strong kicking-strap is indispensable with even the quietest horses; and get a breaker to show you how to put it on, as it may be so fitted as to be either useless or liable to snap with the first effort of a violent horse. It is an excellent plan to drive a young horse with a double set of reins, one to the cheek, and the other to the lowest bar; for if he pulls and you drive him constantly on the bar, his mouth becomes dead; but on the other plan he may be brought to cease pulling, and go pleasantly, as all horses should, in single harness, on the cheek. This wrinkle was given me by one of the old school, an experienced coachman, who had often driven the same team of four from Calais to Florence.

There is a great deal of nonsense written about bearing-reins, which may be abused, but properly used are a source of both comfort and safety. A bearing-rein, buckled up so tightly that the horse is never off the bit, is not only cruel but dangerous, because it allows no play for his head and neck to adjust the balance of his body if he makes a stumble; but there are horses which will carry their necks as straight as pigs, and lean a dead weight on the driver's hand, while, with a well-adjusted bearing-rein, they will learn to carry their heads in the proper place, and spare the driver's wrist. The best harness-horses are so formed that when once broken they carry their heads perfectly well without artificial aid; but horses, like men, have to be taught their respective drills and gymnastics. In double harness, horses rarely stand well without bearing-reins; and the writer of this article narrowly escaped a serious accident from a horse in a mail phaeton without a bearing-rein hooking his bit over the end of the pole while waiting at a door. Certainly ladies ought never to be trusted to drive without bearing-reins. At the same time coachmen will often, if not checked, turn this regulating rein into an instrument of torture.

To drive well, either one high-collared horse or a pair, requires nerve, good teaching, and plenty of practice; with these qualifications it may be on occasions a very useful, and is always

a very pleasant, healthy, gently exciting amusement. But it cannot be learned, like some other superficial accomplishments, by imitation, and practised with fiery horses in crowded streets with safety. If you can afford a carriage, get up early in the morning, and become the pupil of one of those accomplished breaksmen who may be seen in Piccadilly every day, exercising or breaking the choicest animals of the greatest dealers. Money and time so laid out will be found an economical investment. Don't talk to the driver while he is driving a pair of rawish fresh four-year-olds, but watch him, and reserve your questions for a private interview in the sanctuary beyond that Piccadilly vista of red sand, straw, and green paint, at once so mysterious and inviting to the stranger. Style is of the utmost importance. Hansom cabmen and butchers go along in the most wonderful manner. The drivers of Pickford's fast vans perform feats that would have excited the admiration of the four-horse coachman of the last generation; but they are not models for a gentleman. Light hands, a sure eye, the most rapid decision, the utmost watchfulness, cloaked under apparent impassiveness—these are the characteristics of the best English school, which can only be obtained by combining sound principles with constant practice. It would be difficult to decide whether the rash or the timid driver of well-bred, high-fed horses is in the greater danger. Of course any one can take hold of the reins of a dull hay-fed old screw just as he would of a bunch of ropes, and shuffle along under sufferance from the charitable and contemptuous omnibus-men.

And now a few words about the expense of a carriage. The least troublesome method is to job the whole concern, and have man, horses, carriage found, fed, and kept in order, for one or two contracts, with nothing to order except the coachman's livery. But if you prefer the trouble and amusement of having and feeding your own horses, in your own stable, then the proper cost may be easily calculated by reference to a ready reckoner and the prices of corn and hay. Any average harness-horse can be kept in condition for hard work with seven pecks of oats and seven stone of hay a week, and he will also want a hundred-weight of straw for litter. These would cost about twelve shillings and sixpence a week at the prices of 1865. The very largest carriage pair of horses, with six quarters of oats each every day, could not consume fodder to the amount of more than about thirty shillings a week for the pair. To this must be added rent of stables, leathers, brushes, and other tools for dressing the animals, say about sixpence a week, and the wages of the coachman. But it will be found that ladies and idle gentlemen pay for at least twice as much fodder as their horses can consume.

To keep down the corn-dealer's bills without sacrificing the horses, there is a secure recipe in the plan on which Chinese court physicians are said to be paid. Contract with a respectable corn-dealer, and make your man's place and

certain extra wages in spring and autumn, before and after the season, depend on the condition of the horses. Tell him you listen to no excuses, but only judge by results. As a rule, the horses of gentlemen suffer most from too much hay and corn, too little regular work, and too frequent a resort to physic.

Finally, if economy is important to you, you must learn the art, and attend to your stable yourself. If, on the other hand, you can afford to save yourself trouble, be assured that those who pay punctually and liberally can always be well served by coach-builders, horse-dealers, corn-dealers, and saddlers, and that in each class thoroughly respectable men are to be found by those who want to find them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

I OWED my introduction to and intimacy with Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, to the man whom, above all others, he loved to honour, the General Dumouriez. The duke had the national passion for military glory, and he claimed his portion of it from having served under this great commander, and fleshed his maiden sword at the two glorious revolutionary battles. It was said that no opportunity was ever lost for reminding his fellow-countrymen

N'ai-je pas été à Valmy?

N'ai-je pas été à Jemappes?

But whether he exaggerated or not the value of his services—and it was not in his nature to diminish their value—Dumouriez always bore testimony to his excellent conduct on those occasions. From the duke, Dumouriez experienced much kindness, and his later days were made comfortable by the generosity of his benefactor. Dumouriez was a pensioner of the British Government. He was frequently consulted by Pitt, both on political and military matters. He drew up the plans for the defence of the British Islands when menaced by the Bonapartean invasion. When he died, his correspondence was purchased by our government from his executors for a large consideration—it is believed for the purposes of suppression, as its publication might have led to revelations very embarrassing both at home and abroad. The oblivion into which Dumouriez fell was a singular contrast to the blaze of fame which surrounded him when he led the victorious armies of the Republic against the invaders of France. Four mourners, of whom I was one, followed his corpse to the grave. The allowances he received from the British Treasury enabled him to live in considerable comfort, and the Duke of Orleans, at his own expense, provided him with a carriage and horses, and in divers other ways administered to his enjoyments. I stood at his death-bed. His was a very tranquil death. Almost the last words he uttered were "Je me recueille," "I am harvesting myself." And strange vicissitudes must have been crowded into the memories of that harvest.

It was impossible for those who knew Louis Philippe in the more intimate domestic and social

relations of his varied life not to feel a strong affection towards him. I have seen him at Neuilly playing with his children—a bigger child among the little ones—who clambered up his legs and back, and sat upon his shoulders, and were trotted about amidst shouts of delight and clapping of hands. Neuilly was but the happy, well-regulated home of an opulent country gentleman. He was kept at a distance from the court, was treated as "his most serene highness," but had the credit of making his house a place where traitors plotted, where conspirators congregated, and where schemes were discussed for the supplanting of the older by the younger Bourbon race. I was once dining with the family at Neuilly, and having said something which had a reference to passing politics, was silenced by a look from the duke, who, after dinner, invited me to walk with him in the woods belonging to the estate. He then said: "I stopped your speaking. I am surrounded with spies; there is not a servant at my table in whom I have confidence. I know that all the conversations that take place are reported to the police, and I must be cautious in all I say or allow to be said in my presence." This was in 1822, and I knew that I myself was the object of constant watching, probably on account of my own intimacy with Louis Philippe. The place where my papers were kept had been opened by false keys in my absence, and some years afterwards I had an opportunity of seeing reports which had been made to the French police in Paris of conversations which had taken place in my house in London. This was at the time when political persecutions were rife, when General Berlon was executed, and much blood was shed on the scaffold on account of real or supposed traitorous intentions.

Louis Philippe had not long been proclaimed king before he gave evidence of his desire to release himself from the influences of that democratic party, the parti d'action, to whom he really was indebted for his throne, and of whom Lafayette was the recognised representative. For some time after the glorious days, the general and his descendants were received at the palace with effusions of affection, and royal kisses were frequently impressed on the cheeks of the ladies of the family, and the salutations and greetings were repeated as long as Lafayette continued to be the commander-in-chief of the National Guard; but the king became jealous of a power really greater than that he himself wielded, and desired to see no rivalry near the throne.

But in those early days the soldiers of the National Guard were supposed to be welcome guests at the Palais Royal, and their coarse uniform and worsted epaulettes formed strange contrasts with the gay garments and glittering gold and splendid decorations of generals, admirals, diplomatists, and high public functionaries. The same citizen king, who was often seen to walk unattended through the streets of Paris, with his umbrella under his arm, was now and then observed to go out of his

way in order to grasp the hand of a citizen soldier. At last the king made up his mind to suggest that the important military position should be surrendered by Lafayette, from whom I afterwards heard the gist of the conversation. The king said that moral influence was always more valuable and more lasting than any other; that in Lafayette's case it was unbounded; that such influence was weakened, not strengthened, by his holding the commandship of the National Guard, and that his resignation of the post would be a most meritorious act of self-abnegation.

The result was, that the general consented to give up the chieftaincy. He had at the time the greatest confidence in the king, and thought it would be unseemly in his position if he allowed what might be called a personal vanity to stand in the way of the king's honest and patriotic views. I remarked to him, "So the king managed to persuade you that a man without a sword is stronger than a man with one." A very short time before his death, Lafayette said to me that he had been cruelly deceived, and had committed a grave fault in allowing himself to be deposed before he had placed the liberty and good government of his country on solid foundations. When he saw the tricolor floating over every tower, heard the *Marschallaise* from every tongue, himself the recognised arbiter of the national destinies, the whole edifice of ancient legitimacy in utter ruins, he seemed to fancy the great work was done, while, in fact, the central machinery of despotism remained to be directed by those who could manage to seize its handle, and nothing was really accomplished for the establishment of the primary conditions of freedom—such as free locomotion, free press, free assembling, trial by jury, *habeas corpus*; and to impose the title of *Roi des Français*, instead of *Roi de France*, was hailed as one of the most triumphant results of the revolution.

Immediately after his recognition by the British government, after the *journées glorieuses* of July, 1830, I visited the king at the *Palais Royal*, and met Lord Stewart de Rothsay, who had just conveyed to the king the all-important news, coming out as we entered. We had stopped to examine some of the pictures in the waiting-room, the most interesting of which was one by Horace Vernet, representing the king engaged in Switzerland teaching mathematics to young people. It was a part of his history to which he loved to revert, and which he did well to commemorate. It will be recollected that he claimed in England the right to be admitted into the Society of Schoolmasters, "and had his claims allowed."

Odilon Barrot, then *Préfet* of the *Seine*, and in high favour, was my introducer. I was the bearer of the address of the Citizens of London, voted in Common Hall to the Parisians, congratulating them on the downfall of the Bourbons, and hailing the uprising of the sun of liberty in France. Eight years before, I had been banished by those Bourbons from that country, on the plea that I was the bearer of correspondence hostile to the legitimate dynasty,

and that I had furnished money for aiding the escape from prison of three young republicans then under sentence of death. Paris was now in a delirium of delight, and we found the king almost wild with joy. There was an ancient arm-chair, covered with scarlet damask and gold broidery, near the centre of the room. He dragged two other chairs near it, sat down in the middle chair, and ordered us to be seated by his side. He began to expatiate on the heroic virtues of the Parisians; on his own reception by the multitude when he was escorted from Neuilly to Paris; on the headlong folly of the elder branch; on the grand things to be done, and which he was determined to do for his country. In the burstings of his excitement, "crash!" "crash!" went down the rotten old arm-chair. The king would have fallen on his back, had not Odilon Barrot and myself seized him by the two arms and lifted him up. We had a ready word of consolation; but the catastrophe was ominous notwithstanding.

The character of the king was not long undeveloped. Dupont de l'Eure was the Minister of Justice immediately after the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne in 1830. He was a man of unflinching honesty, and who preserved his independence under every circumstance. He told me that on one occasion he nominated a most excellent and worthy person to a judgeship, and laid the nomination before the king for his approval and signature. The king hesitated, and Dupont, supposing there might be objections unknown to himself, said he would defer the appointment, with the view of making further inquiries. These further inquiries confirmed the high opinion he had formed of the aptitudes and deservings of the gentleman in question, and at the next meeting of the council he told the king that he had been led to a thorough re-investigation of the claims of the functionary, and, unless his majesty had some valid cause for the refusal of his sanction, he hoped there would be no further demur. The king at last said, impatiently, "He took a brief against me in an action at law." "And did he succeed?" inquired the minister. "Yes," answered the king, still more impatiently. "Then, sire, your majesty has only to choose between *his* appointment and *my* dismissal." Louis Philippe silently signed the decree. The king was never satisfied with a general adhesion to the institutions of which he was the apex, but of which he disregarded the base. He demanded a distinct personal allegiance, and though his notions did not openly assume the form adopted by the first Napoleon, "*L'état, c'est moi*," he must certainly have been influenced by the dreamings that "*L'état pour moi*" was the fit interpretation of the meaning of the two elements of his supposed popularity, when he was proclaimed by the Legitimists "*Louis Philippe, parce que Bourbon*," and by the Democrats, "*Louis Philippe, quoique Bourbon*."

Probably the greatest error Louis Philippe ever committed was his neglect to cultivate a friendly and cordial alliance with England. He

had sagacity to perceive, but he had not the courage to give effect to his perceptions and avowals, that no international union is so strong as the union of material interests. On his advent to the throne, and very frequently afterwards, I had the opportunity of urging on him the importance of increasing the trade between France and Great Britain by removing the restrictions and prohibitions that trammelled intercourse. He always appeared to respond cordially to my suggestions, and consented to the nomination of French commissioners to discuss the matter with commissioners to be appointed by the English government. The first gentlemen whose names were proposed were really incarnations of the fiscalité, universally known for their attachment to the protective and monopolising policy. They were objected to, and two gentlemen were nominated—the Baron de Freville and Count Duchatel (the future Minister of the Interior)—who, if not courageous free traders, were, at least, not obstructive. Yet all the negotiations failed in producing any important results, though the newspaper discussions helped to prepare opinion for Cobden's future success. Neither the king nor his ministers, with one exception, that of Baron Louis, ever lent any cordial co-operation. The king always declared that he had not influence enough to overcome the menaced resistance. The truth is, he had not the will. He himself, and other members of his family, were deeply interested in the existing monopolies. I know that on one occasion he directed an estimate to be prepared of the personal sacrifice he would be called upon to make if English iron were admitted into the French market. The sacrifice was greater than he could screw up his courage to contemplate, and that question was speedily disposed of by a declaration that iron was not in the category of articles which could be considered.

Louis Philippe was the most garrulous of monarchs or of men. He had been talkative from his early youth, always taking the lion's share of conversation, and the habit grew with age. He became more and more impatient of contradiction, to escape from which he monopolised discourse, and any interruption to the constant flow of words seemed to produce a sort of ripple in his mind, and warned the interlocutor that the safest and discreetest course was to allow the stream to run ever, and for ever on. And there were many motives for this. One is pleased to get at the secret thoughts and feelings of influential personages, whose opinions and actions are likely to have any considerable influence upon the proceedings and feeling of the age. Words may indeed be used to conceal thoughts, but the man of many words can scarcely fail in some of them to give expression to what is sincere, however much of insincerity may be mingled in the whole. The half-concealing is generally associated with the half-revealing of the inner nature. But there was a pleasure in listening to Louis Philippe beyond that of ascertaining his notions of prominent persons

and passing events. He was a clever talker, always worth listening to. Independently of his having been so prominent an actor in the great public drama of his day, he had travelled far; he had read much; had great experience of mankind; and though the standard by which he measured their aptitudes and excellences was the amount and extent of their devotion to his person and family (a standard too commonly adopted in elevated places), there was much to amuse and much to instruct in what fell from his lips, and many of his colloquies would be well worth recording.

"Eh! vieille connaissance! charmé de vous voir. Et depuis quand êtes-vous ici? Asseyez-vous" (and he pointed to a chair, and sometimes moved it towards you)—"asseyez-vous. Nous avons beaucoup à causer. Quelle nouvelle de votre côté? Que m'en dites-vous! On me dit que le Duc de Wellington—ah je n'aime pas votre Duc de Wellington—il s'est très mal comporté envers moi quand je voulais prendre service dans la Péninsule. Vous vous rappelez ce temps-là, n'est ce pas? A la guerre, à la guerre, Espagnoles" (highly intoned). "J'aurais pu être utile, s'il m'avait fait valoir. Pourquoi pas? Il aurait compté sur moi. Je crois je valais quelque chose. Voyez-vous où nous en sommes? Regardez—regardez" (looking out of the window, and pointing to the troops who were defiling on the Place du Louvre). "Vous dites très bien en votre Anglais, 'Possession is nine points of the law.' Mais je ne l'ai pas cherchée. Je ne l'ai jamais fait. Je n'ai jamais conspiré. Je suis devenu une nécessité. La force des choses m'a placé irrésistiblement où je me trouve. Et votre—. Sachez que ce n'est qu'un puss in boots, comme vous le dites en votre langue. Quelles sont vos idées sur la mort? La vie, c'est la chaleur! Warmth—sensible warm motion, Shakespeare. Oui; la vie, c'est de se sentir chaud. Mourir, c'est se refroidir—warm, comfortable—comme nous disons aussi." In this manner the flow of words continued. Any attempt to interfere with it was met with "Mais laissez-moi parler." "Plus tard vous me répondrez." "Nous y reviendrons."*

* "Ha! my old acquaintance, delighted to see you. How long since you arrived? Sit down, sit down. We have much to talk about. What news do you bring? And what do you think of it? I hear the Duke of Wellington—oh, I do not like your Duke of Wellington. He treated me very ill when I desired to enter the army in Spain. You remember those days, do you not? Spaniards! to the war! to the war! I might have been useful, if I had been turned to account. Why was it not done? I was to be trusted, I believe, and I was of some value. See what is come of it. Look! look! You Englishmen say very rightly, 'Possession is nine points of the law.' I did not seek it. I never conspired. I had become a necessity. I have been irresistibly carried where I am by the force of circumstances. And your—. I tell you he is only a puss in boots, as you say in your tongue. What is your notion of death? Life is heat. Yes, to live is to feel warm; dying is to be chilled."

The king was perfectly right in saying that it was not by any intrigue or plots of his own, but by the infatuation of the elder branch of the Bourbons, that he was placed on the throne of France. Many and many a time did those who were aware of the unpopularity of Charles the Tenth tempt the Duke of Orleans to co-operate in measures for the overthrow of the legitimate dynasty; but whether from timidity, from doubt as to the success of conspiracy, or from the conviction that the Bourbons were paving their way to their infallible self-destruction, it is quite certain that Louis Philippe repudiated every proposal made to him to engage in or encourage any attempt to overthrow the established throne. Here is another colloquy:

"Do not suppose that I would ever consent to be such a nobody as your sovereigns are, to sit in council, to hear what my councillors say, and to decide nothing myself. What am I there for but to preside and to direct matters? Is a king to be a cypher, is he to do nothing, and is what he says to count for nothing?" "But, sire, it appears to me that our system, which protects the person of the king from animadversions, and disassociates his name from the errors of his government, is safer and better than to allow him to be involved in party politics, and that he should rather avoid than seek responsibility." "That may do very well in England, but it will not do here. I must be known as the real president of my privy council."

On one occasion, in answer to a remark that kings were likely to be misled by flatterers, he said, "Peoples have their flatterers too, worse than the flatterers of kings." And this was one of his axioms which, in different forms, he liked to repeat. It lay, in fact, at the foundation of his policy, and was the cause of his downfall; being, indeed, the simple assumption that, in any controversy between the nation and himself, the nation was most likely to be wrong and himself in the right. He did not ask himself the question, Who, in case of such a controversy, is likely to be the strongest?

He was once describing to me how difficult it was to reconcile all the divergences of opinion among his advisers, who at times would be pulling different ways, and concluded by saying,

"Nobody but myself can drive that state-carriage." I answered him, "But supposing you overturn it, sire?" This was not very long before his downfall, when it was obvious to all who knew anything about the matter, that he was driving the state-carriage to his own perdition. He took offence at a phrase which had in it less of courtesy than of warning, and I heard he said to one of his attendants afterwards, "*Ce B. m'a dit des choses bien vives!*"

There was no want of personal bravery in Louis Philippe. He was not like the Grand Monarque celebrated by Boileau, whose sense of dignity kept him "*sur la rive*" when the battle was raging on the other side of the river. He could expose his person to danger, and did again and again confront bodily perils with the utmost calmness and self-possession; yet he was

utterly wanting in presence of mind, and his intellectual faculties seemed to fail him when they were most needed. When serious perplexities gathered round him, he showed the greatest indecision, and his own purposes fluctuated and gave way under every suggestion from others—especially if those suggestions appealed to the weak side of his nature. Nothing could be more ignoble than his flight from France—full of fear when no man pursued or regarded him.

That which was so attractive and admirable in the king's personal and private character—his great affection for his family—was one of the prominent causes of the mistakes he made in his public and political career. He had the keenest perception of everything which was near to him, or associated with his domestic interests, but saw very dimly what was in the distance; or saw it only through the medium of his own individual affections. Moreover, he looked to "money" as the great means of social influence. He was very desirous of proving to me that the allowance made to British Royalty on our Civil List was more liberal than his Finance Minister was willing to propose, or his own devoted Chamber of Deputies likely to sanction, in his own case. He certainly managed, through the agency of the Electoral Law, to secure a large majority in the "Lower House," of which more than half were at the time of his overthrow either public functionaries or in the receipt of public money. He always boasted of his personal ascendancy in the Chamber; but as the Chamber had little hold on the sympathy or good will of the people, he trusted to a breaking reed when he relied on a support essentially weak and rotten. It is said, and I believe truly, that every ministerial deputy had at least five appointments to office at his disposal—Post-offices, *Débts de Tabac*, Collectors of the direct and indirect Taxes. Schoolmasters and many other functionaries obtained their posts through parliamentary influences; and these appointments were the bond which, on the one hand, bound the deputy to the government, and on the other to the elector, who looked to his presentation as the omnipotent giver of good gifts. These vibrations of corruption were deemed by the king the best securities for the permanence of his dynasty, and the becoming instruments for satisfying all who were within the narrow pale of privilege. Those without neither were, nor in his estimate ought to be, considered as of much account; the satisfied few had in their hands all the legislative power—the discontented many had none. In no country could this state of things be more intolerable than in France. Liberty, with the necessary machinery for its establishment and support, is little understood, and has, in fact, been little enjoyed in France through any of the forms of government—Republican, Kingly, or Imperial—which have followed the great Revolution; but equality is dear to every Frenchman. Equality was the great principle established by the popular triumph after the great struggle,

and *universal suffrage*—the appeal to the whole people—was the fascinating and potential watchword which gathered the multitude around the Imperial banner. That middle class which, to a great extent, Louis Philippe managed to conciliate—the *bourgeoisie*, who rejoiced in their bourgeois roi—was too feeble to resist the hostile influences of the ancient aristocracy above and the multitudinous masses below, neither of whom willingly accepted an hermaphrodite monarchy, which had neither divine right nor popular enthusiasm for its support.

Louis Philippe was singularly accessible to those whom he favoured with his confidence. I have been received early in the morning in his dressing-room when he was shaving himself. The process was often interrupted by his talk, and his talk was on all possible topics. He had a keen eye to speculation in the purchase of lands, and especially to the properties of low value, by the expenditure on which there was the prospect of a large return. I once found him seated at a table covered with accounts and correspondence connected with the administration, the revenues and expenditure of the Parisian theatres. "C'est une affaire à moi," he said; "je ne veux que personne intervienne." "But it is a troublesome business. Might not your Majesty leave such unimportant details to the Minister of the Interior or the Minister of Public Instruction?" "Non! non! j'y tiens. Je veux personnellement examiner et décider les questions des théâtres." Probably the ministers were not unwilling that the king should amuse himself with matters of secondary importance, as he not unfrequently embarrassed them by his own independent action in the gravest state affairs. In many of the European courts he carried on a general correspondence unknown to the members of his cabinet, whose own views and intentions were sometimes thwarted by his individual interference.

I was seated with him one day at the time when the Spanish marriages were the subjects of discussion. He took a quantity of papers out of the side-pocket of his coat, and holding them close to my face, said, "Do you think my ministers have seen them?" I ventured to point out the danger of their not knowing their contents. To which his reply was, "I will be master chez moi." It will be recollected that at this period the French minister at Madrid committed suicide. It was generally believed his position had been made intolerable between the instructions of the cabinet and the communications of the king. Nor was the practice unknown to him of causing letters to be opened

at the Post-office, the Director-General of that establishment being an "homme à moi."

He paid great attention to the administration of his private and personal concerns, and managed his large properties sagaciously and economically. The rental of the Palais Royal was one of his main sources of revenue. He contracted with one of his tenants (Chevet, the keeper of the famous shop for comestibles) for the dinners at the palace; and I think he told me the regulated price paid was twenty-five francs, or a pound a head. The royal table was handsomely but not profusely supplied. Conversation never flagged. The guests retired together after the dessert, and, except on State occasions, the soirées had all the character of family gatherings. The king's sister, Madame Adelaide, took a part in political discussions. She was a clever and observant woman, and had more influence with her brother than any other member of his family. The queen principally occupied herself with domestic and personal affairs. She was much influenced by the clergy, and showed great interest in all ecclesiastical questions. Her benevolence was extensive. She read herself the multitudinous applications for charitable relief which were invited by her well-known sympathy with the distressed. These were sent to her almoner with notes and instructions of her own, and they were disposed of with a most judicious liberality.

The king was not much trusted by his ministers. I have heard one of them reproach him bitterly for his untruthfulness. But he had beyond, or rather within, the circle of his official advisers a number of private friends, whom he was much in the habit of consulting, and who were personally attached to him by the strongest ties. Amongst these was a handsome and agreeable man—the Count Montalivet. The king liked to put a strong emphasis on the first syllable, and called him *Mytalivet*, and the sobriquet was universally accepted as appropriate. After the king's downfall, a catalogue of names was found in the Tuileries in his own handwriting, and headed, "Hommes à moi"—"My men." The list contained few of the really influential personages. He was vain of his independent position, and could not persuade himself that anything which emanated from himself could by possibility be wrong; hence, he was never more secure, in his own estimate, than at the very time when ruin overtook him.

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BOOK I.

CHAPTER XIV. AN ANGRY WALK HOME.

WITH this speech ringing in his ears like a bell, Mr. Tillotson went home that night almost elated. He seemed to hear it over and over again: he repeated it to himself—meditated on it. It seemed to resolve a secret for him—*about* to resolve it: to dispel a mystery that might have hung around him like a cloud. He was almost elated, and found himself looking on the little town with a sort of reverence and affection which he had not felt before. He wandered a long time about the old cathedral, looking up to it tranquilly, mentally resting within its shadows, scarcely able to make up his mind to go home. Suddenly he heard a step behind him, as if some one was running to overtake him, and, looking round, he saw Ensign Ross. But it was Ensign Ross with wild eyes of fury and inflamed cheeks.

"Ah! I have found you alone," he said, panting. "I was sure you had slipped away home. But you are doing the romantic there, it seems."

"And what do you want?" said Mr. Tillotson, stopping calmly. "You can have nothing to say to me."

"Haven't I, Mr. Banker!" the other answered. "Then you are wrong. There is no foolish woman here to protect you, before whom you can speak so mildly and gently. A nice protection—a fine opportunity of showing off!"

"I do not want to quarrel with you," said Mr. Tillotson, still calmly, and moving across the grass towards the path. "We had better not talk any more to-night."

"Don't be alarmed," said the other. "Don't fear for yourself. This is not a lonely place. There is the old watchman passing by. A cry of yours would reach every one of these windows. See! there is some one actually looking out. There is no violence going to be done."

For the first time for many months of his life Mr. Tillotson became impatient.

"What right have you to speak to me in this way, or in the way you have done since I have come here? I have borne much from you—too

much. I have made what amends I could for what I did under a mistake. I have told you again and again that I am deeply sorry for it. And now that I look back, I can see no reason why I should. I must ask you to say what you want with me, at once, or I shall not stay another moment."

They were walking on together. People in their little old-fashioned windows—some of which had diamond panes, and were embroidered round and round with ivy and moss, and where lights were twinkling—thought that these were two gentlemen walking home pleasantly after dinner.

"Do I want to keep you or to talk with you? But I just want to tell you something very plainly. I have been watching you from the moment you came here. I am not a man to put up with interference of any sort from soft gentlemen or from bold insolent fellows! I can meet both in their own way. You think because you found out that I was falling in the world—that you, with your banker's money and your brass shovels and cheques—that you could step in and put that girl against me! That was fine generous conduct!" (His tone was already softened.)

"That girl?" said Mr. Tillotson. "Miss Ada Millwood?"

"Yes. Oh, how astonished you are. Not that I care much for her, or that I believe that she cares for me. She's a weak creature, with no mind or character. But still one of these days, perhaps, I might have changed my mind. I may have my designs about that woman. She was in some sort *mine*, and you saw it. You *did*! You thought I was *down*! And I suppose, because the world chose to turn against me, and banking fellows and usurers to strip me of everything, you thought you would come in with the rest, and that I should be too weak, too "down" to resist you. But I am *not*, sir, and you shall find that I am not, sir."

He planted himself suddenly in front of Mr. Tillotson. The people in the old windows, just going to bed, thought these were two jovial minor canons going home full of spirits.

Mr. Tillotson met his gaze. "I see you are one of those who mistake good nature and indulgence for fear. I do not understand your threats; nor do I mind them. I will only tell you this. You might have made a friend of me. I was willing to help you. But I see your real character now. Even one who may have had some

interest in you, you have succeeded in turning against you. *She has seen your character too.*"

"How dare you!" said the other, with a trembling voice. "Now listen to me. For all your air of triumph, you have not tricked me as yet, even with your money and banker's work. No, nor shall not. Now take this warning, I advise you!"

Mr. Tillotson tossed his head impatiently, and turned away.

"I may have to leave this place—this cursed place—and I am glad of it. They may be too much for me—for the moment only. But I shall get the better of them in a month or two. I am not to be beaten by the world or by money, or by *mild schemers* even. Now take this warning. Go away, too, or by Heaven if I hear a whisper of any tricks like what you have been at these few weeks, I'll come back from any quarter of the world and give you a lesson. There! you'll think this all disappointed love, and that sort of thing. But it's *my* pride, I can tell you. You a rival indeed! You shake your cheque-book in a foolish country girl's eyes, and of course—Think of your age and looks, my friend! Look at the matter calmly in your bank parlour."

"This sort of speech has no effect on me," the other replied, calmly. "Only a madman would talk as you do. But I shall tell you this openly and fairly, as an answer to your 'warnings.' What I have seen of you to-night, and before to-night, would lay an obligation on me to try and save a poor sweet gentle amiable girl from what would be sheer misery and destruction. My answer to your warning, therefore, is another warning. And how little I fear your threats you will find out from my behaviour, or from whoever you leave behind you to watch it."

He walked away calmly, leaving the other speechless with fury. The lady in the old moss-covered window, just putting out her light, thought that the two jocular canons had said good night in the most friendly way, and had gone home to their canons' roosts.

Thus did the days wear on at St. Alans, until it came to the day or so before the assizes began. Mr. Tillotson found a strange calm and quietness in the place, and also a fascination, the charm of which he could not bring himself to break. He even fell into Mr. Tilney's raptures, and began to look on "the grand old cathedral" itself with a dreamy interest. The picture of that evening, when *she* was playing the solemn old organ, was in itself a sweet dream. He put off his departure from day to day, and even welcomed Mr. Tilney's eager importunities. That old man of fashion, for all his platitudes, really liked him. He told him all his heavy troubles and anxieties in the most cheerful and enjoyable way. It was only when he spoke of trifles that he grew desponding.

"How about the bank, Tillotson?" asked Mr. Tilney, one morning.

"I have nearly all the business settled," said Mr. Tillotson. "In fact, I must be going in a day or two."

"Ah, of course you must," said Mr. Tilney, despondingly. "This is not the place for you—for any of us. Gentlemen don't do in country towns. The air stifles me, you understand. I wish to goodness, Tillotson, I was out of this hole."

Mr. Tillotson did not press his companion with the inconsistency of this statement with other declarations; but said it seemed to him to be a calm, retired place, where one could be very happy. "I would change with you with all my heart. One could grow fond of this quiet common and of the old cathedral opposite."

"Ah," continued Mr. Tilney, moodily, "it is very fine—very well—in its way, you know, for the men who draw the good salaries to wear lawn and keep up the thing. They're all common creatures, you see: know no more of the world than the big brass eagle in the choir. But for a man like me, who has been in the clubs, sir, and seen a better class of thing altogether, it don't come natural. H.R.H. the late Dook said to me once or twice, in his short way, 'Put you in the country, Tilney! Put you in strait-waistcoat!'"

As they drew near to the house, he noticed Mr. Tilney looking out nervously, and shading his eyes anxiously. "Do you see, Tillotson?" he asked. "My eyes are not so good. But is that Still or Canby—eh, now?"

"No, no," said Mr. Tillotson, looking; "seems more a sort of tradesman."

A little twitch passed over Mr. Tilney. "Ah, very good," he said. "A small account, you know. I declare, of all the hole-and-corner dunning places, these wretched towns are the worst! They are none of 'em gentlemen—no mutual trust—no confidence; but owe these mean, pitiful, abo—abo—what's the word—rignes, fourpence-halfpenny, and they send two dozen times for it. On my immortal soul they do, Tillotson. I'm getting sick of it."

This was a strange burst from him, and in the mean time he had mechanically turned round, and said, with a cautious air, "There is a view, Tillotson, of that old place yonder, at the back there, which you can't find the match of from this to the Alhambra. Noble, noble, sir. Just come with me. Softly, softly, sir." And, taking his friend's arm, he began to walk back almost on tiptoe, as if for the proper effect it was necessary—the old fane nodding, as it were, and not to be awakened.

In a moment, however, Mr. Tilney's quick ear heard heavy steps, and he turned back sharply. "Another time, Tillotson," he said; "far better another time. Don't ask me now;" as if the old fane had wakened up and caught them in the act. "Excuse me, Tillotson," he went on; "only a moment—I quite forgot our friend."

"Our friend" was unmistakably pursuing them, and running too. Mr. Tilney almost ran to meet him with his arm and stick up, adroitly made him turn back; and, looking round occasionally, showed a joyous and jocund face, as if he were discoursing on some amusing topic. But Mr. Tillotson knew well all that was underneath, even if he had not noticed the surly, blunt,

and defiant air of our friend, who stopped occasionally and tossed his head, and—in spite of deprecating gesture on Mr. Tilney's part—raised his voice, and sent back to Mr. Tillotson's ear a loud and angry "Once for all, I tell you, Mr. Tilney."

In short, he could read off at once that poor Mr. Tilney was a player in the dismal drama of DEBT, and, as a genteel Sisyphus, was daily rolling the heart-breaking stone of APPEARANCES up the steep ways of EMBARRASSMENT. In a second, and with a pang, for he thought of the golden-haired girl, he saw the whole course of their life, and what a strand of genteel misery was woven in with it.

He turned away and walked round as if to see by himself that "back view" of the old cathedral which rivalled the Alhambra. In the absence of his guide, he could not find this special vista. But, after making a complete circuit, he came suddenly on the house. The tradesman was there still, in the porch, his voice reaching to Mr. Tillotson at the little gate. But there was another voice, soft, silvery, musical, modulated to expostulation and entreaty. A glint of the sunshine passing through the trellis-work of the porch came upon that golden hair and lit it up, and then, with another instinct, Mr. Tillotson read off another secret of the inner life of this family; how this sweet-tongued girl was put forward as the Intercessor and Mediatrix, to shield the persecuted family. He had it all before him, as if he knew them for years. Even now the pleading voice of the Mediatrix was having its effect, the indignant tradesman was grumbling, and, defending himself, had presently put on his hat, and walked away past Mr. Tillotson, sulkily.

CHAPTER XV. THE ASSIZES.

THERE was a good deal of stir in the assize town that evening. It surged over with the waters of ecclesiastical and legal society. A stream of both was gurgling through the place. Gowns of two sorts fluttered in the air. It was known that the judges had arrived—with the traditional pageantry—brought in, at a slow pace, as if under a strong guard, surrounded with a crowd, and looking gloomily out of the carriage windows, like state prisoners being conveyed to the Tower. From various second floors over the festive grocers' shops, looked out healthy, large-cheeked, large-whiskered faces, the hands in relation to which were in pockets; barristerial faces and barristerial hands. Some were leaning against the window-frame with their barristerial feet up on the sill, others talking to short wiry monastic-looking men, the whole of which represented an eminent counsel receiving "instructions" from a local agent.

Mr. Justice Buckstone and Mr. Baron Hodder were at their lodgings, about which a little crowd hung—and where, too, they were regarded with a reverence and a submission almost abject, as though they took their commission from a power higher than the Queen. Round through the town, dispersed in various

first floors, were the numerous members of the circuit. Serjeant Ryder, Mr. Cobham, Q.C., Mr. Wrigley, Q.C., Mr. Colter, Q.C., Belmore Jones, the well-known popular counsel, who was as necessary to every breach of promise case as the writ itself or one of the issues, and who defended Chartists and others "fearlessly," and with great speeches. But he had so often thrown his head back, and told judges melodramatically that he "stood there to vindicate" innumerable rights, punctilios, and etiquettes, and knew, on so many occasions, what was due "to the gown he had the honour and privilege to wear on his back," that he had been looked coldly on as a forward and troublesome person, and had not been honoured with the mystic letters at the end of his name. These being so dispersed through the place, were regarded with a lesser and more subdued reverence, Mr. Cobham, Mr. Exshaw, Mr. Serjeant Ryder, known as "the Serjeant," Mr. Wrigley, Mr. Colter, all her Majesty's counsel, together with Bagely, Gibbs, and the juniors in good business, were instantly, and almost before they had time to get from the railway or take off their coats, invaded by gentlemen with papers; and "the Serjeant," in about five minutes, had his hands in his trousers-pockets, walking up and down the room (his characteristic mode of laying his mind to a case), listening to his junior's voice, which comes struggling through perfect billows of white briefs. The old cathedral town and some of our canons made a little first floor profit during this invasion, thus wakened up into a sort of owl-like animation; and in all its nooks, and closes, and niches, and quiet rusted corners, seemed to nod and flap, and softly hoot with a mild ecclesiastical bustle. But the grander scene was when half-past six drew on, and this legal aristocracy was seen, still with its hands in its pockets, crowding to the White Hart to dine; where they were to sit down some forty or fifty strong; where was the Bar sherry and the Bar port—much relished by the legal babes. But Colter, pale and worn, and with faint eyes, was already wandering away to Whicelo's Truists, lying on his table at the lodgings, or to Mill's case, which was to be "on" first in the morning.

But as Sunday intervenes—supposed reasonably to be a Day of Rest for all but poor Colter and Bolt—it is worth while going up to the cathedral to see the legal service for once. Through all the monotony of Sunday after Sunday, and the choristers and minor canons every day at three, without change and the most wearisome sameness, and Eagle with his "heart panting," this is a very agreeable break. Mrs. Toplady and her daughters get on their best and go. Dissenting ladies even, drawn by natural curiosity, go off also "to see the judges." Across the green lawn in the Close the lines of company seemed to trail and converge like gay ribbons. The sun was out. The choir was full. The vast clothes-presses seemed to creak under the load, for every rank and every tier were filled, and the rows of gay bonnets and dresses were parted by the long bands of dark

black oak, and the light coming through the pale yellow and paler greens of the great windows, dappled over the two heads of the two judges who sat together in stalls of honour, imparting a regular saint's "nimbus" to the chalky well-worn face of Mr. Baron Hodder, and comically laying what seemed a little dab of crimson gore right on the bald crown of the rubicund and oily Mr. Justice Buckstone. They had been brought in by the dean himself, and stalled helplessly, and a great Prayer-book thrust into their hands. All dotted about were praying barristers, with their large serious faces, and whiskers spread like black sails, for whom, indeed, those benches and stalls seemed but another shape of court; and if any one had pulled the dreamy Colter, from behind, whose thoughts were still at his lodgings noting Whichlo's Trusts, and whispered that it was time, he would have almost risen and "moved" their lordships on the spot.

Mr. Baron Hodder, the Criminal Judge, with his eyes on his great book, was also wandering off to a terrible shooting case which was to be on before him, which had been committed on the verge of two counties; for he knew that Jones, the "Dock" counsel, would have "a point" about the indictment and "the five hundred yards" required by the statute, and he was thinking what "he would do with it;" all which speculations were disturbed by the music—the sublime anthem, "For the Lord is a Just Judge," set specially by Bliss, Mus. Doc., Oxon, and at which he was now straining and creaking, and snatching at pegs and handles left and right, and trampling the very souls out of pedals underneath—and by the sweet chirruping bleat of Fugle, whose eyes, like all other eyes in the place, turning to the right to make proper effect on the stall of honour, rose and fell; and he sometimes seemed to smile in his singing and droop his head sadly, as who should say, "Now all is finish—ed; let me be transfigured and assumed, forthwith, into my place in the heavenly mansions!"

But the judges did not care for music, at first merely looking for a moment curiously at Doctor Fugle as they would at a new witness just entering the box; and so Fugle bleated his bleat mournfully, and the other seraphic canons came in tumultuously, and Bliss, tumbling and surging in over all, sent down monster billows of sounds that swelled through the aisles, and went floating up the towers and groined roofs, and actually made the black oak benches under the judges quiver and tremble with the vibration. And then, though Bliss's music was poor, and the singers, separately, theatrical and affected, the grand old organ—in which were some of the Dutch Silbermann's pipes, rich, ripe, mellow, and celestial, and the fresh voices of children, and the union of all, and the associations of the place—triumphed over everything; and, as it rolled past the stalls of honour, made the Coke upon Lyttleton which each judge had bound up in him as a heart, thrill for a moment and look up with pleasure.

It was altogether a delight to the inhabitants. Mrs. Tilney and her family went up in procession to the cathedral, and perhaps the ladies of her family took stock of the barristerial company and the flowing whiskers; for Mr. Tilney, up at the White Hart, only the night before, had had brown sherry with one of the Benjamins of the society, and obtained from him an exact list and description of the gentlemen of the Bar then in town. This youth, who was voluble and eager, gave him little short sketches of each, after the manner of the obituary notices, and these meagre outlines Mr. Tilney could readily fill out from his own sources of information. He came back mysteriously to his family.

"Do you know who is here, my dears? Young Tilbury, son of old Sir Thomas. Dear me! has sent him to the Bar. Second son, of course; but, if he pleases, Sir Thomas, you know—I like a young fellow's carving out a way for himself. And there's Harris, in very fair business, too. I am sure it's the same. It's nice, isn't it?"

Ross was there with his friend, restless, fuming, biting his nails, and with his eyes fixed, now on the judges, now on Mr. Paget, his own working counsel.

Mr. Cobham, the leader, was at his lodgings, as indeed was Serjeant Ryder, and other leading counsel, who were too busy to afford time for these showy pious exercises—in truth, the serjeant was away on the hills taking a bracing walk and a quiet cigar.

At the door Mr. Ross commented on this. "Such hypocrites!" he said. "Setting up to be holy fellows, and pretending piety! Such cant! What do they care for those fellows' praying, or for that old whining dean's long-winded talk? That's the way they swindle us of our money, and go idling about the place instead of minding their business. It's an infernal shame! And then they tell me the other fellows are up at their lodgings hammering away at their business."

His friend Grainger, on whose arm he was leaning, and whose staring eyes searched every face that passed them by, struck in with his subdued growl:

"Well 'feg'd,' indeed, and then won't work! A regular set of impostors! The rule should be, No cure, no pay."

The Tilney family were standing close by the ancient porch—where, indeed, all the congregation were loitering—to see the distinguished strangers come out. Mr. Tilney was with them. As the judges passed in custody of an eager sheriff, hurrying them to the carriage, Ross, still biting his fingers, devoured Mr. Justice Buckstone with his eyes. "There he is," he said to his companion; "and that bladder-chop creature is to deal with our case. I wish it was the other."

"He looks a lounging fellow," said his friend. "Takes his work easy, you may depend."

Suddenly Ross saw Mr. Tillotson talking to Ada Millwood; and, dropping his friend's arm, strode up to them with a sour face. That ugly cicatrice was still there, though he had been

plastering it industriously day and night. It would not be gone for months.

"Oh," she said, as he came up, "listen to this, William. Mr. Tillotson has been asking some of the lawyers at the hotel about the case——"

Ross scowled at the other's feet. "I had rather not," he said, "have my case talked about, or asked about among the barristers. I have paid counsel."

Mr. Tillotson smiled, and unconsciously his gentle eye fell upon the cicatrice. The other felt it on him.

"Well," he asked, "I dare say it has been injured enough by all this gossiping about the place. I wish people would leave me and my affairs alone. Of course they mean well, and all that kind of cant."

Mr. Tillotson smiled. "I thought you would like to know the exact moment of its coming on. This was the judges' registrar, and he says about one to-morrow, as there is only a short case before it."

The girl's face fell. "So near at hand!" she said. "Oh, it is dreadful! How shall we bear the suspense of the day? Do, ah, let me ask you once, and Mr. Tillotson joins us all, do settle it as they want you?"

"He joins you, does he?" said he. "And so I must settle, must I? It's enough to have it in one's mind, without being persecuted in this infernal way. He joins you, does he? Well?"

Mr. Cater, his solicitor, was beside him, motioning to a tired-looking, shabby, tall, and stooped gentleman who was near him. "Mr. Cobham, sir, wishes a word with you. To know you, in fact."

With suspicion in his eyes, Ross went over to him, and the three walked away slowly over the graves. He came back presently, and overtook the Tilney party, now nearly at their own door.

"Every one thinks they have a right to dictate to me—to give me lessons; but I had better stop it at once, and give notice, once for all, that I will not be pestered in this way. That seedy mole of a pettifogger, who has got my guineas in his pocket, must needs come up to me with his advice about 'settling.' Settling! Such a croak! croak! Settle from an old mildewed anatomy as that! It's infernally impudent of him, a trading fellow like that; and indeed I told him nearly as much."

"Oh, William," said Ada, eagerly, "you see them. Everybody says it. They must be right. Will you not listen? You are only preparing wretchedness for yourself. Mr. Grainger, you have influence over him. Stop this insanity."

The Indian-looking man rolled his wild eyes, and put the end of his wilder moustache into his mouth to chew. "I believe there is something in that," he said; "but when Ross takes a thing into his head, you might as well preach to that headstone there."

"Do you believe him?" said Ross, scornfully. "A fellow that has all but lost the shirt off his back at those German hells, and would pawn his soul for money; isn't he likely to be for double or quits—eh? Don't talk to me, and I make it as a favour Mr.—Mr. Tillotson,

that you won't be worrying the lawyers about my affairs. I want no one—no one—to be meddling in my concerns. I'm not in the humour for it, I give warning. If they will, damn it, I'll have to give 'em a lesson."

And, with fury in his eyes, he turned away. It was a very restless Sunday for him; and all the rest of the day he was prowling about nervously, haunting his solicitor, and taking wild quick walks over the hills. Over the Tilney mansion, all through that day, was cast a sense of gloom and uneasiness.

UNDER FIRE.

In the campaigns that immediately followed the Indian Mutiny, in 1857, I, a very young soldier, newly arrived in India, was attached to a small field force which had been left to guard an important point in the line of communication of the main army under Sir Colin Campbell. I was naturally very impatient to see some actual fighting, nor had I long to wait.

The point we had to guard was threatened by a very powerful force of the enemy, who were evidently watching their opportunity to sweep down on our small force (we were only fifteen hundred strong). Day by day reports came in of their nearer approach, till at last one evening they were known to be in position only three miles in front of our camp. The officer in command of our column determined to take the initiative next morning, and attack, and, if possible, compel them to retreat. I well remember the peculiar thrill I experienced, when told by a staff-officer that evening what had been decided on. In spite of my previous eagerness, it was impossible to help feeling serious at the thought that the morrow must see us engaged in a deadly conflict. I certainly felt no reluctance to fight—on the contrary, I felt rather elated at the thought that at last I was a soldier in earnest; but I am not ashamed to confess that I slept little that night. All my past life rose before me. I thought how much better I could spend it, if I had it over again. To a person who has never been face to face with death, the prospect of a certain impending danger is rather appalling, and so I found it. I was astonished at two or three acquaintances—old campaigners—who seemed to treat it as a matter of course, and puffed their cheroots as coolly as if they were in the smoking-room of the "Rag." I did not know then that it is only before one's first action one treats the matter seriously; that when once the ice has been broken, fighting comes very much as a matter of course, and is looked forward to by most people as a kind of pleasant excitement.

After listening to the challenges of the sentries and the howling of the jackals for the greater part of the night, it was a relief when, about an hour before daylight, the camp was quietly roused and the tents struck. In a very short time the men had quietly fallen in. The morning air was very cold, and, as no fires were allowed, the ration of rum and biscuit which

was served out as our breakfast was very agreeable. The regimental band then struck up, and everybody began to look more cheerful as the sun rose. For my part, I could not help feeling sad as I thought how many of our band who were then looking at that sunrise would never see the sunset.

A reconnoitring party had gone forward to ascertain the enemy's exact position; on its return, we got the order to march. The bands struck up their liveliest airs, and we stepped out merrily. It was one of the lovely bright mornings of the Indian cold weather, and the motion and bracing air soon dispelled all gloomy reflections. The only thing calculated to damp the spirits was the long train of doolies for the wounded, that followed ominously in our wake. I had almost forgotten the errand we were bound on, when, after an hour's marching, I was suddenly reminded of it by a distant boom, instantly followed by the crash of a large howitzer-shell bursting over our heads. The enemy had caught sight of the head of our column, and opened a rapid fire from several howitzers, previously placed in position to receive us. As rapidly as it could be done, the column was deployed into line, the men running up over the broken ground to their places in line as best they could. There was no time to think now. The enemy's guns were telling on us already, and must be captured. The country was level and well wooded. Being a little in rear of the line, all I could see at first was our own men advancing at an easy run, and a very broken irregular line they were—looking very different from what they would have looked at Aldershot. The enemy's shot and shell in the mean time were ploughing up the ground all about us. The roar of a round-shot as it passes is a most unpleasant sound. There is a fierceness in it which is very suggestive, and one feels at first an almost irrepressible inclination to duck to it. All young soldiers do so. In a rapid advance such as we were making, there is not time for much thought, but it struck me at once that I felt no fear. I was conscious of a fierce excitement urging me on. I was surprised, too, at noticing how little effect such a cannonade had in thinning our ranks. I positively saw no one in the act of falling, and in a very few minutes I had acquired a sort of confidence in my good fortune—a feeling that it could not be so very dangerous after all, and that I should probably come out unharmed.

After advancing some distance, a momentary halt was made as we emerged from the wooded country on an open slope in full view of the enemy, who were posted on the opposite side of a small stream about four hundred yards in our front. They had by this time begun to fire "case" at us, and at each discharge the ground was dotted with little puffs of dust as the shower of iron bullets fell. Though less formidable to the ear, it was far more dangerous than the round-shot, and it was necessary to put a stop to it as speedily as possible; so, after firing an irregular volley, we advanced afresh.

I can remember one maddening rush, one loud cheer, a few musket-shots, and the guns were in our possession, and the enemy in full retreat. As I reached the first gun, the smoke of the last discharge was still slowly curling out of the muzzle. So rapid had been our rush, that the gunners had left two of their guns still loaded.

With our small force, and with no cavalry, it would have been injudicious to follow up the enemy; so, as quickly as possible, our men were collected, and arrangements made for removing the captured guns. There was now time to look about a little. Parties were being sent out to collect the dead and wounded, and I was astonished to see how many had been hit in that half-hour's fighting. We had lost ninety of our small force. A ghastly sight they were when the doolies had been collected together in a mango-grove. There was every possible form of wound. The dead looked calm and peaceful. I noticed that of the wounded those who were most severely injured seemed in the least pain, and generally had flushed faces.

There was no complaining, no groaning. The stories one sees in books about the screams and cries of wounded men in battle are incorrect. I have been in a great number of actions, and have only twice heard a man cry out when hit, and in each case it was merely a blow from a spent bullet—the most painful wound of all, at the time. I noticed some peculiar sights. On one side, a little drummer-boy lamenting over a pony which belonged to him, and which, having been left in the rear, had had its head smashed by a stray shot; on another side, an officer shooting a wounded horse. Near one of the captured guns lay a gunner, the lower part of whose face had been completely cut away by one of our round-shot. I saw one of our gun-bullocks minus a horn, which had been broken off close to his head.

As we marched back to camp, with the bands playing as before, but for the captured guns I could hardly have realised that we had been in action since the morning. The impression left on my mind was more what I have felt after a good day's hunting, though there was, of course, in addition, a feeling of great thankfulness at having come safely out of it. I have been in many a fight since, but I never afterwards felt any gloomy thoughts in anticipation. What I have described as my sensations are, I believe, felt but once in a lifetime.

In writing this I have not attempted to give a correct account of the action in question, but have simply aimed at describing what I actually saw and felt. I must mention one thing that impressed me at the time, and that I have often since observed:—how completely soldiers forget all their scientific musketry instruction, the instant they get under fire. When face to face with the enemy, nineteen men out of twenty never look at the sights of their rifles, but blaze away at random. Pluck and dash then become far more valuable qualities than good shooting.

Two years afterwards, happening to be in the

same part of the country, I revisited the scene. It was a bright still morning when I walked over the ground, and I could with difficulty realise the fact that on that very spot we had been exposed to a murderous fire. The ground itself was changed. The little stream at the foot of the slope had been deepened into a drainage canal. A railway ran obliquely across the way by which we had advanced, and a bungalow belonging to one of the officials had been built on the very spot where the enemy's guns had been posted.

CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR.

A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have undertaken to make you acquainted with some of the leading characteristics of the times we live in, and I must not shrink from my undertaking. I think it is desirable that I should now say something to you about what they call the rising generation—the young people of the day, my contemporaries, and still more my juniors. I cannot help thinking, from certain observations which I have made, that you really do stand in special need of a hint or two to assist you in understanding this very important section of modern society.

Yes, dear sir, I say "important" advisedly, and because I think that you are not sufficiently impressed with the enormous difference between the young people of this day and those who flourished when you were young. I dare say at that time the opinions and the feelings of what you are pleased to call "boys," were not much considered. You were snubbed, sir, I suspect, and kept under in your youth, and hoodwinked into a belief that you were but an unfledged ignorant creature, and that every person who had the advantage of you in point of age was necessarily wiser and more worthy of respect. Allow me to suggest, sir, that such sentiments might do very well at the time I am speaking of, but that they will not do now.

As I have it greatly at heart to form your character, so that you shall become in all respects a person capable of mixing with the society of the day, it is necessary that I should be perfectly frank and open with you in all things, and that I should point out undisguisedly all such deficiencies as I may chance to observe in your conduct: especially any want of readiness to conform to the dictates laid down on all subjects whatsoever by the men of this great and glorious period.

I must mention then—and one instance will serve as well as a great many—that I could not help being a good deal struck the other day by your treatment of young Mr. Pettiford when you met him at dinner, at the house of our friend Colonel Stopper. And here, if you will allow me, I would take the opportunity (parenthetically) of offering you a word of advice on your choice of friends. I would ask you—Is the

society of Colonel Stopper, and men of his stamp, altogether good for you? Is not your advance hopeless while you associate with such persons? I have no doubt, because you say so, that Colonel Stopper is possessed of many good and estimable qualities; but I cannot resist the evidence of my own senses, which tell me that he is, beyond all the men whom it has ever been my lot to encounter, opinionated and prejudiced. He objects to railroads; he openly states that his servants have orders to refuse admission at the doors to any telegraphic despatch which may be brought to the house; and he retired from the army when he found out that the old "Brown Bess" was really about to be superseded by the modern rifle. Is this man—a man, too, who, I am obliged to remind you, is in the habit of garnishing his conversation with many strange and most unnecessary expletives, with which the present generation is altogether unacquainted—the kind of person with whom it is good and profitable for the parent, whose welfare I have so much at heart, to associate? Surely not. It is my duty to warn you against him. And not against him only, but against all the other members of that shocking old club, the Retrogressum, to which I cannot conceal my regret that you will still continue to belong. What good can come of such a club? They resist all modern improvements. Its members still play at long whist. They drink port wine, though their old limbs suffer so much in consequence that they are all obliged to sit with their legs propped upon a kind of stool shaped like a T, and so completely an institution of the past that I really do not know what it is called. The club envelopes are not adhesive, as I remarked when going over the establishment in your company, and no periodicals of more recent date than the Quarterly and the Edinburgh are admitted to the library table.

Never in my life have I heard such conversation as I listened to at that club, when you, dear sir, with the kindest and best intentions, gave me a dinner there. A great deal of the talk was entirely unintelligible to me; but I could understand enough of it to perceive that it was all directed against modern institutions and the new generation, and that, upon the whole, everything that tends to make life endurable was stigmatised as a "new-fangled invention brought about by those d—d railroads and those d—d penny newspapers between them." My good sir, the Retrogressum is no place for you, and perhaps you will allow me to send in your resignation.

But I must return to your misapprehension of the new generation and its characteristics, and your treatment of young Pettiford, of the Civil Service. It appeared to me as if both you and Colonel Stopper were disposed to ignore this young man's existence. It seemed as if you had made up your minds that nothing which he could by any possibility say upon any subject could be worth a moment's attention, and that whenever he attempted to speak, that was to be the signal for you or the colonel to cut in and in-

interrupt him. Dear sir, this kind of thing may have been all very well in your time, as you call it, and when you were a young man, but not now; because the relative positions of senior and junior are so very much changed of late years.

Why, to take the case of that very young Pettiford. I assure you, that young fellow deserves a vast amount of consideration. Yet the colonel treated him with absolute rudeness, interrupted him, talked through him in a tone of voice with which it was impossible to compete; elbowed him, in short, out of the conversation. Well, sir, I assure you that young Pettiford has gone through examinations which would have gravelled the colonel in five minutes; he has acquired information on a variety of points concerning which the colonel is grossly ignorant. Besides this, he has passed, and is passing, his young days in a wholesome and useful manner. He has a great deal of sound sense and discretion, and would shrink from many an act of folly that some of his elders would fall into.

Sir, the young men of this day are a peculiar race, and deserve a little study, though you may not think it. The new system of education is beginning to tell. A race of men—though you and the colonel call them “boys”—has grown up under that new system, and an estimate can now to some extent be formed of its results. The reduction of coercion to a minimum, the utmost accordance of liberty that could reasonably be granted, the treatment of boys as rational creatures deserving of consideration and capable of detecting injustice and wrong—all these are new features in an educational plan, entirely modern, and entirely opposed to the views on education which obtained even during the earlier portion of the present century. There is no end to the advantages which have been gained by this great change in one of the most important parts of a nation's economy. The young men of the day are no longer like hounds held in leash, ready to tear off to the world's end when the restraints are removed at last—as, remember, at last, they always must be. “The brisk minor” no longer “pants for twenty-one;” because, when “twenty-one” arrives, he will act very much as he did at eighteen. His youth has not been one of restraint and coercion. Human life is not an unknown but fascinating mystery to him, which hitherto he has been forbidden to look into, but which now he is suddenly at liberty to explore. Oh, sir, it was a great mistake, that old plan of shutting up as long as you could, *what it was not yours to shut up for ever*. You used to keep the flood-gates closed till the very last moment. You kept a mighty and ever-rebelling force pent up within them as long as the thing was possible, and when it was no longer possible, and you were obliged to fling them wide, Heavens! what a bursting forth there was, what a roaring and rushing of waters, and, alas! too often, what devastation and laying waste!

We go all the other way now. Let in the light, is our cry, let in the light. Never accord to evil, the tremendous advantage which it gains

in being surrounded by mystery. In so far as it is possible, and in accordance with common sense, let there be liberty in all things, and knowledge of all things.

Upon the whole, then, it does seem as if the young men of the present day reached years of discretion, and became men, earlier than in the past day, and I think they conceive a little differently of that quality of manliness, and form a different estimate of its component parts from that which used to be formed by their grandfathers. Dissipation and swearing and wild practical jokes, often of a very cruel and inhuman sort, are no longer considered to be important ingredients in forming the manly character. Any persons who might happen in these days to be addicted to such practices would be regarded—not with wonder and awe as “first-rate Corinthians,” but might, on the contrary, run a considerable risk of being treated with contempt and aversion, and set down as “unmitigated blackguards.”

And yet, let no one run away with the impression that such a youngster as I am speaking of—such an one as may be taken as a fair specimen of the best modern type of young man—is in the slightest degree open to the charge of being a “milk-sop,” though I can fancy your friend, the colonel, being exceedingly ready to prefer it against him. Very far from that; he is able and willing to do anything that becomes a man. Our present educational system turns out a number of young men, sound in body and rational in mind. As to the rising men who are to set the Thames on fire, that is another matter. You cannot so educate a youth as to make him a genius: any more than you can, by any system yet discovered, arrest the propagation of block-heads.

I have set before you, my worthy parent, a good specimen of the youth of the day; but I should be very sorry to assert that there are no bad specimens, or that even the good are without defects. I can view this subject dispassionately. I belong to this period, but I am not wedded to it. I am one of the new generation, though not of the last batch; I can see the defects of the new generation. Let me initiate you, dear sir, if it is only to show my impartiality.

It seems to me, from what I have heard, and read, and observed, that with every passing year men get to have less of individuality than they used to have, and this characteristic of the day appears to affect the rising generation in an almost inconceivable degree. In the good and the bad that is in them, they are marvellously like each other, and cut out to a pattern. They all dress alike to a button—nay, to the fastening or unfastening of a button; not a plait of their shirt-fronts in the evening, not a fold of their neckerchiefs in the morning, gives the slightest indication of freedom of thought. These young fellows talk alike, moreover, using the same words, thinking the same thoughts, expressing them, *tant bien que mal*, in the same slang. They all have the same tastes. They frequent race-courses in the proper race-costume

of the moment; they are always, when you meet them in the street, "going to look at a gun which Westley Richards is making for them." They speak freely of horses and horse-dealing, and understand such subjects about as well as they do wine and wine-dealing. This is a period, too, my dear father (and I beg you will bear this in mind at quarter-day), when a considerable amount of luxury characterises the appointments of a young gentleman of fashion. He requires many suits of knickerbockers of various colours; he must have cricketing suits and boating suits, and hunting costumes; and, moreover, he needs not only a little bouquet for his button-hole, but a little glass flower-vase to stand upon his toilet-table and keep the said bouquet fresh and bright. Our youths are obliged to bend their minds seriously and often, to tailoring questions; they go to Mr. Poole's shop to try on, and take the great proprietor of the establishment aside, in order to converse with him on such topics as are interesting to them; they stick out their chests boastfully while trying a new waistcoat, and make purchases in the back shop, where the shirt-studs, and waistcoat-buttons, and cigar-cases, are displayed so temptingly. They consume Mr. Poole's sherry-and-water, and talk with each other in an intellectual fashion concerning Goodwood or the Oaks.

This is one class of my contemporaries, dear sir. In some respects it is considered rather a high class. Some of these will be our future legislators, and will govern the country, as their fathers did before them. There are other young men who imitate them to the best of their ability, and in so far as the lamentable fact that they have something to do in the world will permit. These imitators, of the second order of merit, manage to get up a tolerable appearance, have their buttons in the right places, keep clear of offence in the matter of neckcloths, and in some cases even contrive to talk a language which will pass with the uninitiated for the real thing, and which is indubitably characterised by the needful amount of feebleness, and by "a most plentiful lack of wit." These young men are for the most part a grave race. They are little given to mirth and laughter, and there is not much of what is called fun among them. Perhaps they are influenced by the precept and example of our great namesake, to whom I cannot help making reference from time to time, and who says in one of his ever-memorable letters: "I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh."

I fancy, my dear father, from what I have heard you say, that we of the present generation are a much more prudent and cautious race than you and your contemporaries were; that we are more temperate in our ideas, and have fewer illusions. Ah, sir! what things have I heard you say on the subject of youth, and in what terms have I heard you speak of your own young days! How have I heard you speak of your high standard of life, your lofty aspirations, your anticipations of great things to be achieved by yourself and others! You

had heard nonsense talked about the corruption of human nature; but you saw no corruption, and believed in none. Men were not what crabbed old philosophers supposed them to be. They were great creatures, with a high mission to be gloriously fulfilled. These were the men; while as to the women—they were angels.

But you have told me also, my father, of a time that succeeded to this period of strong belief; of a time when it began to wane and fade; when convictions long put aside, and forced away, came on in strength. You have told me that you were slow in finding things and people out, and that the rosy splendour which shone at first on all things, was not exchanged for ordinary sober daylight until you had reached that period of life which is generally called its meridian: coming in contact with many things on the way which had the effect of sobering your views and lowering your standard to an earthy level. Perhaps this knowledge, gained by you and by others like you, may have profited us of the next generation with such profit as may belong to a second-hand experience. Perhaps we have been let into the world's secrets, earlier and more completely than you were, and have been suffered to go behind the scenes more freely than the former generation. At all events, and be the origin of the result what it may, I believe—and I am influenced in my opinion by studying the works and lives of Byron, Keats, and others who have "flown high"—I believe, that if we do not rise so high as the youth of another period, neither do we fall so low as they in their season of reaction. We do not rush from one extreme to another, nor, after conceiving a very elevated view of humanity, and lauding it in the most exalted terms, do we take suddenly to speaking of it as a thing too low for hope, and calling it by all the bad names we can think of.

That we are a wary set, up to a great deal, inclined to keep a good look-out ahead, and not easily taken in, I admit freely; but where is the harm of that? On the contrary, is it not a very good thing not only for ourselves, but for our parents and guardians? See how we keep out of scrapes; see how we eschew imprudent marriages, and all that sort of thing, that used to be called romance, and the exceedingly practical and unromantic consequences of which, descended upon the parents and guardians just mentioned. Come, sir! Was not that ardent and generous young man who has been supposed to personify youth, and to be the embodiment of all its fine qualities—was he not rather an alarming customer to have to deal with? He was a fine fellow? O no doubt! He was of a trusting character; he was the creature of impulse; he paused not to consider consequences; he was above all paltry considerations of self-interest; he considered that to look before he leapt was to have an old head on young shoulders, and so he leapt without looking. He was the creature of good and generous impulse. What! does his friend want money? He shall have it. This model youth does not stop to consider where it is to come from. It would be beneath him to

pause and reflect that in the end it must come from his poor old father, with the limited means and the large family. Or perhaps it is the altar of love instead of friendship on which he is to sacrifice. The inevitable Nancy, daughter of the inevitable farmer in bad circumstances, appears upon the scene. The model young man is in love with her. She has nothing. He has nothing. What does he care? Shall love give way before mercenary considerations? Is a girl the worse because she has no money? Is the daughter of the English yeoman to be despised because her father is not descended from the Conqueror, or because she has not been brought up at St. James's? Never shall it be said that Harry Greatheart is the man to consider pounds, shillings, and pence when the happiness of Nancy is at stake. Perish the thought! But, when the young people are at the end of their tether—what then? Why then, sir, they fall back upon the poor old gentleman, the much misused and much abused Old Square-toes, who pays for all.

And yet I have heard some of your contemporaries, my dear father, when griding against us men of the new generation, complain that we have no hearts, and try to prove it by asserting that we never get into these difficulties. It was only the other day that the colonel himself said in so many words, "Damme"—it is the colonel's habit to garnish his talk with such expressions—"damme," says he, "when I was a boy, a fellow thought nothing of ruining himself for a girl; but now they're as cold as ice, the young milkshops, and have no more heart among the lot of 'em than a Normandy pippin." Think, sir, which has the most heart. He who refrains from sacrificing his family, his future, and very probably the ultimate welfare and happiness of a young girl, to a selfish fancy, or he who gratifies that fancy, and in so doing brings misery into his old home, destroys the career which was before him, and subjects the object of his short-lived attachment to a long series of slights and annoyances for which she has at last nothing to recompense her—no, not even the affection about which her selfish lover used to prate, in the first transports of his youthful passion?

I must leave off for the present, my excellent parent; but I have by no means said all that I have to say about the characteristics of that new generation to which I have the honour of belonging. P. CHESTERFIELD, JUNIOR.

CHILDREN'S DINNER-PARTIES.

It's a quiet little paved street at the back of St. Pancras church, looking more like a close in a staid cathedral town than one of the noisy, dirty ant-hills of London, the words "Sick Children's Dinner-table," printed across the white blind of a decent-looking window, informs the public and the poor, that here, No. 2, Woburn-buildings, where invalid adults have their daily rations, sick and puny children may also be fed.

It is now just five minutes to twelve, the dinner-hour of the little people. We push open the door and enter. The place is full. Some are little children, and some are in the prime of life, some are tottering and aged; but all look as if a good dinner of meat and potatoes was a thing of rare occurrence and great need, and, sick though they may be, as if the food they are to have to-day will be of more good to them than any amount of drugs and doctor's stuff. These are the diners at the establishment; while ranged against the wall are groups of girls and women with jugs and basins in their hands, waiting to carry home the dinners of such as are too ill to attend personally. These are the holders of green tickets; to the fortunate possessors of the red are allowed extra medical comforts in the shape of wine, brandy, beef-tea, or whatever may be thought best for the case in question. The diners at the establishment hold white tickets as their cards of admission.

We are received by a dark-eyed, smiling matron, who, once matron of a reformatory, has that happy mixture of kindness and decision which is just what is wanted for free-going societies among the poor—a manner that influences while it attracts, at once genial and with authority. And as the success or failure of a thing of this kind depends very much upon the cheerful temper and power of organisation of the conductors and managers, the kindly smile and prompt decision of the matron here are things of greater moment than the mere outside pleasantness, involved. The room into which we enter, and where the adults dine half an hour after the little ones, is clean, simply furnished, and cheerful; as devoid of parade as of poverty. A festoon of coloured paper here and there, a heartening "Welcome" emblazoned overhead, popular prints framed in painted cardboard on the wall itself, and a few cheap ornaments on the chimney-piece, give a bright and animated look most valuable to the sickly and depressed. The tablecloth is clean; the roast meat smells savoury and appetising; by the narrow table, which in reality is no table at all, but the back of the form made so that if turned one way it is a horizontal table, and if turned the other, a perpendicular back, sit the invalids patiently waiting their turn; a cozy place next the fire is kept for the more aged; and if the children are in excess of the accommodation afforded by their own up-stairs room, the surplus remain below, here in the room of the adults. The dinner is the same in all cases—a good quantity of excellent roast meat, two or three potatoes, a large slice of bread, for the adults, half a pint of strong porter, or, if that is not taken, an extra share of bread; for the children water, but, in exchange, an orange or a little bit of cake, &c., by way of dessert. There is no stint. They may be helped as often as they like—the more hungry ones coming three times; and for this they pay, the adults twopence, and the children one penny each. This simply pays the rent, the matron, and the servant; the food is provided

by the sale of the tickets and donations, and every farthing subscribed and given is spent in food.

But the proper room of the little people is upstairs, whither the matron kindly leads us. Here are two long tables, and a small side-table where the carving goes on; they are all covered by clean white cloths, the knives, and forks, and mugs, and salt-cellars are also clean; down the centre of the principal table stand a few vases with gay-coloured flowers, which give that air of brightness and a perpetual fête that helps almost as much as food; a musical box in the middle of the table tinkles out the Perfect Cure; and by the window is a pretty vivarium, made cheaply and yet effectively with little jets of tiny fountains. The walls are clothed with pictures framed in the same manner as those below stairs; there is a small Christmas tree, with a few toys and baubles to delight the wandering wondering eyes; and the whole thing is an evidence of what care and taste may do with the poorest materials and at the most trifling cost. It is all pretty and gay, but a prettiness and a gaiety quite appropriate to and attainable by the poor; in which lies its special service at Woburn-buildings—in the heart of one of the poorest districts of London.

How poor, but few even in the district itself fully realise and understand! In a small court close at hand, occupying about as much space as a gentleman's mansion, it is calculated that there are over five hundred children alone; and this is under the estimate which one visitor made. We need scarcely ask what manner of life these hapless little creatures lead, pent-up in this stifling atmosphere—what poverty, what misery, what squalid wretchedness of circumstance, and what abject want make such a contrast as that afforded by this bright and cheerful room and pleasant nourishment of infinitely more worth than many other things of wider scope and larger pretensions.

Grace being said by the lady presiding (the wife of the kindly founder and upholder of this charity), the little hands folded together in that sweet attitude of childish reverence, however ignorant, the serious business of the hour sets in. While she is carving for the children, the younger ones needing to have their meat "cut up," we will take a look round the table to watch the faces of the small guests, and speculate on character and future fate, as one is always tempted to do with children.

For the most part pale, stunted, ill developed, their looks alone show how much the charity is needed, and how sadly poverty has already stunted the fair proportions of life. The healthiest are a family of three, to whom the lady subscribing has given tickets continuously for a year; so that they have quite a robust and well-to-do look, so far as bone and muscle are concerned, though it is a pity to be obliged to add that they are the dirtiest in person and the most poorly clad of the assembly. These little creatures have two good dinners of meat, bread, and potatoes twice a week (Monday and Thurs-

day), which is almost as much as some people of means would think sufficient for such small folks, a new belief creeping in among sundry—a reaction as much as a belief—that we may do too much in the way of feeding up, and that "butcher's meat" can be used in excess. At all events, two thoroughly good meals in the week are a great advance on the normal condition of a poor child's dietary table, and are immense helps in other ways besides the way of food. All the good and beauty that these poor children see and learn, they see and learn at this bi-weekly festival of theirs; and all the care and cleanliness they get is what is compulsory here—clean hands and faces being absolutes, entailing the loss of the dessert if not up to the right mark. They are, at all events, partially cleansed twice a week; they hear the clear tinkle of the musical box—that thing of wonder, that voice of an imprisoned spirit, to a child's mind; they see the pictures, and the flowers, and the clean tablecloth, and the festoons of coloured paper; they hear a few words of kindness from the gentle voice of the lady; they hear a few words of simple grace; and who shall say that even so slight and so few means may not be of incalculable benefit in the times to come? who shall say what lovely memories of the warmth and welcome and orderliness there may not help in that ambition and desire to succeed and do well, without which all human beings sink down in the moral scale, no matter what the original starting-point?—who knows? All germs are small, and the growth and power of the tree cannot be fairly measured by the weight and size of the seed.

Those who know the poor by personal acquaintance, are well aware that dirt is no necessary part of poverty. It belongs to ignorance and helplessness and that terrible state in which people have nothing to lose from public opinion, but it is not integrally necessary to poverty. That truth has a striking confirmation here. The two cleanest children are the two of poorest fortunes, yet they are as neat and well cared for as if the mother had a nursery on the second floor, and a nurse whose sole business it was to attend to the young ladies. Their history is sad enough. The father died immediately on the birth of the baby—he was found dead in his bed one morning; then the new-born baby had whooping-cough, and died. The younger of the two now at table had also whooping-cough, and was reduced to a skeleton by the disease. "It made me almost cry," said the lady, "when the poor little creature was brought in, wrapped in a dressing-gown like a baby, so weak that she could not stand; but we fed her up, and she is now nearly as strong as she was before."

Since then the mother's health has given way, and she is now dying. She has three shillings a week to live on, and her two children receive tickets for the sick children's dinner-table. But they look almost too good for anything in the shape of alms; clean, tidy, their clothes well kept, their hair smooth, glossy, and perfectly clean, they

are evidences of the beautifying effects of care, and how, on even three shillings a week, a woman can, if so minded, keep her children wholesome—and something more. It will be a painful thing if the poor little ones are forced to go into the workhouse on the mother's death; which seems to be only too certain. Though the legal and recognised asylum for the helpless poor, the shadow of that grim House is, somehow, unfavourable to those living under it; and the very name of "Workhouse apprentice" tells against the future of a girl. But perhaps, if the dark hour comes, some one will be found to befriend them, and procure them admission into an orphan asylum, such as the Wanstead Asylum, say, where they may be taught the best duties of women, and how to earn an honourable independence when the time of work comes.

All sorts of faces and characters sit round that long narrow table; the squalid and the cared for, as we have seen, though none are as beautifully neat as our two young friends here—the beautiful and the plain, the timid, not daring to look up, and answering in a whisper when spoken to, and the bold, innocent of the first dawns of class-reverence, the nervous and the stolid, the keen look of conscious hunger—God help them!—and the deadened look of creatures who, by the brutalisation of poverty, have never attained the full use of their faculties. Some come half famished, and are scarcely to be satisfied; but, after a short course of sufficing "dinings-out," the wolfish hunger is appeased, and the appetite becomes more natural and healthy. Others cannot eat much at the first. The digestive powers, like the body, are half starved for want of use, and it is only by degrees and carefully that the stomach can be made able to receive the ordinary amount of food. This is a sadder thing to see than the wolfish hunger; telling, as it does, of depressed vital functions and organs absolutely undeveloped through privation.

Then the dresses are as much matters of study as the faces, and almost as eloquent. There are some with the well-known dash of finery among their rags—battered hats with faded ribbons, crumpled flowers, and feathers that seem to have been lately swept through the gutter—crinolines made of barrel-hoops distending ragged frocks fit only for the paper-mill—heads and wretched tags of torn lace—the dirt and finery of so many small savages. Some are almost like little gontlefolks, with their short frocks and white stockings, faultless collars and spruce knickerbockers. One little open-faced curly-headed rascal was quite lovely enough to be the model of one of E. V. B.'s exquisite Germanised children; another sturdy hero—a future Nelson perhaps—had a smart shining sailor's cap and a short round jacket, which made him not unlike a Dutch skipper in miniature; another quaint mannikin wore a queer little black skull-cap, with a laughable likeness to a small Donaterswivel or a learned professor of abstruse science (partial to close head-gear.

Some were rough and unpolished, eating with their fingers and left hands when not watched; and some had the peculiar air and manner of Sunday-school children—the curtsy, the apt reply, the better look, the *manner of society* in fact, as evident with them as with their little sisters of a higher grade, when trimmed and polished by careful teaching and good practice. Older girls chaperoned quite little baby ones, and took care of them with that sweet assumption of motherliness which is one of the prettiest sights among young children. Shy strangers sat in childish awkwardness, unaccustomed to place, and ways, and circumstances, but taking to the initiation kindly enough.

Thus, when dinner was done—and, as has been said, all had as much as they would—grace was said, and the little folks, filing out in order, turned up their young faces to the lady and said "Good morning" to her kindly adieu, the boys describing with their hands that wonderful arc which does duty for a bow, and the girls dropping curtsies. There were fifty-seven children on that day of our visit, and fifty invalid adult tickets came in. It was on a Thursday, and Thursday is always the more thronged of the two days for the children's dinners; Sunday's better food remaining as a reminiscence that should stay Monday's appetites, think the parents, perhaps; and the district visitors and others who have tickets to give away not getting fairly into the swing of their work in time for the hour of announcement. For all tickets must be sent in before nine o'clock in the morning, that it may be known how much meat it is necessary to cook for the day, everything being done and arranged by the busy matron and her one servant between nine and twelve o'clock. The best plan is to ante-date the tickets for several days' food, and then the matron has her work before her, and knows what she is about, and what she has to provide for.

This, then, was the pictorial aspect of the charity, as we may say; the working part, the backbone of principle and moral object, is of a graver character:

The co-operation of the poor in their own advancement and well-being, and not only almsgiving even where almsgiving is so much needed, is the corner-stone of this dinner-table scheme—a scheme not merely eleemosynary and by no means tending to pauperisation, but being simply great help on the terms of a little done by the poor themselves to meet the efforts of others. But this little, trifling as it is compared to the amount given (twopence from each adult—the cost of dinner averaging eightpence—and a penny from each child—the cost of dinner averaging fourpence-halfpenny), yet lifts the charity to the rank of a self-helping institution in the minds of the poor, and prevents that lazy dependence on others which is just the curse clinging to benevolence. These twopences and pennies pay for the house and attendance; the dinners are met by the sale of the tickets and by donations. The full amount of the subscriptions is spent on food, and if a larger number of people

attended, the average expenses would be lessened, as the working cost for dining fifty is the same as it would be for dining eighty. But the poor want incessant hunting up; and though a benefit like this may be before their very eyes, yet they will, for the most part, lazily pass it by unless continually spurred up by those of the educated classes who are interested in them, and earnest and unwearied in serving them: as is Mr. Hicks, the founder and upholder of this special charity. Had it not been for his personal superintendence and that of his wife, the scheme would have lapsed long ago; but they are people not to be wearied in well-doing, and they understand the poor.

Indeed no good can be done among them save by personal superintendence. Public opinion rules us all more or less; and those who know the poor, know that the want of a high-class standard of public opinion among them is one of the greatest obstacles existing to their improvement. And nothing gives this so much as personal contact with the more highly educated.

The object and means of this charity are given in a very succinct and comprehensive summary, which we quote.

The Objects of this Charity are:

1. To help the Working Men and Working Women of St. Pancras to help themselves.
2. To do this only when they are unable to work, through recent sickness.
3. To give that which will enable them to regain their strength and return to their occupations.

The means adopted are:

1. To give them a good Dinner, daily, for a week or two, of the best food procurable.
2. To relieve none but cases recommended by Subscribers or a Society.
3. To distribute the Dinner Tickets to Hospitals, Dispensaries, &c., and those who can recommend cases from personal knowledge.

Indeed, the greatest good is done by giving tickets to charitable societies and to hospitals. Mr. Hicks himself gives tickets to the Hospital for Sick Children, which are not always made use of, and would keep six places for them at each bi-weekly dinner if only so many consumers would be sent. The little creatures often break down for want of sufficient nourishment after they have been discharged from the hospital—as do their elders—and it is then when the charity is so especially valuable.

One or two dinner-tables (adult) of the same character are to be met with, however, scattered about London,* which is what is wanted; the extension of the principle, not the enlargement of this one particular concern, being what Mr. Hicks has at heart, and what all who care

for the poor would rejoice to see. The idea of the sick child's dinner-table is not quite original to the present founder, inasmuch as Victor Hugo has for years done the same kind of thing at his own home in Jersey, where he has fed the sick and hungry little ones with the great-hearted generosity one would have expected from the author of *Les Misérables*.

It is good that a charity of this nature should be in the hands of the laity rather than of the clergy. Often bad men of business, and naturally inclined to consider undeniable orthodoxy as equal in value to the claims of hunger, they do not always make good patrons and guardians of charities. Wherefore when laymen like Mr. Hicks come forward to devote themselves heart and soul and life to the cause of the poor, what they undertake is almost sure to succeed. Sectarian prejudices are kept out of sight; poverty, not orthodoxy, constitutes the claim to help, and the hands of the Church are strengthened by the very denial of the management of secularities. Yet the influence of religious teaching, even in this one of the most material of all charities, cannot be too largely desired; and, as Mr. Hicks says, if some helping missionary would volunteer to come and read to the adults when dining, the roast meat would be none the less savoury, nor the porter less strengthening. Some missionary, that is, who would help in the charity itself by sifting cases and finding out deserving objects, and so doing good work both inside the house and out.

No, let such charities be kept out of the hands of the church and the parish authorities alike. Supported by voluntary contributions, managed by voluntary guardians, true labours of love in the highest sense, that very element of pure love, that very essential power of the free gift, gives a wholesomeness and vitality which no formal arrangements could give. So wide spreading is the interest taken in such things when known, that Mr. Hicks received one subscription from Madras, in consequence of a notice of his charity falling into the hands of an utter stranger to him and to St. Pancras.

Thirteen thousand invalids, poor men and women, have been dined in that pleasant room in Woburn-buildings during the last three years, and two thousand seven hundred poor sick children—making in all fifteen thousand seven hundred hungry mouths well filled. "Need any more be said to prove its usefulness?" says the little address to the subscribers, printed on the cover of the book of tickets. "Suffering from all kinds of diseases (from half starvation not the least of them), cases are sent from hospitals, dispensaries, and charitable institutions all round this district." It is established to supply the sick and convalescent poor who have just left our hospitals and dispensaries with what they require to fit them for their work again: namely, a good dinner daily for a week or two. To those for whom it was originally intended might be added the aged and infirm, and others who are past work. All cases must be recommended by a subscriber or

* Four, we believe, in all. One in Earl-street, Lisson-grove, Edgeware-road (1859); another in Upper Ebury-street, Pimlico (1861); a third in Poplar-place, Moscow-road, Bayswater (1861); and this fourth in Woburn-buildings, founded by Mr. Hicks in the October of 1862. And there is a sick child's dinner-table in or near Clare-market.

some society. Every person is required to pay twopence, the remainder of the cost of the dinner being defrayed out of subscriptions and donations. Particular attention is requested to the following advantages peculiar to this charity:

1. That the full amount of the Subscriptions is spent in Food, without any deduction whatever for Rent or Management.

2. Every person relieved is known to be deserving, by the personal visitation of those who make it their kind office to visit the poor at their own homes.

3. The Donations are likewise spent in Food, with this difference, that they are used to supply Book of Dinner Tickets to Hospitals, Dispensaries, and Charitable Institutions, which have no fund applicable for such purposes.

4. That as soon as a larger attendance is secured, all the working expenses, including Rent and Management, will be defrayed by the poor themselves, thus carrying out the original intention of this Charity, "to help the poor to help themselves."

It will, however, be obvious from the above that large numbers can alone enable this to be done; and as the expenses are very nearly the same to dine fifty persons daily as to dine the present number (about thirty), it is to be hoped the former number will soon be reached.

The book of tickets is one guinea for forty dinners (adult), the odd shilling representing the expenses of printing, &c., while the whole of the remaining twenty shillings goes in food. A book of ten dinner-tickets for children is three and sixpence.

The Sick Children's Dinner, though well worth visiting, is better worth upholding and copying in districts where needed. In both sections of the charity—for we have spoken of both almost as one, the daily dinner-table of the adults, and the bi-weekly dinner-table of the children—it is eminently practical, humane, and useful. There is no pauperising quality about it, no doubtful nor mischievous element whatever. That puny children should be made, if possible, into hale and wholesome men and women, and that the hungry should be fed when they are unable to feed themselves, are canons of a law as eternal as humanity itself. Mr. Hicks does no more than this; but he does this, and thoroughly; his success lying as much in the spirit as in the means, and more in his manner of action than in his material. It is by love, by personal care, by personal visiting, by personal knowledge, by unwearied exertions, by thorough-going devotion to the thing he has undertaken, that he has made his charity so entirely satisfactory; and we must add, also, by recognising a higher motive than even that of charity, great as this is, and by working among and for the poor in the spirit of Him who said, "He who giveth unto the least of these, giveth unto me," and one of whose last commandments to his Apostle was, "Feed my lambs." Zeal, common sense, and a noble aim, will make most things succeed. What a great thing it would be if many of our readers thought the same, and

went to Woburn-buildings for lessons how to employ their leisure, and on what to expend their energies!

BET'S MATCH-MAKING.

THE only time I ever tried match-making in my life was when I was seventeen, and I then so burnt my fingers over the business that I took care never to meddle with it again. I was living at the time with my stepmother on her farm near Ballymena. My father was dead, and my stepmother did not like me. She had placed me for a time with a milliner in the town, but finding it expensive supporting me apart from her, had taken me away again. She was thinking of a second marriage, though I did not know it at the time. But this I did know:—that she had written to some distant friends of my father in America, who had unwillingly consented to take me off her hands.

I don't think it would have been half as hard for me to have made up my mind to die; for I was a shy little thing, without a bit of courage to deal with strangers, and my heart was fit to burst at the thought of leaving the very few friends whom I had to love, and my own little corner of the world, where the trees and the roads knew me. But I felt it would have to be done, and I lay awake all night after the letter arrived, trying to think how I should ever be brave enough to say good-bye to my dear friend Gracie Byrne, and to Gracie's lover, Donnell M'Donnell.

Gracie was the cleverest of all Miss Doran's apprentices. She was an orphan without a friend to look after her, and she was the loveliest girl in the country. People said she was proud and vain; but I never could think she was either. She and I loved one another dearly, though I cannot think what attracted her to poor little plain me. She had plenty of admirers, and she queened it finely amongst them; but the only one to whom I would have given her with all my heart was Donnell M'Donnell. And, oh dear! he was the very one whom she would not look at.

Donnell and I were great friends, and I had promised to do all I could to help him with Gracie. He was young and strong, and as bonny a man as could be seen. He had a fine farm, all his own, some three miles across country from my stepmother's place. If Gracie would but marry him, she should live like a lady, and drive into Ballymena on her own jaunting-car. But she was always saying that she would go away to London, and be a great "West-end" milliner. This terrified me badly, seeing that London is such a wicked place.

My stepmother was always crying out that Gracie would come to a sorrowful end, which made me wild; and as I lay awake that wretched night I thought a great deal about what might happen to her if she went away to London by herself, and she so handsome, and not having a friend at all. And I wished with all my strength

that she would marry Donnell M'Donnell before I went away to America, which would ease my mind about her, and also about him. For I felt the greatest pity in the world for kind big Donnell's disappointment.

My stepmother was provoked at my sad face next day, and called me ungrateful. But when I cried bitterly she got a little kinder, and in the evening allowed me to go into Ballymena to see my friend Gracie. So towards sundown, when the snow was getting red upon the fences, I wrapped my shawl about me and set off for the town; sobbing loudly to ease my heart, all along the lonely road, where there was no one to hear me but the robins. The brown trees against the dusky red sky, the white swelling lines of the fields, the dark chimneys of the town on before me, were all blent in a dismal maze, when who should leap over a stile and stand beside me but Gracie's great lover, Donnell. I told him my eyes were only watering with the cold, and he turned and walked alongside of me for a good way, while we talked of Gracie of course. He was very angry at her, and said she was playing fast and loose with him, and making him the sport of the town and country. I took Gracie's part, and so we went on till we came to the last white gate on the road, and began to meet the townspeople. Then I told him I was going away, and he looked so vexed that I nearly cried again. I felt so glad to see him sorry.

"Well, little Bet," said he, "we must give you a good dance over in you big farm-house of ours before you go. And, in the mean time——"

"I'll see to your business, Donnell," said I, smiling. "Never fear but I'll do your business to the last."

Then he shook my two hands till he nearly squeezed them into jelly, and left me.

When I went into Miss Doran's it was past the work hour, and the girls were putting on their bonnets to go away; Gracie only was sitting close to the candle, putting the flowers on a ball-dress for one of the county ladies. She having the nicest taste, had always the honour of giving the finishing touches to the most particular work. She looked very tired, but oh, so handsome, with her pale cheek against the yellow light, and her dark head bending over a mass of white and rose-colour tulle.

"A bud here," said she, "and a spray there, and then I have done. You'll come home with me and sleep. That cross stepmother of yours won't see you again to-night."

"Don't talk that way, Gracie," said I; "but I came intending to stay." And the work being finished, we went home to her lodgings.

A lovely bunch of flowers was lying on her table, and she laughed and blushed, and looked beautiful when she saw it.

"Who is that from, Gracie?" said I. "Donnell?"

"No, indeed," said she, tossing her head. But I was sure that was a fib, for she looked as happy as possible, lying resting herself in her arm-chair beside the fire, while I set out the

tea-things. She looking so glad, and the shabby room looking so snug, and our little tea-drinking being so cozy, I could not bear to tell her the bad news now, and began to set about Donnell's business.

"Gracie," said I, "I wish you would marry Donnell soon."

"Soon?" said she, opening her eyes, and looking at me angrily. "I'll never marry him!"

"But you know, Gracie," said I, getting hot about it, "that you ought to marry him. He says—that is, I know—you have made him the laughing-stock of the country, and——"

"Very fine!" cried she. "And so he has been complaining to you, has he?"

"I did not say that," said I; "but, oh, Gracie, I know you like some one. I saw you smiling over a letter the other day, just the way you are smiling now."

"And what if I do?" said she, laughing and tossing her head; "that does not prove that it must be Donnell."

"There is no one else so good," said I, eagerly. "It could not be any one else."

"Pon my word," said she, staring at me, "I think you had better go and marry him yourself."

"I? Oh, Gracie!" said I, starting up and sitting down again, and beginning to cry, "I wanted to tell you that I am going to America."

You may be sure we talked no more about Donnell that night.

Donnell did not fail to keep his word about giving me a feast before I left the country. He invited three pipers to play, and half the countryside to dance. Gracie and I met at the cross-roads, and walked over to the farm together, she bringing a troop of beaux with her from the town. The farm is a dear old place, with orchard-trees growing up round the house, and it looked so homely that frosty night. Donnell's mother met us at the door, and unpinned our shawls in her own room. Gracie looked beautiful in a pretty new dress and bright ribbon. Donnell's mother stroked my hair with her hand, and stuck a bit of holly in the front of my black frock. She kept me with her, after Gracie had gone down-stairs, holding my hand, and asking me about my going to America. And the place felt so safe and warm, and she was so kind and motherly, after what I was accustomed to at home, that my heart got so sore I could scarcely bear it.

We had a great tea-drinking in the parlour, and then we went out to the kitchen, and the pipers fell to work, and Gracie was as amiable as possible to Donnell. But just in the middle of our dancing the latch of the back door was lifted, and Squire Hannan walked in in his top-boots.

"I wanted to speak to you on business, M'Donnell," he said, "but I will not disturb you now."

"Will you do us the honour of joining us, sir?" said Donnell. Squire Hannan needed no second invitation. He was soon making his bow before Gracie, and Donnell saw no more of

her smiles that night. She danced with the squire till it was time to go home, and then, after she had set out for the town, escorted by him and her other beaux, Donnell's mother kissed me, and Donnell drew my arm through his, and walked home with me across the snowy fields to my stepmother's house. He was abusing Gracie all the way, and I was, as usual, taking her part.

He came to see me one day soon after, and brought me a basket of lovely winter pears. He leaned against the wall and watched me making the butter. He was disgusted with Gracie, he said; she was a flirt, and he did not care a pin about her, only he would not be made a fool of. She had refused to let him walk with her across the hills next Sunday, to the consecration of the new church, and if he did not get some token that she had changed her mind between that and this, he would never, he swore, look her way again, but go and marry some one else for spite.

"Oh no, Donnell," said I, "promise me you won't do that!" For I was sure that Gracie liked him all the while.

"But I will," said he, smiling; "at least, if other people will have me."

"Oh, don't, don't!" said I; but he would not promise.

"It's my mind," said my stepmother, after he had gone, "that you lad's more like a lover of yours than hers. Why don't you catch him, and then you needn't go to America."

"Mother!" I cried, and felt the room spinning round with me, till I caught and held on by the door.

"Well, well," she said, "you needn't look so mad. Many a girl'd be glad of him."

I thought a great deal about how he had sworn that he would marry some one else if he did not hear from Gracie before Sunday. "I'm sure she likes him," I thought; "she cannot help it. She must have seen how mean even Squire Hannan looked beside him the other night. And it would be a most dreadful thing if he was married to some one he did not care about, and if she went off to London, with a broken heart, to be a 'West-end' milliner." I thought about it, and thought about it. There was no use going to Gracie, for she would only laugh and mock at me. All at once a bright idea came in my head.

I was afraid to think of what I was going to do; but that night, when my stepmother had gone to bed, leaving me to finish spinning some wool, I got out a sheet of paper and a little note of Gracie's which I had in my work-box, and began to imitate Gracie's handwriting. I had not much trouble, for we wrote nearly alike; and afterwards I composed a little letter.

"Dear Mr. M'Donnell," it said, "I have changed my mind, and will be very glad if you will join me on the road to the consecration on Sunday.

"Yours sincerely,

"GRACE BYRNE."

"What harm can it do to send it?" thought

I, trembling all the while. I folded it up, and put it in an envelope directed to Mr. Donnell M'Donnell, The Buckey Farm. "And it may do such a great deal of good! In the first place, it will prevent his marrying for spite before Sunday, and then she will be so glad to see him coming, in spite of her crossness, that she will be quite kind to him. He is always so stiff and proud when she treats him badly, that I am sure it makes her worse. She will never find out that he got any letter—not, at least, till they are quite good friends—married, perhaps—and then they will both thank me."

So the next evening, about dusk, I slipped quietly into the town and posted my letter. I was dreadfully afraid of meeting Donnell or Gracie; but I saw no one I knew. I dropped the note in the letter-box and rushed off towards home again at full speed. I ran nearly all the way; the snowy roads were slippery in the evening frost, and near our house I fell and hurt my foot. A neighbour found me leaning against the stile and brought me home. I was to have sailed for America the very next week, but now I was laid up with a sprained ankle, and my departure was put off.

On Sunday evening, a neighbour woman who had been at the consecration came in to tell us the news: This one had been there of course, and that one had been there for a wonder. Gracie Byrne had been there in a fine new bonnet (the girl was going to the mischief with dress), and Squire Hannan had been there, and given her the flower out of his button-hole.

"And Donnell M'Donnell was with her, of course?" said I.

"Ay, 'deed you may swear it," said the woman. "That'll be a match before long. He walked home with her to the town, and her smilin' at him like the first of June!"

"They'll be married before I go away," said I to myself; and I leaned back into my corner, for the pain of my foot sickened me.

Donnell's mother brought me a custard and some apples the next day.

"Donnell's gone to the Glens, my dear," said she, "or he would ha' been over this mornin' to see you. He went before we heard of your foot, and he won't be home for a week."

"What's he doin' there?" asked my stepmother.

"He has land there, you know," said Donnell's mother, "and he goes whiles to settle his affairs with them that has charge of it. I don't know rightly what he's gone about now. Something has went again him lately, for he's not like himself those few days back. He said some-thin' about goin' to be married when he came home, but if he is, it's not afther his heart; for I never saw a bridegroom so glum on the head of it. Bet, dear, I thought it was you he liked."

"So he does, Mrs. M'Donnell," said I, "but not that way—not for his wife."

"Well, well, my dear!" said Donnell's mother, wiping her eyes.

Everybody was coming to see me now, on ac-

count of my foot. Gracie came the next day or so, and surely I was amazed at the glory of her dress! My stepmother, who did not like her, left us alone together, and Gracie's news came out. She was going to be married on next Tuesday.

"I know that," said I.

"How do you know it?" said she.

"Donnell's mother told me."

"Donnell's mother! Nothing but Donnell and Donnell's mother from you for ever! How should she know?"

"Oh, Gracie, his own——"

"Why," she burst in, "you don't imagine that he's the man? Why, it's Squire Hannan! Only think, Bet, of your Gracie being the Squire's lady!"

I was quite confounded. "Oh, oh, Gracie!" I stammered.

"Well," said she, sulking, "are you not glad?"

"Oh yes," I said, "very, on your account; but what will become of Donnell?"

"Donnell again. Now listen to me, Bet. I know when a man likes me, and when he doesn't like me, just as well as any other girl; and I've seen this many a day, that Donnell didn't care a pin about me. Not he. He only wanted me to marry him that the people might not say I jilted him. I told him that the other day, when he asked me to have him. 'No matter what I want you for,' said he; 'I want you.' 'Thank you,' said I. And then what had he the impudence to say! If I changed my mind before Sunday I was to send him word, that he might come to the consecration with me. Then he would set off for the Glens on Monday, and settle some business there, and be home for our wedding in a week!"

I screamed out, seeing what I had done.

"The poor foot!" cried Gracie, thinking I was in pain. "Is it bad?"

"Never mind it!" said I. "And what did you say?"

"I said," Gracie went on, "that whatever morning he got up and saw black snow on the ground, that day he might look for a message from me. And yet he had the meanness to walk with me on Sunday, after all. And the best fun of it, is, that they say he's gone to the Glens."

"Oh, oh!" said I, beginning to groan again, and pretending it was all my foot. After that, Gracie talked about herself and Squire Hannan until she went away. And somehow I never had felt as little sorry to part with her before. She seemed not to be my own Gracie any longer.

And now I was nearly out of my senses, thinking what mischief might come of my meddling. I was sure that Donnell and Squire Hannan would fight and kill one another, and all through me. I thought I would give all I had in the world to see Donnell before any one else had told him the news, and confess to him what I had done. On Tuesday, about mid-day, a countryman from the Glens came in to light

his pipe, and he said he had passed M'Donnell, of Buckey Farm, on the way.

"An' I think things must be goin' badly with him," said he, "for he has a look on his face as black as the potato blight."

"Somebody has told him, maybe!" said I to myself. And I put on my shawl, and, borrowing a stick from an old neighbour, I hobbled off secretly up the road towards the Glens. I soon got tired and dreadfully cold, as I could not walk fast, and I sat down on a bit of an old grey bridge to watch for Donnell coming past. At last he came thundering along, and although it was getting dusk I could see that he had his head down, and looked dreadfully dark and unhappy.

"Donnell!" said I, calling out to him.

"Who's that?" he said. "Why, it's never little Bet!"

"But indeed, it is," said I. "Oh, Donnell, did you hear? I came to tell you. Gracie was married this morning to Squire Hannan."

"Whew!" he gave a long whistle. "The jilt!" said he, and he snapped his fingers. But his whole face brightened up.

"She's not so much a jilt as you think, Donnell," said I, "for—oh, how can I ever tell you!—it was I who wrote you the note you got last week, and she had nothing to do with it. I did it for the best, I did indeed, for I thought that Gracie liked you; I did indeed! And oh, Donnell, sure you won't go and kill Squire Hannan?"

"Won't I," said he, looking awfully savage. "I cut a great blackthorn this morning in the Glens for no other purpose but to beat out his brains."

I gave a great scream, and, dropping my stick, fell along with it; but Donnell picked me up, and set me safe on his horse behind him.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you what it is little Bet. I'll make a bargain. You'll marry me, and I won't touch Squire Hannan."

"I marry you?" cried I, "after—after Gracie. Indeed I will not, Donnell M'Donnell."

"I've behaved badly," said he, "but I'm very sorry. It's long since I liked you better than Gracie, but the devil of pride was in me, and the people were saying she would jilt me. When I got your bit of a note, I felt as if I was goin' to be hung. God bless Squire Hannan! Now will you marry me, little Bet?"

"No," said I. And with that he whipped up his horse, and dashed off with me at the speed of a hunt.

"Stop, stop!" cried I. "Where are you taking me to? You've passed the turn of our road."

But I might as well shout to the wind. On we dashed, up hill and down hill, through fields and through bogs, with the hedges running along by our side, and the moon whizzing past us among the bare branches of the trees. He never drew rein till the horse stopped at the dear Buckey Farm house door, when he carried me straight into the bright warm kitchen where his mother had the tea set out, and the cakes smoking ready for his return.

"Talk her into reason," said he, putting me into his mother's arms. "I want her to marry me, and she says she won't."

I did my best to keep sulky for a proper length of time, but it was the hardest thing I ever tried to do, and they both so kind, and the place so bright and cozy, and I being so happy on the sly all the time! So the end of it was that I did not go to America, and that I am Mrs. Mc'Donnell of the Buckey Farm. But I never tried match-making again.

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOUR.*

CHAPTER I.

SINCE the cruel hour when our prospects in Arcadia (sweetly poetic was the term you entitled to the Emporium) was expatriated by the aid of yonder serpent in whose guile the hypocrisy of the crocodile is included, my life has been pregnant of inomentious traits and trials, how little dreamed, when, light as thistle-down, my hat was on my head, and the lord of my bosom rode buoyant on his throne!

What was darkly hinted, during my last literary protrusion, assumed a colossal guise shortly subsequent to them sad Arcadian occurrences. What with our first-born, and the earthquake which disseminated our bonnets to the wind, the temper of Mrs. Wignett, sedulously cloaked in honeyed garb, during the delusive hours when we kept maiden company, assumed its native imperative hue. Further, an aggravation of our felicity occurred, such, I sustain, is awarded to few;—an inmate, unforeseen, untold, and (without impolite violation) intolerable. Incaution had forborne to make me primarily acquainted with an extant sister to my life's partner; and little had I weened of such an apparition as the hydra in feminine frame who rose as if from ocean on the domestic hearth, the atmosphere of which was implacid enough ere Mrs. Molesey injected discords to the troubled waters. But such females, when out of place, is addicted to pouncing on their family ties at the precise junction when the storms of fortune darken on the orison. And so it was.

Though given out from herself she was a widow (as reverse to our proposition in the Emporium), the defunct Mr. Molesey was nothing above a mere vapour, whose profession no one had ever fathomed. No mortal eye had witnessed his exterior. Come what come may, whether fact or fiction—widow, or what is less precise—she had reached that goal when feminine expectations of double life to come must recede even in the most strenuous candidate, thus representing herself as commanding a competency amassed under protracted service in aristocratic situations, sisterly favour and gratification was bespoke in her predilection to form art and part in our family. "Your boy, Mary," said she, "shall reap from his aunt." A wilder and more pregnant invention distorts not the noble annals of even your fictions, sir.

Facts being these—though far be it from me to asseverate her being unequal to the mask, as a cook of second water—but her evil passions had driven her from post to pillar. Whether limited was the family, or her duties born out by two kitchen-maids and a confectioner (such as the Marquis of Bantry's establishment), agree and exist concordantly with her species she could not, however patient was them upper or under her. I have since heard say that at Sir James Powderoy's she extinguished herself above the ordinary of her flights by shying empty soda-waters at the butler, carried out by the employment of a dialogue, which I do not apologise for suppression of it. Enough: though I could heap kindred anecdotes by the myriad. The bottles pourtrays Mrs. Molesey (not at her worst) to an iota; and she did not falsify them, during the epoch of her sojourn, whereby my tranquil peace was left without redress.

Her footing was easy made good with one of us. She had but to lay the breaking up of the bonnets on our domestic threshold, and my conjugal partner hailed her with blank credentials as an oracle might be adopted with. To put me down became the joint tñam and meam of both their lives, as if it had been a page from the Whole Duty of Man. I mused, hoping the epidemic would blow over, and reluctant to credit that the grounds of Mrs. Wignett's partiality to me, which had excited matrimony, could, so soon like the hollow, prejudicious volcano, crumble beneath the airy tread of trusting credulity. Alas! hope is brittle company, as the song says.

Step by step, misgivings conglomerated. Firstly, Mrs. Molesey's money: it was locked up for the moment (Sir James Powderoy having instanced her to its disposition) in a Tubulous Bridge at Tobago. Dividends was to ensue another year; calls no more to come. The bridge was all of a piece with that Mr. Molesey, as was not to be found on this visual earth. Her dresses, again, was few and dubious of quality, and Mrs. Wignett's things was in universal request, else Mrs. Molesey could not have demeaned herself to frequent church (such being her regularity) otherwise as apparelled. Did my wife protest, when her satin cloak was called on (relict of Lady Maria), our mouths was stopped by our boy, and the harvest to be gleaned from the Tubulous Bridge of Tobago.

And my mouth in particular was stopped, whenever our boy opened his to scream, which was eternally night and day. You will own, sir, that a welcome little stranger is a domestic novelty more anxious than agreeable for a lively male parent to cope with under the calmest circumstances. Ours did scream, I repeat, superior to the top of any baby's bent ever seen or heard tell of, and spent as I was with hushing it to and fro, on my feet, the livelong night, "Mary," says I, "one of two conjunctures is this. Either Emporifus" (such his allusive name) "will fracture a blood-vessel, if illness it be, or if wilful, a tap might initiate

* See A SERPENT IN ARCADIA, vol. xiv., p. 33.

his sense of duty, and suggest a period to them awful screeches of his." Sir, the two women they rose on me like French Revolutionary Furies. "Timothy," cried Mrs. Molesey, in a pitch of her own past diction to express, "no doubt you would prefer to see the last of the darling fair boy, you lazy, hulking rake, you! How should you not? You never had a man's courage to scream when you was in long-clothes or older, I warrant, and so we see what we see. Say that cold-blooded proposition again—do, I beg, and I'll show you what a tap is, if Mary does not. Not a shilling of my money shall you inherit so long as a single one beggar-man presides over a crossing in London, which is one comfort."

Cowed, I shrunk—for grown-up screamers outdo infant lungs—and to collapse was my only course. But worse was left behind. Thirdly, her eating was perpetually fruitful with Mrs. Molesey as promoting dissent. Was peas, if tender or otherwise, the tapis, and I took their part; "Timothy," she would say, with a toss of scorn, to which Lady Macbeth was nothing, "a soft being like you has no right to opinions on what is mastification, and what is not." And never, till the end of the world, shall I cease to be scorched by her ironious expletions she launched that Friday, when I animadverted the neck of mutton as burnt to cokes, which is a touch beyond cinders, and inquired, "Would Sir James Powderoy's table support that?" having, I must add, in happier, pensive days, partaken of dishes many a cut above any of Mrs. Molesey's, whose slight-of-hand, in high cookery, amounts to nothing but inferior steps of the ladder.

My home became that awful precinct, its initial H, the same that rhymes with Swell. When I rushed abroad, on work or other intervals intent, I bore its marks on my wan cheek and brow; and not merely as metaphor, but from nails as sharp as sin. That incident had occurred over a boiled chicken, a bird who ever heard speak of till then as fermenting family dissections?

Matters was at the worst ebb of domestical irritation, when I received an appeal from Mr. Bloxome, would I undertake a Disobedient Prophet, for a picture which he was musing. Bible stories were never congenial to my line. In my golden era, I might have shown demurage to the new proposal. Now, alas, five shillings an hour was an angel rarity—short and far between—and I repaired to the scene, without any appropriate sentiments, or willing taste; because, too, I had heard speak that Mr. Bloxome, under the best of leadings, was what, vulgarity—not me and you, sir, who never demean to slang—might denote a "rum bird."

Which, sir, I found him thus: beyond the limits of slang to shoot flying. He belonged to a cotery which, similar to the wicked, has flourished like the bean-stalk, on no better escutcheon than "Be as hideous earnest as never was; abuse all men and brothers of art, and horrid the fame of the past, and the posterity of

the future shall crown your meed." But, bless you, for one of them belligerous sect, Mr. Bloxome was as washy a looking party as ever I witnessed: with long whity-brown hair, equal divided on the top, which nothing could conduce into curls, and a mouth pursed up like a patron. And he was buttoned up, summer and winter, from his chin to his toes, in one of them unfeeling scanty black frocks, such as is the custom of Noah's arks, though mostly grey and green.

Sir, though he were as inadequate alike to disobedieny or abstract prophecy, as you and me are, Mr. Bloxome had gone the length of fitting up a desert in his back premises, with a floorcloth disposed mountainous, shred with sand and pebbles all the way from Hampstead, and an actual palm-tree, picked up cheap at Kew, owing to being repudiated from the houses, having perished of insects.

"And, Mr. Theodule," says he, on our first intercourse (my name in the orbit of art being Theodore), "you will be glad to hear that I am in position of the exact and separate robes of the Amekites of Mount Damascus, which have descended immaculate and without a stitch added or not, since Abraham and Sarah went among the Palestines to migrate."

"Theodore, sir, is my name," says I; "but I always meet wishes, and am glad to hear of Abraham and Sarah's clothes as correct, if so be it makes you easy and pleasurable."

"As to complexion," went on Mr. Bloxome, "we shall soon set that to rights compatible." And compelling me to divest, I was smeared down to the waist, and up to the armpits, with some stuff as sticky as treacle, but smelling venomous enough (as the great Hibernian known novelist denominates) to hang a hat on. Mr. Bloxome, sir, he steps back, before I was half dry, and surveys me. "This must suffice, in default of a better reason," was his remarks, with a sniff and a sigh; "and drapery may complete the denials of nature, and call up the typical East. Anyhow, Mr. Theodule, though too regular by half, you have not a common look."

"Theodore, sir, is my name," said I; "and I hopes the contrary."

But Mr. Bloxome did not hear me, being bowing just then over a trunk, as if it had been his Prayer-book.

"Mr. Theodule," says he, "here is the raiment. When you assume it, feel yourself—I pray feel—transported to prophetic climes."

"Theodore, sir, is my name," said I.

"Mr. Theodule," says Mr. Bloxome, "you were not engaged to talk, but to work and to concentrate. Here's the dress, and here's the cord for your waist, and here's the guard, correct from Jericho's stream. We will occupy the feet in the sandals another day."

Shall I ever forget them rubbish called robes he made me put about me: popilated, too, as it were, to a pass which did not conduce to reverence, or the composition of my faculties. But a model, however cramped or bitten, it is his duty to sit still and utter no sign.

And thus, sir, mysticated in that horrid greasy rug, with a visage nearer in tinting to a cast-off pair of old top-boots than my own natural bloom, I went back in my mind, when my toilette (assisted by lordly evasions) never entered the room without a buzz of emulation, even from others less circumstantiously advantageous in their position than "my Lord Timothy," erst my playful name. I was called back to the stern hour of life. "Mr. Theodule," said Mr. Bloxome, laying down his crayon-pencil, and staring as if he could see nothing, "this will not answer. It wants concentratiousness. A prophet has nothing to do with rounded contores, but should be Biblical and broad and mysterious with instinct reverence. You aim at Italian. Think of the truth of custom and climate, of the splendid and noble plains of the glowing East, Mr. Theodule. Concentrate, will you!" And Mr. Bloxome set to and sighed and sniffed again.

Instead, I bit my tongue with the patience of a camel, and turned up my eyes in an attempt at the ecstasy requested. "Too Italian, I repeat, Mr. Theodule," was my thanks from that pragmatic tyrant. Judge, sir, if I did not rove home that day with daggers in my bosom where gentle passions had till now been solely tenants at will.

"Mrs. Wignett," said I, when we was solo, "if them Tobago Tubulant Dividends does not turn up at a proximate quarter, I know them as shall cut and run, and not cut and come again."

Such, sir, is a bare cymbal and type of what I abode for a week to come. Every day Mr. Bloxome sighed and sniffed more and more, till at last, one Friday, the twenty-sixth, "Mr. Theodule," said he, "this will never do. No breadth, no intrusiousness! You are too, far too Italian."

Patience emerged from her monument. I bounced up from the rock, tipping over the palm-tree, I am happy to say, which it had been always groggy (as the low might call it).

"Italian to you Mr. Bloxome! only you will never reach such: nor even be tuneable or gracious in the most minutoust particle. Here I have been a-slaving and a-grinning myself like a lonely Arab, and a-twisting my eyes into them postures regarding the whites as never may be mitigated right again, for aught I know; and what for? To be called out of my name by a imposture that never picture of his was seen in an aristocratic gallery! No, sir, the Profit for your money is him of the Dipper's dis-suasion, as preaches on a Windsor chair in the Parks, till exiled by the police to Cow-cross. He's square and gashly enough, I hope, even for Prophets as bad as yourn; and such as him will sit till December for asking, to any one who will forestall their visages or canvas against future posterity. You are a born pair, only he can out-preach you, and he do not sniff like a grampus, with a cold in the nostrils. So I wash this filth off my face, and shake my shoes

in your dust, and say good morning, and good, good luck to you, Mr. Blockhead—in return for your Theodule.

"What's all this row about?" said a jolly voice, as it entered the tumultuous whirlpool: "come to see how you are getting on, Bloxome. What have you got here? A regular Choctaw, by Jove! Where did you pick him up?"

Passion's progress had ebbed into exhaustion.

"A jackdaw you may well entitle me; and I hopes I see you well, Mr. Stratford," said I, for it was that well-known gentleman.

"Hollo, my beauteous Theodore!" (Such had been my playful appalation among the painters when they was jocund.) "What's all this row? That was not you, I hope, I heard bawling matters to tatters on the stairs? Gad, it was loud enough for Lear!"

"Mr. Stratford," says I, stung into extraneous malignity and repartee, "it was not me as may have been noisy, but the Prophet of Disobediency, Mr. Bloxome. On receipt of my salary, sir," said I, turning to the minion as cool as the Pyramids, and buttoning my coat, "we part to meet no more on this side the waves of Time. Good morning."

"Stop, Theodore," said Mr. Stratford, as I was indulging in an exit of mixed scorn and impassive candour combined, "an idea strikes me. I suspect I can put something in your way. Look in to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

MR. STRATFORD, to whom, polished reader, we now procede, is a gentleman of no common water;—one of them as popularises golden opinions, though, alas! they gathers no moss, and makes money by their pens. His antecedents had been neither few nor far between; but redolent of viciisitude. Natal fortune had bequeathed paternal wealth to his cradle of infancy—also a beauteous form, in height, however, superseding due proportion, being taller than your humble servant by two inches. Add to these personate graces a jocund humour, equal to make him king of his company, whether high or low, and no matter where, even to the point of cheering a fleet of passengers wrecked promiscuous on some bleak cape in the middle of ocean, with none of their little comforts about them. And few could boast his equality to havoc the bosoms of the fond, credulous fair.

What is life but a toy? a track whose stormy path even the Crimean sibyl could not decipher. Succinctly, Mr. Stratford, senior, came to grief; a more uncoördable and dissolvent bankruptcy never was put in the papers, so said the Times. The crisis abstracted Mr. S., junior, from Oxford (where post-abits attests his studies there to this day), to buffet the scowls of adversity in life's tearful vale, and make the best of a hard bargain.

Shocks is no more than parables to the elastic. Where the dull herd would have drifted down to a pining shadow under such a blow, Mr.

Stratford said that, at last, comfort was his task and portion, since who could expect now liquification of his debts? There was plenty to abet his heroic gay sentiments—fond woman especially. He was launched in his struggle, I have heard him tell, by twenty pairs of slippers in the first six weeks (some raly valuable with head-work). Mr. Stratford's airy scheme, however, tending to Hymen's vista, vanished into the fabrick of a vapour (as the Bard says). The fair sex can be insidious enough when jealousy and contempt point their senses; and his name was up and to spare as too miscellaneous. Flirting and slippers can come and go and no harm done, but the bonds of wedlock is another pair of shoes. He was foremost to laugh at the counterpoint which had ousted his prospects, and ready to take up new webs of existence as a matter of course, having no end to pick and choose from.

First the sphere was to be singing. The voice of a tenour was awarded to him by Nature, and his personal height, though too tall, and his populous connexion, aided the design. In the days of prosperity Mr. Stratford had been largely coveted by the aristocracy; and his ballads, with a guitar, or a cornet, also Luccia's farewell scene of frenzy, from that harrowing opera, were quoted (as I have eye-witnessed during one of my Lord's family) to be equal, if not supercedent, to any frenzy on the boards of any foreign theatre. Nay, and when he had to fall on himself, Mr. Stratford he was still equal the same asked out to dinner in the old haunts—to sing and bring his cornet, free gratis, since how could delicacy dream of proffering an I O U to one of themselves? But delicacy is a barren subsistence when quarter-day scowls on the scene. So Mr. Stratford (and his friends said it was so manly of him) condescended in the scale, and repaired to the managers. His overtures were received in unison. "Yes," said Mr. Twumley, whose flatteries were as well known as oil, "a lovely voice indeed, and so thorough-bread, my Lord!" And "To be sure," said Mr. Blight, who spoke his mind more illicit and outright, "a B in his chest, no doubt, but crude,—and the figure of figures for Lucretius Borgia." On such Mr. Stratford buoyed his hopes—and would begin his course, he said, to oblige Mr. Twumley, at only seventy pounds a week; and them as upheld him, and had not to pay, said was it not considerate letting himself go for an old song? But for all their encouragement tending to foment his spirits, when matters arrived at the scratch, other views asserted themselves:—and Mr. Twumley, and Mr. Blight, and even Mr. Sparrow (whose word is as good as his bond, which he never pays anybody), converged that Mr. Stratford owed it to himself to study for two years in Italy, before any treaties could be treated. Means not forthcoming, it became too sadly clear that a tenour voice can be merely a gossymer read to lean on, when the party is not up to the P's and Q's of the gambit of music.

But what matter? The more obelisks in his

path, the more Mr. Stratford laughed. He had other strings to his quiver.

Painting next rose on the orison as more superior genteel. From infancy's hour, he had shown propensious precocity. There is two kittens in esse by him framed, so early as three years; and every Prayer-book in the Stratford pue was covered over and over again with seditious quizzes of the clergyman, the clerk, and the beedle, with a hump on his back. Oils and waters, and black-lead and chalk, all came to him equal bold and promiscuous. "Dash away and never say die!" was his universal scheme and motto. And others joined the strain.

Well, when singing must be give up, Mr. Stratford flung himself on the easle as the bark which was to waft him to golden harbours. He laid in coats of armour, and remnants of glass brocade, and velvet as stood on end it was so rich, and potteras from Cynthian tombs, and China carpets, and all sorts of surprising curiosities as was the rage to cost fabulous. Dear or cheap, it was all one, since pay-day and he (he would brag), like crabbed youth and age, could never blend together—as subsequent tradesmen experienced to their bitter cost. And he carried it off with a tune and a spirit. Birth and parentage cheered him on his way, while Envy shrugged and turned blue to learn that his exit into artistic profession commenced with nine various ladies of aristocracy—contentious as to which should be his first sitter.

But though Apollo smiled on Mr. Stratford's rush from the starting-post, the hangmen of the Academy objected to endorse his hopes. The Pleiad (such he called his nine ladies in one frame—his Pleiad of Muses) came back as it went; and, actuated to suspicion by the rebuff, the proprietors and relations of the fair originals agreed in a round robin of remonstrance that the pictures, one and all, was too unlike and audacious to occupy any spaces on ducal or other walls of the order, and could not be took in, did he not alter them terra firma, which is root and branch, and finish them in accordance. It was while bursting under the recoil of this withering doom, yet laughing dull care away, as if it had been a comic song, that Mr. Stratford, as I have said, came lounging in at that junction when Mr. Bloxome and me ruptured, from my inability to serve his preposterous and Bibliacal designs. And this, gentle reader, brings my sad story to its present point.

I complied to visit Mr. Stratford, as invited, the subsequent morning, innocent of the thunderbolt as had thrown all them pictures of the aristocracy back on their birthplace. I never see him more bounding and fluent than when showing them off.

"Mr. Stratford," says I, "I feel quite contrite and sympathetic at a fau-paw, so great and expensive as them nine ladies a-coming back all at once."

"Thank you, Theodore," said he, dropping his voice, and squeegeing my hand hard, "and

so help yourself to a glass of Shably. Don't spare it; it is not to be paid for till my nine pictures is finished."

I partook, to please him, and to pass things off.

"Theodore, my good fellow," said he, rousing himself like an arrow from a bow, "I might have known as painting would give me the sack, who never could grind at anything as was patient since I was a child."

"Sir," said I, "it is vulgar souls as grinds. Grinding and such as you don't run in harness."

"And such deuced slow work," he went on, as if studying to himself, "painting a set of ugly dolls, who all want to come out as so many beauties. Theodore, I am sick of the humbug of fine life."

"Sir," said I, "sickness tends to pass with the best of us, and bright hours will beam once more."

"Theodore," said he—(he knew my name was Timothy, but never presumed)—"you have been at them opera-books again!"

"Sir," said I, "History and Romance, when clothed by the poets in music's balmy spell, has ever been my treat."

"So much the better! By George! I will go in for it."

And judge, sir, of the ecstasy that thrilled my soul, recollecting that unpleasant couple at home (the hyena-in-law most particular), at the proposal as ensued. Fortunes had been made by entertainments one and all; and why not another—and who but he? And would I be his assistant or lowly partner, and remunerate at a fourth of the profits?—to commence in the provinces.

"Sir," says I, on fire, "what man can do, short of carrying a board such as stalks down Regent-street by the baker's dozen when novelties is to be circulated, will I do to elicit confidence and enhance the entertainment, even to the point of valleying you, which I declined some years ago, in any client short of a titled object."

"Take another pull at the Shably, Carroway, my boy."

And on this he promulgated: while I sat lapped in a maze of delight to hear the scene he unfolded. Among other arrows in his bow Mr. Stratford enumerated Prestigation. His tricks with cards, was not to be believed in, even by them as they were cluciated to. And he boasted his toes was as flexuous as his fingers at rapping. "We'll have the spirits in, Theodore," he said.

"Sir," said I, "where you come, spirits must pervade. If ever there was a 'Life let us cherish' in flesh and blood, you are that propitious mortal."

"Bravo, Theodore," said he, drinking freely. "Then why should not I give Twenty Minutes from the Poets? Nothing like variety; and I can read and roll my eyes, and ogle the old maids and widows quite as well as some as spouts in pulpits and out of pulpits."

Then singing there was to be, and ballads was discussed; with cornet or without. I voted for Lady Maria's Bird in the Hand (a sweet lay, as I had often heard *unkoryd* at my Lord's while disseminating ices), but he would not hear of such. Afterwards elastic poseys from various sources, and in these I was to take a part; also to draw the bills of the entertainment, and assume the active and intimate duties of such. We was to rehearse every day, till we could meet as perfect strangers before the public eye. When all was stipulated, I repaired to my bitter fireside of home, though my females they both was more caustical than usual (Mrs. Molesey to the length of wondering why male scrubs as did nothing save eat victuals and dress themselves like heroes and opera-dancers, cumbered the ground of industrial families).

What with two or three little jobs, such as fancy Damons, and Bandits calling for no intellect, I tided over the time while Mr. Stratford and me was in incumbency of our entertainment. My wife, too, had sources which she veiled, and said bonnets was flowing back to her. So be as she asked for no money, I let matters flow their course. Them was happy weeks, allowing for a few checkers.

Which was these: arising from Mr. Stratford's digressions of spirits over the future task before us. At first all was life and hope and merry sayings about the winks and signs and other confederations we was to concur in over the tricks; and if so be I was not equal to the mark at once, he was patience and chaff personified. "Theodore," he would say, "try again. We must do more with our wit than our beauty."

"Yours, sir," I would reply. "Mine has been only harassing unfortunate to me in the mainspring of my life."

But, day by day, Argus himself could not have helped seeing how close Mr. Stratford barred his doors.

"Not at home, Theodore," to any figure short of a hundred thousand pounds," he would say; but the old heart was out of his laugh, which neither freshened his hand nor steadied his memory. At which he became all touchiness, begging excuses the instant afterwards; also, becoming paler every day, of which I thought nothing, since life in a horrid close back room, never going to the window, can have but one issue. One Friday, when he had been straining his nerves to fits, a-rehearsing some of them hocus pocus, and while my poor head was humming round like a top, with fixed application to the duties of his postures, which was to believe what my eyes never see, and ask stupid inquiries tending to lead others on:—"Theodore," said he, stopping, slapping his forehead, with a word as begins with D, and rhyming to patience's Damb, "this is no go, unless one has been brought up to it. Only wretched amiteur work at best."

"Sir," said I, "amiteurs is all in all in many elegant spheres, and the glass of Fashion will drown in oblivion all short-goings and indirect-

ness in conjuring; or such entertainments as is thorough-bread."

On which Mr. Stratford let fly, like the last scene of a tragedy. What he uttered about false parental indulgencies was as pregnant as gospel. "Why did they bring me up to nothing?" he cried again and again, tramping up and down the room. "Why did they teach me nothing properly? Yonder is the glass, Theodore. Open that fresh bottle, fill it, and leave me to myself. I'm ill; I'm dead beat; I can do no good or bad to-day."

"Sir," said I, "let humble sympathy assert her part, if so be you feel low." But I see that my begging to stay would only make him worse; so I made believe he was funning me, and left his home with a heavy heart.

But funning he was not, pleasing reader. Truth was in these words of his, I have since submitted, if ever Truth be found at the lower part of a well (to quote the song). For let Reason assume her sway, and Amateurs stand confest, as making up with make-believe beyond the adoption of any as must get their bread, without false miasmas floating round them. Returning to my own departed station, I ask you, sir, whose penetrations eye is as potent as your ridiculous sensation of the sublime, what would become of your plate—I wish with all my heart it was gold—if Amateurs cleaned it? Does one in a thousand know that rouge gives the best lustre, which is merely a drop in the bucket as is to be attended to? And if Plate, why not music and conjuring tricks, as requires the flight of Time to ripen? I have heard speak that there is tumblers and tight-rope dancers as have begun to tumble before they could talk. Billiards, again, like Rome, is not built up in a day. But true to morality.

In the brooding evening, I gets one of his quizzical notes from Mr. Stratford, saying as how he was going to change the air for a few days, and would write when he came back. Why did no glooming oracle whisper in my ear, it was not days so much as nights he meant, and with whom the nights was spent? Only them omens is poor useless creatures—a bad lot, as has no sense, and is good for nothing till things has happened.

Yet it was with a heavy heart, as I addicted myself to arranging the bill agreed on—promising as Mr. Stratford, determined to rend every link as might recal his high connexions, had died his hair, and was growing a beard, and had his cards printed as Signor Bello-pietra, meaning, in Italian, Beautiful Stone. When he had explained it, "Sir," said I, "here's something as it should be, not of every one's sort, a downright duck of a name, I call it, for a gem of a gentleman."

"Timothy," said he, almost the last time I ever heard that sweet laugh of his, "take you care! your wit is getting too extensive."

"Mr. Stratford," was my reply, "good company only impares them as is weak, as ever I heard speak of." And the little joke had dropt.

But it rung in my ear, candied reader, all the while I was penning what was agreed on, as follows:

SIGNOR BELLO-PIETRA.

MYSTERY! UNNATURAL PHYSICS! THE BARD'S THRILLING SPELL! MUSIC! AND THE MUTUAL ANTIQUE GRACES!

Sig. Bello-pietra, with the aid of M. Theodore, will have the honour of introducing to Aristocracy, Science, and the Populous Element, the following unheard-of entertainments.

The Cards of Orientious Sorcery:—which Signor Bello-pietra will enter into any game, with any cards, and any party, and for any stakes—his back turned, and his eyes scrutinously blinded by a jury of unquestioned ladies—Sig. B. P. will call the winning cards.

The Loquacious Table, equal of giving any information as is requisite by them prepared to receive. The code of raps to be varied nightly, and agreed on by Sig. B. P. and them as holds stall tickets. N.B. No spirituous pretences adduced as the medium.

Twenty Minutes with Choice Authors: Take Heed how you Walk, by a Proverbious Philosopher. The Song of the Chemise, and Blow Bugle, by the Lorient (with royal permission), also a scene from Little Dorrit, with a mute tableau by Mr. Theodore, D.B.—D.C.—D.E.F. of home and foreign academics.

Song, Come out of the Harbour my only Anne (thirteenth edition), executed by Signor Bello-pietra with a guitar, who will afterwards perform the Cornet Polka on the cornet.

TO CONCLUDE WITH

Diana and Erasmus the Fawn (see Homer's Commentaries), gesticulated in six pictures from Pompey's ruins by Signor Bello-pietra—no Fawn of analogous height being in Sculptores nomenclator—assisted by Mr. Theodore, whose personation of the Virgin Monarch has elicited testimonials from the most authoritative sources as chaste and tearful—which no other Diana has been anything but a PALTRY IMITATION.

GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN!

AND

COME EARLY!!!

You will join me, honoured sir, that here was a bill; I panted for Mr. Stratford's return, secure of approval beaming from his jovial features. But a week ebbed, nine days, ten, and dead silence boded over all. On the eleventh—if there was ever a stuffy Sunday evening, and all the West-end like a stuffy Simoon, that Sunday was that Sunday. Expectation could no longer brook. To the well-known chambers did my throbbing heart repair, and without partly admitted (no common favour to Mr. Stratford's visitors, if otherwise than apointed), and asked to wait for an instant in the outer room.

I had but sate a moment or so, when a cata-ract of terror seized me in its scorching gripe; and expectation's beaming spell was broken by

a shot, no horror can extraneously depict. Bland reader, judge of my sentiments. They was talking loud in Mr. Stratford's room, him and some party else. For a moment I conceived myself victim to some fiendish pellucidation. My brain throbbed, my pulses swam. It could not be! I charged the door; and, sir, there, sitting at his ease, pale, with his glass before him and his cigar (did not I know by heart his sickening conceited way of puffing out the smoke and turning up his eyes?), opposite to the infatuated Mr. Stratford sate my bane, my horror—that unprincipled dragon whose poisons had twice ravaged a trusting cousin's felicity—that inhuman and sneering animal, Mings.

Inured as I was of late to higher aims and ends of society and behaviour, I should have passed the now historical Area Sneak and Arcadian Serpent, so justly placarded by you, sir, with the frozen defiance as is vermin's ample due, had not limits overflowed, by his trying to laugh it off, as he said,

"Ah, Timothy, my tulip, who expected to meet you here? Is Mrs. Wignett and the baby in force? You may tell 'em I am above bearing malice; and so my compliments to her, and love to my godson, and wished to know how they was a-getting on."

"Mings," said I, "sniggering audacity never semented a bad cause, nor healed perjury, not as I heard of. Keep yourself to yourself. Mr. Stratford, sir, I hopes you are favourably in a state of revival by your little trip." And I sat down over against Mr. Stratford, making no more of that mean imposture than if he had been a fire-iron.

"Mr. Belville," said Mr. Stratford, but not in his most natural easy manner, "Mr. Theodore and I have some mutual matters to discuss. When the cab comes, let me know." And as that silver-tongued and suspicious adder seemed unwilling to quit the scene, poor Mr. Stratford went across to him, and they talked a little whisperously. Then the bisilask left the room.

But during their duett of two I had noticed woful changes. Mr. Stratford, worn to a penurious shadow, impelled by fever, and his chambers *ditto*. Not a tittle of their splendid acuterments and subjects of taste was left. Even the hookey of other days and cockatoo in her cage were made away with. Bare walls stared around, and a portmanteau and hat-box ready libelled on the floor.

"Theodore," said Mr. Stratford, twitching like a haspin, "did you not get my letter? But, hang it! no, you have believed in me, and I won't humbug you. I should have written, but had not the art to do it. What use in going on with that pack of stuff, save to make conjoint

asses of ourselves? I'm off to Baden-Baden to-night."

I felt all them colours of the rainbow. My teeth chattered, and heads or heels might have been uppermost, such was the rush of appalling sensations! "Off, Mr. Stratford?" faltered I, feeling as sure as if Belshazzar had writ it on the wall, from what quarter this acute and crushing loss of all I held dear had emanated. "Off, Mr. Stratford? If so be I could have the honour——"

But he waived his hand to put me to a full stop, and went on: "I have no time now—I'll write—and when I make my fortune, you shall be the better for it! And, by Jove! Carroway," rousing a faint attempt at pristine jocularity, "I *shall* make my fortune this time. Meanwhile, here's a twenty-pound note I was a-putting up for your time and trouble." And pulling a ring from his finger, "Wear this to remind you of a poor profligate, and keep steady. Now, Mr. Belville"—for the rattle of the honeyed reptile was heard at the door—"is time up? Lend a hand with them traps." And they both got up the luggage between them, and was down-stairs, and the cab was drove off while I sat staring on the bank-note in my hand, and the cornelius ring set in raly good gold on the table by the empty bottles. I began to cry like a senseless baby, as if so be my heart would burst. Stratford, with all thy faults, *etceteror!*

From that moment to this I have not heard a word what became of that poor showy sweet-tempered Amiteur and hero of Fortune's spite, and many disheveled pleasing talents, calculated to amuse. But disclosures disclosed as how he and that Mings had made midnightly acquaintance in one of them haunts, masqued by insidious sigars in a front shop, which is frequent dens of hope and despair in the vicinity of a certain square with a titled name. Which had lost and which had won I could never make out, but that the fiend had established a confidential asquandancy over the sanguine partner of mine as was near having been, was true: also that they set off in fatal company conjointly imbued with some indefeasible scheme of rupturing foreign Banks. But I would greet the scaffold in the conviction that Mr. Stratford had too much of the heart of honour in his bosom to stoop to the slimy depth of sharp play and foul practice. Though an Amiteur, he was an unmitigated gentleman, and them as is such militates the most deeply against themselves.

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[PRICE 2d.]

THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XVI. ROSS V. DAVIS.

THE cathedral town was extraordinarily full; the country gentlemen, who came in crowds, used the well-known illustration about "swinging a cat" with surprising frequency and satisfaction. The White Hart was at its wits' end to devise room for its guests, and, with an expansion to which it was well accustomed, had converted closets, store-rooms, even cupboards, into sleeping-rooms; and, with a rigid impartiality, charged the same tariff for the state bedroom and for the meanest little hutch in the garret. They were all labourers in the vineyard, and the last grand juror received the same wage as the first. For that body were "sitting," making presentments in its "rooms," arguing over roads and "cess," and such things, and were calling in "collectors," and were behaving with a fierce despotism, which, however, was harmless, and only confined to the manner. For they all felt that they were the "Jurors of Our Sovereign Lady the Queen," who had awful duties cast upon them. By-and-by they would be dealing with the cases of malefactors; and it would be surprising with what jealous caution and importance the witnesses would be interrogated.

The judges were already "in." The galleries were filled, for it was well known that the Tilneys, "those people who were always aping at grandeur," had some case coming on. At least it had reference to that "half-savage, ill-conditioned" Mr. Ross, and it was much the same thing. In the Crown Court, the faint-eyed, well-worn judge was already at work, with the faint eyes laid close to his note-book, while a rude agricultural Sikh, in a fustian-jacket and corduroy, stood up in the centre, like a living Jack-in-the-Box. He was the prisoner in the great shooting case, and the pen of Belmore Jones, who himself already scented the "point" from afar off, was racing over his foolscap, taking notes. In the other Court, Mr. Justice Buckstone had disposed of the "little case" in a conversational way, just as he would dispose of his chop behind; and leaning back with eyes

half closed, and tapping on his knuckles, was asking Mr. Cobham if he was ready to go on with that ejectment-case. Cobham said he was perfectly ready, with a confidence as though he always had been, would, and ever should be ready in every case, no matter when called on. But the question, my lud, was the other side? He didn't know how his learned friend, Serjeant Ryder, felt; whether he was not taken by surprise through the rapid but satisfactory way in which his lordship had disposed of the last case.

"We had better have him in," said his lordship. Still Mr. Cobham whispers behind the back of his hand, and over his brother's shoulder, to his solicitor. The solicitor shakes his head, but turns to his neighbour, who is Ross, feverish and impatient. In a moment the heads of the two are together.

"You should settle," said Mr. Cobham, behind his hand. "Take my advice, we've no chance."

Ross drew back, looking blank. "No," he said, bluntly; "go on with your speech. You must."

"Mr. Cobham," said his lordship, with the points of his fingers neatly put, looking from side to side, and cracking his fingers faintly on his knuckles.

Presently there was a turning of faces, a rustling and a struggling, and the serjeant, labouring in, as it were, cutting a path through his fellow-creatures. He was ready, always was; in fact, was a little surprised it had not been taken before. Everybody being ready, a jury is sworn—a dogged, agricultural, embarrassed-looking jury—and Mr. Paget is about rising to open the pleadings. Suddenly the serjeant put his hands together, and with an oily smile of expostulation, said, "*Really*, now! The list is heavy, and unless we take our lodgings by the year——"

A little of obsequious legal hilarity greeted this humorous remark. Mr. Cobham looked round angrily at his junior, and said, "Get along, do."

Mr. Paget opened the pleadings; this was an ejectment, brought to recover possession of the lands known as Davis Mount. The defendant, Oliver Davis, pleaded, &c., "and the issues that you will have now to try," continued Mr. Paget, raising his voice, "are whether, &c.," according to the usual form.

Then Mr. Cobham, rising, put his handkerchief down on his brief before him, and placing one foot up on the seat, patting his knee now and then, a favourite attitude, proceeded to address the gentlemen of the jury.

Mr. Cobham said he would briefly show them how the case stood. It was a simple case—"one of the simplest, perhaps, that had ever come into a court of justice." It lay in a nutshell, and if they would let him "lead their minds," and if they would "go with him for a short time," they would have no difficulty at arriving at a true apprehension of the point in dispute. It was, as they had heard, a simple action of ejectment as between one man and another. Both parties were in the same station; both parties came asking equal justice at their hands—a justice, he was confident, they would obtain. For he (Mr. Cobham) had had the honour of going that circuit for many years, and of addressing faces he had the privilege of seeing there before him. His lordship, too, had come very often, and knew what the juries of that county were. Men more capable of dealing with the intricate relations that arise between man and man, there were nowhere, or men more likely to take a good common-sense view of transactions. His lordship on the bench knew them; his learned friend there knew them; they all knew them. They were now to deal with this important case, the details of which he should now proceed to lay before them.

"It would appear," as Mr. Cobham said, putting his briefs further away from him, and settling his bag and things as if he were laying breakfast, "that about the ye—ar" (Mr. Cobham lengthened out this word as, with silver glasses up, he looked for the date) "seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, that a Mr. Oliver Davis was possessed of certain estates known as the 'Moore Hall' property, valued at the time at about eighteen hundred to two thousand a year. He was an old gentleman, unmarried, and, I may say, of somewhat singular and solitary tastes. He lived by himself, and saw no company. About the year eighteen hundred and one, or so, he fell in with an old friend, who had newly come from India, where he had been engaged fighting for his king and country; a man of worth and courage; a man of honour, a gentleman, a soldier, whose name was—was Gen—er—al" (added Mr. Cobham, stooping down to refresh his memory, through the silver glasses, as to the name of the man of worth and honour), "yes, General Halton Ross—General Halton Ross. Halton Ross," said Mr. Cobham, twisting his glasses by the string, and now quite interested with the officer, "was the father of my client here."

Ross, with a painfully eager face, had been bent forward, with his fierce eyes devouring the counsel. Every one now looked at him. The heavy jury stooped over, as if to peer down into a pond. Ladies in the gallery found him out at once, and looked down also. He felt all their eyes on him, and, with unconcealed mutterings, flung himself back into his seat. Mr.

Cobham, with his knee up, had coughed and spat into his India handkerchief, and was abstractedly looking into its folds.

"It would seem that the old intimacy of the two was renewed. They became firmer friends than ever; and about the year eighteen hundred and—(a fresh search here)—"yes, and ten, a draught-deed was prepared, virtually conveying the whole of the Moore Hall estates to his friend—(give me the draught-deed," he called to his junior, who had it dragged out, and opened in a second)—"under the following remarkable limitations. First to trustees; in trust for himself, for life; then—"

Serjeant Ryder was now standing up.

"What is that? What are you reading from?"

"The draught-deed of eighteen hundred and ten."

"Which was never executed. I object to that paper. No one knows better than my learned friend that it is not evidence. Just pass it up."

"I was reading this," said Mr. Cobham, "as evidence of the disposition of Oliver Davis. My learned friend will see I am quite regular."

"I object," said Serjeant Ryder, apparently angry at this trifling, "to any paper of this sort. Let's do things regularly."

"My brother Ryder," began the judge, with enjoyment.

"We shall have to come on this later," said Mr. Cobham.

"And we were going to enter it now, nunc pro tunc, as part of the case," supplemented his junior with mildness.

"My brother Ryder," said the judge, with humour, "it seems, objects to take your draught."

Again the waves of obsequious merriment floated over the bar benches. The country gentlemen in the grand jury boxes, indirectly affiliated to the legal profession, relished it with broader and more unrestrained mirth.

When the court had recovered from the effect of this humour, his lordship said, with graduated remonstrance,

"I think, brother Ryder, we must let in this paper. Come, I don't see how we well can't. It seems good evidence. Eh?"

"As good as ever was given," said Mr. Cobham. "A draught-deed."

"Surely," said Serjeant Ryder, stooping over earnestly, "your lordship can't be in earnest. A draught-deed, unsigned, in God knows whose handwriting! We may as well begin again at our elementary books, if that be considered evidence."

"I think I must let it in, Brother Ryder," said his lordship, gravely.

"Very well, my lord," said the serjeant, looking to the right and left resignedly. "Just as you please; with all my heart and soul. Go on with the case."

"His lordship," went on Mr. Cobham, "having ruled this piece of documentary evidence to be admissible, I was going to say

(give me the letter of the 25th June)—to say that old Oliver Davis, in a letter dated the 25th June, and which we now produce, and which my learned friend may see if he likes, alludes to this intended disposition of his property." And Mr. Cobham read his letter triumphantly. "But this does not affect the matter. Not in the least. It would seem, however, that a sort of coldness sprang up between the friends. Later, again, a cousin, a William Davis, then an elderly man, was taken into favour, and on the twenty-first—of—August," said Mr. Cobham, with glasses on, and his face well down to his brief, "eighteen hundred and twelve, he executed a deed of settlement, by which he conveyed all the Moore Hall estates—to—William Davis—and his heirs, in the usual way. That deed was duly executed, and was in court. His learned friends were welcome to——"

"We admit all the proofs," said the serjeant, contemptuously. "Go on with the case."

"By that deed he made himself tenant for life, with remainder to William Davis, his first and other sons in tail male, remainder to his heirs general, in the usual way, in fact. In default of these, the estate was settled on his old friend, General Halton Ross, and his heirs male. To compress the whole into a sentence," said Mr. Cobham, "our case is this."

The story, in short, told them by Mr. Cobham, and told dramatically, amounted to this: In course of time, Oliver Davis died, and William Davis, the cousin, succeeded. William Davis, the cousin, had one child, called William Oliver Davis (and indeed, by-and-by, the jury got bewildered when the learned counsel began sonorously to ring their names like loud bells, now pulling "Will-i—am Davis," and then, with a far fuller reverberation, "Will-i—am O-liver Davis"), then married, and his daughter, Alice Olivia Davis, was the defendant in the present suit.

"I have thus, gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Cobham, "taken you so far through all the steps of the title." So indeed he had. And that title being conceded satisfactory, the laymen in court wondered how it was to be disturbed. So now began the dramatic part. "It would seem that William Oliver Davis, while a young man, and previous to his marriage, travelling in Scotland, fell in with a manufacturer's daughter of strong will and great cleverness. This lady, whose father was on the verge of bankruptcy, had discovered the prospects that were in store for young William Oliver Davis, and had determined to secure him. He was a wild youth, had fallen passionately in love with the young lady, and, according to Mr. Cobham, his client had married the manufacturer's daughter secretly, according to some Scotch form, which he—William Oliver Davis—believed would not hold good in England. "As if," said Mr. Cobham, "that tie, that holy tie, which is good before Heaven in one spot shall not be good before the same tribunal in another; as if the union that is cemented in the wildest island of the Hebrides

is not to be equally enduring on the ruggedest shore of the Irish coast; at the Land's End as well as at John o'Groat's corner! Thank God," said Mr. Cobham, warming unexpectedly, "a Scotch marriage still holds good in this fair land of England, and is still a protection for helpless women against the designs of wicked men!"

Later on, the youth returned to his family, and soon heard that the Scotch lady had turned out very strangely—had run away from her parents with a captain—and was supposed to have died miserably. Three or four years later, the youth married an heiress, and died, leaving a daughter. The point of the whole thing was to be this. As William Oliver was married in Scotland, or was maintained to have been married, the second marriage was a nullity, and the offspring of that marriage—who was the present defendant—was illegitimate, and could not "come in" under the terms of the settlement. It therefore passed to the Rosses, who were the other parties in remainder named in the deed.

Then he explained the way in which the present action came to be brought. The plaintiff's father was an old and infirm man of eighty when his rights accrued; was very nervous and excitable, and declared that he would have "no law" during the short span of his life that remained. He had died a couple of years before, and Ross, the present plaintiff, then serving in India, had come home at once, and had lost no time in making his claim.

A very strange case, and stated by Mr. Cobham with all his usual clearness; but how would they make it out? This was said by the great legal unemployed among each other, when the judge retired to lunch. That was all very well; but how would they make it out? The court, as it were, stood at ease. Every one was chatting, and put on their hats, not that they cared to have them on, but for the pleasure of having them on now at least without check or restraint.

Ross hung about the door, every now and again putting in his wistful face with the fiery eyes. "They call this doing justice," he said. "I begin to see how it will end! That old swine on the bench cares no more for the case than he does for an old shoe. It's disgusting. Look at the way they waste the public time—jabbering away over his sherry and chop."

A light figure tripped up, a soft fair face was close to him.

"Well," she asked, timorously, "how is it going? Well?"

He burst out with a laugh. "Why, how should it go? How long have they been at it? Do you expect a thing of this sort to be settled off-hand? Why, they haven't began; and see! Don't be plaguing me with expresses and messages in this way. I have enough on my mind without *that*. Go home, do now, like a good girl." This was gentler than his usual mode of speech. And she went away quite grateful. He turned in hastily, fearful of having lost anything.

They were at work. A very broken-down old man, with white hair and a walnut face, but yet with a cunning expression in his eyes, was being examined by Mr. Cobham. He was striving to hear, striving to speak; and Mr. Cobham was striving to catch what words came from him. The judge was conscious of a window at the far end of the court, and motioning with hand; and whenever Mr. Cobham stopped, said, "Go on, Mr. Cobham." Ross stamped savagely under the table. And there, too, was his leading counsel, looking from side to side, carelessly sucking an orange. The administration of justice was growing disgraceful in this country.

"The trouble we had to get at this old fellow," said the solicitor's clerk to two or three barristers near the door; "to dig him up, almost. Mr. Grainger, Ross's friend, was the man who did the job. He hunted him up for two months, night and day. Never let him go a moment. Hung on him like a bull-dog. It was wonderful. Listen, now. He is doing wonderfully well."

So he was. Under the skilful leading of Mr. Cobham, who had at last got the range, and could hear himself, and make the old man hear, he began to tell his story. How about the year so-and-so—in the month, he couldn't give the month—he was in Aberdeen, sitting down-stairs one evening. How he recollected Miss Macgregor sending him out *for* to bring young William Davis to her. He was not very willing, but he did come at last. After a time, he heard stampings and "whirritings," and sounds of sobbing and wailing; and he owned, to the great merriment of the court, that he had crept upstairs and listened, and that the whole dispute was about a marriage. Presently he heard the young man say, very sulkily, "Well, call up Jamie and the maid, and I'll do what you like." And then, said the old man, amid loud laughter, "I thowt it were high time for me to be going." (His lordship was really diverted, and, to add to the hilarity, said, "You were afraid of being surprised, no doubt?") The old man and the maid were then called up into the room, and William Oliver, standing up with the young leddy's hand in his, told them that he declared that he and the young leddy were man and wife, and bidd them recollect what he, Mr. Davis, had said. They then retired, wondering at this ceremony, which, as Mr. Cobham explained to the jury, was one of the formulas to constitute a Scotch marriage, and was known as a contract of verba de presenti. There was great sensation at this the dramatic portion of the trial, and yet greater when Serjeant Ryder stood up, and all but dressed himself, carefully arranging his wig and gown with dandyism, to cross-examine the old man.

The old man kept his wiry fingers tightly clasped as he was put to the customary question, "To whom did you tell *this* story first? When did you tell it? Why didn't you tell it before?" with more to the same effect; the old man answering warily, with his head on one side and his wiry fingers tightly clasped together. Mr.

Cobham presently "interposed," and said his learned friend would learn all that by-and-by from the plaintiff here, and his friend, who by almost miraculous exertions had found out this important witness.

But Serjeant Ryder was not to be disposed of in that fashion. He affected to submit, and with a quiet eagerness for information began to ask particulars about the old man's life. Where was he in such a year? Ah! very good. Well, from that year to such a year what was he doing? Come now, try and recollect. Oh, he must. You know you must have a capital memory to recollect all this about the parlour and the calling up. Well, he was in Aberdeen. What! during all these long years never out of Aberdeen? Never—that is to say, never. Why, had he ever been out of the country? N—no—that is, yes, for a time. What, travelling? It was only for a time. What, travelling? repeated the learned gentleman, in a louder voice. Well, he supposed a man could travel if he liked. Was it travelling for pleasure or profit, come now? Then came one of those secret inspirations which to a lawyer are as convincing as a revelation. "Come, sir," said the serjeant, in a solemn roar, "WERE YOU EVER SENT AWAY OUT OF THE COUNTRY?"

This was spoken of afterwards among the Bar as "a lucky shot in Ryder." Witness was in great confusion. "Come, sir," roared the serjeant, as from a quarter-deck; "take your hand down and answer. Come, sir."

Cobham really must interpose here. Up to a certain point he had given his learned friend any latitude—but Ryder was now savage. He was not to be interrupted. The witness was in his hands. He must beg that Mr. Cobham would sit down, and sit down at once. After a terrific combat over the old man, who was looking vacantly from one to the other, the answer was at last wrung out of him that he had been seven years away, in Botany Bay. Then Ryder sat down, panting and fanning himself.

Other witnesses then came. Among them Mr. Tilney, who took the oath with extraordinary reverence and solemnity, and added the words, "So help me God, Amen," of his own motion, and with great fervour. Relating what he felt afterwards at dinner, he said, "I was in the presence of my Maker, you know. And I was to speak the whole truth, every particle of the truth, and nothing in the wide world but the truth. Words which seem to me awfully impressive." But he did not think that perhaps the simple text of the original would have been more so.

What had Mr. Tilney to tell as to this trial? Simply this. With the leave of his lordship there he would relate all he knew in his own way, which might, after all, simplify the matter—

His lordship thinks bluntly, and without raising his spectacles from the paper, that he had better answer any questions put in the regular way.

"Yes," says Mr. Paget, "if you will follow

me, Mr. Tilney, we shall be shorter." Now, had he ever heard any allusion in the family to this Scotch marriage—any discussion, you know—and when?

Mr. Tilney put a long first finger to his forehead, in the shape of a large human knocker, as who would say, "I will rap *here*, and find out for you." And then, after thinking painfully, said that about twenty years ago he remembered distinctly being at the table of General Ogle, who was then Colonel Ogle, and equerry to his Royal Highness the Dook of York. He had served in the disastrous Walcheren—

"In short," said Mr. Paget, "he dined with you. Any one else?"

"I could tell you," said Mr. Tilney, "the names of every one there, just as if it were yesterday; only give me a little time. There was——"

"Never mind *that*," said Mr. Paget. "Was there a John Davis there, cousin of the settlor?"

"There was," said Mr. Tilney, with the knocker up, and seeing the cousin up in the cornice. "There was; and there was also——"

"Very good. Now let me ask you, did any one say anything about this matter of the marriage?"

"I distinctly recollect," said Mr. Tilney, solemnly—"and I know that I am on my oath, and in presence of the searcher of hearts—General Ogle, then Colonel Ogle—I recollect his saying distinctly——"

Again the serjeant was standing up. "I must interpose here, my lord. This can't be evidence."

"General Ogle said that William Oliver Davis had told him——"

"*Will* you stop, sir?" said the serjeant. "D'ye hear me, sir? Is that Ogle alive or dead?"

"I can't take on me to say," said Mr. Tilney, wisely. "No, no. Not that."

"Exactly," said the serjeant. "Then your lordship sees at once this can't be evidence."

"I don't see that," said his lordship, with a pleasant twinkle.

Mr. Cobham started up. "Ogle," he said, "was a relation of the Davis family."

"Let them prove the death of Ogle, or call Ogle," said the serjeant, excitedly; "but let us keep to the common principles of evidence."

Mr. Justice Buckstone said, however, he was inclined to admit this piece of evidence *de bene esse*, "as family repute," and that he would make a note of the objection. There was then a discussion as to what amounted to "family repute."

Again the serjeant lay back resignedly, and looking from side to side.

"Go on, sir," he said, "go on. Tell your story any way you like."

And then Mr. Tilney said how Colonel Ogle had told him how William Oliver had come to him in a maudlin state, saying that he was undone, and that there was a wretched woman in Scotland who had entangled him in some of their infernal marriage tricks, and that he was a miserable creature generally.

Mr. Cobham, during this important bit of evidence, had his eyes fixed on the jury with an expression almost amounting to—"What did I tell you, now?" And nodded very often as Mr. Tilney told his tale.

It was very hard to get that gentleman out of the box; for when dismissed with a "That will do, Mr. Tilney," he would wave off that congé with a "Pardon me!" and begin again with fresh but unimportant details, which, as it were, lay on his conscience.

"Quite right, Mr. Tilney; now you can go."

"Pardon me," he said. "I have taken an affidavit here to tell every particle of the truth, the entire substratum of the truth, and nothing whatever *but* the truth—without fear, favour, or affection. His lordship, I know, would not wish me."

Then two highly important letters were handed in of remote date, which alluded to conversations with William Oliver Davis in reference to his marriage. These were objected to, on the ground of post *lis mota*, that is, as having been written at a time *after* the question of the disputed marriage had arisen.

This was fiercely argued on both sides, as it was really important evidence. And the two counsel seemed to be straining and toiling to throw each other like Cumberland wrestlers. But the judge again said, with a smile, "He was inclined to let it in *de bene esse*." On which Serjeant Ryder flung himself into his seat angrily, and said "He thought he had learned the rules of evidence when he was a boy, but it seemed he must begin again. God bless him! what were they coming to?" And he bade his learned friend—and almost commanded him—"go on." Some one near Mr. Cobham heard him whisper exultingly behind the back of his hand, "We got that in cleverly—eh? Old Buckstone is with us breast high."

CHAPTER XVII. THE VERDICT.

AFTER this, the case proceeded rapidly. The defendants had little evidence. But Serjeant Ryder made a "splendid" and damaging speech, showing up the deaf, infirm, incoherent old convict "whom they had got" enlarged from his sentence expressly for this case, and invariably speaking of him as "the old convict," "my learned friend's old convict," "*their* convict," "for this indeed we have the convict's testimony," with more to the like effect, which somehow depreciated the character of the plaintiff's case. He denounced the whole as a "concocted case," made the roof re-echo with that word, and those at a distance only caught the middle syllable, and thought he was declaiming about poultry. Out in the great hall, down the long corridors, drifted those burning accents of "the counsellor's," denouncing the whole, with a gasp, as a "hideous tr-r-rumped-up case—concocted thing—concocted in its inception, concocted in its execution, concocted at the beginning, concocted in the middle, concocted at the end." And he asked them confidently (and at the same time

suffering painfully to the naked eye from heat) to "*scout*" this action from the court. And he dropped exhausted into his seat, leaving the heavy jury in a state of pettish doubt and uncertainty as to what they were to think or do.

Then the judge charged, and at the close of the judge's charge, Serjeant Ryder's junior, who had been writing a good deal behind, put a paper into his leader's hand, who thereupon stood up and "tendered a bill of exceptions." Mr. Justice Buckstone, who did not wish to be "annoyed with the thing afterwards," said, good naturedly, that "he had put the thing as clearly as possible to the jury," and, if anything, rather more fairly for Serjeant Ryder's client than was consistent with strict justice. "Much better leave the thing to these gentlemen, who are quite capable of doing substantial justice between the parties. We shall only be embarrassing the case hereafter. Come, now," said the judge, with an insinuating sort of invitation to his brother.

But his brother was cold, and stern, and hard, and pressed his exceptions.

"Well, read them, read them," said the judge, pettishly.

They were:

1. That the learned judge should not have admitted in evidence a draught-deed, and one not in the handwriting of the settlor.

2. That Ogle's declaration as to a conversation on the alleged Scotch marriage should have been withdrawn from the jury, it not being shown that Ogle and the other parties to the conversation were alive or dead.

3. That the two letters should not have been received as evidence, as being post *lis mota*.

Mr. Cobham listened to his learned friend's points with some anxiety, and not a little disturbed, but was reassured by something in the looks of the heavy hunting jury. Perhaps the unworthy disparagement of the "convict" had not so much effect, especially as he, in his reply, had effectually rehabilitated the convict into "an aged man," who had lived through many troubles and youthful follies ("and let such of us as are without sin, gentlemen, be the first to cast a stone"), who had travelled well-nigh on "to the great gates of the valley of the shadow of death, like us all," and who in his long life had done many things which he now wished *undone*, and had left things *undone* which, &c. In this way was this important witness rehabilitated. And then the jury retired.

It was now seven o'clock. Every one was rising, gathering up papers, talking pleasantly and noisily, and dispersing. Hot, flushed, worn, and with eyes that almost seemed to flare, Ross went out of the court into the cool air. Already the lamps were lighted and the gaudy grocers' shops illuminated, and a crowd of lounging idlers in corduroy and fustian gathered in the middle of the road. Ross came out, angrily pushing his way, and muttering impatiently about "idle people with nothing to do." He caught hold of his solicitor. "Well," he asked, "how do we stand now?" The other answered, ex-

citedly, "I don't know, Mr. Ross. I hope you will be satisfied before an hour is over—*fully* satisfied. I have washed my hands of the whole business, long ago. I hope you listened to Serjeant Ryder's speech, and that that satisfied you?"

"Why didn't you retain him, then?" said Ross, insolently. "That was *your* business."

"It has been a nice mess from the beginning," said Mr. Cater, fiercely. "I tell you what, sir—I wouldn't give twopence-halfpenny for the chance of a verdict—there!"

He left him. Mr. Tilney came up with Mr. Tillotson, and took Ross's arm. They walked home together. "Come along!" he cried. "You take the other, Tillotson," he said, meaning his arm. "We have all gone through a great deal to-day."

"And you have picked up some encouraging news—eh?" said Ross.

"I said to myself," said Mr. Tilney, dracmily, "in that witness-box, tell the exact truth, the whole undivided truth, and nothing in the wide world but the truth—just as the words run. You have no idea what a curious feeling it is. Dear me! I could have given them a perfect photograph of the little supper. Ogle came in as drunk as an owl."

"What a pity you didn't tell them *that*," said Ross, with a sneer.

"At all events," said Mr. Tillotson, kindly, "I do think there are excellent chances. I thought there was a great impression made on the jury, and some one near me said, I think, they were all radicals to a man."

"It is very good of you to take such trouble—very kind of you to say so," said Ross, indifferently, and half sneering. "Let us get along quickly, for God's sake! I want some dinner, and then I must get back to that infernal court."

"There was a boy there that I ventured to engage to wait until the verdict came in, and then drive as hard as he could up to the close with the news. I knew you would be anxious."

Ross looked at him half softened. "Very good of you," he said again. "We shall hear soon enough. Ill news will travel quicker than your boy."

It was a solemn and mournful dinner. The ladies of the family had heard the foreboding as to the result. Indeed, Mr. Cater had gone up expressly to repeat his declaration of its possible value at something under "twopence halfpenny." Mrs. Tilney glowed and coloured now and again as she thought of the folly of the thing. There was but little spoken. Ross sat and glared on them, and at every sound outside looked with a start towards the window. As he did so, he saw Mr. Tillotson talking in a low voice to Ada Millwood, and he broke out impatiently:

"I wish you had left your boy and your cab alone. I have heard it coming twenty times now. And for God's sake, Ada, can't you leave that trial; you'll have plenty of time to talk of it, and to gloat over it, and to say what a pity

about that Ross; why wouldn't he take advice! I know the regular jeremiad. And the sensible friends will lay their heads together. Confound those mule-headed jurors!" he said, starting up; "can't they settle a simple case like that? And yet they can sell a horse, and weigh their meal, infernal dunder-headed crew! I never saw such a collection of oafs. I knew how it would be when they came into the box. But I give you notice, it shan't stop here! Don't think it. I'll begin it all, all again. And I shan't be done. I shan't wait here any longer." And, drinking off a tumbler of wine, he went out of the room.

He left them sitting in silence and looking at each other. Mrs. Tilney tossed her head.

"He is really getting like a man possessed," she said.

"He is excited," said Mr. Tilney. "Surprising! Yet I declare, when I went up into that box to-day, I just felt as if I were going in to dinner—twenty-two, you know, and the Chief Justice there sitting at the head."

"We must make allowance for him," said Mr. Tillotson, gently, "at this particular moment. He is naturally excited."

"But," said Mrs. Tilney, "we have always to be making allowances. He is always the same rude, unbearable creature that you see him to-night; to myself I can only say that he is unvaryingly rude—rude."

An hour went by. Ross came back, tired, jaded, with a sort of hopelessness in his face. Mrs. Tilney read it off, and started up.

"There! He has lost!" she cried. "I told you so; I always said so."

"Hush!" said Mr. Tillotson, authoritatively. "They have not 'found' yet, I am sure. Is it not so?"

"Your *superior* divination," said Ross, "has hit it off. That old woman who tried it has just called them out, and they say there are some of them won't agree, and he wants to discharge them. The infernal old ass wants to go home and drink his claret, and go to bed after his debauch; but Cobham, who is good for something, has made him send them back for an hour or two. I hope to God he'll make him lock 'em all up for the night without fire or candles, and starve their fat carcasses into common sense! I'd like to give 'em a lesson all round that they wouldn't forget in a hurry!"

He was almost savage with vexation and suspense. Mr. Tillotson had gone away. Another hour passed by, then half an hour. Suddenly they heard wheels. They rushed to the window. It was the dean's carriage passing by.

"It's only that apostle Ridley coming home gorged! 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' You have a nice pack of drones down here, haven't you? There's one just gone home to the hive."

"Where's Mr. Tillotson, Augusta?" said Mrs. Tilney. "Was he to come back?"

"He's in his bed, of course," said Ross,

"tucked in like a precise puritan as he is. What's the fancy you have all taken to that fellow? Any one that knew anything of the world would see he was nothing but a common city prig!"

Mrs. Tilney did not answer.

("I hold," she had always said to her friends, "as little communication as I can with him.")

Wheels again.

"There!" said Ross. "More drones for the hive. Why don't you all get up and rush to the window?"

But the wheels did not pass the window. A cab had stopped at the little green gate. There was a quick patter of steps on the gravel of the little walk. There were voices—voices of the solicitor and Mr. Cobham. Mr. Tillotson, opening the door, had rushed in with a radiant face—a face of real joy and satisfaction.

"It is all safe!" he cried. "You have gained! The jury has behaved nobly! They have found for you!"

The whole family fell into a sort of tumult. They forgot their conventional restraint before company, and uttered a cry of joy.

Ross stood in the middle looking round with exulting eyes, and for a moment without speaking.

"Ah! What did I tell you?" he said. "What did I always say? Do me justice *now*, at least. Who shall say the bold game isn't the best—eh? Who has the best eyes and the best wit—eh?"

"Indeed, William, we were all wrong," said Mrs. Tilney, obsequiously.

"It is wonderful," said Mr. Tillotson, almost with enthusiasm; "and I am really so glad. I congratulate you again and again, Mr. Ross."

"Thank you," said the other, with some softness; "I am obliged to you."

"And where is Miss Ada?" said Mr. Tillotson. "We must tell *her*. Ah! here she is."

She came gliding softly in, without sound almost. She read the good news in all their faces. She went up to the centre figure; the yellow hair and the calm soft face beneath it were lit up as with a saint's glory.

"Dear, dear William, I am so happy!" she said.

"My lodgings are not far from here," said Mr. Cobham, "so I thought I would look in and let you know. Very glad indeed—very."

"You did wonders, sir, professionally," said Mr. Tilney, complimentarily. "You laboured through the dust and the heats. We owe it all to you, sir, and I *think* a little to my testimony in that box."

"And to some other little help too," said Mr. Cobham, smiling. "Mr. Ross, just one word outside here."

They both walked out—down the path to the little gate. It was a calm night. The cathedral rose before them like a great Head on a shore, with a cold blue waste behind it.

"Fine thing that church of yours," said Mr. Cobham. "Well, look here, we have pulled through this, with a squeak, indeed. Take my advice, don't lose an hour in settling."

"Settle," said Ross, starting; "what d'ye mean?"

"Settle, settle, settle, just as Sir Robert said, Register, register, register. It was next door to a miracle. You had a bull-headed jury, and the most ignorant judge on the bench. Why, sir, the verdict won't stand a minute! We'll be upset on the exceptions."

"But surely *you* said they were——"

"In court, of course we must do the best we can. Ryder was perfectly right; he had no business to admit those letters. Once the verdict is set aside, and we have only our convict to go upon! A nice fellow that, by the way! However, that's my advice, you know, and you can do as you like."

"Oh, of course," said Ross, coldly. "You mean it well, and all that sort of thing. Oh, of course, we shall consider it."

"Just as you like," said the other; and walked away to tell the "brother" who shared his lodgings, what a cold-blooded, ill-conditioned client he had pulled through as "up-hill a case" as ever he saw, and yet the savage had never asked him to dinner, or so much as thanked him.

BOSIO'S STUPENDOUS FLOWER.

IN Lockhart's story of Valerius (now too little read), a Christian maiden is described as gathering, in the gardens of a stately Roman villa, a certain flower which symbolised in a wonderful manner some of the deepest mysteries of her religion. No doubt the passion-flower is intended; but, although it would be difficult to find an error in the classical details of Valerius, the introduction of this mysterious flower is altogether an anachronism. The passion-flower was not known in Europe until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when its first appearance created an extreme sensation.

In the year 1610, Jacomo Bosio (historian of the Knights of Malta, and uncle of the better known Antonio Bosio, author of *Roma Soterana*) published at Rome his vast folio entitled *La Trionfante e gloriosa Croce*, a work "very pleasant and profitable to all good Christians." It contemplates and describes the cross of Our Lord from all possible points of view—historical, antiquarian, mystical; and has much to say of various representations of it impressed on the different divisions of the natural world. While Bosio was at work on it, there arrived in Rome an Augustinian friar, named Emanuel de Villegas, a native of the city of Mexico. He brought with him, and showed to Bosio, the drawing of a flower so marvellously amazing—*si stupendo e maraviglioso*—that Bosio was for some time in doubt whether it would be prudent to mention it at all in his book—"parendomi cosa tanto mostruosa, per così dire, e tanto

straordinaria." But, in the mean time, many personages—"di qualità e di gravità"—inhabitants of New Spain, brought him other drawings and descriptions. Some Mexican Jesuits, who happened to be in Rome, confirmed all the marvels of the flower; and certain Dominicans at Bologna engraved and published a drawing of it, accompanied by the poems and "ingenious compositions" of many learned and accomplished persons. Bosio, therefore, saw clearly that it was his duty to give it to the world as the most marvellous example of the *croce trionfante* hitherto discovered in forest or in field.

The flower represents, he tells us, not so directly the cross of Our Lord, as the great mysteries of His Passion. It is a native of the Indies of Peru and of New Spain, where the Spaniards call it "the flower of the five wounds" (*flor de las cinco llagas*), and it had clearly been designed by the most merciful and powerful Creator of the world, in order that it might help, in due time, toward the conviction and conversion of the heathen people among whom it grows. "In due time," writes Bosio: for its mysteries were carefully shrouded from all ordinary observers, since the flower kept always the form of a bell (*campanella*), only opening so far as this while the sun was above the horizon, and shrinking back at night within its five protecting leaves, in which state it looks like an unopened rose. Bosio, however, gives a drawing of it fully expanded, for the satisfaction of all pious readers, "who may thus have the consolation of contemplating in it the profound marvels of its, and of our own, Creator. And it may well be that, in His infinite wisdom, it pleased Him to create it thus shut up and protected, as though to indicate that the wonderful mysteries of the cross, and of His Passion, were to remain hidden from the heathen people of those countries until the time preordained by His Highest Majesty."

The perpetual bell-like shape of the flower is an error. It only takes this form when expanding or fading. But it is by no means the greatest of Bosio's pleasing delusions. The figure he gives us of the passion-flower shows the crown of thorns twisted and plaited, the three nails, and the column of the flagellation, just as they appear on so many ecclesiastical shields and banners. Either the Jesuits and Augustinians of Mexico must have been very indifferent draughtsmen, or they did not hesitate to assist the marvels of the flower by a little traveller's licence. Bosio proceeds to describe it. "The upper petals," he says, "are tawny (*di color leonato*) in Peru; in New Spain, they are white, tinged with rose." (This, no doubt, refers to distinct species.) "The filaments above resemble a blood-coloured fringe, as though suggesting the scourge with which Our Blessed Lord was tormented. The column rises in the middle. The nails are above it. The crown of thorns encircles the column; and 'close in the centre of the flower, from which the column rises, is a portion of a yellow colour,

about the size of a scale, in which are five spots or stains of the hue of blood, evidently setting forth the five wounds received by Our Lord on the cross.' The colour of the column, the crown, and the nails, is a clear green (*verde chiara*). The crown itself is surrounded by a kind of veil, or very fine hair, of a violet colour (*di color pavonazzo*), the filaments of which number seventy-two, answering to the number of thorns with which, according to tradition, Our Lord's crown was set; and the leaves of the plant, abundant and beautiful, are shaped like the head of a lance or pike, referring, no doubt, to that which pierced the side of Our Saviour, whilst they are marked beneath with round spots, signifying the thirty pieces of silver."

Such is Bosio's account of this most "stupendous" flower. He had never seen it; and although it was described and figured in Spain in the same year, no plants or seeds of it seem as yet to have reached Europe. But the stir which the works of Bosio and of the "ingenious" persons of Bologna caused among the botanists and theologians of Italy, soon brought about the introduction of the plant itself; and, before the year 1625, it had established itself, and blossomed, at Rome, in the gardens of Cardinal Odoardo Farnese, then the most distinguished patron of horticulture in Europe. Tobias Aldinus, of Cesena, who was at once the keeper of the cardinal's garden and his physician, describes the passion-flower in his account of the rarer plants in the Farnesian gardens (Rome, 1625). "This," he says, "is the famous plant sung by poets and celebrated by orators, the plant reasoned about by philosophers with the utmost subtlety, praised by physicians for its marvellous virtues, sought for eagerly by the sick, wondered at by theologians, and venerated by all pious Christians." Its native Indian name was "*maracot*;" from the likeness of the fruit to a small pomegranate, it was sometimes called "*granadilla*;" but in Italy it was usually known as "*Fior della Passione*," the name which it has retained throughout Europe. Aldinus, a man of science as well as a "pious Christian," gives a very beautiful and accurate engraving of the flower; and then, setting aside many of Bosio's marvels, he proceeds to show "what theologians may really find in it."

"The nails on the top are represented so exactly that nothing more perfect can be imagined. They are sometimes three, sometimes four in number; and there is a difference of opinion as to the number of nails used in fastening Our Lord to the cross." (Only there are occasionally five nails, and no theologian has ever pronounced for this number.) "In the open flower they are twisted, and marked with dark blood-like spots, as if they had been already removed from the cross. The small undeveloped seed-vessel may be compared to the sponge full of vinegar offered to Our Lord. The star-form of the half-opened flower may represent the star of the wise men: but the five petals, fully opened, the five wounds. The base of the ovary is the column of the flagellation. The filaments

represent the scourges spotted with blood, and the purple circle on them is the crown of thorns, blood covered. The white petals symbolise the purity and brightness of Our Lord, and his white robe. The '*corniculata folia*,' the sub-petals, white inside and green without, figure hope and purity, and are sharply pointed, as if to indicate the ready eagerness with which each one of the faithful should embrace and consider the mysteries of the Passion. The leaves of the whole plant are set on singly, for there is one God, but are triply divided, for there are Three Persons. The plant itself would climb toward heaven, but cannot do so without support. So the Christian, whose nature it is to climb, demands constant assistance. Cut down, it readily springs up again, and whoever holds the mysteries of the Passion in his heart cannot be hurt by the evil world. Its fruit is sweet and delicate, and the Passion of Our Lord brings sweet and delectable fruit to us."

But after all, says Aldinus, although the plant and flower may be thus explained, so much mystery can hardly be discovered in it, "*nisi per vim*," without a certain violence. For the cross, the chief emblem of the Passion, does not appear at all. There are sometimes five nails, and there is no lance.

It is probable that the first passion-flower seen in England was not brought from Italy, but was introduced by some of our own adventurers, from Virginia. At any rate, the *Incarinata*, a Virginian species, is that figured by John Parkinson, one of the earliest English botanists, in his "*Paradisus terrestris*, a garden of all sorts of pleasant flowers, which our English ayre will permit to be nursed up." The first edition of this very curious book, which gives us a complete picture of the English garden at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was published in 1629; and it is amusing to compare Master Parkinson's sturdy Protestantism with the "delicate subtleties" of Bosio. "This brave and too much desired flower," he tells us, "the surpassing delight of all flowers," "maketh a tripartite show of colours, most delightful;" and is "of a comfortable sweet scent, very acceptabell." "Some superstitious Jesuites," he goes on, "would fain make men believe that in the flower of this plant are to be seen all the marks of Our Saviour's Passion, and therefore call it *Flos Passionis* . . . and all as true as the sea burnes; which you may well perceive by the true figure, taken to the life, of the plant." Parkinson proposed to call it *Clematis Virginiana*, the Virgin climber; partly with reference to the province from which it came, and partly (as the province itself had been named) in honour of the "bright occidental star," Queen Elizabeth, the glories of whose reign were still freshly remembered. But the *Fior della Passione* has retained its Italian name, and much of its early significance. It has been accepted, especially in recent church decoration, as a worthy companion of the rose and the lily—sacred symbols from the most ancient times; and the New

World has thus contributed her share toward the wreaths of sculptured flowers that garland shaft and capital in the temples of the Old.

THE DANGERS OF THE STREETS.

ALTHOUGH not a military man, I consider myself an excellent soldier. It must be understood that I am not even a volunteer; that I never owned a musket, rifle, sword, or pistol; that of drill I am profoundly ignorant; that I could no more "countermarch," or "tell off by fours," than I could work out a solar longitude; and that I never wore a uniform of any kind or sort in my life. Still, I look upon myself as thoroughly inured to danger, as brave beyond the ordinary run of men, as being able to skirmish with any light bob or chasseur that ever wore scarlet or blue tunic. I formed this high opinion of myself on the fact that I have daily to walk a certain distance through the streets of London, and that I do it, and live.

Take the crossing from the bottom of Chancery-lane, over Fleet-street, towards the Temple; must not a man be brave, and have what my son at Rugby calls "no end of nerve," in order to accomplish this feat? Must he not be in a manner born to the business of walking the streets of London? I can point out at the crossings the man who has recently come to the metropolis, and the man whose life has been spent in the jungle of brick. In fact, I believe that the police detectives use this test as one of the means by which they "reckon up" an individual "wanted" at Scotland-yard. A foreigner may speak English as well as any native, and may even have learnt to drop his h's. His hat may be made by Christie, and his coat by Poole. He may have the peculiar clean look which those who "tub" every morning alone can boast of, and may sport the moustache and beard of true Saxon shape and make. You may mistake him for an Englishman. But try him at a London crossing—test him at the Regent-circus, the Pall Mall end of Cockspur-street, or in the City, and you will find him out instantly. So with the young man from the country who assumes London airs. He too may deceive, until he has to cross one of those London Redans, a crossing where four streets meet. Then it is all over with him, and his mask falls.

There are different degrees of danger in the risk of life and limb at different crossings. After years of careful study and observation, I cede the palm to where Bishopsgate-street from the north, Gracechurch-street from the south, Leadenhall-street from the east, and Cornhill from the west, form a junction. This spot, during the high noon of City traffic, is quite enough for the nerves even of an old tried Londoner like myself. Say that you have been in the far east of the City—to the docks to taste wine, or to some East Indian firm, in Leadenhall-street to inquire about the sailing of a ship, or what not. You are going leisurely westward, thinking how soon you can reach the

City terminus of the Underground Railway, which is to take you to Bayswater, and how you will enjoy the cod's head and the roast leg of South-down at dinner. You arrive at the corner of which I speak, and for the moment your courage fails you, for you think you will never be able to get across and continue your journey homeward. You are half inclined to keep on the pavement, turn down Gracechurch-street or Bishopsgate-street, according as you may be on the right or left-hand side of the way, and trust to chance for arriving at your destination at some time or other. But no; there would be a want of pluck in such a proceeding, from which your spirit as a bold Briton recoils, and therefore you determine to risk it, and to attempt to cross. But as bus succeeds cab, and butcher's cart bus, and Great Northern van butcher's cart, and another bus the Great Northern van, and a private carriage the other bus, and a Hansom the private carriage, and a third bus the Hansom, and a fourth bus the third bus, you shrink back in despair. Still, time is getting on, and the crowd behind you is getting greater. You see one man make the attempt, why should not you? If the stream of vehicles were only strong from one quarter of the compass it would not so much mind, but four rivers of carriages, carts, cabs, busses, vans, and Broughams, are all flowing at one and the same time, meeting like a whirlpool in the centre of the crossing, and jostling, polling, bumping, and cursing, after a fashion and with a freedom only to be seen and heard in this great free city, the capital of the commercial world.

But go you must—the attempt will have to be made sooner or later—and you plunge into the dangerous waters. By diving under the pole of the immense waggon coming down Gracechurch-street, you accomplish half your undertaking; but there is yet much to be done. You must keep your eyes about you, unless you want the shaft of that great van to become acquainted with your spine, and you must bear in mind that nothing would better please the beer-sodden oaf, who, by a wild fiction, is supposed to have some control over the three horses he is driving, than to boast to-night at his pot-house that he had "crushed out" a swell. Be careful; you are only half way across as yet; and there are dangers beyond, of which you wot not. Don't attempt to cross in front of the three-horse van, for, as I said before, the driver is your natural enemy, and the wider berth you give him, the better for you. Get behind that private carriage, and walk close up to it until you see a safe opening towards Cornhill. It is a loss of time, no doubt, particularly as the vehicle is bound for Bishopsgate-street; but better this than that you should be lamed, knocked down, or killed. Close behind you is a four-wheeler, the horse is almost touching your shoulder. It does not matter; Cabby, with all his faults, is a kind-hearted fellow, and he won't hurt you. The policeman stops the river from Gracechurch-street, to allow the torrent from Cornhill to pass on. Stay where you are; your

turn will come ere long. You look to the left and see a dense mass of carriages and horses' heads; no room to cross *there*. Patience yet for a moment; the carriage under whose protection you have placed yourself, is moving. Look out! Dive under that cab-horse's head while he is standing still; follow that bus as it moves; there is an opening; make a rush. Stay, the mass is moving on again; walk close up behind that four-wheeler. There you are! Now for it! Hurrah! Safe on the pavement.

But you have not done yet. To walk along Cornhill is easy enough; but there is the Mansion House to be passed. There, not so much quickness of eye as speed of foot is wanted. You will not be able to get across all at once, you must do it by degrees—by instalments. The vehicles coming down Princes-street are many, and those from Cheapside are many. But they are less numerous than those from which you have just escaped. However, as the space is much wider, and the speed much greater, the danger is of an enlivening nature. You see that lamp-post half way across. That was, no doubt, erected by some benevolent Lord Mayor that pedestrians, not too long winded, might have a resting-place as they make the rush from one side to the other of this dangerous place. Use the blessing as it is intended. Look out, be careful! Now you have an opportunity! There is a space of five yards between that bus and the head of the following cab-horse. Between those you must pass, or wait indefinitely. Off with you for the lamp-post, and Heaven speed you. Well done! You may now take breath before you attempt the other half of your bold feat. You must make a rush for it again. Don't be afraid, the speed of the vehicles is not so great on this side as on that. Courage once more. The line is moving slowly; get close behind that four-wheeler; and you will soon find an opening between those two omnibuses, whose drivers are exchanging compliments in the strongest language. Now, stoop under that bus pole, and you are on the pavement under the Mansion House, safe, if not quite sound in wind.

From this spot, down Cheapside, there is only one other dangerous spot, and that is where Queen-street on the left and King-street on the right (supposing always that you are going westward) run down into the great thoroughfare. Here you must be extremely active if you wish to avoid being crushed. In this part of the City, huge vans abound, and their drivers are murderous. They look as if they were too far gone in malt to care for anything; but the nature of the beasts is to delight in destroying human life and injuring other vehicles. They have one joke, and that is, after crushing up against some neat carriage or other vehicle, to cry, "I say, governor! Take care of my paint!" The plan I recommend all persons to adopt on this spot is, to turn down Queen-street, and cross when they find that the vans have diminished in number, or

else that the line has been brought to a standstill. After crossing, they will be able to come up the other side of the same street, and then continue their journey along Cheapside.

At the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard there is another crossing; not a long one, but dangerous if the pedestrian be not active, fleet, and possessed of an eye accustomed to the work. Many and many a country clergyman and farmer has come to unlimited grief at this corner. I have gone through the ordeal twice a day for many years, and, although I am in the best of practice, it has more than once all but made a widow of my wife. There is no half way friendly lamp-post, unless you attempt to cross from near the fishmonger's shop, which makes the feat all the longer, and consequently all the more dangerous. There is always a double line of carriages. You must look out for an opportunity of crossing the first line, then make your rush and stand still until you see an opening in the other line. Then make rush number two, and come out unwounded, if possible.

Through St. Paul's Churchyard, and down Ludgate-hill, you are generally unmolested. Still, I *have* seen an old gentleman on one occasion, and a woman with a baby on another, run over at the corner of the Old Bailey. Your enemy at this point will be a small van, or a series of small vans doing their utmost to crush into the traffic of Ludgate-hill. You must either bide your time, and wait until you see an opening, or else walk a little way down the Old Bailey, cross that street, and work round into Ludgate-hill again.

A great peril is now before you: to wit, the crossing where Farringdon-street, Blackfriars-street, Fleet-street, and Ludgate-hill, meet. There is from time to time a feeble attempt made by the police to regulate the crush, but they being in a minority, and the manslaughterous vans being larger and more numerous here than at almost any other crossing, the guardians of our public streets find themselves scarcely heeded by the multitude. The van-driving ruffians, being able to come up the broad streets of Farringdon or Blackfriars at a swinging trot, manage generally, in spite of all police and all order, to smash their way into the crowd. At Farringdon-street crossing, a thorough knowledge of the place and its peculiarities is required, or the unfortunate pedestrian will have gone through all his previous dangers to no purpose. Crossing in front of a cab should, if possible, be avoided here, for as the majority of them are evidently, by the luggage on their roofs, going to or from some railway station, and as the passengers are boiling over with impatience, and asking the drivers impossible questions about less-frequented streets, so the attention of the unfortunate driver is fully taken up between the police in his front and his fare behind, leaving no possible means of looking after the safety of those who cross the path of his horse.

Once to the westward of the Farringdon-street corner, there is little or nothing in the

way of street dangers to encounter, until the pedestrian gets to Charing-cross, unless, indeed, he daringly tries in Fleet-street or the Strand to cross from the one side to the other. But whatever perils he may meet in the west, they are as nothing when compared to those of the east, and, what is more, the police at the west keep vehicles of all sorts in far better order than is ever attained in the City.

The Times recently informed us that, every year, two hundred and twenty-three people are killed by carts or carriages in our thoroughfares. Is it not rather monstrous that the casualties in the streets should be so numerous? At this rate, about two people are murdered every three days, when attempting to walk peacefully in the metropolis of the world.

Can nothing be done to prevent this great and increasing evil?

Then, again, there are the stoppages in the City, which, although a minor evil, are very provoking and annoying. It was only a few days before Christmas, that, being in a Hansom cab on my way to the Great Eastern Railway station, I got jammed up in Worship-street, and for nearly three-quarters of an hour did not move an inch one way or another. Of course I lost my train. What caused this stoppage? One of my old bloodthirsty enemies, a van. The driver of this nuisance had got his vehicle wedged up in a narrow street; he would not move one way or another until he had leisurely unladen an immense load of goods. When the drivers of any of the vehicles that were blocked up by his leviathan expostulated with him, he blasphemed to a horrible extent. In front of my cab, was an old lady in a Brougham, who, as her coachman said, was anxious to catch the train for Harwich, en route to Rotterdam. Would the van-driver budge an inch for that carriage? Not if he knew it. He cursed the coachman, he cursed the carriage that the coachman drove, he cursed the horse that drew the carriage. When he caught sight of the old lady, he cursed her. He said he would not move until he had finished what he was about, and he did not move. At last a policeman was brought out of Shoreditch, and apparently could do nothing, and certainly did it.

Many of us have seen how in foreign cities the traffic is managed by a few mounted gendarmes, who oblige the vehicles to go right and left, and each kind of vehicle to keep its own track. In England, we are so very much afraid of interfering with the liberty of the subject, that sooner than put coercion upon one ill-conditioned rascal, we permit a hundred good men to be inconvenienced and endangered. But, as we cannot, for financial reasons, enlarge our streets, we must adapt our traffic to existing streets, and the traffic must be kept in order by a very much stronger hand. In almost every leading direction throughout the City, there can be found two streets leading to the same destination. In all such cases carriages and other vehicles going west should be made to take

one road, and those going east, the other. No doubt some little inconvenience would be experienced by those who wanted to stop at a particular house in a particular street; but would not that be better than the present universal inconvenience, delay, and danger?

Then as to the foot-passengers; surely with a few more policemen in the principal streets—mounted men detailed for this especial duty—the carriages, carts, and busses, might be made to keep a small interval between each other, and might be obliged to drive slowly at the crossings.

Vans ought on no account whatever to be allowed in the streets between the hours of eight in the morning and six in the evening. They spread terror and desolation wherever they go. They are driven by unmannerly louts, who take pleasure in doing as much damage as possible. They have no varnish or paint which can be spoiled, and, being heavier than anything they can meet, they are in no danger of being overturned, and so don't care what they run against. They have their horses so harnessed as that the driver—who is no driver but a mere holder of reins—has little command over them, even if he were able or disposed (which he never is) to exercise any for the general convenience. It may be said that these conveyances are requisite for the carrying to and fro of goods required at warehouses, and that it would be a case of peculiar hardship if the persons employed at those establishments were obliged to begin business very early, or transact business very late. To this objection it is enough to oppose the general principle, that the convenience of the few must yield to that of the many.

After the van, there is perhaps nothing that goes upon wheels which requires so much looking after as the omnibus. It is a curious fact, that just as a big fat man seems invariably to get into tight-fitting clothes, so a London bus is sure to find its way into the narrowest streets in the City. There is hardly a day on which two of these vehicles fail to meet and stop each other in Threadneedle-street: a thoroughfare so very narrow that no great carriage should ever be allowed to go up or down it. But these two big blundering busses find their way thither, stop up the whole street against themselves and the rest of the public, and distribute language which is in itself a public nuisance. The community in general, and the driving portion of that community in particular, has a lesson to learn, which must be taught it by a stricter police in the streets. And that lesson is, that every man must give way, more or less, to his neighbour: the general good being of far more importance than individual convenience. There is an old parrot expression, first coined in Bumbledom, about self-government and non-interference with vested rights. When that is less heard, and the public good is more considered, we may expect that our streets will not be, as they are now, everywhere to the eastward of Temple Bar, the worst-regulated thoroughfares in Europe, without any exception; and we may hope that something

less than two hundred and twenty-five lives will suffice as a yearly sacrifice upon the altar of the demon, Mismanagement.

SOMETHING STRONG IN WATER.

It is some comfort, in this unbelieving and pitilessly logical nineteenth century, to know that there still are to be found a few men whose simple and childish faith remains as pure, as untouched by rationalism, as accessible to supernatural influences, as in those grand old mediæval days when the Church imposed on men every item of her creed on pain of torture here and hereafter.

M. l'Abbé Gaume is one of these men, and he has made the fact apparent by the publication of a treatise on the virtues of holy water. At a time when many of our own countrymen, and not a few of our clergy, hold and disseminate the doctrine that natural effects are not to be traced to natural causes, and that an all-wise, all-just, all-merciful, and loving Creator deals with his children, good and bad, alike, by means of blind, blundering, indiscriminate, bull-in-a-china-shop "judgments," in the shapes of cholera, cattle-plague, &c., he may be thanked for giving some notice of a means, having no origin whatever in any rational, scientific, or natural grounds, to avert those sudden, sweeping, insensate furies of "an offended Deity," whose particular motive of offence can be traced to no more definite cause than the general "sinfulness" of a world certainly no worse, and in general striving and struggling to be better, than it has been since its commencement. Further, too, to such persons who, for the most part, are assiduous in devil-worship, the arch-enemy, who only comes a step below God, is duly recognised and considered and gets his full due, in the work of the Abbé Gaume.

The ecclesiastic in question begins by a well-merited attack on science for neglecting, as she unquestionably does, to study and make herself fully acquainted with the "properties" of holy water—nay, for actually being and remaining unconscious of the extraordinary physical difference that exists between holy and unconsecrated water.

She persists in seeking far and wide for the material causes of disease, whether individual or epidemic, and when she has, or fancies she has, detected these, she proceeds, with a rationalism appalling to the truly devout, to treat the maladies by first removing the causes, then, in as far as her lights allow, healing the effects.

What ought she to do? Hear Monsignor (for our authority is a high Church dignity) Gaume.

He begins by informing us that "water is the mother of the world, and the blood of nature." You may not quite comprehend this, but then that intense desire for comprehending—"wanting to know, you know," to speak familiarly—is just one of the gravest of the many faults Monsignor and his congeners con-

demn. Let us therefore accept the statement that water is the mother of the world, and the blood of nature. Then comes the blessing on the element, hitherto regarded as one generally useful, beneficent, even essential, but not gifted with especial and supernatural powers. But let a priest, be he, as a man, saint or sinner, mumble through a few brief words of consecration, behold! the following results are produced: In the first place, the "water is withdrawn from the influences of the demon." Now we have heard of persons in great suffering "*se démant comme le diable dans un bénitier*," and, as a proverb is quite as good an authority as some of those cited by the abbé, we may consider this point proved. It occurs to us that if every ship that put to sea took with it a priest or priests to keep continually blessing the water during the vessel's progress, shipwreck and loss at sea of all kinds might be avoided. Surely science, studying the question, might ascertain to a fraction how many priest-power might be needed to consecrate a certain breadth and depth of ocean, and whatever might be the expenses attendant on carrying a staff of ecclesiastics, it might be balanced against the cost of insurance, thus rendered wholly a work of supererogation, to say nothing of the doing away with danger to life.

Let us hear further the effects of holy water. It drives the demon out of water, as we have seen; it also drives him out of fire—his own element! It expels him from the air, from the human body. "It prevents plagues and epidemics, destroys noxious insects, and cures the vine-disease. It remits venial sin; it remits the temporal punishments due to sins." Here is a saving in the matter of purchasing indulgences: "It preserves health; it cures fever; it cures dysentery." Such are a few of its general virtues; but the abbé favours us with the enumeration of certain individual instances of its power, supported by the most irrefragable proofs. He tells us of the cure of a fracture, of a leprosy, of blindness, of a lady in the agonies of death, of a case of epilepsy, of madness, of cancer, of a woman in childbirth; and listen, O Science!—when have you even pretended to attempt the crowning miracle?—Monsignor solemnly assures us, with proofs, à l'appui, "of the resurrection of a corpse by holy water!"

And this is the agent that science, as well as the world in general, persistently ignores. She scales the heavens, she dives into the bowels of the earth, into the depths of the ocean to find the means of improving the condition, moral and physical, of mankind, while scornfully she "passes by on the other side" of that one specific which, through driving out the devil, the sole and only thing needful to secure every advantage here and hereafter—though indeed when it cures all diseases, saves from all peril, and resuscitates the dead, we do not see why we should trouble ourselves about a hereafter—regenerates the world at once and for ever!

And now let us hear the conclusion of the

whole matter." Says the *Monde*, one of the chief supports of ultramontaniam, winding up its notice of the work of Monsignor Gaume, "Have a bénitier as elegant and as handsome as you can!"

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE VESTRY.

GENTLEMEN of the vestry are such thorough-going downright liberal Christians, that, if you slap them on one cheek they immediately turn the other to you, and implore you to hit them again harder. They like to be despised, shown up, and laughed at. Only give them the honours of print, and you may write them down asses through a dozen columns. I was afraid that the gentlemen of the vestry of the parish of St. Sniffens would not like what I recently said about them; but, on the contrary, I find that they glory in it. They are turning the other cheek and asking for more, waiting for it, as I understand, eagerly week after week. Well, they shall not be kept waiting any longer. I have just returned from a vestry meeting, at which matters of the highest parochial importance were brought forward for discussion—such matters as the trusteeship and custody of the parish funds, the disposal of a large amount of parish property, the paving of the roads, the cleansing of cowsheds, and the health of half a million people. I never in my life witnessed such an exhibition of blatant ignorance and noisy incompetence. I will admit that there were half a dozen men who seemed well informed and fit for their duties; but what are half a dozen among a mob of fifty or sixty, who never speak except to expose their ignorance, and who generally speak all at once? It was a scene of noisy disorder from beginning to end. The chairman was continually knocking on the table with his hammer, and saying, "Don't blame me if you don't 'ear." And they didn't blame him, for they didn't want to 'ear. When a member got up to call attention to the fact that there were three hundred houses in the parish requiring the inspection of the sanitary officers, he was fairly talked down. The buzz of conversation grew louder and louder, butchers and publicans exchanged jokes and laughed, one gentleman indulged in the favourite pantomimic performance of engaging in a pugilistic encounter and receiving a blow in the eye, others warmed themselves at the fire, or gathered into groups and talked, with the obvious design of drowning the voice of the speaker and getting rid of the subject. The speaker appealed to the chair, but the chair, instead of protecting him, allowed a gentleman on his left to introduce another matter. The first speaker was obliged to sit down, and we heard nothing more of the three hundred houses which required the attention of the sanitary officers.

The gentlemen of the vestry had no patience for matters of executive, but they were ready enough to listen to polemical personalities.

Thus, while they shut their ears to the important question of sanitary reform, they were all alive when a certain section of the vestry was accused of interested motives in transferring the parish account to a new bank. The resolution on this head was received with loud guffaws.

It may be necessary to explain this matter. Until lately the parish of St. Sniffens deposited its money with the London and Universal; but recently, on the plea of convenience, the account was transferred to the London and Particular, which has a branch in the centre of the parish. The transfer was vigorously opposed by a section of the vestry. It was alleged that the proceeding had originated at the Jolly Dogs or the Pig and Whistle, and that the forty-one vestrymen who signed the requisition had private reasons of their own for doing so. In fact, it was pretty broadly insinuated by the minority that the majority had received accommodation from the London and Particular by way of a bribe. If the gentlemen of the vestry can entertain such an opinion of each other, can they wonder at the suspicion with which they are regarded by the public? At the meeting which I have just been attending, a gentleman rose and congratulated the vestry on the transfer of their account, whereupon another gentleman arose and shouted across the table, "I know you London and Particular."

"Hush, hush!" said the chairman, looking significantly towards the strangers in the gallery.

"Have you been invited to the dinner?" shouted a third. At which there were roars of derisive laughter, followed by a gabble of voices and an uproar, which the chairman was for some time unable to quell. Again and again he rapped on the table, and at last took shelter under the despairing protest:

"Well, don't blame me, gentlemen, if you can't 'ear."

The mention of dinners reminds me that the convivial propensities of the gentlemen of our vestry have recently met with a check. They had been in the habit of dining together rather frequently at the expense of the ratepayers, when suddenly the Poor Law Board refused to sanction the charges for their feasts. The result is, that they dine less frequently and less sumptuously, at their own expense! Before the meddling, shabby, parsimonious Board interfered, they had some glorious feeds, generally at Richmond or Greenwich. I have no record of the proceedings of any of the banquets given to themselves, at the expense of the ratepayers, by the vestrymen of St. Sniffens; but a trustworthy eye and ear witness furnishes me with the following report of a feed lately enjoyed by the vestrymen of the neighbouring parish of St. Piggins:

"The gentlemen of the vestry of the parish of St. Piggins dined together on Thursday last at the Jolly Butchers. Previous to the banquet, they played at skittles and leapfrog. Afraid that their appetites would not be fully equal to the occasion, some of them drank so many

glasses of gin and bitters that they were quite drunk before the dinner began. They were very playful over the dinner-table, and when a gentleman of the vestry was politely asked to hand a potato, he literally did hand it—that is to say, he took it from the dish with his hand, cried ‘play,’ and bowled it at the honourable gentleman who had made the request. The potato took the gentleman’s wicket between the eyes. The gentlemen of the vestry of the parish of St. Piggins followed at this feast a well known practice of the gourmets of ancient Rome, whereby, they were enabled, after two hours of eating, to begin all over again. The Romans, I believe, retired for the middle part of the process; but the gentlemen of the vestry, with true modern comprehensiveness, performed the whole operation without moving from the table, except occasionally to slip under it. On returning to town in the evening, the gentlemen of the vestry of the parish of St. Piggins occupied several railway carriages of the second and third class, this being at their own expense, and conducted themselves most joyously. While some grovelled on the floor among the sawdust, and were trodden under foot, others smoked, and laughed, and chaffed, and threw sticks at each other through the lamp-holes in the ends of the carriages, and sung in chorus, ‘Slap bang, here we are again, jolly dogs are we.’ They were such very jolly dogs that persons who objected to extreme jollity were afraid to come into the carriages, and there was so much slapping and banging that I, one of the parochial subjects of the jolly dogs, very narrowly escaped being struck in the face with a stick, which came flying into the carriage through the lamp-hole. I know all this of my own knowledge, because I happened to be dining that day at the Jolly Butchers, and to be a passenger in the same train with the gentlemen of the vestry of the parish of St. Piggins, who had dined together in the next room to mine.”

This is the report from St. Piggins. As an inhabitant and a ratepayer of St. Sniffens, I am proud to say that the gentlemen of our vestry would scorn to be guilty of such excesses. Like noble self-denying parish patriots, they are content with ‘all a pint and a screw at the Spotted Dog, at their own expense.

But let us return to the Vestry ‘All, where, owing to the enthusiasm of our local representatives, the chairman is still protesting that it is not his fault if the gentlemen don’t ‘ear.

I observe that while matters of a scandalous nature excite interest and provoke lengthened acrimonious discussion, the practical affairs of the parish are almost invariably referred back to the solicitors, or to some working committee, upon which all the responsibility is cast. On no question do the vestrymen seem to be able to come to an intelligent conclusion. If land is to be bought or sold, there will be the widest difference of opinion as to the value of it; if works are to

be executed, there will immediately arise a wrangle as to the proper time for beginning it; if some expenditure be proposed, it will be sanctioned in total ignorance of conditions which render the expenditure quite unnecessary and gratuitous. As an example of the first, may be mentioned a resolution to sell the Workhouse to a railway company. The resolution was no sooner passed than the vestry found that it had made two mistakes; first in agreeing to sell the Workhouse at all, and secondly in asking a sum much below its value. As an example of the last, I may adduce a discussion which has just taken place with regard to the cleansing of cowhouses. It was proposed to pay one pound a ton for removing the refuse; and this would have been carried, had not one member of the vestry been aware of the fact that the cowkeepers were bound by the terms of their licenses to remove the refuse at their own expense. On this occasion the ratepayers were saved from a heavy charge by one in fifty. How often does it happen that this one well-informed person is not present, or that there is not even one among them all who knows anything about the matter in hand? The peroration of an honourable member on the inane question deserves to be recorded. These were his remarkable words: “Take away the cow-dung, and the ‘orse-dung will take care of itself;” which is putting the two articles in the proverbial relation of pence and shillings. I may add, that when the gentleman gave utterance to the above sentiment, he parted his coat-tails and sat down with the air of having said something exceedingly clever.

The gentlemen of the vestry are constantly at feud with their medical officer. A few weeks ago the doctor presented a report, in which he strongly recommended precautions to be taken against cholera and typhus. As cholera as well as typhus has already made its appearance in the parish, his warning was neither unnecessary nor premature. He said:

“There are many reasons to fear that we may be visited with cholera during the coming year. The measures I am about to recommend would be of great service to the public health in any case; they would prepare us to resist cholera, should it make its appearance; they would be useful in checking typhus, which now prevails, and in promoting the public health, even in the absence of epidemic sickness.” The doctor goes on to state that our parish is one of the most populous in the metropolis, and that it should, therefore, have the character of being the most prudent and energetic in caring for the health of its population—a character which it has not yet acquired. He proceeds to show how cholera is invited, and how, according to all medical experience, it can best be guarded against. His advice is so sensible and reasonable, and so temperately urged, that I will quote another passage from his report, with the double purpose of informing the public on sanitary matters, and of showing

the spirit of obstinate resistance in which all useful measures are met by the gentlemen of the vestry.

"We can predict in what kind of localities cholera will be the most virulent, if it does come." (Since this report was written cholera has come. A fatal case occurred a few days ago, within a quarter of a mile of the Vestry Hall.) "Its presence will depend on atmospheric and other causes, over many of which you have no control; the extent to which we, as a parish, shall suffer from it will depend in a great measure upon circumstances over many of which you *have* control. It has been found that cholera, when introduced into a community, chiefly attacks persons who are breathing impure air, who are drinking impure water, or who are committing excesses in diet or drink, or else those who are much depressed by fatigue or fever. Very much may be done to render the air purer in dwellings, especially of the poor, by improved drainage, by attention to ventilation, cleanliness, and the removal of all refuse." The doctor then mentions various places in Kentish Town and Highgate that are without sewerage, and recommends that all such places should be at once provided with sewers; that all houses be made to communicate with sewers by properly constructed drains, that all open sewers be completed and covered, that badly acting sewers be repaired, and that all the sewers, be kept carefully cleansed and flushed.

Now mark how this report and other sensible recommendations were received by the gentlemen of the vestry. The very mild paragraph relating to the character of the parish was designated as "a piece of impertinence," and the medical officer was denounced as "a quack."

The gentlemen of the vestry have also a great antipathy to the coroner, because that functionary occasionally takes an opportunity to lecture them upon their duties. Several inquests have lately been held upon persons who have met their death in consequence of the bad state of the roads. A cab-wheel jerked against a rut, and the driver was pitched into the canal and drowned. It was not known what had become of the poor man for two days, when his body was found floating in the canal. Another man was thrown out of his cart, and so severely injured that he died. The evidence before the coroner went to show that the road was very unevenly paved. A juror said that he had seen fourteen horses fall in a day on this road, in consequence of the irregularity of the stones. "This is a parish where we pay good rates," said the jurymen, "and yet they will not do what is wanted." "No," said another jurymen, "the vestry is all talk, and will not do anything."

Verily, the gentlemen of the vestry are all talk and nothing else. And such talk! In doing nothing they murder the Queen's subjects; in talking, they murder the Queen's Eng-

lish. All society is in the jury-box with a verdict of guilty against them. May they be speedily executed, and made an end of!

PROPHETIC FITS—AND MISFITS.

It has been boldly asserted in a recent work, made up of highly entertaining and more or less authentic anecdotes, that the mind of one of the foremost men of the age, impressed as it is with a tinge of fatalism, has suffered considerable disturbance from a prophecy of Doctor Michael Nostradamus.

Granted the existence of this prophecy, the fact *may* be as stated; for though the influence of the vaticinations of Mrs. Shipton, Robert Nixon, and other practitioners of the humbler class, is not distinctly traceable in the political history of their time, Michael was, from his youth, a man of mark, and could at all times command a hearing. It is by no means impossible that such a presage, if delivered, should have attracted imperial notice.

This is its alleged substance:

"At the period when the younger branch of the primeval royal family of France shall be bowed down, it will happen that a man belonging to a house which once for a short time gave a decisive turn to the fate of France will attain the rule—for fifteen years will hold in his hands the highest power—but will then be murdered, not far from Paris, and a member of his family march to the supreme power over his corpse and that of his son."

There is something so clear, positive, and altogether un-Nostradamian in this, that the writer, entertaining grave—or, let him say, joyful—doubts as to its authenticity, and having the prophetic tome at hand, devoted the half of a winter's evening to its perusal. The search through twelve "centuries," each containing a hundred quatrains, for an especial prophecy, is rendered more difficult by the artful obscurity with which friend Michael—more than any of his brother seers—was accustomed to invest his foreshadowings of future events. So well were these warnings (as a general rule) adapted to different eventualities, that the sarcastic M. Naudé compared them to the shoe of Theramenes, which, unlike Cinderella's, fitted every foot. Another sceptic, M. Delandine, was heard to declare that, whereas the common folks regarded Doctor Michael Nostradamus as knowing as much of the future as of the past, he, M. D., would go the length of admitting that he *was* just as well acquainted with the one as with the other!

However that may be, no such alarming prophecy as that above quoted is to be found among the twelve hundred translated by the ingenious Doctor Garcenières from the obscure French into still obscurer English; nor do we believe that it lurks anywhere beneath those darker sayings of which that learned gentleman truly remarks, that there are many "very hard to be understood, and others impossible at

all. It could not be rendered into English verse. That's the reason I have translated it, word for word, to make it as plain as I might—as also," adds the worthy doctor, with commendable forethought, "because the reader, if curious of it, may benefit himself in the knowledge of the French tongue."

After which, should the student commence, at a Paris conversazione, with the following, it would no doubt create considerable sensation:

Entre plusieurs aux Isles deportez,
L'un estre nay a dens en la gorge,

which (the translator adds) "is so plain that it needeth no explication." Nay, doctor, but it doth.

In spite of an occasional ill-natured remark such as has been adduced, Michael Nostradamus seems to have enjoyed the rare good fortune, as a seer, to be very much believed in—to have escaped those fluctuations of popularity which attend upon the prophet who has foreseen too much, and to have died before the great bulk of his prognostications were submitted to the test of time.

Born at St. Remy, Provence, on the fourteenth of December, fifteen hundred and three, he was educated at Avignon, and, at the age of twenty-two, commenced medical practice at Narbonne. From thence, at twenty-six, he repaired to Montpellier—then, and still, the best school of medicine in Europe—where he took his degrees with high credit, and thence proceeded to Agen, where the two noteworthy events of his life were, that he married "an honourable gentlewoman," and became the intimate friend of Julius Caesar Scaliger. Death deprived him of the former, and a quarrel of the latter; whereupon he went to Aix, just in time to meet the plague, which, "as you may read in my Lord of Launay's book" (published about three centuries since), raged there with great violence for three years, during all which time our physician was entertained there at the city's charges.

From hence he proceeded to Salon de Craux, a few leagues from Aix, and there married, in second nuptials, Anne Ponce Genelle, by whom he had three sons and one daughter.

Our doctor having found by experience that the perfect knowledge of physic dependeth from that of astrology—a maxim too often forgotten by the faculty of our own day—he addicted himself to it, and, as this science wanteth no allurements, progressed mightily, insomuch that, making some almanacks for recreation's sake, he did so admirably hit the conjuncture of events, that he was sought for far and near.

Upon almanacks—those stepping-stones between physic and the stars—Francis Moore and Michael Nostradamus, physicians, both climbed to wealth and fame. But here occurred the sole reaction in the tide of the latter's success. He had been too correct. A cloud of false prophets appeared, speaking, it is lamentable to add, under no higher inspiration than that of printers and booksellers, who "did print and vend

abundance of false almanacks under his name, for lucre sake."

Hence it came that that very ill-conditioned nobleman, my Lord Pavillon, wrote against him, and that the poet Jodelle, angry, no doubt, that almanacks sold better than satire, penned a bitter distichon, which was so pleasing to the wits of those times, that it may be hardly acceptable to our own.

Our sage quickly worked through this passing cloud, and could afford to bite the thumb of scorn at such persons as my Lord Pavillon and Jodelle. He was greatly esteemed by the grandees, and much favoured by that estimable lady, Catherine de' Medici, who had a natural inclination to know future things, and made but an indifferent use of the information she obtained.

Henry the Second of France sent for him to Paris, and held private conference with him on things of great concernment. While there, he was taken with the gout for ten or twelve days; after which, the king sent him one hundred crowns in gold, in a velvet purse, and the queen as much, desiring him to go to Blois, and visit the princes, their three children, with a view to ascertain their future. It is more than probable that, considering the tragical end of all three (Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third), the worthy doctor on this occasion wore his mantle of prophecy, with a difference.

After this he returned to Salon, and there completed his unfinished centuries. These he dedicated to the king, discovering to him in his "luminary epistle" the events that were to happen from the birth of Louis the Fourteenth until the coming of Antichrist.

The sage's life was now drawing to a conclusion; but, before recording the final scene, it may not be amiss, writes M. Garencieres, to give some recreation to the reader by relating a merry passage that happened to Nostradamus in Lorrain, while staying with the Lord of Florinville, and having in cure the said lord his mother.

"There were two little pigs—one white, t'other black; whereupon my lord inquired, in jest, 'What shall become of these two pigs?' Who answered, presently, 'We shall eat the black, and a wolf shall eat the white.'"

"The Lord of Florinville, thereupon, did secretly command the cook to dress the white, who did so, and spitted it ready for roasting, when it should be time. In the mean time, having business without the kitchen, a young tame wolf came in, and ate up the white pig. The cook, then, fearing lest his master should be angry, dressed the black pig, and offered it at supper. Then the lord, thinking he had the victory, said to Nostradamus, 'Well, sir, we are eating now the white pig, and no wolf shall touch it.' 'I do not believe it,' saith Nostradamus. 'It is the black one that is upon the table.' Presently, the cook was sent for, who confessed the accident, the relation of which was as pleasing to them as any meat." There

is something almost touching in the excessive delight with which very moderate jests were hailed by former generations!

His old enemy, gout, turning to dropsy, proved fatal to our physician on the second of July, fifteen hundred and sixty-six, in his "climacterical" year of sixty-three. Some stress was laid on the fact of his having foretold his own decease, by writing upon an ephemerides of that date, "*Hic prope mors est*" (hereabouts is death); but as this was written at the end of June, and realised on the second of July, it was probably more the augury of a physician than an astrologer.

His quaint epitaph in the Franciscan church at Salon may be rendered thus:

"Here lie the bones of the most famous Nostradamus, one who among men hath deserved, in the opinion of all, to set down in writing, with a quill almost divine, the future events of the universe, caused by the celestial influences. O posterity, do not grudge at his rest.

"Anna Pontia Genella wishes to her most loving husband the true happiness."

There followed a fierce contest concerning his character and predictions. His enemies boldly accused him of necromancy and habitual intercourse with the powers of darkness—ridiculing the idea that he could have derived his prescience from judicial astrology, inasmuch as that science is acknowledged not to descend to minute circumstances, such as proper names, the nature of hurts, &c., in which our author largely deals. They pointed to the absence of any unusual sanctity of life or manners, as satisfactory proof that Nostradamus was not indebted for his singular knowledge to the express favour of God. And, finally, the Lord Florimond de Raimond—a "very considerable author," of whose works we have been unable to procure a copy—in a few emphatic sentences, handed over the deceased physician to the very devil himself.

On the other hand, the sage himself, in his curious "luminary" epistle, addressed to his son Caesar, expressly condemns the art magic—warning him against uniting its study in any manner with that of astrology—and relating how he himself, having some misgiving as to the root of the inspiration under which he had penned a certain treatise, "did burn abundance of writings;" and adds, "Also, my son, I entreat thee not to bestow thy understanding on such fopperies, which dry up the body and damn the soul. Chiefly abhor the vanity of the execrable magic, forbidden by the sacred Scriptures and by the canons of the Church; in the first of which is excepted judicial astrology, by which and by the means of Divine inspiration, with continual supputations, we have put in writing our prophecies."

Upon these "supputations" (calculations) a good deal must necessarily turn; but as they are purely human, and within the range of any student, there needs a divine light upon the judgment, in order to deduce from them proper inferences.

Such a light, there is reason to believe, Michael Nostradamus, bending in solitude over these attractive studies, imagined had been vouchsafed to him—not for any merit or fitness in himself, earnestly deprecating the sacred name of prophet, and confessing himself the greatest sinner in the world, subject to all human afflictions, weak, fallible, and easily deceived, but as the result of the honesty with which he had rejected fantastical imaginations, seeking, in wisdom's waters, the incorruptible metal alone.

That a long course of solitary study of this nature, involving an abstraction from worldly things, may predispose certain natures to receive impressions as supernatural which are due to the aforesaid supputations alone, may be easily conceived. When, therefore, any remarkable event justified his prediction (which, past all question, was frequently the case), Michael must have been more than the weak being he professed himself, not to be disposed to perceive in it an indication of the Divine foreknowledge, sometimes dispensed, as in the instances of Balaam, Caiaphas, &c., through the most unlikely and unworthy instruments.

The prophecies of Nostradamus, commencing in March, fifteen hundred and fifty-five, extend to the year of grace three thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, embracing a period of considerably more than two thousand years. As the dates are rarely to be fixed, except by inference, here is room for the "shoe of Tharamenes" to be tried on many a foot until the right be found. Let us essay a quatrain or two.

A high wind shall forerun considerable, but indistinct, disturbances:

When the litter shall be overthrown by a gust of wind,
And faces shall be covered with cloaks,
The commonwealth shall be troubled with a new kind of men,
Then white and red shall judge amiss.

An easy solution of the "new kind of men" was found in Luther and Calvin, then commencing the Reformation. For "white and red" read France and Spain.

Here is an unlucky business. Let us hope, if it have not already occurred (and history is silent on the matter), that the electric telegraph may defeat it altogether:

One coming too late, execution shall be done.
The wind being contrary, and letters miscarry,
The conspirators, fourteen of a sect (set),
By the red-haired man the undertaking shall be made.

It is, at all events, satisfactory to have heard it affirmed, on authority, that the present practitioner at the Old Bailey has *grey* hair and a white beard.

Let Austria look to her possessions in Italy:

Within a while a false frail brute shall go
From low to high—being quickly raised;
For he that shall have the government of Verona
Shall be unfaithful and slippery.

- "False frail brute" is not a polite phrase, or—in reference to her ancient unsteadiness—we would forthwith hand over this prophecy to Venice.

Should a mermaid be cast ashore near Portsmouth, it will behove us to complete our sea-defences:

When the fish, both terrestrial and aquatic,
By a strong wave shall be cast upon the sand,
With her strange, fearful, sweet, horrid form,
Soon the enemies will come near to the walls by the sea.

But now we come to a very remarkable fit indeed, and one that might well, as his biographer asserts, have put our author in credit, as well for its unusual clearness as for the true event of it. It will be better to quote the original French:

De lion jeune le vieux surmontera
En champs bellique par singulier duelle,
Dans cage d'or; l'œil il lui crevera
Deux playes une fois mourir mort cruelle.

The young lion shall overcome the old one
In martial field by a single duel,
In a golden cage he shall put out his eye,
Two wounds from one; then he shall die a cruel death.

Four years subsequent to the promulgation of this prophecy—namely, on the last day of June, fifteen hundred and fifty-nine—Henry the Second of France received his mortal hurt at the tournament given in honour of his daughter's marriage with Philip of Spain. The king's party had won the honours of the day, and the sports were drawing to a close, when the martial prince determined to break one lance more, and, unable to find a worthy antagonist, sent for a noble young captain of his Scottish Guard—Gabriel de Lorges, Count de Moutgonneri—and ordered him to tilt against him. The young count refused, but—the king growing angry—he was constrained to obey. In the shock that ensued, De Lorges's lance caught the lower part of the king's gilded helmet, "cage d'or," and, the point breaking away, the splintered stump struck Henry's bowed head above the right eye. Glancing thence, it entered deep *before* the eye, inflicting a second wound, which in ten days proved mortal. Thus was realised the singular expression, "two wounds from one."

It has been affirmed that Henry's death "in a duel" was also foretold, though without circumstance, by Luke Gauric, the astrologer of Gifoni. According, however, to better authority, that excellent non-seer predicted for the king a very long life, whereas he died at forty.

Gauric tried another tack with the tyrant Bentivoglio, of Bologna, to whom he promised dethronement and exile. The affronted prince ordered him to be hung by one arm from a lofty beam, and let fall—a process he endured several times without complaint, and, it was said, without injury.

The poet Boccacini, however, represents him, in his Raguagli di Parnasso, as demanding

justice of Apollo for such maltreatment. The deity calmly responds that, if his art enabled him to foresee Bentivoglio's mishaps, he might have foretold his own. Furthermore, that it was "une grande sottise"—a great absurdity—to predict to *any* sovereign circumstances less gratifying than those which usually form the staple of court prophecy.

We have had a fit of Nostradamus. Anon, a misfit.

Gassendi relates that, in sixteen hundred and thirty-eight, Suffren, judge of Salon, placed before him the horoscope of his father, Antoine Suffren, in the handwriting of Nostradamus himself. Upon a careful comparison of the prophecy with the event, Gassendi found them in absolute and undeviating contradiction.

The prophet foretold that Suffren would wear a long curling beard: he was always close shaven. That his teeth would be black and irregular: they were white, sound, and even. That, in old age, he would be bent double: he went, straight, to his grave. That, at nineteen, he would inherit an unexpected fortune: he had none but what his father bequeathed him. That he would devote himself to occult philosophy, geometry, arithmetic, and eloquence: he studied nothing but jurisprudence, and knew but little of that. As a final confutation of the prophet's flattering views, this very aggravating "native" died just twenty-one years sooner than had been predicted for him!

The private and domestic character of many of Nostradamus's prophecies forbids any close verification. Something like this has been seen in our own time:

The brother of the sister, with a fained dissimulation,
Shall mix dew with mineral,
In a cake given to a slow old woman.
She dieth tasting of. The deed shall be simple and country-like.

This, for all its idyllic ring, seems to have been a case of clumsy poisoning, the poor old lady being stigmatised as "slow," for not succumbing to the drug with all the expedition that had been expected of her. Hence, the "mineral" having failed, the result was accelerated by a poisoned cake.

Obscurity is the soul of this description of prophecy; and here, to conclude, is a triad of "teasers":

A dukedom shall be committed against Oinde,
Of Saulne and St. Aubin and Belœuvre,
To pave with marble and of towers well-picht
Not Bletcran to resist, and masterpiece.

If that be of doubtful purport, what of this?

The natural to so high, high not low,
Late return shall make the sad contented;
The Reclouing shall not be without strife
In employing and loosing all his time.

Of which a commentator disposes, with the supplementary prediction that no learned clerk shall ever penetrate its meaning.

Finally :

Religion of the name of seas shall come,
Against the sett Adaluncatif;
Obstinate sett deplorate shall be afraid
Of the two wounded by Aleph and Aleph.

"I confess," says even M. Garençières, who has dared so much, "my ignorance in the intelligence of this stanza."

So do we.

LITTLE TROUT.

TRESTWOOD-DARENTH was not originally an imposing structure, and how or when it acquired the honour of a double name was never satisfactorily ascertained. The title, nevertheless, subsisted, and so did the family and descendants of the first proprietor, until nine generations of Blackacres, expending in succession the surplus of their improving means in enlarging the mansion, that building attained at last its present dimensions and somewhat composite appearance, bearing, as it does, the aspect of a pinched palace, to which have been successively added a poor-house, a riding-school, and a private lunatic asylum.

To give but a faint idea of the ins and outs, ups and downs, turns and bends, of this remarkable residence, would occupy a summer's day. If the inhabitants themselves were sometimes at fault in working their way from one end to the other, strangers had indeed to take heed to their steps. The general difficulties of the place were increased by the fact of no two apartments being precisely on the same level with each other, or with their relative approaches—a want of harmony that had occasioned more than one mishap through persons failing to remember that they had to ascend two steps into a bedroom, or jump down twice that number to dinner.

Every prudent guest—and guests were numerous under the roof of the hospitable Blackacres—provided himself at once with a careful plan of the house, in which was marked off every snare and pitfall, with especial warnings against seductive entries, which, promising boudoir or billiard-room, landed you in the butler's pantry, or even the coal-cellar.

With the external domain of Trestwood-Darenth we have little or nothing to do. The romance of our story—and a singular one it is—will be confined within the walls. It may, however, be incidentally mentioned that the estate included a finely wooded park, and more than one prosperous farm, whose extent and revenue were equal to those of many a property that exalts its owners to the rank of "county people."

Mr. and Mrs. Blackacre, four daughters, and three sons, a governess, and, upon an average, fourteen guests, formed the party that usually assembled at Trestwood-Darenth, and pretty well filled that commodious but intricate mansion. The master of the house strongly objected to sitting down less than twenty to dinner, and, as it frequently chanced that one

or more of his children were absent, it was his wont to guard against any diminution of the favourite number, by keeping his visiting contingent well up to the mark.

Hence, it would occasionally come to pass that the last-named element overflowed, and, washing Charley Blackacre (the youngest) out of his accustomed chamber, compelled him to take refuge in a room on the ground floor, opening, in fact, upon the hall, which, partaking of the mingled character of the house at large, was two-fifths library, one gun-room, one chamber, and the remainder what you please. The chamber portion consisted of a camp-bed and washing-stand, and, with these, Charley had passed many a contented night, often, inspired perhaps by the sporting implements around him, rising with the dawn, and bringing home a creelful of dancing, crimson-speckled trout for the matin meal.

It was more than suspected that another motive—nothing less than filial affection—incited Charley to these expeditions. He doted upon his father, firmly believing him to be the wisest sage, the truest patriot, the most sagacious statesman, the most brilliant wit, that ever preferred the privacy of domestic life to the honour and renown that must otherwise have been thrust upon him. It was a sweet, honest faith, and a pleasing. Sad is it to dissent from anything that has a root so commendable. Truth, however, must be told, and the bare fact is, that, unless an addiction to jokes of the minuter kind be an evidence of superior mental endowments, good kind Mr. Blackacre was not above, if indeed he was equal to, the ordinary run of men.

Charles never missed, nor failed to applaud, his father's jokes. He would as soon have omitted to greet his sovereign at the third encounter, because he had taken off his hat to her twice before. The new jests he hailed with bursts of glee, the old he relished with a calm enjoyment, as one might sip and toy with wine of an approved and mellow vintage. And it was for one of these latter, besides for trout, that Charley went a-fishing.

He knew that when Binns the butler ostentatiously placed those fish on the table, with a glance that sufficiently indicated whose skill had provided them, his father would infallibly remark :

"Ha, ma'amselle ! more of your kinsmen ?" and therewith select the most delicate for Made-moiselle Trautchen Pfalz, the little German governess.

(Linguists will forgive the explanation that "Trautchen," little trout, is a corruption of Trudchen, short, with diminutive added, for Gertrude.)

"Ha, ha, ha ! Good, sir, good !" shouted the faithful Charley, with the keen enjoyment of a sportsman who has bagged his "stalk."

Little Trout was such a very minnow that she might have held the post of governess to Hop o' my Thumb. She had small set-features, and a cloud of dusky hair, which it was her will to confine within a lurid crimson fillet, forming

the frontier line between brow and hair, and imparting a Medea-like expression to the little stern sweet face below. In this fillet was supposed to reside the power she undoubtedly possessed, of awe-striking her pupils with a single silent turn of the head! Before this movement, passion froze, contumacy ceased, argument became dumb. Mademoiselle was never known to colour. When vexed, she bit her lip. When pleased, her blue eyes widened and brightened, as when one turns up a reading-lamp. When angry, her pale cheek and forehead grew white as alabaster, throwing out the crimson fillet in such relief, that it seemed as if all the angry blood in her veins had concentrated in that glowing circlet as in a citadel.

As for the look, heretofore described, the master of the house himself had been known to turn pale and shrink before it, the half-born jest expiring on his tongue. Charley alone defied it, but he was a youth who knew not the sensation called fear, and hence perhaps it was, that, on crowded occasions, he was, by general consent, voted into the occupation of the apartment already mentioned, which was, in a moderate, unobtrusive manner, to an ascertained degree, and without prejudice to the possibility of passing very comfortable nights there—haunted.

"Here's a pretty business!" said Mr. Blackacre, one morning, coming into his wife's dressing-room with an open letter in his hand. "My aunt Macrory will be here to-day."

"To-day? No, dear, Saturday."

"To-morrow, I take it, means 'to-day,'" replied her husband, with a dim consciousness that the retort might have taken rank as a joke, had Charley only been present to witness to its character. Unfortunately, he had gone away that morning on a visit.

"Aunt has had a kick-up with Lady Caruthers. Some bosh about cold slops," continued Mr. Blackacre, in that informal phraseology not uncommon, I have been told, in the privacy of conjugal discourse. "That fine minx of hers—Meggs—Moggs—what's her name?—I take it, has been troublesome again. Always in hot water, and——"

"This is about *cold*?" put in his wife.

Mr. Blackacre frowned, and bit his lip. His wife had snipped off the nascent jest.

"There has been a jolly row," he resumed, gloomily, but controlling himself. "Miss Matilda Moggs complained that she got her tea too late, and cold. Aunt remonstrated with housekeeper. Housekeeper flared up, and set fire to her mistress. General action. Mrs. Macrory withdrew from the field, carrying off her wounded (Moggs), and will be here in the course of the day. Now, where can you put her?"

Mrs. Blackacre pondered. Mrs. Macrory was particular. So was her maid.

"There is literally nothing but the hall-room."

"As well offer her the hall-room!" chuckled her husband.

"Even Charley's room is occupied. Somebody *must* change into the hall-room," said the lady, decidedly.

"Whoever you select for that transforma-

tion, my dear," remarked her spouse, "don't let it be my little Popsy." In which appeal he referred to his youngest daughter, whose name (as will have been easily comprehended) was Araninta.

At this moment entered a stream of young ladies—three—and the governess.

"A volunteer for the Chamber Perilous!" shouted Mr. Blackacre, waving his aunt's letter like a standard. "Hurrah! Don't all speak at once!"

They didn't. On the contrary, there ensued a depressing silence of some seconds, after which, one voice, very sweet and decided, remarked quietly:

"I will sleep there."

"You will do no such thing, ma'amselle," replied the master of the house. "It would be an indelible stain on the courage of my race, were we to be indebted to a young and tender stranger——"

"I am not tender, sir," said Little Trout.

"—For a service not one of ourselves had the courage to perform," continued Mr. Blackacre. "Connie, my brave child, *you* shall sleep below."

Miss Constance responded with a burst of tears.

"I prohibit *that*," said Little Trout.

"You pro—I beg your pardon, ma'am?" said Mr. Blackacre, somewhat loftily.

Mademoiselle Trautchen slowly turned, and looked at him. The blood-red fillet seemed to catch and imprison his eye. Mr. Blackacre winked, blinked, fidgeted, finally muttered, in a confused manner, that if his wife consented to the—saw no—that sort of thing—he—that is, she—in short, mademoiselle would do as she pleased. Upon this, Little Trout slightly smiled.

Mrs. Blackacre was too happy to avail herself of the voluntary proposal, and lost no time in giving orders that the apartment should be made as comfortable as its composite character permitted. This done, the council broke up, and went to breakfast.

The day passed as merrily as usual. Mrs. Macrory, with plumes yet ruffled, arrived in due course, was installed in mademoiselle's pleasant chamber, condoled with, and given tea. As dusk approached, those who were in the secret of the change of rooms, fancied that Little Trout's inscrutable face for once exhibited a shade of uneasiness. It was probably nothing more than the craven suggestion of their own repugnance to the task *she* had undertaken. In *her* there was really no symptom of vacillation; and, when the hour of retiring arrived, you might have supposed Little Trout was about to accompany a party of friends to some agreeable entertainment, got up for their amusement.

A few friends did accompany her as far as the door. There, for the present, intercourse ceased. Abrupt, yet cordial, leaves were taken, and the escort, separating, repaired to their cheerful rooms above.

Little Trout sent a careless but not incurious glance round the apartment. It exhibited a perfect museum of guns, foils, fishing-tackle,

hunting and other whips, bows, both cross and long, cloaks, gloves, hats, and a multitude of those familiar but indescribable articles known as odds and ends.

Twenty ghosts might with ease have lain concealed in such a room, and, search being out of the question, the dark panelling and other gloomy objects utterly devouring the light of her chamber-lamp, Little Trout simply looked to the fastenings of her door and windows, undressed, and went to bed. There she lay for some time, listening to and speculating dreamily upon those singular cracks, cracks, groans, squeaks, and rumbles, by which most venerable mansions inform the silent night that their constitutions are beginning to feel the touch of time. The disturbance was presently increased by the circumstance of a rat, who appeared to be held in great social esteem, giving a party, which, after much conviviality, ended in a general fight. Hence it was past two before Little Trout's blue eyes consented to slumber.

A cry! a shot!—two shots, in angry succession! Trestwood-Darenth leaped to its feet. Doors banged. Lights flashed. Half-dressed people peeped over the banisters, and coughed in the sulphurous haze, as the smoke still went curling up. Little Trout, in her grey dressing-gown, looking white as winter, but otherwise unappalled, stood in front of her chamber door, a pace or two within the hall, grasping, in her still extended hand, a discharged pistol. The shutters and sash of one of the hall windows were open, admitting the moonlight. Some of the furniture was in confusion, and on the marble floor were drops and patches of blood, clearly showing that the intruders had not escaped scot-free.

Mademoiselle's story was soon told. She had been aroused by a low grating sound at the window of her room. It had a purpose and persistence about it, easily distinguishable from the wainscot noises to which she had been listening before, and, when it suddenly ceased, to be renewed, the next minute, at a more distant window, Little Trout at once concluded that the proper time had arrived for interference.

It was not, however, her intention to disturb the sleeping household. Any indication of watchfulness within, would suffice to hinder the attempt. She therefore took a pistol from the wall, charged it hastily from the materials on the table, and opening her door softly, crept into the hall. She was too late. A tall man, with woollen socks drawn over his boots, and a dark lantern in his hand, was crossing the hall towards the butler's pantry and plate closet. A second man, a thickset, powerful fellow, had just leaped upon the floor, and catching sight of Trautchen, muttered a low execration, and made towards her, his comrade turning at the same moment.

As the first man raised his arm, as if to grasp her, Trautchen touched the trigger. There was a guttural cry—a hurtling rush. She knew no more.

Blood-marks near the window, upon the very sill, seemed to indicate that the ruffians, wounded

and unwounded, had escaped by the way they came, while the trampling of differently-sized feet on the soft mould, led the searchers to conclude that the band repulsed by Little Trout consisted of at least three.

Great were the congratulations, manifold the compliments, lavished on the gallant little lady. Mr. Blackacre was profuse in commendation of the defender of his plate cupboard, and old General Dacre, a guest in the house, vowed he would present a beautiful case of pistols to the hand that knew so well how to use them. Mrs. Blackacre insisted that a bed should be prepared for mademoiselle in her own dressing-room, there being, of course, every likelihood of a renewal of the attempt before morning. But this proposal mademoiselle negatived with her crimson fillet, and was allowed to reoccupy her chamber, escorted to the threshold by a company as numerous as, though less elaborately attired than, before.

This incident, as may be supposed, created no small excitement, the attempt to rob a house like Trestwood-Darenth, crowded, as it was generally known to be, with guests and servants, appearing audacious in the extreme. No clue, however, was obtained that might lead to the apprehension of the gang, and things resumed their usual course, unless we may except the circumstance that Little Trout, who had hitherto been rather respected than loved by the master and mistress, seemed to have taken a sudden leap into the affections of both. There followed a corresponding mollification in the tone and bearing of that independent young lady herself—a change all the more engaging, since you might as well have expected the Duke of Wellington to descend from his bronze Copenhagen to do homage to a passing beadle, as Mademoiselle Pfalz to court the good graces of any living thing.

"Who practises the accordion—sweetly, I must own—at two in the morning?" inquired General Dacre, one day, at breakfast.

"Ay—who is it?" said a chorus of voices.

Mrs. Blackacre had a confused recollection of a sweet melancholy peal of music mingling with her dreams, but could form no idea whence it came, no one then in the house having, so far as she was aware, any skill in the instrument named. It remained a mystery.

Another day or two elapsed, and the house had become so singularly bare of guests, that poor Mr. Blackacre had to sit down to dinner with a depressing little party of sixteen, when rumours, originating none knew exactly where, began to circulate in reference to unaccountable doings in and about the house. That active individual, who divides with the cat the responsibility of all the mischief of a household—Mr. Nobody—was engaged in the most extraordinary gambols. Not only was he heard disporting himself in the dead of night, but lamps were used, candles burned, provisions stolen, books and even clothes borrowed by this cool marauder. Cook, housekeeper, and butler were at their wits' end with terror and perplexity; and these had reached their climax, when one

morning, after a night's vigil within the walls, the gamekeeper requested an audience of his master, and declared his conviction that some person not belonging to the family or its guests—most probably one of the burglars' gang, whose retreat had been cut off—was actually secreted within the mansion!

Tom Ringwood's reasons for arriving at this alarming conclusion were never precisely known. They, at all events, satisfied his master, who, with much discretion, concealing the fact from all except his wife and eldest son, took instant measures with a view to the surprise and detection of the intruder.

It was arranged that, on the following day, two policemen, properly disguised, should be introduced into the house, and, accompanied by an house architect, make such an exhaustive scrutiny of its labyrinthine recesses, as should satisfy them that the visitor, by whatever means he obtained access, had no habitual hiding-place within the walls, at all events, without the connivance of one or other of the inhabitants.

The investigation, though laborious, produced no fruit beyond a vast amount of dust, and the rout and dissolution of a republic of spiders, who had flourished in peace and prosperity for at least a century. Sounding of paucils, and measuring of walls and floors, revealed nothing more than extreme stability, and an aversion, almost monomaniacal, to level and uniformity. So convinced were those experienced officers that nothing had escaped their search, that they could not forbear congratulating Mr. Blackacre on his prompt adoption of the only effectual course; and so, handing over the mansion to renewed tranquillity, took their leave.

On the next morning, Mr. Binns, the butler, presented himself, with pale and anxious face, and reported that one of the vacant rooms—Mr. Charles's—had actually been "slep' in." Nor was this all. The daring occupant had absolutely turned out Mr. Charles's wardrobe on the floor, and, selecting a full shooting-suit and a pair of dress boots, had left, in their place, his own dirty leather-laced highlows, a pair of rough overalls, and a greasy hat.

All idea of keeping the secret vanished with this new discovery. In justice to his guests, Mr. Blackacre was constrained to announce, at the breakfast-table, that his castle was no longer entirely his own, and that, until this most incomprehensible annoyance had been fairly got rid of, he could not ensure his—at any other time most welcome—visitors, from the possibility of disturbance.

The hint was taken, and in a few hours the party at Trestwood-Darenth was, with the exception of one or two gentlemen who begged to remain and be made of use, reduced to the family themselves.

Poor Mr. Blackacre was much cast down at this compulsory dismissal of guests. Nothing in his cheerful, easy, genial life had ever annoyed him so much. He sat in his wife's boudoir, with his head on his hands, as if incapable of taking any decided step to shake off the incubus that oppressed him.

He had not been in his usual spirits for some days even before the occurrences narrated. He always missed his favourite son; and Charles, who was rarely absent many days, had been compelled to prolong his visit in the north, in order to be present at the marriage of a near connexion. He wrote, however, frequently, condoling with his father as to the strange disturbances, suggesting modes of inquiry, &c. When informed of the foray upon his own chamber, he wrote reassuringly, seeming rather tickled with the cool audacity of the perpetrator, but adding that he would instantly return, to aid in unearthing the fox, unless Mademoiselle Trautchen, whose fame in arms had reached the north, should forestal him.

The latter passage being quoted to mademoiselle, that warrior-maid smiled in a superior manner, and declared her intention of taking up her permanent night-quarters in the Chamber Perilous, as holding out the chance of another encounter with the marauder, who, ma'amselle flattered herself, had already had reason to respect her arm. Such influence had the little lady, by dint of her combined pluck and sweetness, gained by this time over the heads of the family, that neither of them thought of opposing her intention.

"Time was," observed Mr. Blackacre to his wife, when they were alone, "when I did not half like that little governess of yours. Of late, it really seems as if one could not get on without her. So gentle, so self-denying, so considerate. What a creature it is! Talk of Joans of Arc! Bosh! Tell me of Maids of Saragossa! Bah!"

"Her touch on the piano," began his wife—

"Her touch on the trigger," chuckled Mr. Blackacre. And he sighed, for his wife did not laugh, and he missed the cheery rejoinder:

"Ha, ha, ha! Good, sir—good!"

"I don't know how it is, my dear," resumed the poor gentleman. "Perhaps it's the worry of this thing; but I fear I am growing dull and slow. My memory—wit, if you like it—some what fails me. I find myself less quick, less happy in retort than formerly. The table does not roar when I have every right to expect it. Perhaps, when Charley returns, I shall pluck up again. His wit seems the touchstone, as it were, of mine."

"I think, my love, there is *one* who fully appreciates everything you say—ma'amselle. She rarely laughs; but I have often noticed her eyes twinkle and her lip curl at any clever remark of yours, just like dear Charley's," said Mrs. Blackacre.

"No; but have you?" cried her husband, brightening visibly. "She's a nice, good girl, as good as she is brave, and as clever as she is good. And I—I wish—well, no matter."

"What do you wish, my dear?"

Her husband looked at her, but did not reply.

Mrs. Blackacre smiled mysteriously.

"Shall I tell you a little secret, Henry?—Do you know that I think—I rather *think*—now, don't be vexed, my love—we can't help these things—that there has been, there was, in

short, there *is*, a little predilection, in a quarter that shall be nameless, in favour of a party I will not mention."

"I have not the slightest doubt of such a phenomenon existing, my dear," said Mr. Blackacre, laughing. "But where?"

"Frankly, then—Charley, and—and ma'am-selle."

"Ma'ams——"

"I am certain our boy loves her," continued his wife, hastily, "but he is so fond of *you*, dear, and has such a dread of your disapp——"

"Not another word, my love," said Mr. Blackacre, kissing her. "Let Charley come home. We will see."

Mademoiselle Trautchen was sitting in the schoolroom alone. If she were engaged in correcting the exercise of her youngest pupil, it was a curious process enough, for the slate was covered with large "Charleys," and little else. A soft tread startled her from her reverie; a soft matronly arm encircled her neck; and a voice, soft as either, whispered these two words:

"My daughter!"

Trautchen was weeping in her friend's arms.

There was an alarm-cry that evening. Where was Little Trout? Dinner, tea, the evening, passed, without her. All her walking attire—hat, boots, parasol—the very crimson fillet, that so rarely left her brow—were found in her apartment. No trace of herself was to be discovered in the house, and no one had seen her without. A terrible surmise was started. Was it impossible that the brave but unfortunate young lady had encountered the concealed burglar, who had overpowered, perhaps murdered her, and dragged the body to his lurking-place?

The search, this time, was joined in with almost frantic zeal by every member of the household. Not a cranny was left unvisited. All, however, was in vain. No clue was to be obtained to the enigma; and, wearied with their exertions, and a prey to the most appalling apprehensions, Mr. and Mrs. Blackacre at length dismissed every one, and sat down, to rest and consult, in an apartment rarely visited on the upper floor.

"I shall turn over the place to Hatsey Young, the under-keeper," said Mr. Blackacre; "he's a sharp, bold fellow, and, in my opinion, worth twenty of your trained police. If anybody *can* rout out this mystery without pulling down the very house, *he's* the man."

"He's sharp and bold enough," observed his wife, "but, as to his honesty——?"

"Set a thief to catch a thief!" quoted Mr. Blackacre, with a mournful chuckle.

"Ha, ha, ha! Good, sir, goo——" shouted a strange, muffled voice, that seemed at once near and distant, and broke off with a gurgle, as if the speaker's mouth had been stopped by a hand.

Mr. Blackacre bounded from his chair, and again fell back into it. Well he might; for, high up in the wall, a panel, brickwork and all, swung outward without the slightest

noise, and revealed a recess, apparently of some size, and to which light seemed to be conveyed from the roof. A small flight of velvet-covered steps was let down in the same soundless manner, and by these descended Charley Blackacre, conducting, clad in a bridal dress and wreath, Little Trout!

"My wife, sir," said Charley, with a favourite's confident air, but not without feeling; "I am a bad, undutiful fellow, and have not a word to say for myself. I have been married three months, my dearest father, and never had the courage to risk the affection I value as much as my life, by confessing an act you might not approve, until my darling herself had won her way into your heart. *That*, we feared, might be a process too long for our patience, so we plotted a little alarm, though not by any means to the extent that happened."

"In my pretended forcible entrance—in which I was abetted by Hatsey Young—I cut my hand so severely, that my wife, after repulsing us in the gallant manner we had pre-arranged, implored me to remain, and declare the whole folly. I could not make up my mind to that, so adopted a middle course, and concealed myself in the house, under my wife's protection, until my hurt was cured, and our great end obtained. How I discovered that hiding-place I will explain at greater leisure. How often I have been nearly detected, how very short of provisions my wife kept me, how she cut off my cigars without mercy, and how she herself all but compromised the whole thing by insisting upon trying her accordion at two in the morning—also, how I managed my correspondence from cousin William's—these also you shall learn at your pleasure. Forgive us both, my dear father and mother—fools as we have been to mistrust you—and take this new child to your kind hearts."

"I—I cannot oppose your mother's wishes, sir," said Mr. Blackacre, trying with all his might to look like a rock, that, after much softening, had exhibited a minute fissure. "My dear, you will speak."

"My feelings must ever give way to *yours*, Henry," said Mrs. Blackacre, burning to embrace them both. "Since you command——"

But the stiffness was so translucent, that not one of the party could longer preserve their gravity. There was a roar!

"Well, my dear," said the stern father-in-law, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, "you are the first woman I have met with, who kept her husband in the cupboard among the spoons! Perhaps you thought it was but adding one to the number!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Charley, looking round exultingly. "Good, sir. Good!"

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE DEAN'S PARTY.

WHEN the result of the trial was known, there was a marked reaction in favour of the plaintiff. The little public of the place did not care to consider Serjeant Ryder's "bill of exceptions," or the "points" he had saved, but only looked to the substantial fact of the verdict. It took every one by surprise; and every one was now lost in admiration of the spirit, energy, "pluck," and "gameness" with which young Ross had held on to his purpose, in spite of all advice and obstacles—even the great Doctor Topham, who had always shown an angry contempt for him, and said openly, "The fellow had neither wit, brains, nor sense!"

Later, Mr. Tilney came to his friend with somewhat more hopeful views of human nature. "Here's that dean—Ridley, you know, Lord Rooksby's brother—has sent us this for to-morrow night. You are to come. Mrs. Ridley saw you last Sunday at the sermon, and asked who you were."

"I never care," said Mr. Tillotson—"I never go to parties. I fear I shall be going away."

"Nonsense. I am very glad of this," said Mr. Tilney; "it will amuse us. They do the thing very well at that house, I can tell you. I hear the Secretary is coming down to them to-night, and I suppose they want to make what they can of him. The poor Book had a kind of seafaring chaplain—Bowdler—that could swear now and again, saving your presence. I could tell you something about him, uncommon good too, but the mistress is waiting. They are all to go. We'll make a little party of it, and go together. Do, now. We do these sort of things, you see, better here; and," he added, confidentially, "that is why I would sooner live here in plain St. Alans than in all your racketing London rout. That did very well, Tillotson, fifty years ago, but I want a little breathing time between this and the little vault over there." This he delivered sonorously, like the close of a chant.

The dean, who had preached for the Mariners on the Sunday, was indeed brother to Lord Rooksby; and though the mere knowledge of

the relationship fetched the price it ought to do in this provincial market, still it was felt that by the occasional exhibition of the noble relative, much greater profit might have been turned out of this little capital. For a time there is an awe and reverence among the rustics, from the expectation that the noble ghost may walk at any hour. But soon a feeling of security, and then utter incredulity, arrives. This was the tone of the public mind as to Dean Ridley's noble brother.

The deanery was an old house, with an enormous roof, like one of the steep stands the dean himself read from in the cathedral, with two tall chimneys at each side, also very like the lights at the side of the stand. It stood by itself in a garden, and had tall lanky windows, with many little panes in each; altogether, with a rusted ancient French château air over it, and with the kind of dim reference to the cathedral an old retainer has to an old family.

The Very Rev. Lord Rooksby's brother had, however, put it in thorough repair when his noble brother's interest had brought him the deanery (of course charging his predecessor's executors with dilapidation, and his own successors with restorations), and out of his own resources had fitted up the house very handsomely. Mrs. Dean and the Miss Deans having got down Lord Rooksby for a day or two, had determined to "cash," discount, mortgage, and exhibit that noble person in every possible way that profit could be made, or a penny of social pride "turned" on him.

The dean himself was a mild and amiable man, but whose life was literally a burden to him, from the joint terrorism exercised by Mrs. Ridley and Doctor Topham. With Mrs. Ridley singly he might have dealt; against Doctor Topham and his rude tyranny, his connexion with the Treasury, and his secret influence with the bishop, he might have made some stand; but the cabals of the place, and the confusion brought by Doctor Topham's dislikes and despotism, his proclaimed purpose to get this man and that man "out," harassed and worried him beyond belief.

He had been taught by Mrs. Ridley to like good society, and he would have liked it, had he been allowed; for on visits at "good houses" he found some peace and quiet, after the distractions of his own. And now, Mrs. Ridley having

got down the Lord Rooksby, and learning, moreover, from her friend and accomplice, Doctor Topham, that the famous, "Right Honourable Frederick Topham" could spare twenty-four hours from the Treasury, and was flying down to his brother on some family business, for that time only, thought it would be a splendid idea to exhibit these two luminaries in combination, and concerted measures for that purpose with Doctor Topham. That despot also thought it would be a good idea, and entered into it, agreeing to let out his distinguished relative for that night. And very soon it became known that there was to be a great dinner-party at the deanery, with a faint rumour, to which, in some bosoms, hope was father, that the crowd might be admitted in "the evening" to a railed-off place, whence they might gaze their fill at the splendid strangers. At first no details of any authentic value could be got at, but soon the idle vapours took shape and consistency, and it became known for a certainty—the earliest news was had from the pastrycook, who had received instructions, the significance of which there was no mistaking—that the two strangers would be "shown" together, first at a dinner, then in a more promiscuous way, when the doors would be opened to a mixed crowd. Then came the heart-burnings and almost misery; for as to being admitted directly into the more heavenly mansions of the dining-room, they were not so infatuated as to dream of that; but even for that privilege of being allowed to stand afar off, and contemplate the beatific vision, there would be eager competition.

From afar off, across the common, the long lanky windows could be seen lighted up. The festival was known, and the selection of guests caused bitter heart-burnings. Asking every stall in the cathedral, *that* was absurd; and when it was considered that every stall held a wife and large family, the thing became more absurd still. Some of the excluded came privily, and skulked about the common to watch the festivities they could not share in.

The dean's noble brother, Lord Rooksby, stood behind; not in any reserved place, with a railing round him, or in an exhibitor's case—but simply as any other man in the room. He was very tall, had grey hair, and a dried yellow face, which he kept very high, and well thrown back, and was explaining quietly to the archdeacon and Doctor Topham, who had dined, "what now the Church really wanted." As the Tilney party entered in a long file, the whole room, with its lamps, seemed in a state of rest and happiness, reposing after the state dinner, and content with the beatific vision of the nobleman who had "come among them."

There was to be music. Mrs. Ridley had ordered some of the choir serfs to attend. These gathered behind the piano, and herded together for mutual protection, waiting until they should be wanted. They were caged until their voices were set free and allowed to spring. Mr. Hart

was there, the dreadful bass, the Polypheme of the choir, with a beard and whiskers like a deep black cactus, suggesting an awful idea of vocal strength. There was also Mr. Yokel, the counter-tenor, and Doctor Fugle, the seraphic tenor, but now without his seraphim's robe, and looking anything but spiritual. In his stall, with the robe on, with an indistinct hint as of wings folded up behind, he was, so to speak, carried off. But here, behind the piano, he was revealed as a rather coarse, oily-checked, large-whiskered, and very earthy being.

The Tilney girls sat down, a little desponding from this gloomy state of things; for the horizon being darkened with great black ecclesiastical firs and cypresses, did not promise much. They sat round and waited. Mr. Tilney, who had an aptitude for "getting on," now recollected his old arts, got into his old social armour, and had presently secured Lord Rooksby by an allusion to a fellow-equerry whom his lordship had also known. Minor canons looked on from afar at this wonderful instance of the power of knowledge.

Both the great lights were present, who divided popular admiration. The public might regard the dean's brother, of whom they had heard so much, with curiosity; but they looked with awe, and a yet greater interest, on that Doctor Topham, that very Czar of the little place, who was known to rule the men and women, the high and low, and almost dispose of their persons and chattels with a despotism that was frightful. And there beside him was the Right Honourable Frederick, a spare gentleman, with a stearine face, in a little group of his own, explaining something with extraordinary fluency and volubility. The crowd looked on with wonder at these two little groups, and saw with mysterious awe Doctor Topham pass from one to the other indifferently, and assert his rude roughshod supremacy over the Lord Rooksby himself, by noisily, and with angry language, telling him the "wretched state" of things here, and that the whole chapter wanted a sound "parging."

Presently Doctor Fugle, and some half-dozen of the pariahs confined behind the piano, fell into line without leaving their prison, and began some "part singing."

Under cover of this entertainment, which seemed the signal for easy and fluent conversation, Mr. Tillotson drew near to Miss Millwood, before whom a youthful and bashful vicar-choral was standing up and talking. The golden hair gleamed under the lights. There was a soft melancholy in her face. She heard the vicar-choral, but with a degree of attention that could not have been very flattering to that gentleman, who unjustly set down her distraction to quite another reason. "That old Tilney," he told a brother choralist, going home, "introduced her to the lord, and it quite upset her." But the lord, to Mr. Tilney's great pride, had asked him who was that "remarkable-looking young woman over there, who had really quite an air

about her?" And he had brought the lord to her. The Miss Tilneys had seen the introduction, and moved with indignation in their chairs. It seemed like the wicked elder sisters, indignant at Cinderella being sent for to the palace.

It was when the lord had bestowed the attention which he thought sufficient on such occasions, that the choir gentlemen began their minstrelsy. It was part singing, for which these artists were deservedly famed. "Ah! why, my love, she sighs for me!" by Wagner, in very close harmonies, and in which Doctor Fugle's tenor, coming out of a little hole at the corner of his mouth, produced a great effect. He sang as if he were in his stall, and with his eyes fixed on the little rosette of the gaselier, just as they used to be on the groining of the cathedral. The voices were considered to come out finely, especially with the rough and powerful "street pavement" voice of Mr. Rogers; especially, too, where they all came in together with an up and down languishing, and increasing stress and vigour: "My—love is—see-eye-ing—is see-eye-ing—is sighing all for-r-r-r," in a note prolonged before the final descent, "ME!" That ME rolled away, in fluttering waves, into silence.

CHAPTER XIX. DARKNESS AGAIN.

MR. TILLOTSON had gone over to Ada Millwood. She had beckoned to him. "I wanted to speak to you," she said. "He is gone away. It is the best thing for him, and for us all. But forgive me if I ask you—but that night I saw him—at least I am sure it was he—go up to you on the green. How much you have suffered from him, and so kindly borne with for him, I can guess. And I do fear that night——"

"No, no," said he; "I understand him perfectly. I *did* make some allowance for him hitherto, but I begin to see that he has some incurable dislike to me. I have not the art of pleasing people. But he is gone, and, I suppose, will not come back."

"I suppose will not come back!" she repeated, a little absently. "He talked of changing into some other regiment. I suppose it will be all for the best."

"If he had even the tact to know those who are inclined to befriend him," said Mr. Tillotson, warmly.

"And so *you* are going away too," she said, suddenly. "Going in the morning?"

"Yes," he said, "going back to the solitude—of the world. I am very glad of this opportunity, for I wished to speak to you before I went. Indeed, I should hardly have come here but for such a hope. There! They are beginning another of their glees. I have seen a great deal of your family life," he went on, hastily. "I know you will forgive me what I am going to say, but *you* will give me credit for wishing to show that I would like to serve you. You have all been so kind to me, and I begin now to feel very desolate when left to myself. I could not

help seeing many things in your house which I must have shut my eyes not to have seen."

Her eyes dropped upon the ground, and she did not answer.

"Again I ask you to forgive what I am going to say. The way of life in which I live quickens our observation. I have guessed a great deal more than I have seen—guessed that you—forgive me, I say again—were not so happy in that house as you deserve to be, Miss Millwood—and that though the family, I suppose, is affectionate, their hopes, and wishes, and aims of life are so different, that——"

"But why should you think this?" she answered, gently, and as if wishing him to go on; "no one has surely told you?"

"Told me," he said, "no. But I have an instinct that we—that you and I—have suffered much the same. I fancy I have no one to understand me; that even in a crowd I am alone. That everything in life for me is cold, cheerless. From the moment I entered your house, from the moment, too, that *you* entered the room, on that first night, something seemed to tell me that your life was like mine. Forgive me this absurdity, I say again."

"Mr. Tillotson," she said, softly, "I do, indeed, know you, and believe you. Perhaps I have had some little sorrows of my own. Not, however, to compare with yours."

"Little sorrows," said he; "no, no. Then they are for the world. They do not understand you. They never will, and I do not blame them. They cannot be what they have not power to be. But," said he, more earnestly, "it is different for you. It will grow worse, as time goes on. Every day it will become worse; the isolation and desolation will become unendurable. You feel it—you must feel it every day."

"Yes," she said quietly, without lifting her eyes.

"I know," he went on. "I have had dismal experience myself. For years I have scarcely known life properly. Within this week or so I have begun to feel life, the air, the warmth of the sun." He said this with no melodramatic stress or attitude; but calmly, as he said everything else. She could not suspect that there was any secret meaning in it.

(The labouring men were now drawing a heavy vocal roller over a rude macadamised road, and by desire of Lord Rooksby were repeating the song. They were hard at "My love is see-eye-ing;" then, on a story higher, "my love is see-eye-ing—is sighing for-r-r—ME!" Neither Mr. Tillotson nor his companion heard these vocal labouring men.)

He went on: "What would I propose, what would I advise? you will ask. Recollect, I am going away, and have the privilege of a man on the scaffold. I seem to see one chance before me. It may prove to be a delusion—a will-o'-the-wisp—like everything else in life; but if I dared to speak plainly?"

She looked up hurriedly. "What can you

advise? There is nothing that you could know, or could say, unless——"

"It may be no remedy after all," he went on, quickly, "but it might. You have been kind to me, oh, so kind! I have felt that you sympathised with me. More I could not hope for. But perhaps in time—perhaps compassion for one who has been so miserable and hopeless——"

She looked at him. "Oh, Mr. Tillotson," she said, in alarm, "what do you wish me to say?"

"If I were any one else," he went on, sadly, "or belonged more to the ways of the world, I might hide what I am going to say behind all manner of delicate hints. But it is better to speak plainly, is it not?"

"No, no, no," she said, hastily. "Dear Mr. Tillotson, I implore you—no. Don't speak about *that*. Oh, why did you? This so grieves me!"

He started, almost rose, with a kind of half groan. "Have I made one more mistake?" he said, sadly. "Ah, I can see I have. I was going to ask you to leave this place for good—to come and begin a new, and what I believe would be a happier, life. I have money and influence; these, too, would help to make you happy; and, as far as the completest devotion——" he looked in her face, and paused. "Ah, but I see—one more mistake."

"Dear Mr. Tillotson," she said, almost passionately, "how *can* I thank you. But it is impossible. There are reasons! Oh, never, never, never!"

"Well, I might have guessed this," he said, sadly. "It is the old fortune. It was the only chance left to me. It may go with the rest. Ah! there is the music beginning again."

It was the grinders at work once more. Doctor Fugle and his oarsmen labouring through another glee—to oblige the company.

"Oh, what will you think of me?" she said, eagerly. "I don't know what to say. You will despise me because I know you will think I led you on to this. But I did not mean it to do so. Indeed no! Tell me that you do not think so."

"To be sure! I thought," said he hopelessly, "that from the beginning you seemed to treat me with interest and kindness, and I stupidly mistook that kindness. I have made a hundred such blunders in my life. No, it was all my fault."

"Yes, I *did* feel an interest," she said, with some hesitation, "and I admired and pitied. I saw that you were alone, and——"

"To be sure," he said. "I understand. But I thought, as there was no one else you cared for—and though for a moment I thought that that rude rough man who has left us had some influence, still, what you had told me settled *that*—and——"

"Yes, yes," she said, hastily. "It was not that. No, no. There are far different reasons."

Mr. Tilney here came up with an air of mystery. "Tillotson," he said, "a word. What fine music that is. Fugle is next door but one to divine, ain't he? Whenever I hear that map he

quite lifts me up. Oh, I say! A letter to-night from that scapegrace."

"From Mr. Ross?" said the other.

"Not at all so bad a creature as you would fancy. Good at bottom. I tell Mrs. Tilney this will all wear off in time. My dear sir, Bushell, the best counsel in England, tells us that the decision is all wrong in law—must go overboard, sir—he is sure of reversing it, and, not only that, but certain of winning in the end. With all his faults, he has a pure game spirit. I like him for it—I do! Not only that, but he has wormed out an old lady who is to furnish him with the pieces to carry on the war. Wonderful his tact. I wish I had had his spirit when I was his age!"

"So, then," said Mr. Tillotson, calmly, "we may consider his prospects restored?"

"As good as restored. Even if he loses, he don't know what the old lady may do for him. Wonderful, wonderful," he added, devoutly, "are the ways of the Providence overhead!"

"Yes," said Mr. Tillotson, absently, and looking over at the golden-haired Miss Millwood.

In another half-hour the Tilney party were walking home. As they were getting their "things," Mr. Tillotson heard some one whisper him, "Oh, once more forgive me!"

He almost smiled. "You might have told me everything," he said; "but no matter now."

"I had nothing to tell," she said; "but I am going to ask you for something more. You will not mention to Mr. Tilney what you have said to-night. I have a reason."

"That also I can understand perfectly," he said, bitterly.

"But I fear you do *not* understand me," she said, passionately and loudly, so that the maid, who was getting her cloak, stared.

They walked home slowly. "So sorry that you are going," Mrs. Tilney said, with what anybody, who did not know her well, would have supposed a smile of delight. "Shall quite miss you, Mr. Tillotson. Now you must promise us to come very soon again. Augusta here says she feels *improved* by knowing you. Good-bye, then. Good-bye, Mr. Tillotson."

They were at the gate of their house, among the luxuriant hedges and flowers which almost hid it. Augusta, who knew the keys of the human voice far better than she did those of regular music, threw some pathos into her voice. At this moment she felt some penitence for opportunities neglected, and wished that she had renounced the military works and pomps for the more substantial blessings whose superior advantages she now saw.

The third girl stood behind them all, half up the walk leading to the house. Where the sisters were prominent, it was understood and expected that she should keep retired. The moon was out. As a background there was the old house, overgrown with great cushions of leaves, with lights in its small windows, and looking like a scene. The moonlight, too, fell upon her pale face, and lit her up like a tinted statue.

"Your kindness I shall not forget," he said to Mr. Tilney. "I must say good-bye to them." And he passed them and went up the walk.

"Good-bye," he said, hastily. "Depend on my secrecy, as indeed you might suppose. Men do not publish their own mortifications."

"Forgive me!" she said again, very piteously. "Oh, forgive me! I have not told you everything. I dare not."

"Ah! *That* does not mend it much," he said, with deep grief and suffering. "It comes to the same thing. Unless," he added, nervously, "it means that after some time—years even——"

She shook her head. "No, no," she said, "I may not even say *that*. What *can* I do?"

Mr. Tillotson looked down sadly. "Then so be it. Promise me this, at least," he said "if ever you should want aid or assistance of any kind for yourself or for *them*, send for me. Will you promise me *that*, at least?"

The others had now reached him. "Good-bye again," they said; and passed into the house.

"I will, I will," she said, eagerly.

"A solemn pledge, I mean," he said, hurriedly, "not to be lightly spoken. Let me look to some little relation to you in the future. It will be a little gleam of light before me. Oh, what infatuation! For these few weeks I actually thought the sun was coming and the sunny days, and that the clouds were all behind. Only one more delusion," he added, with a smile, "to put to the rest! Well, you promise?"

(Mrs. Tilney's voice was heard calling shrilly, "Ada!")

"I do, I do promise," she answered. "Indeed I do! Don't think ill of me, but be indulgent. I cannot tell you everything. There, dear Mr. Tillotson, good-bye, God bless you, and make you happy."

She seemed to fade out. He saw her pass into the illuminated doorway, where the light was shed on her golden hair for the last time. Even then, and at that distance, he saw a sweet, grieved, and most wistful look turned to the darkness where he had been left. Then she was gone.

Mr. Tilney's loud voice seemed to waken him up. "Going back to town, going back to town, Tillotson?" he said, as if meditating. "Very well. Going back and plunging into the vortex! What would I take and change with you? I vow and protest I like our little things—nice people, you know, better than all your routs, and drums, and balls, and parties. 'We never can get you out, Tilney,' H.R.H. said to me over and over again. 'Why are you always holing at home in this confounded retirement?' Ah! No quiet for me, Tillotson, until we get to our old friend over there," pointing at the old cathedral, now all but steeped in moonlight. "The one thing, you know, Tillotson. The only thing, after all!"

Mr. Tillotson, who by this time knew the course that these reflections would take, did not reply to them, but told Mr. Tilney a piece of news that was very gratifying to him. "The

company have agreed to make you a director. I got the answer to-night. A paid director, too."

He started with delight. "A director! My dear Tillotson, this is goodness! this is friendship! to get back to the old place. I shall be able to draw breath now. I am consumed, wasting in this hole." (In a second Mr. Tilney had forgotten the one thing necessary.)

Mr. Tillotson set him right on this point. "You shall hear more about it," he said. "I must go now. I have to set out early. Good-bye! Thanks for all kindness."

"God bless you!" said the other, fervently. "God bless you, Tillotson." Then the other walked back in the moonlight to desolation and to the White Hart, listening to the clock striking twelve, and thinking that with that hour ended a short dream of happiness. He sat long in his ancient room, which seemed as blank, as desolate, and even mouldy as his own heart. Sometimes he paced to and fro, and struck his forehead with his hand. "One more miserable delusion," he said. "Stupid, insensible, folly, folly, as well as guilt!" And so he sat on and walked until the cold morning light began to steal in through the ancient red curtain of the White Hart's window. By the first train, which left at six, he had gone—not to London, but to another town, where he was to stay a few hours, and then go up. Now the white walls and cold penitential passages of the world were before him.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

BLACK IS NOT QUITE WHITE.

THE late melancholy events in Jamaica have naturally called forth a burst of feeling; on one side, of sympathy and commiseration for our "poor oppressed brethren" (whose only crime is their colour); on the other, of wrath and indignation against a race for which so much has been done, and which has so ungratefully turned on its benefactors and attempted to destroy them.

Without pretending to prejudge the merits of the late rebellion, or of the means which were adopted to suppress it—questions which will, no doubt, be fully and fairly investigated—it may be suggested that both these extreme expressions of feeling are unreasonable and exaggerated. The first is the result of a total want of knowledge of the real character of the negro, and the second arises from the absence of reflection in a moment of excitement as to the causes which have produced that character.

Whatever may be the origin of races or their affinity (matters which must be left to ethnologists to determine if they can), there is no doubt that the original African negro is not a high moral type of human nature. Born and bred, not only in a state of barbarism, but under that particular phase of it which calls into play all the lower instincts of nature, with the view of surprising and entrapping his enemies, and at the same time of avoiding

to be outwitted himself, he is at last kidnapped, sold, shipped off, reduced to bondage, forced to work, and induced to employ all the low arts of deceit consequent on such a position.

From this stock the Jamaica negro was produced, and for many years the system was continued without any progress being made towards his moral improvement. Suddenly he was given his liberty. Long accustomed to look upon labour as the one great evil of life, and long unaccustomed to bestow a thought on his own wants, which had all been supplied for him, he believed himself to be ill used and deceived when he found that he was forced to work to live, and was at all events determined to work as little as possible.

Naturally improvident and indolent, he sought a fresh scope for his hereditary cunning in sharp-witted schemes to meet his wants and gratify his appetites and vices. When, failing in this he was satisfied barely to exist, he gradually fell lower and lower in the scale of humanity: not, however, without crying out against the oppressors who would not feed him in idleness, and not without repeated attempts at rebellion, in the senseless hope that by murdering those oppressors and seizing their property he would at last attain the goal of affluent indolence.

The population of Jamaica has probably increased since the date of emancipation, while the annual produce is scarcely more than one-fourth of what it then was.

One of the most marked characteristics of the negro—his idleness apart—is the perverted ideas his mind holds of religion; a very painful characteristic this is. When religion is an abstract question, and not a practical thing, with the best educated as with the worst, it teaches nothing of charity, humility, patience, brotherly kindness, love. Under religion's cloak, murder calls itself vengeance of the Lord; the negro says, "I will repay for the Lord's sake;" he who does me an injury, willingly or unwillingly, is "my enemy and the Lord's;" the persecuted man is David, the aggressor is Saul. David's denunciations are quoted; faith in God's vengeance and in His wrath and anger is strong and perverted; faith in long-suffering, forbearance and forgiveness, has little or no existence in the negro's mind. Cant reigns mighty and omnipotent among them, and their most objectionable acts are almost invariably prefaced by a Bible quotation or an appeal to the Lord.

It is painful to view humanity under such an aspect, and equally painful to consider that it springs as much from the influences which have surrounded the negro, as from his hereditary instincts. Even those among the race who may be considered the respectable exceptions to the general state of degradation have not been able entirely to divest themselves of those instincts, as the following anecdotes, jotted down from a personal experience during five years' residence in the tropics, will exemplify.

The first man of colour who entered my service, well recommended, was William, as cook.

He was a smartly-dressed clean-looking man, with a manner at once intelligent and respectful. The result of his advent being, for some days, a series of good dinners, I congratulated myself on my valuable acquisition. "We are very well satisfied with your cookery," said I one day, in my innocence; whereat William grinned and writhed, and answered with that gentle humility and discretion which always characterised his speeches: "Take it very kind of missus to say so. When she do be pleased, I am proud. When she have any obsarvations or *c'reckshans* (corrections) to make on de style of de cookery, beg she do so, and I 'trive to c'rect what she disaprove." What a happy footing between master and man, or mistress and man! Here was a paragon who would, doubtless, prove one of those dear faithful old servants so often recorded in the history of the man and brother, and who would dwell with us all his days.

But these days were already numbered. Shortly after my poor meed of praise had been offered, came William, sorrowful, embarrassed, but ever humble, discreet, and conscious of his own rectitude, to "say a word to missus."

That word was to this effect: "Master and missus were good to him; he wanted nothin', he could pass his life happy and contented in deir sarvice, his work was light, his victuals was abundant, but ah!—Ke-aptin' (captain) "of de steamar" (not specified) "him offer so much" (naming nearly double the wages of the place), "and missus she give so much less. For himself what cared he? But, alas! he had a wife and family to support. He would do notin' underhand, he merely stated de fac'. Mustn't a husband and fader work for de sake of him wife and children?"

"Too true, O William! I admit it. I would have raised your wages five pounds a year, but I cannot give you such high wages as the steamers give. Of course I will not stand in your light; only find another cook before you leave."

He did find another cook, who made the trifling mistake of cooking the whole day's provisions for one vast substantial breakfast. Shortly afterwards a message was brought me that William had returned, and requested audience.

Beautifully he was dressed. Clean, meek, respectable as ever, he stood before me with downcast eyes, holding an open letter.

"Missus, I received a letter from my wife dis mornin'. She tell me I done very wrong to leave so good a master and missus for de sake of gain. Beg missus read what she say."

I opened and read the letter. Here is an extract of its contents:

"What, William, do you think to earn the blessing of the Lord by ingratitude, by running after gain, and forsaking the master and misus as have always been kind to you? Trust in your Hecyiny Father to feed you and your children, return to the place you have left, 'trive by good conduc to repara the pas, and umbly ask pardon of a justley fended misus, but ask pardon yet more of a fended Father."

"And indeed, ma'am," said William, "I does feel very bad in my conscience, and I believes my wife says right. If missus will please take me back again, I'll do my best."

Somehow the negotiation ended in his resuming his post, *with the little increase I had spoken of*, and again life flowed on smoothly.

But there came a second episode in the sojourn of William. It was necessary to adjourn from town to country. On arriving there, the quality of the cookery was entirely changed. From being excellent, it became execrable. Remarks, suggestions, were alike unavailing. The artistic spirit seemed to have departed with the change of abode, and finally I gave William warning: whereat he was surprised, wounded, and scandalised.

What was the mystery?

A friend of William's had been living in the house, and had done all the cookery which William was quite incapable of doing himself; the friend had been comfortably boarded in the kitchen, as remuneration; but when we all migrated, the friend could not be conveyed with the rest of the establishment, unless some one paid his travelling expenses, or without inquiry being made. I leave it to my readers to determine whether the anecdote about "de Ke-aplin of de steamar," and the religious wife, was true, merely adding (without comment) that it came to my knowledge that this pious father of a family had no child.

Another faithful old servant, and who lived with us upwards of four years, was John. He was honest and industrious, spent most of his wages in the schooling of his youngest child, and told me that he regarded master as his fader, and missus as his moder. He had the occasional weakness of "getting sick," which meant being extremely unwell in consequence of a few days' indulgence in strong liquors; but we found it best to wink at this. While John was with us a certain Francis was hired in the house as cook, between whom and John a deadly enmity sprang up. One night Francis sallied forth into the streets, armed with a bludgeon, and thirsting for revenge. He knew that John would pass by a certain road; it was dark and moonless; Francis lay in ambush, and when John was close upon him, raised his club, and knocked down John. Francis was a taller man, John was older and smaller, but vigorous and determined; he was up in a minute, and, pursuing his assailant, who fled in an ignominious manner, pulled him down, and seized one of his fingers between his teeth, holding on like a bulldog until it was bitten through. It subsequently had to be amputated. After which he (John) was heard to ejaculate piously, "I tank de Lord who give me de victory over my enemy!"

After the butchery at Morant Bay, is it not recorded that the assassins met together in a Baptist chapel and sang songs of praise for their victory?

John punished his children in the following manner: A man of few words, he wasted none on the offender, but arming himself with a

long thick leather strap, he applied it vigorously to his back or *hers*—for I saw him thus punish his daughter, a child of nine years old. It is said that his wife underwent the same wholesome discipline when John deemed it needful. Spite of this, Mrs. John stood up for her lord and master with a wife's devotion; for, on the occasion of John's dismissal from our service, his fellow-servants expressing certain sentiments of a not complimentary nature to his character, Mrs. John rushed furiously to the garden, and tore up the shrubs which John had planted, by the roots, in order "dat him enemies should not reap de benefit of him industry."

Never deeming these little ebullitions inconsistent with the practice of religion, Mrs. John might be seen every Sunday a regular attendant at the usual service, and at the communion also; she knelt meekly on the floor, her eyes upturned, her hands clasped, the personification of our converted sister, as the little tracts say. She was an attentive listener, too, for on Mondays (when she came for the washing) she would repeat as much of "minster's sarmon" as her hearers had patience to listen to.

One day, a thimble was brought me by Mrs. John's little girl. "Mother bid me say she found dat timble in your pocket, missus, when she wash your dress; and me was to tell you she poor, but proud."

Joe, the son of John, a clever little fellow and valuable as a servant (if he could have been induced to regard honesty as the best policy, which he couldn't), was put in prison one day by his master, for purloining. An eye-witness describes the following tableau vivant on the occasion: The victim sat on the floor, with conscious innocence written on his face; his mother read the Psalms aloud. A friend of Mrs. John's, much noted for the respectability of her character and the amiability of her disposition, paced to and fro, muttering imprecations against "dem stinken white people," as a sort of obligato accompaniment to the Song of David.

My English servant, on our paying a visit to a certain house, where she dined with the coloured folk, said, "Oh, ma'am, the niggers stand round the table, and are thrown bits like dogs." And so I found it afterwards, in my own kitchen. If you engage a certain number of servants, be sure they are nearly doubled. A groom keeps his assistant—some wretch too idle to work hard, or who is trying how long he can subsist without wages, on the scraps that fall to him; the cook ditto; the odd-job man ditto; besides these, are friends who "have de custom of de house," and come in for scraps too, nowise abashed. On the entrance of the mistress, an introduction takes place, and the friend makes a personal remark on the lady, usually complimentary: "Dis is Miss Mary Anne, ma'am; Miss Mary Anne, dis my missus." "And a nice buckra lady, too," says Miss Mary Anne, quietly eating my substance.

Priest among the ne'er-do-wells came Mr. Joseph: a man young, strong, intelligent, and highly educated for his class. Among his various

accomplishments, he succeeded admirably as cook, in which profession he might have earned high wages, either in a family or on board ship; but for his idleness. He entered my service, began well, got tired of work, preferred lounging in the streets, and, after coming home more than once at three in the afternoon to cook the four o'clock dinner, I dismissed him. He then hung about idle until his money was spent, again went into service, was turned out in a short time, lounged in the kitchen sub rosa—for I ordered him off when I saw him—then came, penitent, to beg that I would give him a trial during the absence of another cook who had gone some distance to get married. I told him he should receive certain wages—not higher than the ordinary rate—I keeping in hand the residue (of the highest given by private families), which he should have at the end of three months, if he, in the mean while, conducted himself well. But he was quite incorrigible. The old habit was too strong. He was again dismissed, and the money forfeited. He engaged himself as a ship-cook, and, with a few pounds in hand, soon left his employment, lounged on shore while his money lasted, sponged in kitchens when it was gone, and, when his clothes were too ragged even for that pursuit, went in for a little work again.

A certain mason, an excellent workman, who bore a good character, "knocked off" work, in order to celebrate the arrival of his family with several days' total idleness. When his money was expended, he came to his employer to borrow five dollars. The latter advised him to earn them in the regular way, which he could speedily do; but the mason indignantly declined, and worked no more for that enemy of the Lord.

I might enumerate many such instances. You cry out against the impertinence of your London cabmen; and you cry out against the oppressed state of the negro in Jamaica. What would you say if, on paying a visit to a friend in London, or any other town, your cabman (at the expiration of ten minutes) came and yelled at you under the windows, whip in hand, and looking as if he meant mischief, "Come now, sir! Can't wait all day! Come along, sir! Are you ever coming? I won't wait!" louder and with a yell. "Pay me my money and let I go! I say! &c. &c." with a battering of the handle of his whip against the hall door. But this I have witnessed and heard on the part of a negro cabman in the town of Kingston. At least, if they are oppressed, (?) they are not cowed.

And now for one episode in the life of a nurse.

Anne came to me in that capacity, well recommended. She was black-skinned; but oh, "her heart white and pure as de white lady's!" By this time I was rather hardening and gradually becoming sceptical over flowery phrases. Anne's sweetness and angelic smiles at the baby made me suspicious. I soon received a letter from a lady to inform me that while driving out she met the child in his perambulator stationed in the middle of the road, and no nurse with him. That presently Anne appeared, dragged the

perambulator to the side of the road, upsetting it in her haste, and terrifying the child, who fortunately escaped uninjured. Of course I taxed her with this. She waxed indignant, fervid, holy, in her denials; but finally made out a story about a sick friend. So I contented myself with sending a guard to guard the nurse when she went out to guard the child, and took my time to seek another nurse. Meanwhile, some lady friends came to stay with me, and informed me that this woman begged of them clothes and money, saying she had not got the former, nor enough wages to pay for any. Her trunk was so large that one man could not lift it; her wages were high, and "everything found!" So I sternly bade her go, giving the money due to her into her hands. A scene ensued, of entreaty, confession, appeal. She was a woman who had been half ruined before she came to me; I had saved her from starvation; she would be homeless and friendless without me. Oh! if I had a Christian's heart, try her once, only once, and never should I have to repent it! I was moved, and I did try her. Soon afterwards, she left my child in the road two hours and a half while she amused herself among her friends. I then positively dismissed her. She went quietly, and her huge case full of dresses (I saw they were dresses, and costly too, for I had surprised her while fondling her treasures one day) followed her. It then came to my knowledge that, from the date of her first warning, she had taken a lodging, and furnished it, and that, immediately on quitting my service, she set up comfortably as a laundress.

I had a poor old woman pensioner, who came daily for the leavings of breakfast and dinner. For years her husband had been bedridden; for years she, wretched soul, had lived in a state of semi-starvation, and miserable sickness. Having at that time a cook, whom I supposed to be a kind-hearted, conscientious man, I told him her case, and that I trusted in him to save her a little food daily. "Dat I will, missus," was the ready answer; "you do well to be kind to de poor. The Lord will reward you and your children." This had a touching sound, but the result of this trust of mine was that, on her approach, she was assailed by brutal language, and refused a morsel: while the food that she ought to have had was given to a fat flaunting woman too idle to work, who daily came to receive it.

Among these worthy servants, there was one whose quiet revenge for a rebuke was always to fling wine-glasses on the floor and smash them. Our stock of glass imported from home thus dwindled rapidly away. Did he, I wonder, "thank the Lord," who enabled him to revenge himself?

These few specimens of character, taken from the most honest, respectable, and civilised amongst the class (and who, unlike the lower grades, do not steal, murder, or habitually commit acts of savage brutality), are a pretty fair evidence of the nature, or second nature, or both combined, of the liberated negro in our

colonies at the present day. Let us remember that the white man is far more responsible for his actions than the black man; but let us also remember that his position is a trying one, in having to hold his own, far away, against an overwhelming force of numbers.

A NEW HUMANE SOCIETY.

To preserve human life; to put an end to tortures and cruelties now systematically inflicted on our poor countrymen and countrywomen at home, and many of which are as horrid and revolting, as any of the barbaric rites we read of as practised among savages; to substitute trained skill for brutal ignorance, and conscientious carefulness for wicked and inhuman neglect; to make wanton and aggravated homicide less common, and at least to ensure such tending and remedies for our sick and suffering poor, as humane men provide for their sick and suffering brutes; to free the national character from a deep stain, and to relieve the national conscience of the burden of a crying sin; such are the objects of the new Humane Society. In other words, its promoters propose to take the occupants of workhouse infirmaries out of the hands of men who are proved to have shamelessly abused their trust, and to place them in state hospitals appointed and controlled as the establishments supported by private charity are known to be. Our workhouses are already hospitals, in the sense of being filled with sick, infirm, and decrepid people, who need careful nursing and professional care; and the reform aimed at, is, to supply these with the necessities for the lack of which they languish and die;—how painfully, an occasional newspaper report tells us; how constantly, is only known to themselves and God.

The Association for the Improvement of the Infirmaries of the London Workhouses, owes its origin to the revelations of the *Lancet* commissioners, numbers many influential thinkers in its ranks, and is pledged to direct its action to the consolidation of the invalid departments of the metropolitan workhouses; to the bringing about of a hospital organisation under a central management, and to the levying of a general metropolitan rate for the support of the sick poor. Taking our facts from an interesting pamphlet by Mr. ERNEST HART, let us first quote the statistics of a few London workhouses, and then examine into their disorganisation and mismanagement. In many instances we are able to confirm Mr. Hart's statements from our own personal observations; in some we can supplement them by facts acquired during investigations commenced and carried on independently; and the reader may accept, as trustworthy and temperate records of evils which are flourishing in rank luxuriance at our very doors.

First of the workhouse buildings. That of Clerkenwell is a wretched tumble-down place, which was certified by the Poor Law Board to

hold five hundred inmates. The metropolitan inspector has frequently urged upon the guardians the necessity of removing their paupers to a healthier and more commodious site; and has for years past condemned the confined yards and crowded wards of the present building as unsuited to their purpose. These parochial dignitaries have not yet, however, thought it necessary to make a change, and we learn that out of the five hundred and sixty people improperly crammed into their workhouse two hundred and fifty are sick, and two hundred and eighty infirm, the latter number including eighty who are insane. Remembering that *twelve hundred feet* of cubic space for each patient is the allowance recently prescribed as necessary for military hospitals by the Barrack and Hospital Commission, the condition of these five hundred and thirty sick and infirm people may be estimated by the fact that the cubic space for each is but *four hundred and twenty-nine feet*. Add to this, that the cramped staircases of this house are so intercepted and blocked up with inconvenient landing-places, as to be useless as mediums of ventilation; that the windows are insufficient in number; and that one of the narrow prison-like yards which form the only exercise-grounds for convalescents, contains the dead-house, and a commonly neglected dust-bin in close proximity; and the shocking unfitness of Clerkenwell workhouse for a public hospital will be understood.

At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the ground within the building is so much higher than that outside that those standing in its yards are on a level with the first-floor windows in Hemming's-row. This is due to the yards being composed of a disused burial-ground. Abutting on them, and so much beneath their level as to be practically underground, are the cellars chosen by the guardians as surgical wards. They are all less than nine feet high, and the average number of cubic feet per bed is *four hundred and twenty-eight feet*. The workhouse of the Strand Union is even less fitted for infirmary purposes than those already quoted. It is surrounded by noisy workshops and mews, and, as if this were not enough, the guardians have, with that keen eye to the main chance, and that noble disregard of the feelings of mere paupers, which are the distinguishing characteristics of parochial boards, established a carpet-beating business under the windows of the sick wards. The unhappy patients are, of course, stunned with the noise and poisoned with the dust, but carpet beating is remunerative, and, despite the remonstrances publicly made, the guardians are too much men of business to forego it out of any weak-minded and sentimental consideration for the helpless creatures committed to their care. It should be added, that seven-eighths of the sleeping accommodation here is occupied by the sick. The workhouse infirmary of St. George the Martyr is perilously unwholesome from its situation, surrounded as it is by bone-boiling, grease, and catgut-making establishments; while that of Greenwich

is below low-water mark, and with an average space per bed of *four hundred and fifty feet*. Many of the wards are low and hot, some have no water-service, none are suited to their purpose. Further, we are assured by Mr. Hart that besides the workhouses already named, those of Islington, St. Giles, and West Smithfield, have irredeemable defects, which render them unfit for hospital purposes; while those of St. James's, Westminster, Chelsea, St. Luke's, Lambeth, Lewisham, Camberwell, Bermondsey, Holborn, and London East, may be made suitable for chronic cases only, if certain important alterations be carried out. It is noteworthy, moreover, that even where new workhouses are being built, a wretchedly insufficient amount of space is allotted to each sick bed. At St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, for example, where a really magnificent pile of buildings has been erected, only *five hundred cubic feet* are allowed: a little more than a third of the number declared by competent authorities to be essential.

Passing from the workhouses to their discipline and internal arrangements, the results are even more painfully unsatisfactory. Let us compare the medical attendance at the hospitals supported by private charity, with that of the parochial infirmaries representing the hospitals of the state. For the three hundred and fifty patients at St. George's Hospital there are four surgeons and four physicians, who each pay an average of three visits a week, besides two resident apothecaries, three resident house-surgeons, and a dresser for each surgeon; St. Mary's Hospital, with one hundred and fifty patients, has three physicians in ordinary, three surgeons, four resident medical officers, and three dressers. At the Strand Union, on the other hand, with a floating population of nearly two hundred persons acutely sick, and four hundred who are chronically infirm, there is no resident medical officer. The one gentleman engaged to visit and prescribe for as many invalids as St. George's and St. Mary's Hospitals hold together, receives the munificent salary of one hundred and five pounds a year, out of which he is expected to find most of the drugs required. At Greenwich, where out of a thousand inmates nine hundred are more or less disabled, and where an average of four hundred are constantly under medical care, the only doctor is non-resident, has no dispenser to assist him, and is wretchedly underpaid. At Shoreditch, where out of a population of seven hundred, two hundred and twenty are sick, one hundred and forty insane, epileptic, and imbecile, besides the usual proportion of infirm, there is neither dispenser nor assistant; and the non-resident medical officer is supposed to see to the needs of those in his charge, in a hurried morning visit of a couple of hours. These facts and figures are unanswerable. We need draw no comparison between the relative acuteness of the disorders under which the patients in the two kinds of hospitals suffer. It is sufficient to know that under existing circumstances it is as impossible that the sick paupers of our workhouses can

be otherwise than neglected, as it is that the occupants of our regular hospital beds can be otherwise than well cared for. In not more than a fourth of the workhouses in the metropolitan district is there a resident medical officer, and in every case the doctor's interest is made to be in direct opposition to that of his patient. The rule in the majority of cases is that he shall find medicine out of his inadequate stipend, and even where drugs are provided he has to act as his own dispenser. Thus he saves money by withholding remedies, and labour by avoiding change of prescription. Add to the temptation implied, that he is always poorly paid, and that the workhouse is often looked upon as a mere insignificant supplement to his private practice; and, that our sick paupers do not die off even more rapidly and unnecessarily than they do, becomes a mere testimony to their tenacity of life.

The nurses employed in workhouse infirmaries are generally paupers, to whom a full meat diet, with, perhaps, an allowance of beer and gin, is made the substitute for salary, and who mismanage their duties and neglect their patients in a way incredible to those unacquainted with the bitter cruelties of workhouse rule. Mr. Hart, who is corroborated by Doctor Anstie, of the Westminster Hospital, who accompanied him on his inspection, draws this picture of the state of affairs in the externally palatial establishment of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch:

"To make matters as bad as possible, the nurses, with one exception, are pauper nurses, having improved rations and different dress, but no pecuniary encouragements. They are mostly a very inferior set of women; and the males, who are 'nursed' by male paupers, are yet worse off. The nursing organisation at this establishment is as bad as can be. The male nurses especially struck us as a peculiarly rough, ignorant, and uncouth set. There are no night-nurses. Desirous to ascertain what was the condition of the patients under such an administration, we became a little curious as to details. . . . The outer surface of the beds is clean, and the linen generally, through the able-bodied wards, tolerably so; but as to the lying-in wards, they were frequently filthy with crusted blood and discharges, and in the sick wards also they were far from being well kept.

"The next part of inquiry was as to the regularity of the administration of food and medicines. Medicines are administered in this house with shameful irregularity. The result of our inquiries showed that of nine consecutive patients, only four were receiving their medicines regularly. A poor fellow lying very dangerously ill with gangrene of the leg had had no medicine for three days, because, as the male 'nurse' said, his mouth had been sore. The doctor had not been made acquainted either with the fact that the man's mouth was sore, or that he had not had the medicines ordered for him. A female, also very ill, had not had her medicine for two days, because the very infirm old lady in the next bed, who, it seemed, was appointed

by the nurse to fulfil this duty, had been too completely bedridden for the last few days to arise and give it to her. Other patients had not had their medicine because they had diarrhoea; but the suspension had not been made known to the doctor, nor had medicine been given to them for their diarrhoea. The nurses generally had the most imperfect ideas of their duties in this respect. One nurse plainly avowed that she gave medicines three times a day to those who are very ill, and twice or once a day as they improved. The medicines were given all down a ward in a cup; elsewhere in a gallipot. The nurse said she 'poured out the medicine, and judged according.' In other respects the nursing was equally deficient. The dressings were roughly and badly applied. Lotions and water-dressings were applied in rags, which were allowed to dry and stick. I saw sloughing ulcers and cancers so treated. In fact, this was the rule. Bandages seemed to be unknown. But the general character of the nursing will be appreciated by the detail of one fact, that I found in one ward two paralytic patients with frightful sloughs of the back; they were both dirty, and *lying on hard straw mattresses*; the one dressed only with a rag steeped in chloride-of-lime solution, the other with a rag thickly covered with ointment. This latter was a fearful and very extensive sore, in a state of absolute putridity; the patient was covered with filth and excoriated, and the stench was masked by strewing dry chloride of lime *on the floor under the bed*. A spectacle more saddening or more discreditable cannot be imagined. Both these patients have since died: no inquest has been held on either."

If it be asked how this horrible condition of things could have escaped the government inspector, the answer is ready. There are forty-one workhouses in the metropolitan district, and visiting these from time to time forms but a portion of the duties of the gentleman in whose charge that district is supposed to be. The real supervision and control is necessarily entrusted to a visiting committee appointed by and from the guardians themselves, who, at stated intervals, take a hurried glance at their own handiwork, and pronounce it very good. It was formally advanced in the last report of the Poor Law Board, that if this committee perform its duty, the scandalous cases of cruelty and neglect to sick and dying paupers can never occur. Without endorsing this highly imaginative hypothesis, let me quote the opinion of a guardian in whose parish workhouse a death took place, under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, a few weeks ago. "It's very well," remarked this gentleman, with great cogency and force, "for the newspapers to make a fuss, and to say we're brutes, and I don't say we're right in this; but if you'll remember that we're all men in business, and that our regular board meeting takes up several hours a week, you'll perhaps understand why our visiting committees hurry through their work. How long does it take us to inspect the wards and vouch for the proper tending and care of

one thousand two hundred people? About two hours. Of course the master goes round with us, and of course we leave it principally to him, and then fill in the blanks below the printed questions in the Poor Law Board's book with 'Yes' or 'No,' as the case may be. No! I don't remember any of us ever making an independent report. We just fill up the book, and are glad when the job's over, for it's a bother, and we get nothing for it, and it's impossible to do it properly without giving up more time than is possible for men like me." It is to ensure the proper performance of duties which this plain-spoken guardian honestly confessed were shirked, and for the lack of which a pauper had just died miserably and shamefully, and to make the task of inspection a practical reality, that the new Humane Society asks for public support.

Let me quote some more personal experiences proving the urgent necessity of reform. Some months ago it was my privilege to accompany a representative of the Poor Law Board on an official inquiry into the condition of the sick wards of a London workhouse. Some necessary alterations were urged as essential to decency and health; and "our guardians talked it over, sir, when you recommended it before, but thought it wasn't necessary!" was given in reply. A few minutes later a serious blot was discovered in the discipline of the wards, and "our guardians wouldn't hear of it, sir, when I mentioned what you said," was elicited. Through the day's inspection, I saw evils which had been condemned for years still flourishing; heard recommendations made and advice given, which have never been, and, under existing management, never will be, carried out, and have ever since been puzzled to know the use of an authority which is powerless, and of advice that may be ignored with impunity by a handful of petty jobbers, whose self-interest is as keen as their sympathies and intelligence are obtuse. The Poor Law Board is utterly powerless over guardians who are obstinate and obstructive; and, but for the comments and strictures of the press, its reports and inspections would be still more futile and inoperative than they are. As it is, its officials are not unfrequently defied. I have myself seen a guardian wag the forefinger of menace at a government inspector who, in the course of his duty, reminded those present that the regulations of their workhouse were ~~contrary to the law~~; and I have heard a guardian, in the most flowery style of pot-house eloquence, denounce the same official as a cozenner, because a few pounds had been struck off the parochial balance-sheet by the district auditor as improperly claimed.

It was a touching scene. There had been some stern comments upon the inhumanity of this local board, and the inspector attended its meeting, to hear whether its members meant to persist in their defiance of official authority and public opinion, or whether they would submit to both, to the extent of making decent provision for their poor. They had determined to withdraw their stupid opposition, but, in revenge, set their crack orator upon the unhappy official

whose adverse minute had, in the words of their respected chairman, "set them papers 'a' writin' of us down." I can see that orator now, with acts of parliament, official reports, blue-books, and parish documents, at his elbow, rising to ask, with affected moderation, if the Poor-Law Board claimed to teach the guardians how they were to spend the parishioners' money? I can see him, too, blandly attempting to convict the official of self-contradiction, of vexatious interference, of unfairness and hostility; and I can see his colleagues at the board solemnly wagging their vacuous faces, and ticking off what they considered his oratorical points, like a batch of very unintellectual supernumeraries rehearsing the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice. This conduct was prompted, be it remembered, by the indignation of guardians at being called upon to make suitable provision for paupers, and it is a fair sample of the spirit in which every suggestion for parochial reform is received. The central management aimed at by the Association for the Improvement of the Infirmaries of London Workhouses would remedy all this, and place every detail of nursing, of classification, and of medical attendance for the sick, in independent hands. It is well to remember that while Mrs. Betsey Prig has been largely superseded in our hospitals by properly trained nurses, she flourishes in a highly aggravated form in the metropolitan workhouses it is sought to amend. Reduced in circumstances and soured in spirit, deprived of liberty and perquisites, remunerated by beer and gin, this model nurse becomes a demon of torture to the hapless wretches under her. Scalding sick paupers to death in boiling water; persistently aggravating sick paupers' sores until they become mortal, and the victims die; slaying sick paupers by administering wrong medicines, and by giving stimulants when stimulants are death; killing sick paupers by withholding and getting drunk on their medical comforts, and by turning them out of the sick wards at night,—are among the gentle peculiarities of which this representative lady has been constantly convicted during the last few years.

Of the male Prigs, the broken-down cobblers or chapmen, who are selected by guardians to nurse sick male paupers, I will only say that they are rough, brutal, and ignorant; that they emulate their sister in cruelty and neglect; and that one of them recently justified himself to me for allowing a poor wretch who had tumbled out of bed in a fit to die on the floor without assistance. "He were dead enough, he were," remarked this warm-hearted functionary, "and wot were the use o' rousin' Mr. Blunt, or anybody? They couldn't bring a dead man to life agin, not they indeed; and why should they be disturbed? No, no, I knows my dooty better. 'Ow did I know he was dead? Wy I shook him, and he never answered, that's how. Wos the body cold wen I see it? Yes, it were; *leastwise his feet wos quite cold.*" All this with a senile assumption of wisdom, judgment, and tact, which was inex-

pressibly grim. During the same visit, we looked in hap-hazard at one of the wards we passed. It was devoted to the chronically infirm. What is the screen round that bed for—anybody dead? "Oh no, not dead, sir; but one of the old men is rather seriously ill, and I thought it would be more comfortable, both for him and for the others, to have him screened off. We're always anxious to do everything in our power, you see, and——" But we were at the screen before the sentence was concluded, and there we found the seriously ill patient seriously ill no longer; and that his spirit, unwatched, unministered, had passed silently away from boards, and screens, and wards, leaving the poor neglected body to be moved when it should please some one in authority to discover it was dead.

It is to uproot and extirpate the horrible indifference proved by such instances as these, that the movement commented on has been inaugurated. Professedly confined to ameliorating the condition of the sick poor, it is fair to hope that its action will indirectly benefit the poor generally. If it be decided that workhouse infirmaries are to be supported by a general rate, the logical deduction would seem to be that the remaining portions of those establishments may be similarly provided for. Of course we shall have a parrot cry against centralisation, and be solemnly warned of the danger of tampering with local self-government. It will be strange, however, if the solid benefits of the latter cannot be secured without retaining evils which are inconceivably wicked and unjust; and if by some fusion of the elements of responsibility and representation we do not secure justice both for ratepayers and the poor. It needs a stout heart and a good cause to attack cupidity and obstinacy in their strongholds; but the new association possesses both, and may hope for the support of all who believe the alleviation of helpless suffering to be a responsibility which a Christian society should cheerfully accept.

AT HOME WITH THE SPIRITS.

I HAVE so good an opinion of human nature, that if a person were solemnly to tell me, in language interlarded with pious phrases, that he had once died and been brought to life again, I should be disposed to believe rather that he was a deluded person who deceived himself, than that he was a canting liar, attempting to deceive me. It is easy to believe that a desperate man, whose life is at stake, or who is in some other great emergency, will call God to witness that which is not true; but it is not easy to believe that a man, moving in respectable society, who is under no awful dread of this kind, could deliberately seek his daily bread, and strive after notoriety, by professions which he knows to be false, wicked, and audaciously blasphemous. With this disposition to regard the apostles of startling and

incredible doctrine rather as fools than rogues. I have always listened to the promulgation of startling and incredible doctrine with more than usual impartiality. I have always given them a fair hearing; I have never met them with scoffing or active opposition, and I have endeavoured to submit myself to the influences which they profess to act under. I have taken certain means of my own to test the genuineness of those influences, but I have never wilfully resisted anything that seemed likely to carry conviction to my mind. I feel satisfied, therefore, that the conclusions at which I have arrived have not been inspired by bitterness, nor prompted by prejudice. I have given mediums and manifestations a fair hearing, from the electro-biological period of twenty years ago, down to Mr. Home's last lecture at Willis's Rooms, and I purpose, in this paper, to glance at my experiences, and record my impressions.

My earliest recollection of "manifestations" carries me back twenty years to a certain thatch-covered hut, which stood then—and stands now—on the brow of a Scotch mountain. In that hut lived a shoemaker. Like most Scotchmen of his class, he had that dangerous thing, a little learning. He had picked up a volume of Combe's works, and he took a fancy to phrenology. He had a journeyman, who read the book when his master was done with it, and he also took a fancy to phrenology. In course of time both master and man became phrenology mad. They sat together on their stools with a phrenological bust before them, and talked about bumps while they hammered the leather upon their lapstones. But while they progressed in abstract science, they lost way in the practical art of manufacturing shoes. This was the natural consequence of paying a larger share of their devotions to Mr. Combe than to St. Crispin. They devoted more attention to the formation of the head than to the anatomy of the feet, and when this bore its inevitable bitter fruit, loss of business, the shoemaker and his journeyman went so far beyond their lasts as to become lecturers and demonstrators in electro-biology. I believe this is the history of most of the professors of the mystic arts. A little—a very little—learning, a soul above business, a vaulting ambition, an inordinate vanity, some degree of belief at first, but eventually the necessity to become charlatans and quacks to sustain their original pretensions.

The shoemaker and his journeyman adopted the practice of electro-biology from what they had read in the newspapers. Living on a barren hill-side, far away from towns, they had never seen anything of the kind in practice. But they were apt scholars.

I well remember their first séance. It was given at the manse, the house of the minister. The minister himself was much interested in the experiments, and as there was no pretence of anything beyond physical and psychological manifestations—the spiritual pretence was yet to

come—willingly allowed the shoemaker and his man to exhibit in his dining-room. This is what the shoemaker did: He placed his man in a chair, stared into his eyes, made passes at him, and so put him into what was called a mesmeric trance. When he was in this state, the master touched his bumps to produce manifestations in accordance with the faculty which they were supposed to cover. Thus, when he rubbed the bump of benevolence, the journeyman gave away everything he had in his pockets, and I remember that all his personal belongings consisted of three-halfpence, a clasp-knife, a short pipe, a flint and steel, and a small-tooth comb. When the master touched the bump of acquisitiveness, the man laid hands upon and pocketed everything within his reach. When time and tune were touched, the man danced and sang. But the great sensation was at the close of the séance, when on his bump of amateness being manipulated, the journeyman started from his seat, and proceeded in a frantic manner to hug and kiss the servant girls who formed part of his audience. I think it was in consequence of this manifestation being a little too Me-like and real, that experiments in electro-biology were not repeated at the manse.

Many persons believed in the truth of these phenomena, partly because they thought them probable, and partly because they had faith in the honesty of the shoemaker. They were not wrong in their opinion of the shoemaker; but the whole thing was an imposture nevertheless. The shoemaker was the dupe of his man.

I am strongly disposed to believe, nay, I am sure, that this is frequently the case among the spiritualists; and that where there are two or three tricksters, there are half a dozen credulous persons, who believe in the imposture which they unwittingly help to practise upon others.

But electro-biology was too tame a trick to hold the attention of the public for any length of time, and it became necessary to excite the interest of the credulous by more daring feats, just as the acrobat in the ring finds it necessary, when the performance begins to flag, to increase the number of hoops through which he jumps, or to double his sommersaults and the risk of breaking his neck. Electro-biology was mundane, and just within the bounds of physical probability. It now became "an object" to introduce a supra-mundane element, as they call it, and to present phenomena which would accord with a belief in the unseen world, while it would defy physical inquiry. When first introduced, spiritualism presented itself in a very mild and modest form. It assumed to be little more than a development of animal magnetism. The professors began by making tables turn; and when this became monotonous, they made them rap. The next thing was to declare that the raps were produced by spirits of the departed wishing to communicate with their friends on earth. When this in its turn was getting stale, Mr. Daniel Home introduced the spirit hand, spirit-writing, and the great sensation feat of floating in the air. When inquiry came to close quar-

ters with these manifestations, Mr. Home moved on, leaving the stage clear for the next novelty, which was the rope-tying of the Davenports. Meantime, the new doctrine had taken strong hold of many persons in this country, and, strange to say, the believers were chiefly persons moving in the upper circles of society, some of them distinguished for their high intellectual attainments. Half a dozen years ago, spirit inquiry was pursued with almost devotional earnestness in West-end drawing-rooms, at the receptions of celebrated literary characters, and at private midnight meetings at clubs. I am telling a plain unvarnished truth, when I state that I have seen a circle of literary men and journalists, instructors of the people, sitting round a table, for hours, waiting for rap-messages from their dead relatives. One conversed with the spirit of his father, and the spirit of his father told him to burn what he had in his pocket. What he had in his pocket was a piece which he had written (to order) for one of the theatres. Acting on the advice of his father's spirit, he withdrew the piece, and solemnly counselled all his fellow-authors not to venture on the same subject. One of his fellow-authors, however, had a communication from a spirit telling him that *he* might use the subject; and *he did* use it! The first mentioned author is now dead, and I am not alone in the belief that the excitement of spirit rapping seances aggravated his disease and accelerated his death. One of this circle of rappers (an instructor of the people) was troubled by an evil spirit, who distinguished himself by using obscene language. Whenever this spirit began to rap out bad words, the instructor of the people endeavoured to lay him by holding up a little gold cross which he carried at his watch-guard.

Mr. Home did not depart from England until he had appointed a band of apostles to preach the gospel which he came to found and proclaim. I trust I am not uncharitable in suspecting that, in his selection of persons, he aimed at a sort of parody of the original constitution of the Christian Mission. His chosen disciples were humble folks, flower-makers, and menders of shoes. These disciples, with the aid of converts in a higher sphere, have written his Testament in the pages of two periodicals devoted to spiritualism. In these journals we are presented with a record of Home's miracles, and those of his disciples. When Mr. Home took leave of his disciples, he was lifted up to the ceiling in their presence. Is this also a parody of a certain event in sacred history? When I come to notice the lecture which Mr. Home delivered the other evening at Willis's Rooms, the reader will be able to answer the question for himself.

We come now to the Davenport Brothers. They professed to be bound and unbound by spirit hands, and they made an affidavit, upon oath, that they had been released from prison by a spirit. They followed Home as a sort of twin Apostle Paul of the new doctrine. For some time previous to the appearance of these mediums,

faith in spiritualism had been growing languid, and the practice was falling into disuse. But the moment the fame of the Davenports reached this country, the "circles" were stirred to new life, and the pretensions of the new apostles were admitted before they gave any proof of their powers. They were received by the "circles" with open arms, and their wonderful performances were hailed as a most triumphant attestation of the truths of spiritualism. The triumph of the faithful, however, was of short duration. The practices of the Davenports were exposed again and again, and exposed more thoroughly than those of any of their predecessors. When Mr. Addison, who was said by the spiritualists to be a medium in spite of himself, offered Mr. Home fifty pounds if he could float in the air in his presence, Mr. Home escaped from the dilemma by declining the challenge; but the Davenports, too confident of their skill, submitted to a test and were found out. The complete exposure of this last form of spiritualism has worked a great change in the tactics of the apostles. Finding it no longer possible to cope with the band of detectors, who have made it their mission to meet and expose them on all occasions, they have dropped miracle working, and now confine themselves to preaching spiritualism as a new faith.

It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Mr. D. Home is now representing himself as the apostle of a divine mission founded on table-turning and spirit-rapping. He declares that he received his commission, as St. Paul received his, in a voice from Heaven, saying:

"Daniel, fear not, my child, God is with you; be truthful, and God shall be with you always, cure the sick," &c.

On Thursday, the fifteenth of February, I attended Willis's Rooms to hear the apostle preach; but before I could bring myself under the influence of the new gospel, I was called upon to pay ten shillings and sixpence. "Are there no five-shilling seats?" I asked. The answer was "No; they are all gone; only a few half-guinea seats left." I paid my half guinea and entered the room; and found that there were plenty of five-shilling seats vacant, but only a few half-guinea ones. On coming out I accused the man at the door of having (to use the mildest term) *deceived* me. He did not deny it; but said, in excuse, that it was not his fault; he had been told to say there were no five-shilling seats. Was it Daniel who told him to say so, "Daniel, my child," sacredly enjoined by the voice from Heaven to be truthful?

There was a full congregation, and the lecturer informed us that it comprised many persons eminent in the world of letters and believers. Hearing the lecturer quoting Scripture in support of his views, and seeing those eminent persons humbly and submissively sitting under him, bowing their heads as he bowed his, at the mention of a sacred name, I was disposed—notwithstanding the ten-and-sixpenny transaction—

to regard the proceedings in a charitable spirit. Surely, I thought to myself, this man must believe what he is saying. As I enter the room, I catch the words "through Jesus Christ our Lord," and Home is reverently bowing his head. I sat down with a feeling that I was at church, fully prepared to yield myself to the force of any wholesome influence that might be brought to bear upon me.

I will relate briefly what I heard and saw, and what was the impression left upon my mind.

As Mr. Home takes credit for being a medium, with extraordinary powers of body and mind, we can scarcely object to a description of his person. He is a tall, thin man, with broad square shoulders, suggestive of a suit of clothes hung upon an iron cross. His hair is long and yellow; his teeth are large, glittering, and sharp; his eyes are a pale grey, with a redness about the eyelids, which comes and goes in a ghostly manner as he talks. When he shows his glittering, sharp teeth, and that red rim comes round his slowly rolling eyes, he is not a pleasant sight to look upon. His hands were long, white, and bony, and you knew, without touching them, that they were icy cold. He stooped over his paper, and rarely looked up, except to turn his eyes towards heaven in an appeal to the Deity. The first part of the lecture was very dull and heavy, being all about the indestructibility of matter. Before this "head" was exhausted I counted fifteen members of the congregation who were fast asleep. After my experience at the pay-place it was rather startling to hear Mr. Home disclaiming all mercenary motives, and declaring that he had never received, and never would receive, money for his work. In a private circular to his friends he says, "I need not tell you how important it is to me to have the support of my friends, not only as a comfort and encouragement to me, but as essentially aiding the cause in which they and I are deeply interested. Much, indeed, of my *con-junction* must depend on the issue of this experiment." I leave the reader to reconcile this appeal with his disavowal of mercenary motives how he or she can.

Mr. Home then proceeded to show that spiritualism was no new doctrine, but had existed for ages. Tables were used for eliciting responses from spirits fifteen centuries ago, and some of the best and greatest of men in all ages had been spiritualists. Among the number he mentioned Wesley, Baxter, Swedenborg, Luther, and Judge Edmunds of New York. To prove the possibility of the visions which had appeared to himself, he instanced the dreams, visions, and apparitions which are recorded in the Bible. Angels appeared to Moses, Balaam, and Gideon, a spirit passed before Job, an apparition appeared to Saul, Christ was transfigured. Why should not he, Mr. H., see such things, and be lifted up to the ceiling of a room in the presence of his disciples? It was a contradiction to deny the truth of spirit-rapping, when every Sunday in church we declared our belief in the

communion of saints. Such was the argument.

Then we had the statistics of modern spiritualism. There were five hundred public mediums, fifty thousand private ones, and millions of believers. In France, Spain, Holland, Belgium, and other countries on the Continent, it had made great progress. The work had been slower in England, but it had borne fruit among the literary and educated classes, and many persons of the highest distinction were its avowed advocates. He next proceeded to relate his own experiences. The gift of mediumship had been in his family for four generations, and the possessor of it had generally been a delicate person and had died young. His (Mr. H.'s) cradle had been rocked by unseen hands, and at three years of age he had a vision, in which he saw his little cousin dying, though he resided many miles away. When his mother died, a rapping was heard on the table. His aunt, thinking that it was done by young Daniel, threw a chair at him, and accused him of being an imp of the devil. The good lady thought to lay the evil spirit by placing the Bible on the table and leaning upon it; but table, Bible, aunt and all, were lifted into the air. Two years ago, in looking into a crystal ball, at Dieppe, he saw an excited crowd and a man being assassinated. He exclaimed, "That is Abraham Lincoln," and several months afterwards the vision was verified. He also asserted that he had been lifted up to the ceiling of a brightly-lighted room, in the presence of several spectators. All these wonderful stories he told with perfect earnestness, and it was evident that the majority of his audience implicitly believed every word he said. I could not resist a short incredulous laugh now and then, and every time I uttered it a score of scowling eyes were turned upon me, as if I had been a bad boy misbehaving myself before the clergyman in the pulpit.

When Mr. Home was in the middle of his statistics, Professor Anderson, the conjuror, rose from a back seat and said, "That is wrong." Said Mr. Home, "When I have finished my lecture, I will hear what you have to say." Accordingly, when the lecture was finished, the Professor walked up the room, ascended the platform, and began deliberately to take off his coat. Mr. Home, not liking the look of this proceeding, immediately hopped down from the platform and began distributing bills among his friends. But the conjuror had no intention of challenging Mr. Home to fisticuffs. He had merely taken off his great-coat to give fuller play to his lungs in a meditated effort of oratory. But the congregation declined to listen to him. His first word was drowned in hisses and cries of "Off, off." He tried again and again to obtain a hearing, but in vain; and shouting at the top of his voice "Swindle! humbug! blasphemy!" &c., the conjuror was obliged to resume his coat and descend. He had not one friend in the room.

Mr. Home was on the most intimate terms

with his congregation. On leaving the platform he mingled among them, and I noticed that they were all anxious to shake him by the hand. I have seen the same anxiety displayed to shake hands and converse with a pet parson, or a popular actor. In my hearing, several ladies expressed a wish to speak to Mr. Home "just one word," and I heard a gentleman, leading up a sad-eyed wistful-looking lady, ask Mr. Home to "settle with her." Settle what? My impression was that the lady was anxious to consult the spirits. Mr. Home promised to settle with her another time. Women thronged round him as if they were anxious "to touch the hem of his garment." I make no doubt whatever that some of them regarded him as a medium between themselves and Heaven.

Now what is the doctrine which Mr. Home propounds, and all these people subscribe to as a new article of faith? Boldly, this—that spiritualism founded upon table-rapping, rope-tying, and banjo-playing in a cupboard, is *a means of man's salvation!* These are Mr. Home's own words. The apostles of the faith are now going about holding meetings with the evangelical purpose of bringing the working classes to a knowledge of God through Mr. Home, Mrs. Marshall, the Davenport Brothers, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace! These are the mediators under the new dispensation. And we are asked to believe in them on the evidence of their miracles. But why not believe in Mr. Addison, who is a greater miracle worker than any of them? I have just visited this gentleman at his own house, and have witnessed signs and wonders of the most marvellous description. I handcuffed him and secured him like a spread eagle to two staples placed at the extremities of a cabinet. In one minute he released himself. I locked him in a box, which I afterwards corded and sealed. In two minutes he was out of the box, and the box still remained locked and corded. I bound him, tied him in a sack, and put him into a cupboard. In less than three minutes, on the door being opened, I found him unbound, with the sack still tied up in his hand. He turned off the gas, and on stretching out my hand, I felt him floating in the air. When he returned to the floor, he lighted the gas by touching it with his finger. He said I could do this. I tried, and the moment ~~he~~ touched the gas-burner the flames sprang forth.

When Mr. Addison first gave an exhibition of his miracles, he was hailed by the spiritualists as "a medium with powers more advanced than anything yet heard of in modern times." He was asked to become an apostle, and one enterprising person offered him ten pounds a night for three months to give séances. Mr. Addison, however, preferred to expose rather than aid the pretensions of the spiritualists, and in their wrath and disappointment they call him an impostor. On which side does the imposture lie?

I may mention that the means by which Mr. Addison works his miracles are exceedingly ingenious. When he shows you how the trick is

done, you are as much astonished at the subtlety of the contrivance as at the effect it produces.

STUCK FAST.

ABOUT a year after my scaffold accident,* I goes home one night, and Mrs. Burge—that's our nex'-room neighbour—shows me something wrapped up in flannel, all pink and creasy, and very snuffly, as though it wanted its nose blowing; which couldn't be expected, for it hadn't got any to signify.

"Ain't it a little beauty?" she says.

Well, I couldn't see as it was; but I didn't like to say so, for I knew my wife Polly had been rather reckoning on what she said we ought to have had more'n a year ago; so I didn't like to disappoint her, for I knew she lay listenin' in the nex' room.

Polly always said there never was such a baby as that one; and somehow it *was* taking to see how her face used to light up all over smiles when she thought I warn't looking; and I knew it was all on account of the little un. She never said she felt dull now; and when at home of a night I used to think how my mates would laugh to see me a-handling the little thing that was allus being pushed into my face to kiss; when I'm blest if ever I see such a voracious un in my life: it would hang on to you—nose, lip, anywhere—in a minute.

One day, when it was about nine months old, it was taken all of a sudden like with a fit. Polly screamed to me to run for the doctor; for it happened that I was on the club that week, and at home with a bad hand. I run for him, and he soon come; and then there was a warm bath and medicine; but afterwards, when I saw the little thing lying on Polly's lap so still and quiet, and with a dull film forming over its eyes, I felt that something was coming, though I dared not tell her; and about twelve o'clock the little thing suddenly started, stared wildly an instant, and then it was all over.

My hand warn't bad any more that week; for it took all my time to try and cheer up my poor heartbroken lass. She did take on dreadful, night and day, night and day, till we buried it; and then she seemed to take quite a change, and begged of me to forgive what she called her selfishness, and wiped her eyes once for all, as she said, and talked about all being for the best. But she didn't know that I lay awake of a night, feeling her cry silently till the pillow was soaked with tears.

We buried the little one on the Sunday, and on the Monday morning I was clapped on to a job that I didn't much relish, for it was the rebrickin' of a sewer that ran down one of the main streets, quite fifty feet underground.

Arter two years in London I'd seen some change, but this was my first visit to the bowels of the earth. I'd worked on drains

* See page 65 of the present volume.

down in the country, but not in such a concern as this: why a Lifeguard might have walked down it easy; so that there was plenty of room to work. But then, mind you, it ain't pleasant work; there you go, down ladder after ladder, past gas-pipes and water-pipes, and down and down, till you get to the stage stretched across the part you are at work on, with the daylight so high up, as seen through boards, and scaffolds, and ladders, that it's no use to you who are working by the light of flaring gas. There in front of you is the dark black arch; and there behind you is another; while under your feet the foul rushing water hurries along, sending up a smell as turns your silver watch, and every sixpence and shilling you have in your pocket, black as the water that swirls bubbling along. Every word you speak sounds hollow and echoing, while it goes whispering and rumbling along the dark arch till you think it has gone, when all at once you hear it again quite plain in a way as would make you jump as much as when half a brick or a bit o' hard mortar dropped into the water.

But talk about jumping, nothing made me jump more than when a bit of soil, or a stone, was loosened up above and came rattling down. I've seen more than one chap change colour; and I know it's been from the thought that, suppose the earth caved in, where should we be? No doubt the first crush in would do it, and there'd be an end of workmen and foreman; but there seemed something werry awful in the idea o' being buried alive.

Big as the opening was, when I went to work it made me shudder: there was the earth thrown out; there was the rope at the side; there was the boarding round; there it was for all the world like a big grave, same as I'd stood by on a little scale the day before; and feeling a bit low-spirited, it almost seemed as though I was going down into my own, never to come up any more.

Werry stupid and foolish ideas, says you—far-fetched ideas. Werry likely, but that's what I thought; and there are times when men has werry strange ideas; and I'll tell you for a fact that something struck me when I went down that hole as I shouldn't come up it again; and I didn't, neither. Why the werry feel o' the cold damp place made you think o' being buried, and when a few bits of earth came and rattled down upon the stage above my head, as soon as the first start was over it seemed to me so like the rattling o' the earth but a few hours before upon a little coffin, that something fell with a pat upon my bright trowel, which, if had been left, would ha' been a spot o' rust.

Nothing like work to put a fellow to rights; and I soon found that I was feeling better, and the strokes o' my trowel went ringing away down the sewer as I cut the bricks in half; and after a bit I almost felt inclined to whistle, but I didn't, for I kept on thinking of that solitary face at home—the face that always brightened up when I went back, and had

made such a man ov me as I felt I was, for it was enough to make any man vain to be thought so much of. And then I thought how dull she'd be, and how fond she'd be o' looking at the drawer where all the little things were kept; and then I—well, I ain't ashamed of it, if I am a great hulking fellow—I took care that nobody saw what I was doing, while I had a look at a little bit of a shoe as I had in my pocket.

I didn't go home to dinner, for it was too far off; so I had my snack, and then went to it again directly along with two more, for we was on the picce. We had some beer sent down to us, and at it we went till it was time to leave off; and I must say as I was glad of it, and didn't much envy the fresh gang coming on to work all night, though it might just as well have been night with us. I was last down, and had jest put my foot on the first round of the ladder, when I heard something falling as it hit and jarred the boards up'ards; and then directly after what seemed to be a brick caught me on the head, and, before I knew where I was, I was off the little platform, splash down in the cold rushing water that took me off and away yards upon yards before I got my head above it; and then I was so confused and half stunned that I let it go under again, and had been carried ever so far before, half drowned, I gained my legs and leaned, panting and blinded, up against the slimy wall.

There I stood for at least ten minutes, I should suppose, shuddering and horrified, with the thick darkness all around, the slimy, muddy bricks against my hands, the cold, rushing water beneath me, and my mind in that confused state that for a few minutes longer I didn't know what I was going to do next, and wanted to persuade myself that it was all a dream, and I should wake up directly.

All at once, though, I gave a jump, and, instead o' being cold with the water dripping from me, I turned all hot and burning, and then again cold and shuddery; for I had felt something crawling on my shoulder, and then close against my bare neck, when I gave the jump, and heard close by me a light splash in the water—a splash which echoed through the hollow place, while, half to frighten the beasts that I fancied must be in swarms around me, half wrung from me as a cry of fear and agony, I yelled out,

“Rats!”

Rats they were; for above the hollow “wash-wash, hurry-hurry, wash-wash, hurry-hurry” of the water, I could hear little splashes and a scuffling by me along the sides o' the brick-work.

You may laugh at people's hair standing on end, but I know then that there was a creeping, tingling sensation in the roots o' mine, as though sand was trickling amongst it; a cloud seemed to come over my mind, and for a few moments I believe I was mad—mad with fear; and it was only by setting my teeth hard and clenching my fists that I kept from shrieking. However, I was soon better, and ready to laugh at myself

as I recollected that I could only be a little way from the spot where the men worked; so I began to wade along with the water here about up to my middle. All at once I stopped, and thought about where I was at work.

"Which way did the water run?"

My head turned hot and my temples throbbed with the thought. If I went the wrong way I should be lost—lost in this horrible darkness—to sink, at last, into the foul, black stream, to be drowned and devoured by the rats, or else to be choked by the foul gases that must be lurking down here in these dark recesses.

Again the horror of thick darkness came upon me: I shrieked out wildly, and the cry went echoing through the sewer, sounding hollow and wild till it faded away. But once more I got the better of it, and persuaded myself that I had only cried aloud to scare the rats. What would I not have given for a stout stick as a defence against attack as I groped my way on, feeling convinced that I should be right if I crawled down stream, when a little reflection would have told me that up stream must be the right way, for I must have been borne down by the water. But I could not reflect, for my brain seemed in a state of fever, and now and then my teeth chattered as though I had the ague.

I groped on for quite a quarter of an hour, when the horrid thought came upon me that I was going wrong, and again I tried to lean up against the wall, which seemed to cause my feet to slip from under me. I felt no cold, for the perspiration dropped from me, as I frantically turned back and tried to retrace my steps, guiding myself by running a hand against the wall where every now and then it entered the mouth of a small drain, when, so sure as it did, there was a scuffle and rush, and more than once I touched the cold slippery body of a rat, a touch that made me start back as though shot.

On I went, and on, and still no scaffold, and no gleam of gaslight. Thought after thought gave fresh horror to my situation, as now I felt certain that in my frantic haste I had taken some wrong turn, or entered a branch of the main place; and at last, completely bewildered, I rushed headlong on, stumbling and falling twice over, so that I was half choked in the black water. But it had its good effect; for it put a stop to my wild struggles, which must soon have ended in my falling insensible into what was certain death. The water cooled my head, and now, feeling completely lost, knowing that I must have been nearly two hours in the sewer, I made up my mind to follow the stream to its mouth in the Thames, where, if the tide was down, I could get from the mud on to the wharf or bank.

So once more I struggled on, following the stream slowly for what seemed to be hours, till at last, raising my hand, I found I could not touch the roof; and by that knew that I was in a larger sewer, and therefore not very far from the mouth. But here there was a new terror creeping up me, so to speak, for from my waist the water now touched my chest, and soon

after my armpits; when I stopped, not daring to trust myself to swim, perhaps a mile, when I felt that weak I could not have gone a hundred yards.

I know in my disappointment 'I gave a howl like a wild beast, and turned again to have a hard fight to breast the rushing water, which nearly took me off my legs. But the fear of death lent me help, and I got on and on again till I felt myself in a turning which I soon knew was a smaller sewer, and from thence I reached another, where I had to stoop; but the water was shallower, not above my knees, and at last much less deep than that.

Here I knelt down to rest, and the position brought something else from my heart; and, after a while, still stooping, I went on, till, having passed dozens upon dozens of drains, I determined to creep up one, and I did.

P'raps you won't think it strange as I dream and groan in bed sometimes, when I tell you what followed.

I crawled on, and on, and on, in the hopes that the place I was in would lead under one of the street gratings, and I kept staring ahead in the hopes of catching a gleam of light, till at last the place seemed so tight that I dared go no further, for fear of being fixed in. So I began to back very slowly, and then, feeling it rather hard work, stopped for a rest.

It was quite dry here, but, scuffling on in front, I kept hearing the rats I had driven before me; and now that I stopped and was quite still, half a dozen of them made a rush to get past me, and the little fight which followed even now gives me the horrors. I'd hardly room to move; but I killed one by squeezing him, when the others backed off, but not till my face was bitten and running with blood.

At last, half dead, I tried to back out, for the place seemed to stifle me; and I pushed myself back a little way, and then I was stopped, for the skirts of my jacket filled up what little space had been left, and I felt that I was wedged in, stuck fast.

Now came the horrors again worse than ever. The hot blood seemed to gush into my eyes; I felt half suffocated; and to add to my sufferings a rat, that felt itself, as it were, penned up, fastened upon my lip. It was its last bite, however, for half mad as I felt then, my teeth had closed in a moment upon the vicious beast, and it was dead.

I made one more struggle, but could not move, I was so knocked up; and then I fainted.

It must have been some time before I came to myself; but when I did, the first sound I heard was a regular tramp, tramp, of some one walking over my head, and I gave a long yell for help, when, to my great joy, the step halted, and I shrieked again, and the sweetest sound I have ever heard in my life came back. It was a voice shouting,

"Hallo!"

"Stuck fast in the drain!" I shouted with all the strength I had left; and then I swooned off once more, to wake up a week afterwards out of a brain-fever sleep in a hospital.

It seems I had got within a few yards of a grating which was an end o' the drain, and the close quarters made the rats so fierce. The policeman heard my shriek, and had listened at the grating, and then got help; but he was only laughed at, for they could get no further answer out o' me. It was then about half-past three on a summer's morning; and though the grate was got open, they were about to give it up, saying the policeman had been humbugged; when a couple o' sweeps came up, and the little un offered to go down back'ards, and he did, and came out directly after, saying that he could feel a man's head with his toes.

That policeman has had many a glass at my expense since, and I hope he'll have a many more; and when he tells me the story, which I like to hear—but always take care shall be when Polly's away—he says he knows I should have liked to see how they tore that drain up in no time. To which there's always such an echo in my heart, that it comes quite natural to say, "You're right, my boy!"

CALAMITY-MONGERING.

AMONG the curiosities which appear in the Memoir-Gallery of Horace Walpole (that incomparable teller of stories, prescient man of taste, steadfast friend of those whom he professed to befriend, and withal, that egregious coxcomb), figures the China merchant's jar, advertised as *THE ONE JAR CRACKED BY THE EARTHQUAKE*—a quaint and laughable curiosity; the description of which might justifiably be stereotyped in the first column of our great journal, as illustrating what English men and women covet, and like to see.

But that such coveting and preference do not restrict themselves to what is quaint and laughable, we have had—and, more's the pity, still have—too frequently recurring proof. When a shocking and bloodthirsty murder has been committed, what so delicious as to make acquaintance with the precise implements of the crime, or the property of the victims? Many a year ago, the practicable gig and horse belonging to the miserable gambler Weare, of Gill's Hill Cottage, murdered by Hunt, Thurtell, and Probert, were retained, to figure on the stage of one of our London theatres; and men and women had a richer relish for the murder, because the identical vehicle and beast were trotted out to excite their horror. Yet note the strange inconsistencies of our hungerers after sensation. Yellow starch—once on a time indispensable to Mrs. Lady's ruff—was done to death by its figuring round the neck of that poisoning sorceress, Mrs. Turner, of Somerset and Overbury memory, when she was decked for the scaffold. Black satin ranged at a low figure among ladies and their maids, for a long period subsequent to its selection by the precious murderess, Mrs. Manning, as the garment in which it would be most becoming for her to present herself "on the drop." (Is it

not rather extraordinary, by the way, that the great journal should lately have quoted this Chief, She-Devil of liars, as an authority on a question of fact, and should have dwelt upon her horror of a public execution, when she prepared herself for her own with a black satin dress, bran-new boots, and pink silk stockings?)

But here is a very recent announcement:

* * * the * * * Theatre, * * * —
THIS EVENING, the GRAND PANTOMIME. Monsieur and Madame Stertzenbach. Johnny Day, the Champion Walker (nine years old). Olmar. Mr. John King, and other Survivors from the steam-ship London, will appear on the stage. **BITTER COLD.**

One of the attractions announced (it may be stated in a parenthesis) is the gentleman who walks in theatres upside down, with his heels in rings on the roof—and who went into a court of justice, not so very long ago, to prove that he *was* "the only China jar cracked by the earthquake," and that acrobats who had traded on his name (which, by the way, did not happen to be baptismal) had done so in an illicit manner.

"Let that pass," as Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs said. But how can any honest heart let pass the exhibition of shipwrecked men, saved by God's mercy from the saddest sea-calamity which has been told since the wreck of the Royal Charter? This is no China-jar curiosity. The tale of the destruction of the London has touched every heart, has made many an eye wet, has been thought over in the watches of the night by people secure in their own nestling-places, who hold yet

Of the old sea a reverential fear,

and who cannot help, in wakeful moments, hearing the winds, and thinking of the waves, and taking part in the vicissitudes of fortune attending those who travel to and fro across the mighty waters.

It seems that the captain was a good man and true, even assuming a mistake in his seamanship;—that the passengers on board, when once the tremendous peril in which they stood was fully disclosed to them, did not belie their country or their religion, but met their doom calmly. It seems that the few people in the forlorn boat (one disabled by a hurt, a day earlier) were manly and courageous, and staunch one to the other; that there was no selfishness, no flinching, no impatience, no rapacity. ~~How~~ degrade such a noble story? Why dim so bright an example? And, would not pit, boxes, and gallery, enjoy a procession of real widows, real orphans, and real bereaved relatives?

Surely the advertisement, "The wrecked men of the London," presented on a London play-bill, offers a dismal rebuke to those who are over-apt to boast of England's progress since the days of Mrs. Turner's yellow starch, and Mr. Weare's murder, and Mrs. Manning's historical black satin gown.

Since the above was penned, a yet more intolerable abuse of the topics and interests of the hour has been flaring in a play-bill. The other

day an account of a night in a Casual Ward in a workhouse made some of those "who sit at home at ease" ask whether we live in a Christian city. They have not the less reason to put the question, when they see those revelations made the excuse of "a sensation drama" with a real pauper—Kind Old Daddy—positively the genuine article, engaged expressly for the bill. In the name of pity, decency, humanity, let every right-minded person discourage and denounce exhibitions, the essential brutality of which is not redeemed by the slightest pretext of grace or beauty. We are busy, and at the time being earnest, in our resolution to come at Jamaica truths. Should we be thoughtless in overlooking sores at home, which, though some may rate them as slight, indicate deep and widely-spread inner disease?

At which theatre will the thrilling drama of The Cattle Plague, with a real infected cow engaged expressly for the purpose, be first produced?

WHAT WAS IT?

MANY years ago—not much less, I am concerned to say, than fourscore—it fell, in the line of professional duty, to the lot of my uncle—great-uncle, you understand—then a young officer of engineers, to visit, of all spots in the earth, the Shetland Isles. His journey, as stated in his note-book, from which this remarkable incident is taken, was connected with the intended restoration of Fort Charlotte—a work of Cromwell's day, intended for the protection of the port and town of Lerwick, but which came to considerable sorrow in the succeeding century, when a Dutch frigate, storm-stayed, devoted an autumn evening to knocking it about the ears of the half-dozen old gentlemen in infirm health who constituted the garrison.

On the evening that preceded his departure from Chatham, my uncle appears to have given a little supper of adieu, at which were present Captains Clavering and Dumpsey, Messieurs Chips, Bounce, and The Tourist.

Whether the last three gentlemen belonged to the service or not cannot be ascertained. The army-lists of that period have been searched in vain for their names, and we are driven to the conjecture that the sportiveness of intimate friendship ~~may~~ have reduced what was originally "Carpenter" to Chips, and supplied the other two gentlemen with titles adapted to their personal merits or peculiarities.

From my relative's memoranda of the overnight's conversation, it would seem to have taken, at times, a warning and apprehensive tone; at other times, to have been jocular, if not reckless. The wet blanket of the party was Dumpsey, whose expressions of condolence could hardly have been more solemn had my uncle been condemned to suffer at day-break, with all the agreeable formalities at that time incident to high treason!

Chips appears to have followed the lead of

Captain Dumpsey, and (if we may assign to him certain appalling incidents of the North Seas, to which my uncle has appended, as authority, "Ch.") with considerable effect. Mr. Bounce seems to have propounded more cheerful views, with especial allusion to the exciting sport his friend was likely to enjoy in those remote isles; while The Tourist, to all appearance, limited himself to the duty of imparting to my uncle such local information as he was able to afford. In fact, so far as can be guessed, the conversation must have proceeded something in this fashion:

"Tell you what, old fellow," Dumpsey may have said, "going up to this place isn't exactly a hop across Chcapside. If there's any little matter of—of property, in which I can be serviceable as administrator, legatee, and so forth—after your—in the event of your remaining permanently within the Arctic circle—now, say so."

"Prut!—Pshaw!" probably said my uncle.

"The kraken fishery has been bad this year, they tell me," said Chips, quietly. "Otherwise, your friend might have secured a specimen or two of the bottle-nosed whale and moored them as breakwaters in the Irish Channel."

"He did nearly as well," returned the unabashed Bounce. "Bill was bobbing one day for coalfish in rather deepish water—thousand fathoms or so—when there came a tug that all but pulled his boat under. Bill took several turns round a cleat, and, holding on, made signals to his sloop for assistance. Meanwhile, his boat, towed by the thing he had hooked, set off on a little excursion to the Faro Islands; but a fresh breeze springing up, the sloop contrived to overhaul him, and secure the prize. What do you think it was? You'd never guess. A fine young sea-serpent, on his way to the firds, fresh run, and covered with sea-lice as big as Scotch muttons!"

"I should, I confess, much like to learn, from rational sources," said Captain Clavering, "whether these accounts of mysterious monsters, seen, at long intervals, in the North Seas, have any foundation of truth."

My uncle was disposed to believe they had. It was far from improbable that those wild and unfrequented sea-plains had become the final resort of those mighty specimens of animal life, which it seemed intended by their Creator should gradually disappear altogether. Indifference, the fear of ridicule and disbelief, the want of education, preventing a clear and detailed account—such, no doubt, had been among the causes tending to keep this matter in uncertainty. It was not long since that a portion of sea-serpent, cast upon the Shetland shores, had been sent to London, and submitted to the inspection of a distinguished naturalist, who (the speaker believed) pronounced it a basking shark.

My relative's voyage must have been made under auspicious circumstances, since, notwithstanding a brief detention at Aberdeen, a heavy tossing in the miscalled "roost" of Sumburgh, and a dense fog as they approached Lerwick,

the good ship dropped anchor in the last-named port on the tenth day.

There were no inns, there are none *now* in Shetland, and my uncle took lodgings in the house of Mrs. Monilees, than whom, he observes, no woman ever less deserved her name. Living must have been cheap in those days, for Mrs. Monilees boarded, lodged, and washed her guest, for eighteenpence a day, and declared she made a handsome profit of him; the only "lee" of which my uncle ever suspected her.

Fort Charlotte was not a work of any remarkable extent, and my uncle's survey and report of all the Dutch had left of her, were very soon completed. His orders being to await an answering communication, which could scarcely be expected to arrive in less than a fortnight, abundant leisure was afforded for making excursions in the neighbourhood, and he resolved that the first should be directed to the lovely bay and ruined castle of Scalloway.

It was then the custom—if it is not still—to walk out upon the moorland, catch the first pony you fancied, take him whither you would, and turn him loose when you'd done with him. Arming himself, therefore, with a bridle and pad, my uncle stepped upon the moor, and speedily captured a likely-looking sheltie that had an air of pace. The pony seemed perfectly aware that was wanted of him; and, having hastily rubbed noses with a friend—as if requesting him to mention at home that he had been pressed by an obtrusive traveller, but hoped to have done with him, and be back to supper—at once trotted off without guidance towards Scalloway.

The day was fine overhead, but certain misty wreaths—the skirts, as my uncle conjectured, of an adjacent sea-fog—kept sweeping up the valley, crystallising pilgrim and steed with a saltish fluid, and melting away into the blue.

It was on the lifting of one of these gauzy screens, that my uncle found that he had turned an angle in the road, and was within sight of the village of Scalloway, with its dismantled keep, memorial of the oppression of evil Pate Stewart, Earl of Orkney, hanged a century before, but still (as The Tourist would tell us, were he here) the Black Beast of Orkney and Shetland.

On a fine clear summer's day the coast scenery of this part is singularly beautiful. From the heights overlooking the picturesque harbour may be traced the blue outline of many of the hundred isles forming the Shetland Archipelago, while countless holms* and islets, green with velvety sward, stud the rippling waters. Far to the westward—nearly twenty miles, I think—heaves up out of the ocean depths the mighty Fughloe, now Foula, Island—Agricola's "Ultima Thule"—whose threatening bounds the most daring mariner approaches with reluctance.

As my uncle expected, a mist was hanging to seaward, and shut out all the nearer holms and

headlands. He therefore devoted the first half-hour to a visit to the castle, being accompanied in his progress by four young ladies, carrying baskets of woollen-work—the produce of island-industry—of which, he was sternly informed, it was the custom of every traveller of distinction to purchase about a ton.

The mist had, by this time, cleared considerably. Not a sail of any kind was visible on the calm blue sea, but so many coasting and fishing craft lay at anchor in the roadstead, as to have all the appearance of a wind-bound fleet. Excepting when a small boat moved occasionally between ship and shore, complete inactivity appeared to prevail; and this was the more remarkable, since the herring-season was near its close, and my uncle was aware that, on the opposite—the eastern—shore, every hour of propitious weather was being turned to the best account.

Here, however, though there were many sailors and fishermen about the beach and quay—lounging, sleeping, or chatting in groups—there was clearly neither preparation, nor thought of it. What made this state of things still more unaccountable was that the bay, even to my uncle's inexperienced eye, was absolutely alive with "shoals" of herring and mackerel, clouds of sea-fowl pursuing them and feasting at their will.

The goodwives, if, having their work in their hands, they did not partake of their husbands' idleness, certainly abetted it, since it seemed as if four-fifths of them had assembled on the shore and the little quay.

Curious to elucidate the mystery, my uncle drew near to a man who had just come ashore from a herring-smack, and seemed to be its master, and, with some difficulty, for the sea-going Shetlanders are neither polished nor communicative, drew him into conversation.

Would it be possible, he presently asked, to visit Fughloe; and on what terms could a smack—the skipper's, for instance—be chartered for the purpose?

"Fughloe!" repeated the man, with a grin on his bronzed features, "why—fifty pounds."

"Fifty *what*?" shouted my uncle. "For a four hours' sail?"

"You won't get one of us for less," said the man, sullenly, and probably in a different dialect from that into which my uncle had rendered it. "And I would ~~not~~ ^{not} tempt you to try it."

"You have done so well with the cod and the herrings this season, that money's no object, I suppose?"

The man's face grew dark.

"We have done *bad*," he said; "and we're doing worser."

"With miles of fish yonder waiting to jump into your nets?"

"Waiting to do *what*? Why, sir, *they* knows it just as well as we, perhaps better," was the oracular reply.

"Know *what*?"

"Eh! don't *you* know?" said the man, turn-

* The "holm," at low tide, is connected with the main.

ing to my uncle; "so, you're a stranger. Will you come a little way along o' me?" he added, in a tone meant to be civil. My uncle assented.

Passing the remaining cottages, from one of which the skipper procured his telescope, they ascended the nearest height, until they had opened a large portion of the bay towards the west. Then the man stopped, and extended his shaggy blue arm in a direction a little to the south of the now invisible Fughloe.

"The fog's shutting in again," he said; "but you look *there*, steady. *That's what keeps us!*"

My uncle did look steadily along the blue arm and the brown finger, till they ended in fog and sea; but, *in the latter—through the former*—he fancied he could distinguish a low dark object belonging to neither, the precise nature of which was wholly indiscernible.

"Now you've got him, sir," said the man. "Take the glass."

My uncle did so; and directed a long and penetrating gaze at the mysterious object.

Twice he put down the glass, and twice—as if unsatisfied with his observation—raised it again to his eye.

"I see the—the islet—clearer now," he said, at last; "but—but——"

"I know what's a-puzzling you, sir," said the skipper. "You noticed, when we was standing below, that it was two hours' flood; and yet that little islet, as you call it, lifts higher and higher."

"True. It was little more than a-wash when I first made it out," said my uncle; "let me see if——" he put the glass to his eye. "Why, as I live, it has heaved up thirty feet at least within this minute! Can any rock——"

"There's three hundred fathom, good, between *that* rock and the bottom, sir," said the man, quietly. "It's a creature!"

"Good Heavens, man!—do you mean to tell me *that* object is a living thing?" exclaimed my uncle, aghast.

For answer, the man pointed towards it.

His fingers trembling with excitement, my uncle could not, for a moment, adjust the glass. When he did so, a further change had taken place, and the dispersing mist afforded him, for the first time, a distinct and uninterrupted view.

At a distance from the nearest point of shore, which my uncle's professional eye estimated at a league and a half, there floated, or rather wallowed, in the sea a shapeless brownish mass, of whose dimensions it was impossible to form any conception whatever; for while at times it seemed to contract to the length of perhaps a hundred feet, with a breadth of half that measure, there were moments when—if the disturbance and displacement of the water might indicate movements of the same animal—its appalling proportions must have been measured by rods, poles, and furlongs!

Through the skipper's glass, which was an excellent one, my uncle observed that its height

out of the water had diminished by nearly half; also, that clouds of seaweed were whirling and hovering about the weltering mass, though without, so far as he could distinguish, daring to settle upon it.

Fascinated by an object which seemed sent to rebuke his incredulity, in placing before his eyes this realisation of what had been hitherto treated as fantastic dreams, my uncle continued to gaze, rooted to the spot, until the mist, in one of its perpetual changes, shut out the object altogether, when the skipper, touching his hat, made a movement to descend.

In their way back to the village, the seaman told my uncle that, about a week before, the bay of Scalloway, and indeed all the neighbouring estuaries, had become suddenly filled with immense shoals of every description of fish, the take of herrings alone being such as to bid fair to more than compensate for the losses of the season. Three days before, while the bustle was at its height, the wind light from sou'-sou'-west, and smooth sea, a sealing-boat from Papa Stour, approaching Scalloway, had rounded Skelda Ness, and was running across the bay, when one of the crew gave notice of an extraordinary appearance, about a mile distant, on the weather bow. The next moment, a mighty globe of water, apparently many hundred yards in circuit, rose to the height of their sloop's mast, and, breaking off into huge billows, the thunder of which was heard for miles around, created a sea which, distant as was the vessel from the source of commotion, tossed her like an egg-shell.

Traditions of volcanic action are not unknown to the Shetland seamen. Imagining that a phenomenon of this kind was occurring, they at once bore up, and, having the wind free, rapidly increased their distance from the danger, while, in every direction, boats, partaking of their alarm, were seen scudding into port. The appalled seamen glanced back to seaward. The momentary storm had ceased, and the spray and mist raised by the breaking water subsiding, gave to view an enormous object rising, in a somewhat irregular form, many feet above the surface, and—unless the terror of the crew led them to exaggerate—not less than half a mile in extent.

"A rock thrown up," was their first idea. One look through the glass dispelled it. The object, whatever it might be, lived, moved, was rolling round—or, at all events, swinging—with a heavy lateral movement, like a vessel deeply laden, the outline changing every moment; while, at intervals, a mountainous wave, as if created by some gigantic "wallow," would topple over the smoother sea.

Dusk was closing in when the sealing-boat reached the quay. They had been closer to the monstrous visitor than any, except one small craft—young Peter Magnus's—which had had to stand out to sea, but was now seen approaching. When she arrived, nearly the whole population was assembled, and assailed her crew with eager question. Peter looked grave and

disturbed ("Tis a young fellow, I'm afeerd, without much heart," said the skipper), and seemed by no means sorry to set foot on shore.

"It's neither rock, nor wreck, nor whale, nor serpent, nor anything we know of *here*," was all that could be got from Peter, but one of his hands, who had taken a steadier look at the creature, declared that it made intelligent movements; also, that, in rolling, it displayed its flanks, which were reddish brown, and covered with bunches as big as bothies, and things like stunted trees! Pressed as to its size, he thought it might be three-quarters to a mile round, but *there was more below!*

"Not many of us fishermen turned in that night," the skipper went on to say. "We were up and down to the beach continually; for, the night being still, we could *hear* the beast, and from its surging, and a thundering noise that might be his blowing, we thought he might be shifting his berth. And so he was; for at daybreak he worked to the east'ard, and has lain moored ever since where you saw. But we still hear him, and the swell he makes comes right up to our boats in the harbour. Why don't we venture out a mile or so? *This* is why. Because, if he's a quarter so big as they say—and, sir, I'm afeerd to tell you what that *is*—supposin' he made up his mind to go down, he'd suck down a seventy-four, if she were within a mile of him. We're losing our bread, but we must bide his pleasure, or rather, God's, that sent him," concluded the honest skipper, "come what will on it."

"There was one chance for us," he presently added. "The Sapphire, surveying ship, is expected every day, and some think the captain wouldn't mind touching him up with his caronades; but when he sees what 'tis, I don't think he'll consider it his dooty!"

They had reached the village during this conversation, and were approaching a group of persons engaged apparently in some dispute, when a young man burst out from the party, and, in a discomposed manner, was walking away. The skipper stopped him.

"Well, Peter, my lad; what's wrong *now*?"

"I think she's mad!" was Peter's doubtful answer, as he brushed back his hair impatiently from his hot, excited brow. He had handsome but effeminate features, and seemed about twenty.

The skipper spoke a word or two with him apart, patted his shoulder, as if enforcing some advice, and rejoined my uncle.

"Young Magnus, my sister's son," he said. "A sweethearts' quarrel, sir, that's all. But she *do* try him sure! Ah, Leasha, Leasha!" he continued, shaking his head at a young woman who sat at work upon the gunwale of a boat, and appeared the centre of an admiring circle of both sexes, who stood, sat, or sprawled about her, as their fancy prompted. She was very handsome, haughty-looking for her station, and, at this moment, out of humour.

Though she could not hear the skipper's exclamation, she understood the gesture that

accompanied it, and, smoothing her brow, appeared to stand on the defensive.

Young Magnus, who had returned to the circle, stepped forward.

"Now, Leasha," he said; "will you dare to say before my uncle what you did to me—yes, to *me*?" repeated the young man, striking his breast passionately.

The word was ill chosen. Leasha's spirit rose.

"Dare!" she said, in a suppressed voice. "You shall see," she said. "But remember, Mr. Edmonston," addressing my uncle's companion, "this has nothing to do with such as *you*. I said that, among Scalloway men, we had both children and cowards. I said that, because a wrecked hull, or a raft of Norway timber, or at worst a helpless dying monster of some sort is floating on our shores, we are not ashamed to skulk and starve in port. Not a boat will put out to take up the fish within half a mile of this beach"—she stamped her bare and sinewy but well-formed foot upon it—"nor even venture near enough to discover what it is that has scared away your courage and reason. Shame on all such, I say, and shame again."

"You don't know what you are talking of, Leasha," said Edmonston. "We do. If there were not danger, I should not be *here*. I might be willing to risk my life, but not my ship, which, while God spares her, must be my son's and grandson's bread. You speak at random, girl, and Peter Magnus is no more to blame than the rest of us; less, perhaps," said the good-natured skipper, "for his boat is but a kittle thing. A 'wreck' child? Who ever saw a rig with *nine masts*? 'Norway rafts?' Psha! Call it a sea-thing, you're nearer to the truth; but he's a bold seaman, and a precious fool to boot, that puts his craft near enough to ask whence he hails."

"I would do it if I were a man," cried the girl, beating her foot upon the ground. "And—and I will not say what I should think of the bold man that did it *now*."

Young Magnus coloured to the temples, for the challenge was directed to him, but made no reply. There had stood, meanwhile, a little aloof from the group, a young fisherman, tall, athletic, and with a countenance that would have been handsome but for a depression of the nose, the result of an injury, and for a somewhat sullen and sinister expression, which was perhaps habitual to him. The words had not left Leasha's lips before he uncoiled his arms, which had been folded on his broad chest, and strode into the circle, saying, quietly,

"I will go."

"You'll not be such a fool, Gilbert Suncler (Sinclair)," said Edmonston.

"You'll see," said the other, in his short, sullen manner. "Some of you boys shove her off," pointing to his boat, "while I run up yonder."

He went to a cottage close at hand, and was back almost instantly, carrying something under his fishing-cape, and a gun. His boat was

already in the water, and fifty dexterous hands busied in stepping the mast, setting the sails, and stowing the shingle-ballast. She was ready.

"Who's going with you, since you *will* go?" growled Edmonston.

"I've only room for one man living," said Sinclair, in his sinister way. "Now, I don't want to take advantage over Peter Magnus. Him, or none."

The young man stood irresolute for a moment, then, with one glance at Leasha, leaped into the boat. Sinclair pushed off, eagerly.

"You have done well, girl," said Edmonston, sternly. "If either return alive, it will not be Peter Magnus."

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, clutching his sleeve as he turned away.

"That Gilbert Sinclair is a treacherous, malignant devil, and at this moment mad with jealous—Stop—"

But Leasha had dashed down the beach.

"Peter! Peter!" she shrieked, "come back! For the love of Heaven—back! I must speak with you!"

"Too late!" replied Sinclair, with a grin. "Wait till he brings you what you want to know."

As the last word was uttered there was a splash astern. Magnus had leaped into the water.

"Ha! ha! Coward!" roared Sinclair, as his boat shot into the fog.

Evening was now approaching, and my uncle, deeply interested, and resolved to see the adventure out, accepted the skipper's invitation to pass the night at his cottage. After taking some refreshment, they strolled out again upon the shore and quay. The mist was clearing, and the moon had risen. My uncle asked what his host imagined Sinclair proposed to do, expressing his doubts whether he intended anything but bravado.

Edmonston was not so sure of that. Ruffian as he was, with a spice of malice that made him the terror and aversion of the village, Sinclair was a perfect dare-devil in personal courage, and, his blood being now up, he was certain, if he returned at all, to bring back tidings of some description. The man's unlucky passion for Leasha (who was betrothed, Edmonston said, to his nephew) had been the cause of much uneasiness to the friends of both. "God pardon me if I misjudge the man," concluded Edmonston; "but I never murder looked out of man's eye, it did from his when Peter jumped into his boat to-day."

By eleven o'clock the haze had lifted so much that the skipper proposed to ascend the height, and try if anything could be seen. The night was still as death; and, as they rose the hill, the soft rippling murmur of the sea barely reached their ears.

"I never knew him so quiet as *this*," remarked Edmonston; "I take it, he's—"

Before he could finish, a sound, compounded of rush and roar, so fearful and appalling that

it can be likened to nothing but the sudden bursting of a dam which confined a pent-up sea, swooped from seaward, and seemed to shake the very rock on which they stood. There was a bellow of cavernous thunder, which seemed to reverberate through the distant isles; and, far out, a broad white curtain appeared to rise, blend with the dispersing fog, and move majestically towards the land.

"It's the surf! 'He has sounded,'" whispered Edmonston. "Listen—now!"

Perfect silence had succeeded the tumultuous roar, and again they heard nothing but the sough of the sea lapping the crags below. But, after the lapse of perhaps a minute, the hush was invaded by a soft sibilating murmur, increasing to a mighty roar; and, with a crash like thunder, a billow—fifteen feet in height—fell headlong upon the rocky shore. It was followed by two or three more, each smaller than the preceding; and once again silence resumed her sway.

At daybreak it was seen that the terrible Sentinel of Scalloway had returned to his fathomless depths.

And where was Sinclair? He was seen no more; but, weeks afterwards, a home-bound boat, passing near the spot where the monster had lain, nearly came in contact with some floating wreck. From certain singular appearances, some of which seemed to indicate that the wreck had been but recently released from the bottom, the crew were induced to take it in tow, and bring it into port. There it was at once identified as the forward portion of Gilbert Sinclair's boat, torn—or as Scalloway men insist to this day, *bitten*—clean off, just forward of the mast; the grooves of one colossal tooth—the size of a tree—being distinctly visible!

There are persons, it is true, who have endeavoured to lessen the mysterious interest of my uncle's story, by suggesting a different explanation; hinting, for example, that the object might have been composed of nothing more extraordinary than the entangled hulls of two large vessels, wrecked in collision; and that Sinclair, suspecting this, and endeavouring to reduce them to manageable proportions through the agency of gunpowder, had destroyed himself with them.

But, if so, where were the portions of wreck? We have also the support of no less a person than the author of *Waverley*, who, in his notes to the *Pirate*, mentions the incident, and its effect upon the hardy seamen of Scalloway; while my uncle himself, at a subsequent visit to that port, smoked a pipe with Mr. Magnus in the very boat—then converted into an harbour—that had been bitten in two by the sea-monster. So that, with him, I frankly ask—if it was not a kraken—*What was it?*

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I. "THE CAPTAIN'S" NIECES.

ON the platform of the Waterloo station, where the trains were screaming in and screaming out, and where the company would presently stream on in sudden gushes, an elderly gentleman, that leaned on a stick and limped a little as he walked, was waiting for a particular train to come in. He was thin and stooped, had a very high Roman nose and well curled brown whiskers, which gave him an almost warlike expression; but his blue eyes, with which he looked to the right and to the left, were the softest and the gentlest in the world. They fell on the al fresco bookseller who was doing so large an open-air business in gamboge-covered books, and straps, and railway rugs, and opera-glasses, and the spare moments of whose life seemed to be employed in cutting leaves. The soft eye fell on this overworked official, and he limped up to him to ask for information.

"Just out, sir. Quite new," the bookseller said, just touching with his papers an orange-coloured book, as clean and fresh as a newly baked loaf. It was, indeed, not an hour from its own oven.

The lame gentleman shook his head and smiled. "If you printed a little larger," he said, taking it up; "or, I suppose if I were twenty years younger—"

"Well, sir, there's better paper and print now than there used to be," the other went on, cutting desperately. "We sell 'em by the bushel."

"And now let us see," said the gentleman, taking up a book, putting on a pair of glasses very low on his nose, and looking sideways at it. "What is all this about? Thaddeus of Warsaw. God bless me! I am very glad of that—very. A really fine work."

"A classic, sir," said the bookseller, who had learned to read his customers like his books. "They don't write such things now-a-days."

"I declare I must have Thaddeus," said the gentleman, taking out his purse. "And I hope, sir, you sell a great many copies. I read it years ago, and was delighted with it. Two shillings!"

God bless me, how cheaply they bring out these things! How can they do it and keep themselves? There. Thank you." And he moved away, looked through the double glass still on his nose down at the gorgeously chromatic portrait of Thaddeus which was on the back of his yellow book. The bookseller looked after him with some interest, as he saw the deep respect of the gentleman for the story, and his sincere admiration for the outside picture.

He ran after him. "Let me tie it up for you, sir, and put it in paper."

The gentleman thanked him warmly, and then put Thaddeus safely in his pocket.

He was presently leaning on his stick, talking to a conversational porter, who was pointing here and there, and over to this building and that. He was telling about their professional life, and how their rounds of duty were managed, and how 'ard the work was, and how "'arder paid." That led on into the duty of working signals, which led again to their curious mechanism.

"Most interesting and curious!" said the gentleman, in pleased wonder. "And tell me, now, what sort of lighthouse that is up there? The poor people seem to me to live up there altogether."

"If you step this way," the man said, "I'll show you the whole thing, sir. Nobody ain't allowed to get down on the line," he added, with a great air of suspicion and mystery, "but I'll manage it. The superintendent's at his dinner." And in a very short time the gentleman was limping quietly up some steep steps, and was actually up in the glass roost where men pull at iron handles all day and night long. There a chair had been rubbed clean; and with his chin on the top of his stick he was presently in free and pleasant conversation with the chief of that little establishment and the whole subordination. When he went away, it was agreed in that little community that he was "a nice friendly sort of gentleman as you could ask to meet."

It will have been seen, from these two trifling little incidents, that this lame gentleman was one of the few who have the delightful art of attracting the common passers on the highway of life without any trouble, who get a kindly nod even if they cannot stop, and who have that surprisingly useful gift of making a friend of the man with whom they stand under an archway during

a shower of rain. The name of this gentleman was Diamond—Captain Thomas Diamond, of the Royal Veteran Battalion.

"I am waiting," he said to the friendly porter, with whom he was now on the most confidential terms, "for two ladies, nieces of mine, and I have never seen them since they were that high. And really, now, I don't know how I shall make them out when they do come."

It was a puzzling thing, but it often occurred; somehow, it always came right, the porter said. "There was a look about them by which you knew. You saw two young women a-getting out of the train, and you knew at once they were your young women."

The captain owned there was good sense in this observation, founded, as it was, on an extensive experience of human nature—at least, of the human nature that arrives in some fifty or sixty trains daily. "I dare say you are right," he said. "Pon my word, there is a great deal of sense in what you say."

"You just take your stand, it may be there, sir," said the porter, illustrating his remark, and encouraged by this praise, "and look out for the first two young women you see standing in the open door, or lookin' up and down the line for some one. And they'll be your two young women—I'll lay you a crown, sir."

This allusion to the coin might have been accidental, but it gave a sort of hint to Captain Diamond, who thanked him very warmly for his kindness, and took something out of his purse, which he gave with great mystery, not wishing publicly to violate the company's regulations.

The train was now seen along the platform, and in a moment there was a rush of officials from private doors, and a restlessness in drivers and horses and cabs, a backing, and a plunging, and a gesticulating, while every one was looking out at the edge, as if a ship were coming alongside the pier. And in a moment the train came in, rumbling and rolling, and making the roof reverberate; and the engine was pulled up suddenly, shedding steam and dew, and dripping like an exhausted racer. In a second, doors flew open, and the platform seemed to have generated a new race of men and women, who came into a cold world with cloaks and wrappers and caps &c., and baskets in their hands.

The porter had, indeed, shown a profound instinct, for, exactly as he had foretold, the captain saw two ladies in the doorway of a carriage, looking up and down anxiously. Often afterwards he would begin praising railway porters heartily for their "willingness," saying they were the most intelligent class of men in the world.

The captain limped up to the door, and touching his hat—he was a little near-sighted, and always read with spectacles—which was a little like a bishop's, said, with great deference, "I beg your pardon, but perhaps you are looking for—"

"Ah! it is uncle," cried the elder of the ladies. "Uncle Diamond, we are your nieces."

"I thought so," he said, taking both their

hands, and helping them out, "and I am so glad."

The younger, with a very fairy-like face, and an eager, restless manner, who was small, bright, and black-eyed, now broke in without preface: "And I am so glad! But, oh, uncle Diamond, such a dreadful thing has happened to us; we don't know what to do."

"God bless me," said the captain, starting back, "what is it?"

"We have lost everything. I could sit down and cry; and after all our miseries and misfortunes to have this! And we don't know what to do, uncle."

"Never mind, my dear," said he, without knowing what they meant, "we'll get it again. It will all come right again in the morning."

"It is a great misfortune for poor little Alice. We were getting some tea in the refreshment-room," said the elder, quickly, "and she laid down our bag, and forgot it."

"The train went off so suddenly," the other said, "and they hurried us on. But what are we to do? for it had all our money in the world, and darling mamma's picture and her letters. O, uncle Diamond; uncle Diamond!" And the little girl wrung her hands bitterly.

Uncle Diamond soothed her tenderly. It would all come right, he said, depend on it. What was the station—what was the place? There was really a most intelligent fellow here among the porters, and suppose they consulted him.

"There is a chance," said the elder, "you know there is. The gentleman——"

"Yes, uncle," said the younger, "a gentleman that was with us bravely jumped out when the train was moving, and, I fear, has hurt himself dreadfully."

"He'll look after it, depend on it," said the captain, with affected cheerfulness and confidence. "To be sure he will! He's sure not to be hurt. Here's our sagacious friend, he'll tell us what to do."

The sagacious friend at first seemed to doubt the truth of the story, for he said it was "totally agin the laws of the company that any one should leap out when the train was in motion." When they persisted in their statement, he seemed to think it a bad case morally, and it weakened his view as to the possibility of recovering the lost bag. P'raps he had got the bag, and more likely, p'raps he hadn't. Whether he had or hadn't, the authorities wouldn't let him go—most likely. When Captain Diamond proposed telegraphing to the station, he said it was no use, as he had come on—most likely. At last, however, he advised coming back in about an hour and a half, when the next train was due, and in all probability he would come by that—supposing "he was let."

They determined to wait there. The elder, dismissing the bag from her thoughts, talked calmly with her uncle about their affairs, and her journey, and other things. But the younger, excited, restless, eager, kept running to the

waiting-room door, and looking out wistfully until the time had passed.

Then the cloud of officials emerged, doors were shut loudly, men and women gathered at the edge and looked out anxiously as for some one to take them off, signals began to toss their arms violently, and a distant bell to sound. There came in a St. Alans train, which, as before, opened its sides, and broke into life with all the quickness of a pantomime trick.

The two girls stood, each leaning on an arm of their uncle. Both faces were full of anxiety; but the younger leant forward, fluttering as if she were going to fly, and searching every face she met. Captain Diamond had first thought of applying the skilful advice of the porter Mentor to the present case, but broke down in a moment, bewildered by the crowd of faces. But the two sisters were at work. Suddenly the younger broke from her uncle's arm, and called out,

"There, there he is! I see him. Oh, uncle, uncle, look!"

"And see," said her sister, calmly, "he has got our bag all safe. I can see it in his hand."

"And oh, sister," said the younger girl, "he is safe. He looks quite safe. Oh, it would have been dreadful had he been hurt."

"Where, where, dears," said the captain, now quite bewildered, and looking a little wildly at everybody. "I can see nothing. Though, to be sure, I don't know him yet."

"Oh, and you will thank him," said the younger, "won't you, uncle? Here he is."

"Why, Heaven preserve us, it's Tillotson!" said he, as that gentleman came up. "My dear friend Tillotson, is this you? Indeed I know him, dears. Ah! you are not hurt, are you?"

"Here is the bag," said Mr. Tillotson. "It had a very narrow escape. Some one was walking away with it just as I entered."

"How shall we ever thank you," the young girl said, earnestly, and with sparkling eyes. "And you were in such dreadful danger, too."

"Yes," said Mr. Tillotson, gravely. "I am afraid it was altogether a mad act. Had it been you, or your sister, or a fellow-creature, there would have been some excuse. As it is, I perhaps deserve to lose my life for such a trick."

The young girl seemed hurt and awed by this speech, and shrank away on to her uncle's arm.

"So," he went on, "Captain Diamond, you know these ladies?"

"Know them!" said the captain, smiling, "they are my new nieces, just come to me from France, and who are to do me the honour of staying with me. I am going to give up being a solitary good-for-nothing bachelor for ever. But, now, wasn't it the oddest thing in the world that you should come across them, and that we three should come to know each other in this sort of way? I really can hardly make it out. It seems as if it were ordained."

"Oh, uncle, and if you knew how kind this gentleman has been, how he risked his safety to help us," said the young girl, with a wonderful

fervour and a half shy air, and addressing this speech, not to her uncle, but to Mr. Tillotson.

But he had become abstracted. "As I said before, you make too much of it. It is a mere trifle."

"So is everything good that you do a mere trifle, Tillotson," said Captain Diamond, eagerly. "If he gives a hundred pounds to a charity, it is a trifle. If he does some other fine thing, that is a trifle also. We don't think them trifles, I can tell you, Tillotson."

Mr. Tillotson was looking up and down wearily. These compliments were tiring him. "I must go and look after my things," he said, moving away. "I am glad to have been of some use to somebody. But I hope you won't think of it any more." He bowed to the ladies, and went away.

The young girl looked after him wistfully, and with mortification in her face. "He won't let us thank him even, uncle," she said, despondingly. "How odd of him! One would think we had offended him."

"That is only his way," said the captain, earnestly. "He is the most noble, generous, amiable fellow. I am so glad he is come back. And you must help me to shake him up, dears, for his life is very gloomy. And you don't know all he has gone through. Some of these evenings, when we are all sitting by the fire, and you, dears, have nothing better to do than to listen to me, I'll tell you about him. Now shall we get a cab?"

"Oh, then he has a history," said the younger girl, eagerly.

"Poor, poor fellow!" said Captain Diamond, with deep feeling. "But come, we have had no time to talk to each other. Let me look at you, dears. I am so glad to have you with me, I am indeed. And now you won't mind waiting here while I go and get the luggage?"

And Captain Diamond, putting them in a safe place under the clock and out of the crowd, limped away towards the luggage-van, looking back now and again to encourage them.

CHAPTER II. MR. TILLOTSON "GOES HOME."

MR. TILLOTSON had left the White Hart very early. It was a gloomy shivering morning, and as an ancient country fly drove him up to the station, he saw the great cathedral looking uncomfortably through a bluish fog here. He went his way out of that town more hopeless and cheerless than he had entered.

He had a lonely carriage—one all to himself—from whose window he could see all the objects of the country: the raw stone houses, the cold bridges, the stray brick house standing by itself (emblem of his own condition), sweeping by, all wrapped in the same blue uncomfortable morning tone. He looked back, and he saw the same tone upon his whole life; he looked forward, and it was there before him also. He might have been in a penitential cell, and could not have been more dull and hopeless.

Gradually the day began to brighten. They passed many towns and stations. At a great

junction they stopped and he got out, and he felt so dismal and so disinclined to his own company, that he thought he would walk about, and go on by another train. He walked about the place listlessly, scarcely saw anything beyond the signs and labels of shops, and came back in time for a later train. The later train took up people who had come on from the Continent. He found it full of travellers, with the marks of the rough usage of the steam-packet upon them, with more of wrappings and packages than there was of the traveller, and very different from the fresh, smooth, well-brushed company who came in and got out all along the road. These seemed to be invalids fresh out of an hospital.

In this crowded train Mr. Tillotson had been "put in" where there were some ordinary travellers, and where there were two tired ladies, with wraps and packages and a weary jaded air, which showed that they also had come from the sea. One was young, black haired, and bright eyed. Those eyes were brighter yesterday, and would be as bright on the morrow; the other was elderly, cold checked, sharp faced, and about eight-and-thirty. To-morrow or yesterday would not make much difference in her looks. Mr. Tillotson sat opposite the younger black-haired girl, saw that she was restless and talkative, and carried a bag carefully on her knee. When she was not talking, she had her eyes very often fixed upon him.

They were tired with their voyage, and talked of its troubles; at least the elder, who was always tired and worn, seemed to have some extra lines and shades of fatigue on her face. She spoke very little; the other, with a curious eagerness and vivacity. Mr. Tillotson, after a few moments or so, had dropped them out of his view, and was soon in as perfect solitude as when he was alone in the carriage.

The younger girl was always wondering and supposing whether some event would happen, or where they were going—a kind of wonder that was put half in the shape of a question, and always with an inquiring look at the calm dreamy unconscious face that was opposite to her.

He was soon awake into life by a voice saying, "Perhaps this gentleman would tell us?" He started. It was only some common question about the time of arrival. He had a kind of half sad voice, which had got this key from the habitual tone of his mind, and the younger girl listened with all her attention while he told them the little he knew. He then relapsed. But she was restless again very soon, and had another question; and on the question followed a little narrative of a couple of sentences long. "We have lived a good deal abroad, and are coming home now; so we are very ignorant of everything. It seems much drearier," she went on, looking out of the window. "There seems no sun here."

"Why do you return?" he said. "I have been abroad also, and could fancy being very happy there. You should have stayed where the sun is brightest. We should all keep in it while we can."

The two women were silent for a moment.

The younger sighed; then the other spoke. "We are obliged, unfortunately, to return. Our last friend died six months ago at Dieppe."

Then Mr. Tillotson, for the first time, saw that they were in mourning. He looked on them both with deep interest and compassion. The younger girl read these feelings in his face, which seemed to warm up. "I am very inconsiderate," he said. "I did not mean to put such foolish questions. But the fact is, I live out of the world as much as if I were in one of the little French towns."

He was not at all disinclined to talk now, for he felt drawn towards these two women whose situation was like his own. There was a frankness and freedom, almost childish, about the younger, which was really pleasing, and she told about their affairs and misfortunes with a confidence that was often wisdom. The elder was her half-sister. They were going to stay with an aunt whom they had not seen for years. There was a generous sympathy, and an invitation to confidence, in Mr. Tillotson's manner. Gradually other passengers dropped out, and the three were left in the carriage. They fell on their Dieppe life, and how happy they had been at that little town, then not spoiled by fashion and exorbitant prices—it was the bright black-eyed girl who was narrating their little history—but she could not get further. Her eyes filled up suddenly, and, biting her lips, she looked at the trees and houses flying past the window. They were stopping. It was another junction, and she jumped up hastily. "Come," she said to her sister, "let us get some tea."

Mr. Tillotson, though young enough, had lost the enthusiasm that would have made him fly from the carriage and return with a cup in each hand. He let the two ladies pass from the carriage, and remained behind, still thinking of many things. He might have been sitting before a cold grate, looking hopelessly into the sunk-down ashes.

When the bell rang, they came back hurriedly.

The tea, as was usual with such tea, was hot and thin, and unlike known tea. They settled themselves in their places, and the bright-eyed girl was about describing pleasantly what had been given her to drink, when, with the first jerk of the moving train, she gave a cry, and clasped her hands. "Ah! The bag!" she cried. "I have left it in the refreshment-room—all our money—everything!"

She started up and ran to the window. Mr. Tillotson, suddenly roused from a dream of St. Alans, was saying calmly that it was sure to be found, when she called out, "And our mother's picture, and all her letters! What shall I do?"

He rose hastily from his seat, opened the door in a second, and, though the train was beginning to move a little fast, had jumped upon the platform. But there was an iron pillar, one of a long series that kept up the roof, and against this he was swung, and the two sisters, who with clasped hands had rushed to the open door, saw him stagger back as if he had been struck by some terrible blow. That was the last view they had

of him; and this was the little story they told the captain.

They were never weary of repeating their thanks, at least the youngest, the captain saying that "it was really, now, as gallant a thing as ever he heard of. Just fancy, my dears," he went on, "if you had Tom there, with his old leg in the way. And I am so glad, Tillotson, it was *you*, now. 'Pon my word and credit I am."

But Mr. Tillotson was already looking absently about, even wearily. His heart was far away, perhaps. "Don't mention it," he said; "don't say any more. Indeed, it is nothing. You have made far too much of it. And now," he hesitated, "would you excuse me. I am afraid I must go now. I am very glad you recovered your bag."

At this moment their servant, a tall, gaunt, rudely made, masculine woman, came up, and said that all their "things were in." The captain saw the eyes of the young girl wistfully following the retreating figure of Mr. Tillotson. Something struck him, and he limped hastily after him. "My dear fellow," he said, "I beg your pardon. Now, where are you going? To the chambers?"

"Yes," said Mr. Tillotson, smiling sadly, "to the old den."

"You won't be settled down there till to-morrow," said the other; "and I tell you what, now, come and take your bit with us. As good a duck, Tillotson, as ever was killed, and a little haddock. Do, my dear fellow. It'll be a charity to help an old fellow to amuse those two nice girls——"

"Some other day, some other time," said Mr. Tillotson, wringing his hand. "You are too good to me. But another time."

"Ah! this is always the way. You are such a stand-off man. Well, the next day. Give us one day—the day after to-morrow."

"I will, then, my dear captain," said he; and at last got away. He got into his cab, and in a few moments it became for him a cell as gloomy as the carriage had been. The darkness was now setting in, and with the departure of bright day yet gloomier thoughts, which had kept themselves in reserve, began to rush on him. Then the cab stopped at some old-fashioned chambers, in an old-fashioned run-to-seed square. The old chambers were handsome enough, having been once a nobleman's house, and had a "grand stair" that was magnificent. But they were not let, and were even going out of fashion—as unfashionable quiet chambers. The air of that great hall and stair seemed charged with ghosts of spectral noble men and noble women, who had attended routs and parties, and crowded up in George the Second's day.

A porter, who sat in a black-hooded chair, put on an affection of decent joy at his return, and went before him up the white stone staircase. That was an ascent of time, and he had to shade the light from the grand draughts which floated up and down. It was a lonely passage; they did not meet a soul. Thus what had been the noble lady's boudoir was reached, where a fire

was indeed burning, but smoking, and having a cold air; and then the porter went down to wait upon other gentlemen, and, closing the door, left Mr. Tillotson to the company of cold shadows and ghosts for the night.

CHAPTER III. MORE ABOUT "THE CAPTAIN."

CAPTAIN DIAMOND had genteel lodgings in Wimpole-street, where he had lived many years, and where he was regarded with a mixture of respect and affection by all who were concerned in the establishment. By the landlady who took his monthly rent; by the maid-servant who brought up his breakfast—he dined always at his club—whom he remembered sumptuously at the pecuniary festivals; and by the occasional lodger whom he met on the stairs, and who was coming down from cheaper regions, very much up-stairs. The inquirer below was told that "the captain" was in, or would be in by-and-by; it was for "the captain" that breakfast went up, and for "the captain" that the servant ran out in her cap round the corner. For by this name he was affectionately known, though, in truth, he was only a lieutenant, but a lieutenant in the enjoyment of full pay, having quitted the army forty years before. That transaction was, in truth, something of "a job," and would not bear a moment's inquiry now. But at that time, the captain's sweet temper and plain goodness had made for him many fast friends in his own profession; among others, Sir Thomas Cameron, then Colonel Cameron, who afterwards got to the Horse Guards, and got Tom Diamond into the "Royal Veteran Battalion," with full pay, without a second's hesitation. He was himself very merry on the score of this corps, whom he called "the Fogies."

Often and often he met old brother-officers of this type, who greeted him with delight and affection unusual among men, and who pressed him obstreperously to dine with them and stay with them. And if he ever wanted money he had no lack of friends to look to and ask for help.

The fiction of the captaincy, which was so scrupulously supported by those below him, always gave him a little pain. "I have no right to it," he said. "And they may well laugh at me," he would say, very earnestly and simply; "but what can I do? It is so hard to explain, and to be explaining it every time. And they do it out of good nature, all the time, you know." His friends were very earnest on this point, and held to this dignity as if it were a point of faith. But he never would adopt it on his card, or endorse the little deceit in his own writing, but was always plain "Mr. Thomas Diamond."

Besides being the friend of Colonel Cameron—afterwards Sir Thomas, K.C.B.—he had known plenty of dashing officers of the Prince Regent's era—such as Colonel Lascelles, Captain King—afterwards General King, and governor of islands—Trevillian, and many more. The captain had a surprising delicacy and unselfish sensitiveness; and though often led on to talk pleasantly of his exploits with those officers, beginning with evident pleasure, yet would check himself

timorously, as though he were wearying his hearers with his "old stories." And though they were indeed entertaining, and full of colour and character, he could only be got to go on, under protest, as it were, and with a struggle between two feelings—that of fearing to disoblige or of tiring—which was almost amusing. There was a family or two with whom he was distantly connected, and where there were children, and by them his coming was always looked for as a holiday, and on the day of the visit *videttes*, posted at the window, looked out anxiously towards six o'clock for the half-stooping figure that came limping up so quietly yet so steadily to the door, and with a cry and a united scamper, gave notice that the captain was at hand. By elders of this family he was sometimes called "Tom," and by the younger ones he was sometimes, with glowing cheeks and a blush of shame and humiliation, taken in confidence with reference to sudden pecuniary embarrassments. On such occasions the nobility and the delicacy of the captain's behaviour excited a tumult of delight—a delight that could not find words. For the captain had an old crimson silk purse, made for him out of an officer's sash by a lady years ago, which came out, and in which his thin pale fingers explored. Gratitude was on his face at the kind confidence that had been reposed.

"Now, my dear fellow," he would say, diving into the narrow opening of the long crimson purse, "this is what I like. This is really what I am proud of! Now mind, if you do not *always* come to me in this way, you and I are two."

But the real time of jubilee was when "Tom," coming back from the country with a small modest old black portmanteau, would be induced to stay a night or two with one of these families. For he always gave leave to his landlady, whom, he said, was a "poor struggling creature," to let his rooms in his absence, and sometimes his return would come about awkwardly, in the very middle of such a lodger's tenure, so that he would feel himself bound to go to an hotel for a night or two, or to accept the hospitality of these friends as described. They would sometimes remonstrate with him a little warmly on this weakness, saying, "If I were you I wouldn't do it. It's perfect folly of you! I think you are far too good, uncle Tom. I wouldn't put myself out in that way, or let myself be made a hand of in that way, and by a woman of that sort." To which uncle Tom would, with a little confusion, plead his old excuse, "Ah, the creature! she has to struggle so to make up her little rent and taxes. My dear, it's no trouble in the world to me. I rather like going to the hotel."

"Turning you out of your *own* room!" the lady would go on, warmly, "your *own* room, for which you have paid!"

"Ah, the creature," uncle Tom would say again. "A fellow that was in the front parlour went off three weeks ago, and owing her a month's rent, which she was counting on to pay

her taxes, the creature! I assure you she was crying for an hour in the room, telling it to me."

"And of course you paid them for her?" said the indignant lady. "I am ashamed of you. You are like a child about your money. It should be taken from you, and kept for you."

"No, no, upon my word and credit, no," said the captain, very eagerly. "No, no. I am not that sort of man. I would not do *that* for her. 'Pon my word, no."

But there was a belief that amounted to certainty in the minds of all there that he had paid the crying landlady's taxes; as indeed he had. And with this he was not in the least soft or foolish. Among these stories, which he was reluctant to relate, were several associated with the shape of "Satisfaction" then in fashion among gentlemen, in one of which he himself had been principal, and out of which he had come, as the phrase went, "with flying colours." But in many more he had assisted as "friend" with great "pluck" and tact, and either pushed the affair to extremities, or arranged it happily, as the occasion required. Some of these which bore a little against himself—as in the instance of the constable's coming up and arresting him, to his astonishment, as he stepped out of the coach, with a shining mahogany case under his arm—he told with much humour and happy simplicity.

The children, however, would always look upon him as a Great Commander, and for a long time associated the lameness with a mysterious wound received in battle. Their eager and earnest questions on this subject he often turned off with a smile, but though often pressed for details of the action, could never be induced to enter upon it. The parents' eyes were always on him, and through that wonderful delicacy with which he was leavened through and through, he felt that in some way their dignity and pleasure required that the little legend should be kept up. And so it was, until one of the boys, growing up, asked him in a sort of confidential way, as between man and man, and then it came out that "Tom" had got his injury leaping across a ditch with his gun, when he had put his hip "out." In truth, he was always in gentle protest against these military "honours" which his friends would affectionately press on him for his reputation with the public.

It was quite natural, therefore, that when he heard of his relation dying at Dieppe, and leaving these two girls, that he should think of hurrying over to help them. But he got ill suddenly, and was shut up in his room for weeks, during which time the maid and landlady attended on the captain anxiously, and an old military doctor—Gilpin of the —th— came, and went as he came, sturdily refusing fees. During this season the patient suffered deep distress of mind, apologising often for all the trouble he was giving. But he was strong, and very soon was "on his legs" again. Then he wrote to the two orphan girls, insisting that they should come to him—for a

time at least; that it would be a real favour; that they would oblige him and cheer up an old man by their society; until these girls—what with their grief scarcely yet abated, and not allowing them to think much over anything—began actually to believe this uncle of theirs, whom they had never yet seen, was a poor lonely cast-off man, actually pining for human company. He made all preparations with the delicacy of a woman, transacted matters with his landlady for increased accommodation, and even made out a little maid to look after their dresses and dressing. No one was so thoughtful, clever, skilful, and successful in managing, as “the captain.”

He kissed them as he got them home. “I am so glad to have you both. And so this is the little heiress?”

Her bright eyes were shooting about restlessly, and she laughed with great enjoyment. As soon as she had turned away again—for a new object attracted her every moment—the other drew Captain Diamond aside, and whispered hurriedly:

“Don’t say anything, dear uncle, about the property to her. I’ll tell you afterwards.”

The captain, with a wise and almost knowing expression, squeezed her arm. “I forgot! Leave it to me,” he said.

The captain had arranged everything at his lodgings for the two ladies. The accommodation was happily of that expansive kind which would fit any number of guests; and in counsel with his landlady, and all the time fingering his sash purse nervously, he had entered into a treaty for her best rooms. Though the change was profitable to herself, she did not regard it with much favour, and upbraided him a little impatiently. As if, she said, he had not enough to do to take care of himself! Ladies—relations or no relations—were quite fit to look after themselves. That was her idea.

The captain was getting alarmed. It would be fatal if the landlady had prejudices against his charges. “My dear Mrs. Wilcox,” he said, “you don’t know what trouble they are in. I don’t think they have a friend now on the face of the earth that they can ask to do a hand’s turn for them but myself. The creatures, Mrs. Wilcox! And only think, they have a lawsuit with it all, which has gone against them so far. So we must be very tender with them, you see.”

He had been busy, therefore, for some days before their coming, arranging things, trying to lay out the drawing-room, so as to have less of an old bachelor air, and getting in a handsome supply of all manner of stores. A little queer quaint old garde de vin, the gift of Sir Thomas—then Colonel—Cameron, and which lay under the sideboard, had been replenished. This little piece of furniture, it once occurred to the captain, had “legs” infinitely too long, and, fetching out his tools, at which he was very fairly skilful, he had devoted a whole day to laborious shortening of these limbs, and produced a monument of amateur carpentry.

Both the ladies who had come to him called him uncle, though only the eldest Miss Diamond was his niece proper. The younger, Alice, was only the daughter of a nephew. Miss Diamond was rather tall, a little gaunt and thin, with a staid cold manner, and a practical turn of mind. She spoke very little, and was always steadily engaged on some work of solid and arduous character, from which she often looked up to let her cold eyes settle on a speaker, and see whether he seriously meant more than he said. It was only when they returned to the young girl that a tinge of softness and warmth came into them, and she tried to modulate the rich harsh key of her voice.

Alice was about two-and-twenty, but looked seventeen, for she had an almost childish face and figure. The face was pale, so oval, that, when years came on, it would surely grow sharp and pointed, and was edged with rather thin hair. She had a tiny waist, and “no chest” to speak of. Elderly maidens said that she had a “flighty” manner, and had been badly brought up. She had indeed a restless way of speaking, and a pretty volubility and freedom of comment not pleasant to “well-brought-up” elderly persons.” She was very fond of gold and silver trinkets, and of decking herself out with laces and such things: the whole of which was to be laid to the account of her being spoiled by her friends calling her “the little heiress;” it being known for several years that she was to succeed to the great Davis property—a succession now, alas! very doubtful.

VALENCIA SIGHT-SEEING.

THE Posada of La Belle Alliance, at Valencia, is situated in the centre of the eastern side of the Gran Plaza: a square which is as large as any in London, and which looks larger, from the surrounding buildings, except the cathedral, being only one story high. On the left of the Posada is an enormous mansion belonging to Señor A., who was once secretary to the Venezuelan government, and is something of a poet, a philosopher, and statesman. The south side of the square is entirely taken up by public offices and the Government House of Carabobo, of which state Valencia is the capital. Business is conducted in true republican style. The council meet in the plainest of rooms, with not one superfluous article of furniture, and the great “unwashed” lean on the window-sills, and stare irreverently at the debaters. “What are they discussing?” I asked a long lank fellow, one of those who, cigar in mouth, were leaning against the window. “Nothing of any consequence,” quoth he, with a grin and an expectoration; “only whether we shall go to war with Russia.” Not satisfied with this reply, I made further inquiries, and learned that the matter really in hand was no less than the ratification of the new constitution. Even on such an occasion the assembly seemed to me to be much less animated than a London parish vestry, and certainly not

a whit more dignified in appearance—which is saying about as little for its dignity as need be said.

On the west side of the Plaza is the house of General Usler, an old Hanoverian soldier, who served under Wellington in the German Legion, and was one of the duke's orderlies at the battle of Waterloo. When the war was over, he entered Bolivar's army, and having been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, was made to work in chains among the labourers employed in making the bridge over the river of Valencia. He had his revenge, however; for having been exchanged for some Spanish officer, he commanded Bolivar's body-guards at the crowning victory of Carabobo. The northern side of the square is made up of some private houses and the cathedral, beside which passes a long street, which leads northward to a good bridge over the river, the identical bridge at which General Usler worked. Thence the road passes on to the Lake of Valencia and the valleys of Araguas.

If my room at the Posada had had a window—if there had been any privacy and quiet in the place—any food beside pork and sardines—I would not have migrated, for the Gran Plaza at Valencia is really a charming place to live in. It is dry and healthy, and there is always a breeze from one of the long streets which stretch away from the corners of the square to the hills. There are beautiful views, too, of the mountains and lake, not to mention the strings of pretty Creoles who are always passing to and from the cathedral. But as I had no fancy for undergoing a process of etiolation in the den without light that had been assigned to me, I determined to quit the Posada forthwith. It happened that the first person who paid me a visit was a Señor Colon, or Columbus, a name extremely *à propos* for a voyage of discovery in South America; so I resolved to put myself under his pilotage, and at once go in quest of a new lodging. I soon found one: a house belonging to Señor A., above mentioned, perfectly clean, being only just finished, and with an upper story commanding an enchanting view of the lake.

It was Sunday morning when I entered my new abode. A very pretty Indian girl, about fourteen years of age, with bare feet, and such feet!—Cinderella's were clubs in comparison—came and arranged the few articles of furniture that a friend had sent for my room. My hammock from the Rio Negro, which, with its gay flowers of feather-work, was of itself a sight worth seeing, was suspended by Juan so judiciously, that as I lay I could descry the lake glittering some nine miles off, beyond innumerable plantations which stretch all the way from the city to its shores. I thought myself fortunate in having such a view; but there were other good things in store for me. On going to the windows looking into the street, I beheld two lovely Creoles, beautifully dressed, coming home from mass, enter the house opposite mine, and afterwards take their seats at the window on the ground floor in front of me. From the

garden, too, behind my house came the musical laughter of girls. Unluckily, the window in this direction was so high from the floor, that it was only at rare intervals, and with great caution, that I could reconnoitre, lest I should be caught in the undignified attitude of a peeper. It was quite evident, however, that there was more than one Eve in the paradise to which I was now translated.

I had resolved to stop a whole month at Valencia, but I thought it as well to commence lionising as soon as possible. Accordingly, in spite of the heat, which was not less than that of a bright day in summer at Naples, I sallied out before noon to inspect the cathedral. This edifice, styled "a very pretty structure" in the guide-book to Venezuela, published in 1822, is, in point of fact, a perfectly plain building of stone, with two towers in front, about eighty feet high. These towers are exactly alike, even to the extent of injury they have suffered during the two centuries which have elapsed since they were built. In attempting to ascend them, I was brought to a stand-still at exactly the same place in each—that is to say, about half way up the second story. There are four stories, the three lower ones square, and that at top octagonal, with a cupola roof. Descending into the body of the church, I found a congregation of, say a hundred women and five or six men, with a mumbling priest and a discordant choir. Several mangy curs had also put in an appearance, and ran about among the rows of worshippers, behaving altogether more like heathens than good Catholics. One pertinacious individual, of a foxy red, ran three times under the nose of a kneeling Spaniard, a tall, lean man, of a grave aspect, whose bile was so moved by the annoyance that he at last bestowed a violent cuff on the offender. This produced a dismal howl, which agreed ill with the music, and caused a slight titter amongst some of the younger women. I came away anything but favourably impressed with the cathedral service. The bells, however, are worthy of any church, having a noble sound, clear, ringing, deep.

From the cathedral I went to the church of Nuestra Señora de la Candelaria, which is one cuadra to the south of the Gran Plaza, and was built in 1802. It is a very small building, not capable of containing more than three hundred persons, and I found it crammed from end to end. As usual, there were at least twenty women to one man, many of them very beautiful women, and one astonishingly so. I passed next to the Franciscan monastery, where there is a neat chapel, which was nearly empty at the time of my visit.

There is no dust at Valencia, and water-carts are never needed. Nature does the business of watering the streets gratis. I had a specimen of her performance in this line on my return from visiting the churches. The sun was shining brightly when I entered the Franciscan monastery, and I stopped there only a few minutes; but on my coming out the scene

was changed. In a minute or two, with scarcely any warning, clouds came drifting over the hills; there was a sound of very subdued thunder, a sharp shower for about a quarter of an hour, and out came the sun again. This process happens daily, sometimes twice a day, in this delightful climate, where the temperature never varies more than four degrees of Fahrenheit—from 78 deg. to 82 deg. In this respect Valencia resembles, but excels, Singapore. Yet, the sun being vertical, it is not safe to be exposed to its rays between ten A.M. and four P.M. One day Don Manuel M., a native of the country, paid me a visit, with his face literally flayed. "It's all from riding about in the sun," said he; "so you, who are a stranger, must not attempt it." A young American, who came to Valencia last year, thought to harden himself, and was continually in the sun; but he died mad, just after he had told us that he had got the better of the climate.

The people of Valencia (except the Posaderos, or innkeepers, who seem by some strange monopoly of evil qualities to be in general ugly, dirty, and avaricious) are the handsomest, kindest, most hospitable race imaginable. I am bound to speak well of them, for I never received more kindness anywhere. Among other attentions, I had a continual succession of fresh horses sent me to ride. I took my first gallop that Sunday evening on a handsome grey, not unlike an Arab. I rode five or six miles on the way to the lake, and coming home saw a wild animal of the leopard or tiger-cat species. Leopards are extremely numerous all over Venezuela, and the puma, or American lion, is not uncommon near Valencia. I saw one that was killed in the garden of General Usalar's country-house, which was about five feet long.

Next day, August the 15th, a European, who had been long in the country, came to take me to a bull-fight at Nagua, a village five miles west of Valencia. I was rather surprised, and not much gratified, at the appearance of the vehicle which was to convey us to the spectacle. It was a common cart of the coarsest description; yet in that identical cart the President of the Republic, at the conclusion of the last war, made his triumphant entry into Valencia. Our driver, a rough fellow three parts tipsy, drove us at a furious pace over stones, holes, and furrows in the road, so that conversation could be carried on only by jerks. On arriving at Nagua, we found there was to be no corrida, as the bulls were not forthcoming; but en revanche, abundant entertainment was provided, in the shape of gaming, swearing, and tipping, to say nothing of a little stabbing and not a little debauchery. But a bull-fight had been intended, for about two hundred and fifty yards of the principal street was palisaded at either end, and in the space between, sundry caballeros were galloping up and down, and showing what they would have done had there been any bulls to encounter.

The houses on each side of the street were full

of roisterers. We entered one of them, and were introduced to a general: a very handsome, powerfully built man, standing about five feet eleven: with large bright eyes, a hooked nose, and a pink and olive complexion. Among the company were ten or a dozen men, whose thews and stature would have recommended them to the Blues. One of these, a negro, was at least six feet three inches high, and looked like a man who would have been a dangerous antagonist to King or Mace. On being introduced to the company, we drank tumblers of bitter ale in a very solemn manner with every individual near us: a ceremony which completely relieved me of any inclination to touch more liquid for the rest of the day. A short thickset personage, who was evidently the orator of the assembly, now put himself to the fore, and addressed a string of sententious remarks to me, of so prosaic a nature as to depress my spirits far below the point above which they had been elevated by the ale. He spoke at great length in praise of his government, and of his countrymen, something after this fashion: "In what country but this, after a war of unprecedented character, which rolled its destructive course during five long revolving years, would you, a stranger, be able to move about unarmed, with, doubtless, a considerable sum in your possession, and yet safe, secure, and even unapprehensive? &c. &c." At the expiration of the harangue, I was forced to pledge the orator in two more tumblers of bitter ale. To escape from this persecution, I made a rush to the gaming-table and pretended to be immensely interested in the play. A handsome bold-looking fellow, who was, they said, an American colonel, but who had probably assumed that character for the nonce, and who seemed to be master of the concern, immediately began to explain the game to me, and assured me that a gentleman, a friend of his, had won a large sum that morning. Hereupon a tall, dirty Yankee-looking individual, with an ominous obliquity of vision, interposed, saying: "Guess you're talking, stranger, of the gentleman that won the seven hundred dollars, and began with nothing. Guess I'll fix you gratis, if you'd like to try his line of play, for I saw how he done it." My new friends soon found their allurements thrown away upon me, so they left me alone; and, indeed, their attention was presently fully occupied. A brawny peasant, who had been playing at the end of the table furthest from me, suddenly started to his feet, and, drawing his machete, made a rush at the colonel, his face distorted and his eyes blazing with rage. His spring was so sudden and so violent, that he overthrew five or six persons, who cursed and belaboured one another on the floor, each imagining that the man next him was the cause of his upset. But long experience had taught the confederate gamblers what to do. One of them, who had evidently been watching the poor losing wretch, clutched hold of his shoulders, and another, seizing his wrist, twisted the machete out of his hand, while the tall colonel himself rising up

and putting one hand into his breast, where he had, no doubt, a revolver or a bowie-knife ready, called out: "What's the matter, friend? Take care." "Curses on you," shouted the peasant; "I have lost all: I will have my revenge!" But by this time he was pulled back by half a dozen strong arms, and in spite of his struggles and threats was soon summarily ejected from the house. These outbreaks are common enough, and often end in stabs, sometimes in loss of life. The South Americans are inveterate gamblers, and a man will pass a whole year in patient saving, and then lose all his earnings in a single night at the gaming-table.

After this we walked through the village, and my free-and-easy friend spoke to every pretty girl he saw. At half-past five I insisted on going home, though I was assured that the fun was only just beginning, and would go on waxing more and more furious until the small hours. Our driver, who was three parts tipsy at starting, was now unmanageably drunk. Seeing a huge trolloping negress, not ill favoured, but slatternly and shameless, on her way back to Valencia on foot—looking in her white dress, as the Spanish proverb has it, like a mushroom in cream—he stopped, and made her get up beside him on the box, and the two together then carried on such a fire of rough jokes with all and singular who came in our way as created quite a sensation. I protested against travelling under the tutelage of this nymph; but the driver was past reasoning with, and I had to put up with the annoyance as far as the outskirts of Valencia, where, just as I had made up my mind to get down rather than enter the city under such auspices, the subtle beauty herself took it into her head to descend, and, kissing to us a hand of the size and colour of an ordinary coal-shovel, struck into a back lane and disappeared. I was horribly scandalised by this adventure, but still more so on overhearing that same evening the barber at a shop nearly opposite my house, who could speak a little English, bawl out to Juan, no doubt with a gesture indicating my whereabouts in the upper room: "Hear bad thing of him!" "Ay!" said Juan, delightedly thrusting his head out of the window, "what's that?" "Hear he came home from the corrida—" The last words were lost in the rattling of a cart which went by at the moment, but I heard Juan, with an obstreperous peal of laughter, bawl out in reply, "That's a lie!" A low chuckling conversation followed, which was interrupted by a squall with thunder and lightning, during which I fell fast asleep in my easy chair, and awoke well punished by the mosquitoes, and with a splitting headache.

Next morning I started with three companions to ride up the Morro: a steep, rocky, semi-isolated hill eight hundred feet high, situated about half a mile to the north-east of the city. A meadow of tall grass skirts the foot of the hill, and over this we trotted very pleasantly; but as soon as we began to ascend the slope on the west, from which quarter alone the Morro is accessible to a man on horseback, we found

we were in for a severe struggle. The path was only about a foot broad, and led sometimes between rocks which pinched our legs, and made us go through evolutions worthy of a cirque, to save ourselves from being dragged off; sometimes through thickets, whose thorns made sad havoc of our thin clothes. One of the party, who led the way, and was mounted on a mule, got on very well, but we who had horses could hardly keep them on their legs. At last we emerged from the thorns and the narrow path, but only to land on slippery sheets of rock at a steep incline, which were even more difficult to cross. However, when we reached the top, the view well repaid us. The hill had a double summit. On the first peak, a cross had been erected; then there was a steep descent, and an equally steep ascent to the other top, which was covered with great boulders and brushwood, and seemed to be an uncommonly likely place for snakes. At our feet, on the south side of the hill, lay the city of Valencia, in a thickly-wooded valley three or four miles broad, the city itself being full of gardens. Between us and the town flowed a stream, which bears the same name, and is from fifteen to twenty yards broad, with a general depth of three feet, but with deep pools at intervals. This valley, in which Valencia lies, is formed by two sierras, the S. Diego to the north-east, and the Guataparo to the south-west, and comes curving from the mountains of the coast, which I had crossed from Puerto Cabello, but runs almost due west and east for the five miles from Nagua to Valencia. The Morro is, as it were, the boundary-stone of this valley, and stands where it debouches into one much broader, and running at right angles to it; that is, from north-east to south. On turning to the north-east, my eyes were delighted with the beautiful view of the lake. I could see some of the islands in it, but its expanse stretched far beyond my vision for miles and miles into the Golden Valley of Aragua. When I had done gazing in this direction, my eyes found new beauties as they travelled eastward and southward over a park-like country to the famous battle-field of Carabobo.

The soil in the immediate neighbourhood of Valencia, up to the borders of the lake, is, perhaps, the richest in the world. It is said that an iron rod has been passed down uninterruptedly for upwards of sixty feet through this black soil, the quality of which may be judged of from the fact that sugar-cane plantations will here yield twenty successive harvests without requiring a renewal of the plants. This extreme depth and richness will appear less surprising when it is remembered that all this ground was within the last century covered with the waters of the lake, into which many streams discharged themselves; the principal of them, the Pao, being really worthy to be called a river. These streams brought down a rich deposit of slime, which has now been laid bare by the rapid shrinking and diminution of the lake. When it is considered that the annual evaporation at Valencia amounts to one

hundred and thirty inches, it will not appear extraordinary that the waters of the lake have rapidly decreased since it first became known to the Spaniards. But other circumstances have within the last one hundred and fifty years immensely accelerated the desiccation of this body of water. About the beginning of last century the Pao was turned by a planter southward into the river Portuguesa; and thus a most important feeder was cut off from the lake. Subsequently, the woods by which it was everywhere fringed were cut down, to allow of cultivation being extended. The result has been that, while from the time of Oviedo to the close of the eighteenth century the waters retired only a mile and a half, in the last fifty years they have receded nearly five miles from the vicinity of the city. Thus, in 1810, Valencia, we are told, was three miles to the west of the lake; but it is now nearly eight miles from it, for the distance from the nearest part of its shores to the Gran Plaza is exactly eight miles and a quarter, as measured for the railway. Again, whereas Humboldt makes the entire length of the lake over thirty miles, it is now only twenty-three; and to the list of islets given by him seven new ones are to be added, so that the waters must have sunk so much as to lay bare seven places which they covered half a century ago. The rapid evaporation and the exposure of new land do not appear to have affected the climate of Valencia, which is still one of the most salubrious in the world. Immunity from fever the city no doubt owes to its being not only eight miles distant from the lake, but also one hundred and ninety-five feet above it, or thirteen hundred and sixty-four feet above the sea-level, while the lake is about eleven hundred and sixty-nine. However, the old proverb, that "no one ever dies at Valencia," is now so far altered that they say, "no one dies there unless he calls in a physician!"

As I gazed at the city, and reckoned up its advantages of a healthy and beautiful site, a soil unmatched for fertility, a position on one of the great high roads of South American commerce, and near the unrivalled harbour of Puerto Cabello, I could not help asking myself how it was that in three centuries it had made so little progress in wealth, population, and importance. It was in 1555 that Don Alonso Dias Moreno founded this western capital of Venezuela, and in 1578 it was strong enough to withstand the attack of the Great Carib Tribe, who came up in thousands to surprise it. These savages were the tallest and bravest of the Indians, and have fought many battles with Europeans, both in the West Indies and in Venezuela; but they failed in their enterprise against Valencia, and were driven off with immense loss by Garcia Gonzalez. They retreated as they had come, by boats down the river Guarico and so into the Orinoco—a proof how easy it would be to establish water-communication between Valencia and Guayana. From that time to this, Valencia has never suffered from any great calamity. A few years after, Caracas was sacked by Drake, and again in 1679 by the French; and in 1812

it was almost entirely destroyed by the great earthquake, as were Cumana, Barquisimeto, and other towns. But neither earthquake nor the sword of the enemy has ever devastated Valencia. Even the cruel tyrant, Lope de Aguirre, spared it; and though it changed masters more than once in the war between the patriots and the Spaniards, it suffered injury from neither party. In spite of this, the city has made no progress, there is little or no money circulated in it, and the population has not advanced beyond the figure of six thousand assigned to it by Humboldt; whereas Caracas has risen with increased strength from its overthrow, and is ten times as populous as Valencia. What, then, I asked myself as I stood gazing from the Morro, is the spell that keeps this city stationary, and how is it that Nature has been so lavish of her gifts in vain? Perhaps the climate is the true key to the paradox. Perhaps the Valencianos will slumber on, and their sleep will not be broken until some more energetic race takes possession of the land, and the snort of the iron horse disturbs the profound repose of the sunny valleys.

Opposite to the Morro, the Sierra of Guataparó, which lies south of Valencia, terminates in a round hill. Beyond this a mile or so, is the mountain of the Caves, so called from a cavern which excited the wonder of Humboldt. I resolved that my next expedition should be to that cavern, so I asked my friend Colon to pilot me. Though a native of Valencia, he had never visited it, and was obliged to look out for a guide. As it is a Creole peculiarity to undertake anything, a guide was soon found, and we started very early, when the first ripples of light began to come above the horizon. There were four of us—Colon, myself, Pedro the so-called guide, and a man to look after the horses. It struck me as curious that Pedro would give us no distinct account of the place we were to visit. To all my questions he replied with a "tal vez," "perhaps," or "asi asi," "so so," with which I was obliged to be content.

After riding about a mile, we came to a cemetery: a veritable Elysée. The most luxuriant grass and flowering shrubs grew round it. On three sides the ground was level, while to the west a gentle slope swelled gradually into the mountains of the Sierra, the ravines of which were thickly wooded. Opposite to us we could see shining streaks in the crest of the mountain, which we took to be the caves we were in search of: the rather as Pedro nodded his head with great gravity when I asked him if that were the place. Resolving to inspect the cemetery, I dismounted and knocked at the gate, at first gently, but gradually louder and louder, until the echoes answered me. As that was the only answer I got, we then began to walk round the enclosure (which, except in front, was of wood), to see if we could find an entrance. Fortune favoured us unexpectedly. There happened to be a herd of half-wild cattle grazing close to the place, and one of them, taking fright, charged the enclosure,

and broke down enough of it to get through. Hereupon the great gate was suddenly flung open, and the bullock was driven out again by two men, who had been digging a grave, and who would, it seemed, have dug on for ever without caring a straw for our appeals to be admitted. Out came the bullock, charging with his head down, and out rushed the men after him, flinging stones at him as big as one's fist. We stood meekly by, to let this whirlwind pass, and then quietly walked in. Back came the gravediggers, banged the door, and went on digging their grave without vouchsafing us a word. The first thing we saw on entering was about forty baskets full of skulls and bones. There was a great receptacle in the middle of the cemetery, and into it all these remains would be cast, as belonging to those whose families were not rich enough to pay double fees. In Venezuela even the dead must pay for a single bed, and those who cannot, or will not, will be dug up at the end of the year and chucked into an omnium gatherum. I counted about a hundred tombs of mark, some of them bearing the names of the most illustrious families in the republic. Among them was, I remember, one inscribed to the memory of Catalina Cunningham de Oldenburg!

We remounted and rode straight to the mountain. In a few minutes we got among low jungle, which grew more and more impervious, until we had to alight, and, leaving our horses with the groom, push our way through the jungle on foot. This was not very pleasant, but worse things were coming; the bushes were so thick that we could not see where we were stepping; and presently all three of us descended with a crash, into a precipitous ravine. As soon as I could recover my equilibrium, I shouted in great wrath to the guide, "Is this the way to the cavern?" My temper was not improved when the confounded fellow made his eternal reply, "tal vez," "perhaps." I have no doubt the delectable place we were in was full of snakes, but I caught a glimpse of only one, and that a very small one; small as it was, however, I knew it to be a *coral*, the bite of which proves mortal in an hour or two. The sight of this creature seemed to lend me wings, and, in spite of my great riding-boots, I emerged on the other side of the ravine almost as quickly as I had descended. We now got upon a very steep bit, covered with grass, in which lurked innumerable pieces of rock, and over these we stumbled in a way that very soon relieved us of the little breath we had left. Thinking, however, that the caves were straight above us, we struggled frantically on, until we got to the height of about a thousand feet, when I called out to Colon that I was completely exhausted and must sit down. "Well," said he, "don't sit down where you are, unless you want to be picked as clean as those bones we saw in the cemetery." At this I looked about me, and saw that the whole place was swarming with ants; and, indeed, close to me lay the skeleton of a large bird, which looked

as if it had been prepared for an anatomical museum, so well was it cleared. I had to creep some distance under the scarp of the mountain before I found a place where I could rest my weary limbs. The view was enchanting, but my satisfaction was somewhat marred by the uncomfortable idea that a slip would send me headlong down the side of the hill, which, where I was sitting, was almost perpendicular.

Meantime Pedro the guide had been trying at various points to clamber up the scarped crest of the mountain, to find the cave he had undertaken to show us. "Are you certain that you have brought us to the right place?" "I am certain," said he, with a rueful look, "that the cave *was* here; but where it is now, the blessed Virgin alone knows!" In short, after nearly breaking our necks, we were forced to come to the disagreeable conclusion that our friend Pedro knew nothing at all about the cave, and that the best thing we could do was to return to Valencia and make another attempt under better guidance.

On telling our failure that night to some German friends, G., a fine active young fellow who had been a sailor, undertook to pilot me to the cave next day, though he said he had not been there for years. This time I resolved to take Juan with me; and, with a lively recollection of the dense jungle we had gone through in our late expedition, I made up my mind to carry my revolver, by way of a "caution to snakes."

We started next day, long before the sun was up, and soon got past the cemetery, and turned our horses towards the mountains, but struck along the side of a ravine nearer the town than the ravine we had before visited. Here, the jungle was thinner, and we got on fast, until, finding the ground growing steep and rocky, we dismounted and clambered up about two hundred feet, when we suddenly beheld the cavern yawning above. Its mouth was at least thirty feet in diameter, with a very scarped and slippery entrance, after surmounting which we found ourselves on a sort of platform. This portal of the cave was like a great room, which had, on the right as we entered, a huge window, from which there was a lovely view of the valley up to the lake. To the left of the entrance was another platform, ten feet above that on which we stood, while facing the entrance was a long gallery or tunnel in the rock, very lofty, but narrow, and sloping upward at an angle of thirty degrees. At the end of this gallery, the light appeared, and we could see the festoons of creepers that hung down over the outlet. But in the centre part the gallery was dark. Its dimness and narrowness made it seem of immense length, though probably it did not much exceed a hundred feet.

After resting and smoking our cigars, I told Juan, as he had much the longest reach of the party, to try to mount the second platform, and see what was to be seen. After two or three attempts, in which he bruised his shins considerably, Juan gave up the enterprise, observing, that he was too tall to play the monkey, and too heavy to go up a rock, birds-

nesting. G., who was as light and agile as a cat, soon clambered to the top, and reported that there was nothing to see. He then sprang down to us, and, in spite of the slipperiness of the rock and the depth of the jump, kept his footing. Of course we praised him immensely for his activity; and to give us a new proof of it, he volunteered to explore the tunnel, and tell us what there was on the other side. This, however, was no such easy matter. In the first place, the entrance to it was six feet above our platform, and this rise was absolutely perpendicular, with a hard smooth surface, and nothing on which to place hand or foot. Then the gallery was very dark within, and the floor of it was horribly rough. Somehow or other, G. managed to get up, but he had no sooner advanced a few yards into the interior than a prodigious number of bats and other night-birds came swooping out, with such a dust and noise as to half blind, suffocate, and deafen our adventurous pioneer. We could not help laughing loud and long to see him reappear powdered all over like a miller, rubbing his eyes, and swearing energetically in excellent Spanish and German.

"Don't be frightened, señor," said Juan, taking off his hat with mock politeness, but grinning all the time like an ogre; "the birds won't hurt you, and they're not worth killing, or you could shoot as many as you liked with our revolvers."

"Caramba!" said G., "whether they are worth shooting or not, I'll have a shot into the gallery before I go in again; for I would rather be shot myself, than smothered with this filth."

Juan handed up a revolver to G., who forthwith discharged several barrels into the tunnel. The explosion brought out a fresh flock of birds, and, until the dust they made had subsided, we could see nothing.

"Come, G.," I said, laughing, "look about for the game. I want a specimen of a vampire to take home. I hope you have killed something."

Hereupon Juan, whose height gave him an advantage over me in reconnoitring, exclaimed:

"Blest if I can tell what's been killed; but I think the shots have made something alive, for I can see what looks like the stem of a great creeper moving up and down like a live eel in a frying-pan."

"Stem of a great creeper!" shouted G., who had now again entered the tunnel; "by Heavens! it's a snake, and the biggest I ever saw."

With these words, he discharged the remaining barrels of his pistol, and then bolted back to the mouth of the gallery, ready to drop down to us, in case the brute turned in our direction. Luckily, it made off the other way. G., who saw it best, declared it was sixteen or eighteen feet long. After this, none of us felt inclined to explore any further, and we unanimously agreed that we had seen all that was worth seeing, and that the place was a very nice place for a picnic—barring the bats and the serpents!

"It's a queer spot," said G., as we descended the steep path to regain our horses, "and some

curious things have been done in it. In the last war, a famous robber, named Hernandez Maza, lived here, and committed many atrocities before they found out his den. No one thought of looking for him in the cave. At last they sent for bloodhounds and tracked him to it, and then he died there, sword in hand, like a brave man."

"More like a snake in a hole," said Juan, who did not care for romantic histories, and was rather disgusted with the day's proceedings. "I shall be very glad to get back to Valencia, and I don't care if I never see no more caves, nor serpents neither, as long as I live."

GIBSON'S STUDIO.

ON THE BASSO RELIEVO OF THE HOURS LEADING THE HORSES OF THE SUN, AND ON OTHER WORKS THERE.

I.

Float on, thou stately pageant, proud and fair,
Float on, in choral beauty, joyous Hours,
While to your god th' immortal steeds ye bear
With festal step and song and votive flowers.

II.

Beauty and courage, ardour tamed by grace,
Strength ruled by sweetness, freedom, vigorous youth,
Divinely curb'd yet guided on their race—
The noble image veils a nobler truth.

III.

O fair primeval age! so nigh thy birth,
God's awful presence brooded ever near;
Wing'd forms angelical still trod the earth,
Yet jubilant, each star sang in its sphere.

IV.

And therefore heart and soul, and ear and eye,
From God-like influence drew life divine,
And truth, religion, high philosophy,
Reveal'd through sensuous forms their faith benign.

V.

Not wholly dim the rapture, fled the dream;
We all might speak of visions delicate,
Impalpable, o'er which soft halos gleam
To fond beliefs of old, yet dedicate.

VI.

Ay, come with me; yon fountain murmurs clear
Beneath its crown of fern, and round it bloom,
Lavish of beauty, prodigally fair,
Wild flowers, whose purple mocks the skies of Rome.

VII.

By flowers and fountain welcome meet is given;
Then pass yon threshold: grave and still and calm,
The gods await us—'tis the Grecian heaven,
All odorous with asphodel and balm.

VIII.

There shines Pandora, and her eyes seem stern
With mystic prescience and prophetic light.
Here, fair Aurora from her graceful urn
Sheds fresh'ning dews which part the day from night.

IX.

And there young Phaëton with looks of fire
Measures th' ethereal space his steeds have trod,
Forgetful, in his quenchless, wild desire,
To wait is genius, to be patient, God!

X.

and lo! where sighing 'neath her Maker's hand,
The rosy life slow stealing through her form,
Her forfeit godhood, 'mid th' Olympian band,
Fair Venus mourns, with mortal blushes warm.

XI.

Look round, a life's whole utterance is here;
Through Phidian forms each subtle thought is
told;
Profound, yet simple, lovely, yet austere,
The soul was pure, its struggles manifold.

XII.

And thus was reach'd the goal; by steadfast will
And no vain dalliance with a lofty aim,
But strong and tireless, ruthless to fulfil
Each ardent purpose, so was won this fame.

XIII.

Each day was as a pearl laid on a shrine,
That shrine a consecrated life, all vow'd
A rigid sacrifice to art divine,
And through art's priesthood did this man serve
God.

XIV.

For he was one who, 'mid the pomp and strife
Which men forlorn miscall felicity,
Fulfill'd the mission of a nobler life,
And won from work his immortality.

XV.

Death sways not where creative art bestows
An infinite success to high endeavour;
Harmoniously the circle ebbs and flows—
The workman in his work shall live for ever!

DANIEL GUMB'S ROCK.

THERE is no part of our native country of England so little known, no region so seldom trodden by the feet of the tourist or the traveller, as the middle moorland of old Cornwall. A stretch of wild heath and stunted gorse, dotted with swelling hills, and interspersed with rugged rocks, either of native granite or rough-hewn pillar, the rude memorial of ancient art, spreads from the Severn Sea on the west to the tall ridge of Carradon on the east, and from Warbstow Barrow on the north to the southern civilisation of Bodmin and Liskeard. Throughout this district there is, even in these days, but very scanty sign of settled habitation. Two or three recent and solitary roads traverse the boundaries; here and there, the shafts and machinery of a mine announce the existence of underground life; a few clustered cottages, or huts, for the shepherds, are sprinkled along the waste; but the vast and uncultured surface of the soil is suggestive of the bleak steppes of Tartary or the far wilds of Australia, and that in the very heart of modern England. Yet is there no scenery that can be sought by the antiquary or the artist that will so kindle the imagination or requite the eye or the mind of the wanderer as this Cornish solitude. If he travel from our storied Dundagel, eastward, Rowtor, the Red Tor, so named from its purple tapestry of heather and heath, and Brunguillie, the Golden Hill, crested with yellow gorse, like a crown, will win his approach and reward,

with their majestic horizon, the first efforts of his pilgrimage. The summits and sides of these mountains of the west are studded with many a logan-rock or shuddering stone of the old superstition. This was the pillar of ordeal in Druid times, so poised that while it shook at the slight faint touch of the innocent finger, it firmly withstood the assailing strength of the guilty man.

Passing onward, the traveller will pause amid a winding outline of unhewn granite pillars, and he will gradually discover that these are set up to represent the coils of a gigantic serpent, traced, as it were, in stone. This is a memorial of the dragon-crest of a Viking, or the demon-idol and shrine of an older antiquity. Not far off there gleams a moorland lake, or mimic sea, with its rippling laugh of waters—the Dozmere Pool of many an antique legend and tale, the mystic scene of the shadowy vessel and the Mort d'Arthur of our living bard. A sheep-track—for no other visible path will render guidance along the moor—leads on to Kilmarth Tor, from the brow of which lofty crag the eye can embrace the expanse of the two seas which are the boundaries of Cornwall on the right and left. There, too, looms in the distance Rocky Carradon, with the valley of the Hurlers at its foot. These tall shapes of granite, grim and grotesque, were once, as local legends say, nine bold upstanding Cornish men, who disdained the Sabbath-day; and as they pursued their daring pastime and "put the stone," in spite of the warning of the priest, they were changed, by a sudden doom, where they stood up to play, and so were fixed for ever in monumental rock. Above them lowers the Devil's Wring, a pile of granite masses, lifted, as though by giant or demon strength, one upon another; but the upper rocks vast and unwieldy, and the lower gradually lessening downward, until they rest, poised, on a pivot of stone so slender and small that it seems as though the wind sweeping over the moor would overtopple it with a breath; and yet centuries many and long have rolled over the heath, and still it stands unshaken and unswerved. Its name is derived from the similitude of the rocky structure to the press wherein the ancient housewives of rude Cornwall were accustomed to "wring" out the milk from their cheese. Not far off from this singular monument of "ages long ago" there is found to this day a rough and rude assemblage of moorstone slabs, some cast down and others erect, but manifestly brought together and arranged by human hands and skill. There is still traceable amid the fragments the outline of a human habitation, once divided into cells, and this was the origin and purpose of this solitary abode. It was the work and the home of a remarkable man—an eccentric and original character among the worthies of the west—and the place has borne ever since the early years of the last century the name of Daniel Gumb's Rock. He was a native Cornishman, born in a cottage that bordered on the moor, and in the lowlier ranks of labouring life. In his father's house-

hold he was always accounted a strange and unsocial boy. In his childhood he kept aloof from all pastime and play, and while his companions resorted to their youthful amusements and sports, Daniel was usually seen alone, with a book or a slate, whereon he worked, at a very early age, the axioms of algebra or the diagrams of Euclid. He had mastered with marvellous rapidity all the books of the countryside, and he had even exhausted the instructions of the schoolmaster of the neighbouring town. Then it became his chosen delight to wander on the moors with some favourite volume in his hand, and a crust from his mother's loaf in his bag; with his inseparable tools, also, the chisel and the mallet, wherewithal to chip and gather the geological specimens of his own district. Often he would be absent whole nights, and when he was questioned as to his place of shelter, he would reply, "Where John the Baptist slept," or "At Roche, in the hermit's bed;" for the ruined cell of a Christian anchorite stood, and yet stands, above the scenery of the wanderings of that solitary boy. But Daniel's principal ambition was to know and name the planets and the stars. It was at the time when the discoveries of foreign astronomers had peopled the heavens with fresh imagery, and our own Newton had given to the ethereal phenomena of the sky a "local habitation and a name." It is very striking to discover, when the minds of any nation are flooded with new ideas and original trains of thought, how soon the strange tidings will reach the very skirts of the population, and borne, how we know not, will thrill the hamlet and the village with the wonders that have roused and instructed the far-off and civilised city. Thus even Daniel's distant district became aware of the novel science of the stars, and this intelligence failed not to excite and foster the faculties of his original mind. Local legends still record and identify the tall and craggy places where the youthful "scholar" was wont to ascend and to rest all night, with his face turned upward to the sky, "learning the customs of the stars," and "finding out by the planets things to come." Nor were his studies unassisted and alone. A master-mind of those days, Cookworthy of Plymouth, a learned and scientific man, still famous in the west, found out and fostered the genius of the intelligent youth. He gave him access to his library, and allowed him to visit his orrery and other scientific instruments: and the result of this kindness was shown in the tastes and future peculiarities of the mind of Gumb. The stern necessities of life demanded, in the course of time, that Daniel should fulfil the destiny of his birth, and win his bread by the sweat of his brow; for the meagre resources of his cottage-home had to be augmented by his youthful labour. In the choice of an occupation his early habits were not without their influence. He selected the craft of a hewer of stone, a very common calling on the surrounding moors; and there he toiled for several years of his succeeding life, amid the Cyclopean

models of the early ages. The pillared rocks of that wild domain were the monoliths of Celtic history, and the vast piles of the native moor were the heaped and unhewn pyramids of an ancient and unknown people. All these surrounding scenes acted on his tastes and impulses. "So the foundations of his mind were laid!" His father died, and Daniel became his own master, and had to hew his way through the rugged world, by what the Cornish call "the pith of his bones." That he did so his future history will attest; but it was not unsoothed nor alone; nor was it without the usual incident of human existence. No man ever yet became happily great, or joyfully distinguished, without that kindling strength, the affectionate presence of a woman.

He whom Joy would win,
Must share it; Happiness was born a twin.

Such was the solace that arrived to soothe the dreary path of Daniel Gumb. He wooed and won a maiden of his native village, who, amid the rugged rocks and appellatives of Cornwall, had the soft Italian name of Florence. But where, amid the utter poverty of his position and prospects, could he find the peaceful and happy wedding-roof that should bend over him and his bride? His friends were few, and they too poor and lowly to aid his start in life. He himself had inherited nothing, save a strong head and heart, and two stalwart hands. He looked around him and afar off, and there was no avenue for house or home. Suddenly he recalled to mind his wandering days and his houseless nights, the scanty food, the absorbing meditation, and the kindly shelter of many a nook in the hollow places of the granite rock. He formed his plan, and made it known to his future and faithful bride. She assented with the full-hearted strength and trusting sacrifice of a woman's love. Then he went forth in the night of his simple and strong resolve; his tools in his scrip, and a loaf or two of his accustomed household bread. He sought the well-known slope under Carradon, searched many a mass of Druid rock, and paced around cromlech and pillared stone of old memorial, until he discovered a primeval assemblage of granite slabs suited to his toil. One of these, grounded upon several others, the vast boulders of some diluvian flood, had the rude semblance of a roof. Underneath this shelving rock he scooped away the soil, finding, as he dug on, more than one upright slice of moorstone, which he left to stand as an inner and natural wall. At last, at the end of a few laborious days, Daniel stood before a large cavern of the rocks, divided into chambers by upstanding granite, and sheltered, at a steep angle, by a mountainous mass of stone. Nerved and sustained by the hopeful visions which crowded on his mind, and of which he firmly trusted that this place would be the future scene, he toiled on, until he had finally framed a giant abode, such as that wherein the Cyclops shut in Ulysses and his companions, and promised to

"devour No-man the last." Materials for the pavement and for closing up the inner walls were scattered abundantly around; nay, the very furniture for that mountain-home was at once ready for his hand; for, as Agag, king of the Amalekites, had his vaunted iron bed, so did Gumb frame and hew for himself and Florence, his wife, table and seat and a bedstead of native stone. Then he smoothed and shot into a groove a thick and heavy door, so that, closed like an eastern sepulchre, it demanded no common strength to roll away the stone. When all had been prepared, the bridegroom and the bride met at a distant church; the simple wedding feast was held at her father's house; and that night the husband led the maiden of his vows, the bride of his youth, to their wedding rock! If he had known the ode, he might have chanted, in Horatian verse, that day, "Nunc scio quid sit amor, duris in cotibus illum." "Now know I what true love is; in rugged dens he dwells."

Here the wedded pair dwelt in peace long and happy years, mingling the imagery of old romance with the sterner duties of practical life. As a far-famed hewer of stone, the skill and energy of this singular man never lacked employ, nor failed to supply the necessities of his moorland abode. Like a patriarch in his tent amid the solitudes of Syria, he was his own king, prophet, and priest. He paid neither rent, nor taxes, nor tithe. When children were born to him, he exercised unwittingly the power of lay-baptism which was granted in the primitive church to the inhabitants of a wilderness, afar from the ministry of the priesthood, and his wife was content to be "churched" by her own cherished husband, among the altars of unhewn stone that surrounded their solitary cell. Who shall say that this simple worship of the father and the mother, with their household, amid their paradise of hills, was not as sweet, with the balsam of the soul, as the incense-breathing psalm of the cathedral choir? Rightly or wrongly, it is known that Daniel entertained an infinite contempt for "the parsons," whose territories bordered on the moor. Not one of them, it was his wont to aver, could cross the asses' bridge of his favourite Euclid, a feat he had himself accomplished in very early youth; nor could the most learned among them all unravel the mysteries of his chosen companions, the wandering stars, that travelled over Carradon every night. Long and frequent were his vigils for astronomical researches and delight. To this day, the traveller will encounter on the face of some solitary rock a mathematical diagram, carefully carved by some chisel and hand unknown; and while speculation has often been rife as to the Druidical origin of the mystic figure, or the scientific knowledge of the early Kelts, the local antiquary is aware that these are the simple records of the patient studies of Daniel Gumb.

When the writer of this article visited that neighbourhood in 183—, there still survived

relics and remembrances of the singular man. There were a few written fragments of his thoughts and studies still treasured up in the existing families of himself and his wife. Here is a transcript: "Mr. Cookworthy told me, when I saw him last, that astronomers in foreign parts, and our great man Sir Isaac here at home, had thought that the planets were so vast, and so like our earth in their ways, that they might have been inhabited by men; but he said, 'their elements and atmosphere are thought to be unfit for human life and breath.' But surely God would not have so wasted his worlds as to have made such great bright masses of his creation to roll along all barren, as it were, like desert places of light in the sky. There must be people of some kind there: how I should like to see them, and to go there when I die!" Another entry on the same leaf: "Florence asked me to-day if I thought that our souls, after we are dead, would know the stars and other wise things better than we can now. And I answered her, Yes; and if I could, that is, if I was allowed to, the first thing I would try should be to square the circle true, and then, if I could, I would mark it and work it out somewhere hereabouts on a flat rock, that my son might find it there, and so make his fortune and be a great man. N.B. Florence asked me to write this down." On a thick sheet of pasteboard, with a ground-plan of a building on the other side, he had written: "January 16, 1756. A terrible storm last night. Thunder and lightning and hail, with a tempest of wind. Saw several dead sheep on the moor. Shipwrecks, no doubt, at sea. A thought came into my mind, why should such harm be allowed to be done? I read some reasons once in a book that Mr. Cookworthy lent me, called *The Origin of Evil*; but I could not understand a word of it. My notion is, that when evil somehow came into the world, God did not destroy it at once, because He is so almighty that He let it go on, to make manifest His power and majesty; and so He rules over all evil things, and turns them into good at the last. N.B. The devil is called in the Bible the Prince of the Powers of the Air: so he may be, but he must obey his Master. The poor wretch is but a slave after all!" On the fly-leaves of an old account-book the following strange statement appears: "June 23, 1764. To-day, at bright noon, as I was at my work upon the moor, I looked up, and saw all at once a stranger standing on the turf, just above my block. He was dressed like an old picture that I remember in the windows of St. Neot's church, in a long brown garment, with a girdle; and his head was uncovered and grizzled with long hair. He spoke to me, and he said, in a low, clear voice, 'Daniel, that work is hard!' I wondered that he should know my name, and I answered, 'Yes, sir; but I am used to it, and don't mind it, for the sake of the faces at home.' Then he said, sounding his words like a psalm, 'Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening; when will it be night with Daniel

Gumb? I began to feel queer; it seemed to me there was something awful about the unknown man. I even shook. Then he said again, "Fear nothing. The happiest man in all the earth is he that wins his daily bread by his daily sweat, if he will but fear God and do man no wrong." I bent down my head like any one confounded, and I greatly wondered who this strange appearance could be. He was not like a preacher, for he looked me full in the face; nor a bit like a parson, for he seemed very meek and kind. I began to think it was a spirit, only such ones always come by night, and here was I at noonday, and at work. So I made up my mind to drop my hammer and step up and ask his name right out. But when I looked up he was gone, and that clear out of sight, on the bare wide moor suddenly. I only wish that I had gone forward at once and felt him with my hand and found out if he was a real man or only a resemblance. What could it mean? Mem. to ask Mr. C." This event is recorded in a more formal and painful handwriting than the other MSS. which survive. Nothing could be further removed from superstition or fear than this man's whole character and mind. Hard as one of his native rocks, and accurate as a diagram, yet here is a tinge of that large and artless belief which is so inseparable from a Keltic origin, and which is so often manifested by the strongest and loftiest minds. Another paragraph, written on the blank page of an almanack, run thus: "Found to-day, in the very heart of a slab of rock that came out below the granite, the bony skeleton of a strange animal, or rather some kind of fish. The stone had never been broken into before, and looked ages older than the rocks above. Now how came this creature to get in, and to die and harden there? Was it before Adam's time, or since? What date was it? But what can we tell about dates after all? Time is nothing but Adam's clock—a measurement that men invented to reckon by. This very rock with the creature in it was made, perhaps, before there was any such thing as time. In eternity may be; that is, before there were any dates begun. At all events, when God did make the rock, He must have put the creature there." This appears to be a singular and rude anticipation of modern discovery, and a simple solution of a question of science in our own and later time. It is to be lamented that these surviving details of a thoughtful and original life are so few and far between. Gumb appears to have united in his native character the simplicity of an ancient hermit and the stern contempt of the solitary student for the busy hum of men, with the brave resolution and independent energy of mind which have won success and fame for some of our self-made sons of science and skill. But his opportunities were few, and the severance of his life and abode from contact with his fellow-men forbade that access to the discoveries and researches of his kind which might have rendered him, in other days, the Hugh Miller of the Rocks or the Stephenson or Watt of a

scientific solitude. He and his wife inhabited their wedded cell for many years and long. The mother on her stony couch gladdened her anxious husband with sons and daughters; but she had the courage to brave her woman's trials alone, for neither midwife nor doctor were ever summoned to "the rock." These, as may well be imagined, were all literally educated at home; but only one of their children, his name was John, appears to have inherited his father's habits or energy. He succeeded to the caverned home after Daniel's death, and when his mother had returned to her native village to die also, the existence of John Gumb is casually seen recorded as one of the skilful hewers of stone at the foot of Carradon. But Daniel died "an old man full of days," and he was carried after all "ad plures," and to the silent society of men, in the churchyard of the parish wherein stood afar off his rocky home. He won and he still deserves a nook of remembrance among the legendary sons of the west, "the giants" of Keltic race, "the mighty men that were of old, the men of renown." His mind, though rough-hewn, like a block of his native granite, must have been well balanced: resolute and firm reliance on a man's own resources, and disdain of external succour, have ever been a signal of native genius. To be able to live alone, according to the adage of an ancient sage, a man must be either an angel or a demon. Gumb was neither, but a simple, strong-hearted, and intellectual man. He had the "mens sana in corpore sano" of the poet's aspiration. A scenic taste and a mind "to enjoy the universe" he revealed in the very choice of his abode. In utter scorn of the pent-up city, and dislike for the rock of the multitude, he built, like "the Kenite, his nest in the rock;" nor did he pitch his stony tent by chance, or in a casual place in the wild. He chose and he fixed his home where his eye could command and exult in a stretch of circumferent scenery a hundred and fifty miles on surrounding extent. In the east, he greeted the morning sun, as he mounted the rugged saddle of Dartmoor and Exmoor for his daily career. To the west, Roche, the rock of the ruined hermitage, lifted a bold and craggy crest to the sky, where long centuries before another solitary of more ascetic mind, lay, like the Patriarch, on his pillow of granite, and reared a ladder to Heaven by the energy of nightly prayer. Far, far away to the westward, the haughty sun of England went into the storied Sea of Arthur and his knights, and touched, caressingly, the heights of grim Dundagel, with a lingering halo of light. These were the visions that soothed and surrounded the worker at his daily toil, and roused and strengthened the energies of the self-sustaining man. The lessons of the legend of Daniel Gumb are simple, and earnest, and strong. The words of supernatural wisdom might be graven as an added superscription on his rock, "Whatsoever thou doest, do it with all thine heart." If thou be a man, friendless and alone, the slave of the hammer or the axe, and doomed to the sweat of labour, day by

day, till the night shall come that no man can work, "aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera"—aid thyself and God will succour thee.

THE GOOD SHIP SHOOTING STAR.

I.

"CAPTAIN RITSON, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Pennant, your new purser. Mr. Pennant, pray take a chair, while I have a little talk on business with Captain Ritson."

Mr. Blizzard, of the firm of David and Blizzard, 72, Limehouse-street, Liverpool, continued:

"Captain Ritson, we want to make this first trip of the Shooting Star an auspicious trip; we want to have our vessel the first into Quebec this year. We save the dues; for they always return the dues to the first vessel that arrives from England; but it is not so much for the sake of the value of the dues, as the éclat of the thing we want. Our trade with Canada is large, and we want to get our name up. We do not, of course, want you to run any danger. No, that is by no means the wish of the firm; but we wish you to skirt the ice and run in on the very first opening. You will get off Labrador just in time for the frost to have thawed, and, with care, there need be no risk whatever."

Mr. Blizzard said all this leaning against his railed desk, and nestled in among the files of invoices and bills of lading. He was a hearty, fresh-coloured, portly man, very neat in his dress, and remarkable for a white waistcoat, that seemed as hard and stainless as enamel. He played with his watch-chain as he spoke, and eyed the captain, the purser, and the first mate, who sat in an uncomfortable half circle. With his well-polished boots planted on the immovable rock of a large capital, Mr. Blizzard seemed to look boldly seaward metaphorically, and consider wrecks and such casualties as mere well-devised fictions.

Captain Ritson was a big North-countryman, with a broad acreage of chest, clear grey eyes, and large red hands; a sturdy, honest, self-reliant man, without a fear in the world. The mate, Mr. Cardew, by no means so pleasant to look on, being a little spare, thin-legged, cadaverous person, with yellowish eyes, sat in sullen subservieney on the very edge of his chair just behind the captain. The purser, a brisk, cheery, stout young fellow, sat deprecatingly (as if he thought he ought to stand) a trifle further back still.

"Right it is, Mister Blizzard," said the captain, buttoning his pilot coat across his chest, as if preparing for an immediate gale, and about to order everything to be battened down. "Right it is, and a better vessel than the Shooting Star I don't hope to see. She's sound, Mr. Blizzard, I do believe, from main truck to keel; sound, if I may use the expression, as a pious man's conscience. The only thing that vexes me, howsoever, is that, having been sent for to my native place, down

Allonby way, on very sad business" (here the captain held up sorrowfully an enormous hat covered with black crape), "I couldn't see to the lading of this 'ere wessel as I generally likes to do with wessels I am called upon to command."

"That is of no consequence at all, Captain Ritson," said Mr. Blizzard, pouring out three glasses of sherry all in a row from a decanter on an inky mantelpiece near him. "I have been away at Manchester, and my partner, Mr. David, has been very ill with a touch of pleurisy, but our first mate here, Mr. Cardew, has seen to it all."

The mate nodded assent.

"And the cargo is——?"

"Agricultural implements, machinery, and cloth goods."

Mr. Blizzard referred to a ledger for this information, as he spoke, as if he scarcely knew, in his multiplicity of business, whether the Shooting Star might not be laden with frankincense, pearls, gold-dust, and poll-parrots—but he would see.

Having ascertained the fact, Mr. Blizzard carefully replaced the ledger, and, turning his back on his company, poked the fire, and consulted a large sheet almanack over the mantelpiece, as a sign the interview was over.

"We sail to-morrow morning, Sunday," said Captain Ritson, who was a Wesleyan, to the purser, as they left the office of Messrs. David and Blizzard; "I likes to hear the blessed Sabbath bells calling to one another as I go out of the Mersey, and the men like it; and, what's more, it's lucky. It's like the land taking leave of us, as I always say, giving a sort of blessing on the ship; at least, I'm a plain man, and that's how I take it. It's the day I always start, Sunday is."

The purser expressed his hope that he should succeed in doing his duty, and pleasing the captain and all his employers.

"Oh, you'll do, young man, I can see; don't you be afraid. Won't he, Mr. Cardew? Clear, straightforward eyes, and all aboveboard."

Mr. Cardew thought he would do, but he did not look on the purser at all. His mind was running on very different things.

II.

"Joe," said the purser's wife, when Pennant returned to his little cottage at Birkenhead, and announced his new appointment, "I don't know how it is, but I've got a strong presentiment, and I wish you wouldn't go in this ship. I never did like ships with those sort of names. The best run you ever had was in the Jane Parker, and the worst one in the Morning Star. Stick to the plain names. Besides, it's too early in the season. Now, do oblige me, Joe, and give it up. Stay for a fortnight later; get an Australian ship. It's too early for Canada. It is, indeed. Mrs. Thompson says so."

"Jenny, my love, you're a silly little woman. A pretty sailor's wife you make! Come, pack up my kit, for I'm going; that is the long, and the short of it. Nonsense about sentiments. And

who is Mrs. Thompson, I should like to know? Who wants her poking her nose here? Why did she drive her husband away with her nagging, and temper, and botheration? Tell her to mind her own business. Pretty thing, indeed! Come, dear, no nonsense; pack up my kit."

"But, Joe dear, there was your photograph fell off the nail on Tuesday—that night I saw a shooting star fall close to the docks, and it wasn't sent for nothing. Don't go, Joe; don't go."

"Go I must, Jonny dear, and go I shall, so don't make it painful, there's a good little woman. Come, I'll go up with you now, and kiss George and Lizzy. I won't wake them; then we'll go and look out the shirts and things for the chest. Keep a good heart; you know I shall soon be back. I've got a nice captain, and a smart first mate."

III.

"Why, Captain Thompson, who ever thought to have found you here, and only quartermaster?" said the purser, as he stood at the gangway of the Shooting Star, watching the fresh provisions brought in. "Well, I am sorry to see you so reduced, sir, I am indeed. How was it?"

The quartermaster drew him on one side with a rueful look. He was a purple, jolly, sottish-looking man, with swollen features.

"It was the grog, Joe, as did it—all the infernal grog," he said. "I lost my last ship, the Red Star, and then everything went wrong; but I've struck off drinking now, Joe; I wasn't fit to have a ship, that's about it—lost myself, too, Joe; and here I am with my hands in the tar-bucket again, trying to do my dooty in that station of life, as the Catechism used to say."

"And how do you like our captain and crew, sir?" Pennant said, under his breath.

"Captain's as good a man as ever trod in shoe-leather—upright man, though he will have the work done, but the crew ain't much, between ourselves. Four of them first class, the rest loafers and skulkers, wanting to emigrate, picked up on the quays, half thieves, half deserters, not worth their salt. They'll all run when they get to Quebec. Then there's the first mate, he's a nice nigger-driver, he is—bound for a bad port, I think. I wouldn't trust him with a ship, that's all I can say, unless it was a pirate ship, that he might get on with, but he is smooth enough before the captain—he takes care of that—curse him."

Just at that moment there came a shrill voice screaming curses from the shore.

"Look alive, you skulkers there," it cried—it was the mate's voice—"or I'll let you know. We shan't be ready by Tuesday, if you don't hurry. Not a drop of grog before the work's done, mind that. I'll have no infernal grumbling while I'm mate; and what are you doing there, quartermaster, idling? Mr. Purser, see at once if the stores are all in, and hand in the bills to me to give to Captain Ritson."

The men, ragged, sullen fellows, worked harder but cursed in an under breath.

The moment the captain came on board the

mate's manner entirely altered. He crouched and whispered, and asked for orders, and spoke to the men with punctilious quietude.

Cardew had some strange hold over the captain, as the purser soon discovered; some money matters; some threat, which he held over Ritson's head, about his father's farm in Cumberland; some power that the captain dreaded, though he tried to appear cheerful, trusting, and indifferent. At first tyrannical to the men, Cardew had now begun to conciliate them in every possible way, especially when Captain Ritson was not on deck.

The purser was in his cabin, the twentieth day after the Shooting Star had started. He was head down at his accounts, and the luminous green shade over the lamp threw a golden light upon rows of figures and the red lines that divided them. He was working silently, honest zealous fellow that he was, when a low tap came at the cabin door. He leaped off his seat and opened the door; it was old Thompson, the quartermaster, who shut it after him with a suspicious care.

"Well, Thompson," said the purser, looking up with an overworked and troubled expression, "what is it?"

The quartermaster sat down with a hand on either knee. "I tell you what it is, Mr. Pennant, between you and me there's mischief brewing."

"Thompson, you've been at the rum again," said the amazed purser, in a reproachful voice.

"No, Mr. Pennant, I haven't; no, I am sober as the day I was born. Never you mind how I learned what I am going to tell you. There was a time when no one dared accuse Jack Thompson of eavesdropping, without getting an answer straight between the eyes, and quick too; but now I'm a poor rascal no one cares for; only fit to mend old rope and patch sails, and I can stoop now to do things I should have been ashamed of once, even if I had done them, as I did this, for good."

There came at this moment a port rap at the door, and Harrison, the ship's boy, thrust in his head.

"Well, what do you want?" said the purser, in his sharp honest way.

"If you please, sir, there's an ice-fog coming on, and Mr. Cardew says the men are to have an extra glass of grog round as there will be extra watches."

"Did Captain Ritson himself give the order?"

"No, sir; Mr. Cardew. Captain's been up all night, and is gone to lie down."

"Tell Mr. Cardew, with my compliments, that the captain told me yesterday never to serve out rum without his special orders."

"Yes, sir." The boy left.

"Now, Mr. Quartermaster, let me know the worst. I think—I suspect—it is something about our first mate. This is going to be an unlucky voyage, I can see. Let me hear the worst, quick, that we may do something to stop the leak."

The quartermaster, a stolid man of Dutch temperament, and by no means to be hurried,

proceeded as calmly as if he were spinning a yarn over the galley fire. "What I heard the first mate and the carpenter talk about only two hours ago was this. The ice-fog's come on, and the men (a bad lot in any weather, all but Davis and two or three more) are beginning to think we're running dangerously near the ice, and that we shall get nipped. The mate, when the captain is away, encourages them in this idea, and the worst of them talk now of forcing the captain to steer more southward, so as to keep clear of the ice-parks off Labrador."

The purser started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"Belay there, Mr. Pennant," said the quartermaster, forcing his sou'-wester firmer on his head to express hatred for the mate; "that was only the first entry in their log. Then they went on to propose sinking the ship, lashing down the captain and those who wouldn't join them, destroying all evidence, and taking to the boats as soon as there was a sight of land."

"But what for?"

"What for? Why for this. The first mate, as he let out, has had the lading of the vessel. Well, what did he do, with the help of some scoundrel friend of his, a shipping agent, but remove two-thirds of the machinery from the cases, unknown, of course, to Mr. Blizzard, and pile them up with old iron, unknown to the captain, who was away because his father was dying, and now they want to sink the vessel, and then to go home and sell the plunder. That's about the size of it."

"Come this moment and tell the captain of this scoundrel," said the purser, leaping up and locking his desk resolutely.

"Now, avast heaving there, not just yet, Mr. Purser, by your leave; let the thing ripen a little; let me pick up what I can in the fo'ksal; they don't mind a poor old beast like me."

"What's all this?" cried a shrill, spiteful voice, as the door was thrust violently open. "Where is this purser fellow? Who is it dares to disobey my orders? What do you mean, purser, by not serving out this run? No skulking here. Thompson, go on deck, see all made taut for the night, and the fog-bell rigged, or we shall be run down in this cursed fog."

Thompson slunk out of the cabin.

The purser did not flinch; he took his cap quietly from its peg. "Mr. Cardew," he said, "I only obeyed the captain's orders, and I shall continue to do so till you take command of the vessel. I'm going on deck for a smoke before I turn in. Good night, sir."

The mate's eyes became all at once bloodshot and phosphorescent with a cruel light.

"I tell you what it is, Pennant," he said; "if I *was* your captain, I'd maroon you on an iceberg before you were five hours older, and I'd let you know first, with a good bit of pickled rope, what it was to disobey your superior officer."

"Good night, sir; threatened men live long. And perhaps you will allow me to lock up my cabin? Thank you."

With this good-humoured defiance the purser ran, laughing and singing, up the cabin stairs.

It was Sunday morning, and the ice-fog had lifted. The vessel had met with mere pancake ice, loose sheets thin as tinsel, but nothing more; the wind blew intensely cold as if from ice-fields of enormous size, but no bergs had been seen, and the captain, judging from the ship's reckoning, hoped still to make a swift and successful voyage, and to be the first to reach Quebec that season.

The men were mustered for prayers in the state cabin. It was a pleasant sight to see them file in, two and two, so trim, with their blue shirts turned back from their big brown necks, their jaunty knotted black silk neckerchiefs and their snowy white trousers; the petty officers in their best blue jackets, and all so decorous and disciplined, as they took their prescribed seats.

Pleasant, too, it was to see the hardy captain in that wild and remote sea so calmly and gravely reading the chapter from the Bible relating to Paul's voyage, with an unconscious commanding-officer air. If the ship-boy dared to cough, that stern grey eye nailed him to his seat; if the boatswain shuffled his feet, there was a reproving pause between the verses; if even the spray broke over the hatchway, the captain was down upon it.

The purser was the last to leave the cabin when the service was over. As he collected the Bibles, the captain touched him on the shoulder.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Pennant," he said, sitting sorrowfully down at the table with his hand on his telescope, and his large prayer-book still open before him. "You are an honest, faithful fellow, and I want to ask you a simple question. Have you seen or heard anything lately that makes you think the first mate is playing double, and exciting the men to mutiny? Yes or no?"

"Yes, captain."

The captain did not lift his eyes from the table at this answer, but giving a slight half disdainful sigh, poured out a glass of water and drank it, then rose, shook the purser by the hand, and looked steadily in his face.

"Come up with me, purser, on deck," he said, "and we will settle this matter at once. Some one has been altering the vessel's course, I feel sure, since the morning. If it is the mate, I will put him in irons. If it cost me my right arm, I'll keep him in irons. I'm a fool not to have seen it all before. I was warned about that man in Liverpool."

When the captain stood upon the deck, the chill white ice-fog was again bearing down fast on the Shooting Star. It was bearing down with a spectral gloom that was depressing in a sea known to be still half blocked with ice-packs. A Sabbath calm reigned over the vessel. The men were lying down by the trim rope coils, some reading, some conversing; not a plank but was clean as a pink; not a bolt-head or brass but shone as well as anything could shine

in that lurid light. The mate and carpenter were sitting near the wheel, looking at the advancing fog; at the entrance to the fo'ksal were some men stretched out half asleep.

The captain said not a word, but walked straight up to the man at the wheel, and looked at the compass.

"Why, you're steering south," he said, quietly, "and I told you nor'-nor'-west an hour ago."

"I am steering as the first mate told me," said the fellow, sullenly. "I can't steer as every one wants me. If it was my way, I'd 'steer home.'"

The first mate, as the man said this, came up and took the wheel from him insolently, as if in defiance of the captain.

"Jackson's steering right," he said.

"Right you call it," said the captain, storming. "I'm a plain man, and I like plain dealing. Mr. Cardew, I've had enough of your lying tricks; let go the wheel, sir, and go to your cabin. Consider yourself under arrest for mutinous conduct. Purser, you are witness; take this man down."

Cardew still refused to let go the wheel. With the quickness of thought, the captain felled him with a blow; in a moment the deck seemed alive with shouting and leaping men. Five sailors threw themselves on the captain, three on the purser. The mutiny had broken out at last. A cruel yell rang from stem to stern. All who favoured the captain were in a moment, with curses and cruel threats, overpowered and bound to the mast and rigging.

"Now, Captain Ritson," said Cardew, as he rose with a yellow face, down which the blood streamed, and advanced to where the captain stood bound and pale with rage, "you see I am stronger than you thought. If I chose, I could at once let you overboard with a rope and freeze you to death; I could have you pelted with bottles, or put an end to in some other agreeable way; but I shall spare you now, to pay you out better for that blow and other indignities. Last night you refused to join me in my sensible scheme for baffling the rascals who expose us to danger and then underpay us. Now I will not accept your partnership. Oh, you're a rash, violent man, though you are so pious; where's your Providence now? Come, my boys, leave these fools, and get out the wine; we'll have a spree to-night, for to-morrow we shall be on shore, and, perhaps, starting again for England. Come, get out this man's brandy. We'll have a night of it. It's cold enough for these fellows, ain't it? But it'll make them warm seeing us drinking."

That night, as the liquor went round, and the songs circulated among the mutineers to the doleful accompaniment of the monotonous and funeral fog-bell, the captain and seven friends lying bound against the frozen shrouds, the vapour lifted for a moment eastward and disclosed an aurora borealis, that lit up all the horizon with a majestic fan of crimson and phosphorescent light that darted upward its

keen rays, and throbbed and quivered with almost supernatural splendour. The electric lustre lit the pale faces of the captain and his fellow-prisoners.

"Why, here are the merry dancers," said the first mate, now somewhat excited by drinking, as he walked up to the captain, and waved a smoking hot glass of grog before his face. "Why, I'll be hanged if they ain't the blessed angels dancing for joy because you and your brother saints will so soon join them. What do you think of Providence by this time, Ritson, eh?"

The mutineers put their glasses together, and laughed hideously at this.

"Just as I always did. God watches us at sea as well as by land," was the captain's calm reply. "I'd rather even now be bound here, than change my conscience with yours, Cardew. I'm a plain man, and I mean it when I say that it's no worse dying here than at home in a feather-bed. It is less hard to part with the world here."

"Oh, if you're satisfied, I am. Here, glasses round to drink to the Pious Captain. All his gang are here but that boy, that little devil Harrison; search for him everywhere, men; he mustn't be left; if he is in the hold, smoke him out with brimstone; never mind if he doesn't come out, he'll have his gruel if you keep the hatches well down."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply, with a brutal and disgusting laugh; and away the men went on their search, eager as boys for a rat-hunt.

An hour after, all but the watch to toll the fog-bell, the mutineers on board the Shooting Star were sunk into a drunken and wallowing sleep. That night, from time to time, Captain Ritson kept his men's hearts up with cheerful words; the cold was hard to bear, but they survived it. When day broke, they all united in prayer that God would allow them to die soon and together. They had sunk into a torpid semi-sleep, when the sound of a gun through the fog, in the distance, aroused them. At the same moment, the loud taunting voice of the mate awoke the bound men to a sense of their misery and despair.

"Good morning, Captain Ritson," said the mate. "Lord, lads, how chopfallen that smart fellow the purser is, and look at those A.B. sailors, who used to sneer at you, and call you skulkers, and loafers, and Liverpool drags. How our fat friend the quartermaster must miss his grog; hard, isn't it? Captain Ritson, it is my painful duty to inform you (lower the two boats there, quick, men, and stave the third) that we are about to leave this ship, which will sink, as I am informed by my excellent friend the carpenter here, almost exactly three hours after our departure. A more pliant disposition and a more graceful concession to those business arrangements, in which I solicited your co-operation, would have led to very different results; gentlemen, that gun is from a vessel lying off the ice-field which we are now skirting; that vessel will take us up. How

about that blow now? We have money enough to pay for our passage. Farewell. Lower the boats there. Captain Ritson, I have the honour of wishing you a pleasant voyage to heaven."

Captain Ritson made no answer till the boats were lowered. "God will avenge us, if it seemeth good to Him," was the only malediction he uttered. "Men, I thank God that I still trust in His mercy, and, worst come to the worst, I am ready to die."

"So am I," said the purser, "if I could only first look up and see that yellow rascal dangling at the yard-arm."

"It's all up with us," said the quartermaster. "I only wish the black villains had given us one noggin round before they left."

An hour passed, the last sound of the receding boats had died away. The sailors began to groan and lament their fate.

"Have you any hope left, Captain Ritson, now?" said the purser in a melancholy voice. "Oh, Jenny, Jenny, my dear wife, I shall never see you again."

"As for my wife," said the quartermaster, "it's no great loss. I'm thinking more of myself. Oh, those villains."

"I have no hope," said the captain, bravely, "but I am ready to die. I trust in the mercy of God. He will do the best for us, and he will guard my poor children."

Just then, like a direct answer from Heaven, the fog grew thinner and thinner, and the sun shone through with a cold yellow lustre, showing the line of land for miles; alas! it was not land, but ice-pack, miles of it, rising into mountainous bergs, green as emerald, blue as sapphire, golden as crysolite, and stretching away into snow-plains and valleys. The nearest cliffs were semi-transparent, and glistened with prismatic colours, but in the distance they merged again into cold clinging fog. The nearest ice was about two miles off.

The captain looked at his companions, and they at him, but they did not speak, their hearts were so full, for the water could be now heard gurgling and bubbling upward in the hold.

"We have two hours more to live, and let us spend it," said the captain, bravely, "in preparing for death. After all, it is better than dying of cold and hunger, and it is only the death us sailors have been taught to expect at any moment."

"I shouldn't care if it was not for my poor old mother," said one of the sailors, "but now she'll have to go on the parish. Oh, it's hard, bitter hard."

"Fie, man," said the captain, with his unquenchable courage, "have I not my children, and the purser his wife. What must be, must be—bear it like a man."

At that moment a shrewd boyish face showed itself round the corner of the cabin stairs, and the next instant up leaped and danced Harrison, the ship's boy, with a sharp carving-knife in his hand. He capered for joy round the captain, and was hailed with a tremendous shout of delight and welcome as he released the men one by one, beginning with his master.

"They thought I was in the hold," he said, "didn't they? but I was hiding under the captain's sofa all the time, and there I lay till I was sure they were gone. The vessel's filling fast, Captain Ritson; there is no time to lose. Hurrah!"

"It is quite true," said the purser, as he returned from below with the captain. "We have one hour, no more, to rig a raft in, so to it, my lads, with a will. The leak's too far gone, and we've not hands enough to make the pumps tell on it."

The men were shaking hands all round, intoxicated with joy at their escape.

"Come men, enough of that. I'm a plain man, and what I say I mean," said the captain, already himself. "We're not out of the wood yet, so don't holler. Come, set to at the raft, and get all the biscuits and junk those villains have left. I shall be the last man to leave the vessel, I shan't leave her at all till she begins to settle down. Purser, get some sails for tents. Quartermaster, you look to the grub. Harrison, you collect the spars for the men; Davis, you see the work is strong and sure. It isn't the coast I should choose to land on; but any port in a storm, you know; and, purser, you get two or three muskets and some powder and shot. We may have to live on sea-birds for a day or two, till God sends us deliverance, death, or a ship; that is our alternative. Come, to work."

The raft was made in no time. But the stores proved scanty. The scoundrel mate had thrown overboard, spoiled, or carried off, all but three days' provision of meat, biscuit, and rum. The captain had almost to be forced from the vessel. They had not got half a mile away when the great ice-pack closed upon it, just as she was sinking. As the Shooting Star slowly settled down, Captain Ritson took off his cap and stood for a moment bareheaded.

"There," said he, "goes as good a vessel as ever passed the Mersey lights; as long as she floated she'd have done Messrs. David and Blizzard credit."

"Good-bye old Shooting Star," said the men. "If ever a man deserved the gallows, it's that first mate of ours."

The raft reached the shore safely.

"I take possession of this 'ere floating pack," said the captain, good humouredly, to keep up the men's spirits, as he leaped on the ice, "in the name of her blessed Majesty, and I beg to christen it Ritson's Island, if it is an island; but if it is joined on to the mainland, we'll wait and see what the mainland is. I wonder if there are many bears, or puffins, or white foxes, on it. And now let's rig the tents, and then we'll measure out the food."

The next day brought no hope. The pack proved to be of enormous size, and a deep ice-fog prevented its complete exploration. The food was fast decreasing. The few penguins on the pack would not come within shot. Once they saw a white bear, but it dived, and appeared no more. The men's hearts began to sink; half the spars had been used up for the fires; one

day more and the fuel would be gone; the rum gone; the meat gone. Frost and starvation awaited them. There were now murmurs. Once the captain came on two of the sailors who were crying like children; another time he observed the men's fierce and hungry looks, as they watched the quartermaster cowering under the tent, and he knew too well what those savage fires in their hollow eyes indicated.

"It must come to the casting of lots for one of us," he heard them whisper. "Every hour we can pull on gets us more chance of a ship."

The next day the purser shot two penguins, and ate greedily of the nauseous flesh. The fourth day the provisions were exhausted at the first meal. Then Captain Ritson stood up, his musket in his hand, for he had all this time kept watch at night like the other men, and shared every labour and privation. The quartermaster was lamenting his fate.

"If this voyage had only turned out well," he said, "I might have got a ship again; for the firm promised me a ship again if I only kept from drink and did my duty; and this time I have done it by them, and I should have saved the vessel if it hadn't been for this mutiny."

Captain Ritson began:

"Mr. Quartermaster, silence. This is no time for crying over spilt milk. I don't wish to hurt your feelings, for you're an honest man, though you sometimes rather overdid the grog. I'm a plain man, and I mean what I say, and what I say is this—here we are, and we don't know whether it is berg or mainland, and no food left—not a crumb. Now, what is to be done? We hear the bear growl, and the fox yelp; but if we can't shoot them, that won't help us much. We must spend all to-day in trying for the mainland; if we find the sea to the eastward, we must then turn back, commit ourselves to God, who directs all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath (you all heard me read that on Sunday, and I needn't repeat it), and take to the raft, whatever happens. But there's one thing I have to say, as a plain man, and that is—if any coward here dares even whisper the word 'cannibalism,' I'll shoot him dead with this gun I hold in my hand, and mean to hold day and night. We are Christian men, mind; and no misery shall make wild beasts of us, while I am a live captain—so mind that."

The exploration destroyed the men's last hope. The mile's painful march only served to prove that wide tracts of sea, full of shaking ice, lay between the pack and the shore.

"I see something ahead like a man's body," said the purser, who had volunteered to climb an eminence and report if any vessel could be discerned. "It is partly covered with snow, and it lies on the edge of a deep hole in the ice."

The party instantly made for it. Harrison, being light of foot, was the first to reach it, and to shout:

"Oh, captain! captain! come here; it's Phillips, the carpenter, that went away with the mate."

And so it was. They all recognised the hard bad face. An empty bottle lay by the body.

"I see it all," said the captain. "He got drunk, he lagged behind, and they lost him in the fog. Some vessel has taken them off."

"I wish it had been the mate," said the purser.

As he spoke, a huge black head emerged for a moment from the water, and all the men fell back, and cried it was the devil come for the carpenter.

"Nonsense, you flock of geese," said the captain; "it was only a black seal. I only wish he'd show again, and we'd have a shot at him; he'd keep us for two days. Now then, push on, for we must get on the raft and into the open sea before dark, and the Lord guide and help us."

Slowly and silently the melancholy band, with only two sound-hearted men left among them, the captain and the purser, ascended the last snow hill leading to the shore, where the raft and the tents had been left six hours before. The sun, a globe of crimson fire, was setting behind banks of grey and ominous mist. Two of the men were now frost-bitten in the cheeks, and lay down to be rubbed with snow by their companions.

The captain strode forward alone to the top of the hill to reconnoitre. He was seen by them all striding forward till he reached the summit, but slowly now, for that giant of a man was faint with hunger and fatigue. The men sat down waiting for him to return, and rubbing themselves with snow. He returned slower than he had ascended, feeble and silent. He did not look his companions straight in the face, but wrung his hands, pulled his sou'-wester over his eyes, and sat down by the tired men. Then he rose gravely, with his old impregnable courage, and said:

"Men, I bring you bad news; but bear it like Christians. It's all sent for a good purpose. Our raft has been carried off by a flow of drift ice. We have only a few hours to live. I'm a plain man, and mean what I say. Let us die with a good heart, and without repining. It is not our own fault as to this."

Two of the men uttered yells of despair, and threw themselves on the ground; the rest seemed to actually grow smaller, and shrink together in their hopeless despair. The purser rocked to and fro, holding his head between his hands. The quartermaster shook with the cold, and turned purple with fear. The boy burst into an agony of tears.

"Come, men, let us light a fire," said Captain Ritson. "We are not women. Let us collect any remaining wood, and, having prayed together, and committed ourselves into His hands (the captain took off his hat and looked upwards), let us sleep, and in that sleep, if it is His will, death will take us."

But nothing could rouse them now. The purser, and the purser only, had strength enough left to collect the few pieces of driftwood outside the tents. It was like digging one's own

grave, as the night began to fall, and shut out the white cliffs and desolate tracts of ice.

"Light it, Pennant," said the captain, "while we kneel round and commit ourselves to Him who never leaves the helm, though he may seem to sometimes when the storm hides Him."

The fire crackled and spluttered; then it rose in a thin wavering flame.

"Before this is burnt out, messmates, we shall have started on another voyage, and pray God we get safely to port. Now, then, load all the muskets, and fire them at the third signal I give. If there is any vessel within two miles off the pack, they may perhaps hear us. One, two, three."

The discharge of the five guns broke the ghastly stillness with a crashing explosion, which seemed to rebound and spread from cliff to cliff till it faded far away in the northern solitudes, where death only reigned in eternal silence, and amid eternal snow.

"There goes our last hope," said the captain; "but I am thankful I can still say, His will be done; and I trust my children to His mercy."

"My wife don't need much praying for," said the quartermaster. "She'll fight her way, I bet."

Just then the purser, who had been staring at the horizon, trying to pierce the gloom to the right, leaped on his feet, shouted, screamed, cried, embraced the captain, and danced and flung up his hat.

Every one turned round and looked where he was looking. There they saw a light sparkle, and then a red light blaze up, and then a rocket mount in a long tail of fire till it discharged a nosegay of coloured stars. It was a ship answering their light. Then came the booming sound of a ship's gun. It was a vessel lying off the pack, and they were saved.

An hour's walk (they were all strong enough now) brought the captain and his men to the vessel's side. The ship was only three miles off along the shore, but the fog had hidden it from them when they returned to lay down and die.

As honest rough hands pressed theirs and helped them up the vessel's side, and honest brown faces smiled welcome, and food was held out, and thirty sailors at once broke into a cheer "that scared the wolves on the opposite shore," Captain Ritson said:

"Thank God, friends, for this kindness. I'm a plain man, and I mean what I say: but my heart's too full now to tell you all I feel. Purser, I did lose hope just now, when I saw the raft carried away."

One autumn afternoon, four months later, three men entered Mr. Blizzard's office and inquired for that gentleman.

"He is engaged just now," said a new clerk (the rest had left), and pointing to an inner glass door that stood ajar. "Engaged with Captain Cardew, of the *Morning Star*; he sails to-morrow for Belize. Take seats."

The muffled-up sailor-looking men took seats near the half-open door, through which came low words of talk:

"Ritson was too reckless," said a disagreeable voice, "and quite lost his head in danger."

"No doubt," said another voice. "Take another glass of sherry, captain. Do you like a dry wine?"

"The purser, too, was not very honest, I fear, and very careless about the stores. By-the-by, did I ever tell you about that drunken quartermaster, Thompson, losing that ship of yours, the *Red Star*, off the Malabar coast. He had just returned from Quebec, so Pennant told me, who sailed with him. He had been sotting at Quebec, and, when the vessel was ready to start, he said he wouldn't go. They found him obstinate drunk. Will you believe it, he remained drunk the whole voyage till they came and told him he was near Glasgow. Then he leaped up, shaved himself, put on his best coat and a white tie, and went on shore to see our agents, old Falconer and Johnson, fresh as paint. Ha! ha!"

The other voice laughed too. It was Mr. Blizzard, from his throne of large capital; he was probably about to replace a ledger, and consult the almanack, as he had done that afternoon four months before.

"You must make a better voyage with the *Morning Star* than Captain Ritson did with his unfortunate vessel," said Mr. Blizzard. "Don't be afraid of the sherry."

But Cardew never drank that glass of sherry, for the door just then bursting open, dashed the glass to pieces in his hand, and Captain Ritson seized him by the throat.

"I'm a plain man, Mr. Blizzard, sir," he said, "and I mean what I say; but if ever there was a mutinous, thieving, lying, false, shark-hearted scoundrel, it is this man who sunk the *Shooting Star*, and left me and the purser, and six more of us, to die off Labrador on the ice-pack. Purser! bring in that policeman, and we'll have justice done."

At the next assizes, Cardew was sentenced to nine years' transportation for frauds on the house of David and Blizzard, and for conspiring to sink the *Shooting Star*, and part of her crew, off the coast of Labrador. A Liverpool paper, a few months ago, mentioned that a bush-ranger of the same name had been shot in an encounter with the mounted police. As the name is not a common one, the bush-ranger and the mate were probably the same persons.

The firm tried the quartermaster with another vessel, and he acquitted himself well; and as for Ritson, he is now the most respected captain in their service.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV. "THE CAPTAIN'S" NEW MÉNAGE.

WHEN he had thus got them home he was delighted. But they had by that time discovered what a soft and gentle nature his was. The elder girl, or woman, was of a calm business-like temper, and fell into the "ways" of the house within an hour.

Alice went about at first in a sort of little enthusiasm. She hurried from this room into that, and praised everything eagerly. But presently the enthusiasm abated, and she was sitting on a chair silent, and with her eyes roaming absently.

The captain was restless himself. He limped about the room, settling this thing and that, stopping before them every now and then to say:

"Now I hope, dears, you will make yourselves comfortable, and do what you like. And as for the rhino"—this was a familiar word of his, and he held up the crimson purse—"we won't spare him. When this is run out, we know where to look for more."

"You are so good and kind, uncle," said Anne, quietly. The other went over and kissed him, then sat down again.

"You know," said he, wistfully, "I am so ignorant of all this. An old bachelor, living by himself so long, gets rusty. It will be a real kindness, dears, if you will take all this off my shoulders." And he held up the crimson purse. "I don't know prices, and they will impose on me. Will you promise me, dears, and help an old fellow?"

For one who was so dull and helpless in house-keeping matters, he had ordered a surprising little dinner. Uncle Tom had been in Paris shortly after the peace time, and had often supped at houses of great repute with his friend (then) Colonel Cameron. Some of his best stories were founded on his adventures in that country, where, indeed, though blundering sadly, he had won the respect of the natives. They said he was *bon enfant* after all.

At this little inauguration dinner, too, we may

be sure there was the most inspiring wine to give a sparkle to their meeting. The elder girl told him about their Dieppe life; and when the dinner was gone, and they were at the fire again, told him, to his deep sympathy, about the later and more distressful passage in that Dieppe life, which he accompanied with many an "Indeed I know! Oh yes! Poor children!" using his amber Indian handkerchief very often. The younger girl sat with her knee held within her clasped hands, listening mournfully, but she added no details to the narrative.

"Ah! you poor things, all alone there," said uncle Tom, poking the fire violently. "Why didn't you write to me? I had only to get into the train, and then the packet. I'm the best sailor in the world. But those doctors kept me. I'd like to have seen old Dieppe again. What a *gay* place it used to be. We stayed a night there, I and Colonel Cameron, and bought some of their ivory-work to bring home. The colonel and I were walking along the pier, when an old fisherman, or fisherwoman, we couldn't tell which, they dressed so alike—But I always *will* get into my old stories. But, my dear guls, you must keep up. Every one, they tell us, gets their little peck of trouble. Look at poor Tillotson, that got you your bag to-day."

Now a little colour came into Alice's face. The hands were unclasped, and the knee fell. "And what dreadful thing has *he* suffered, uncle?" she asked.

"Oh, a long business, dear—as long as one of my old stories. I know all about it. And I believe it is a sort of secret—a secret that every body knows—but I suppose I may tell you, dears; they won't hang me for it."

"He has it in his face," said the young girl, eagerly. "I was sure there was a mystery there."

"Poor fellow!" said the captain, reflectively; "I know the whole thing. His uncle, Colonel Tillotson, was in a regiment with me at the time, and was dreadfully distressed about it. And he changed for foreign service soon after, and I don't think ever quite got over it. Dear me!"

"And what was it, uncle?" pressed the young girl. "Won't you tell us?"

"Well, it was this: Henry Tillotson was a wild, foolish young fellow. We were all that, I'm afraid, in our day; it used to be the fashion,

you know. But every one was talking of him, and I am afraid, dears, he was anything but what you call respectable. His mother was a quiet, gentle creature, and tried all she could with him; and his father threatened him, even. Colonel Tillotson, then captain, often spoke to me about it, and I had every stage of the business. The mother, poor thing, I saw was fretting herself to death about it. But my lad went on from bad to worse. Now, would you ever think it of that gentle-looking fellow?"

"Scarcely," the eldest answered, firmly.

Alice did not reply, but was eagerly waiting for more.

"Oh! it was very unfortunate altogether," uncle Diamond went on, sadly. "And yet I believe nobody was so much in fault, after all. After one of the break-outs, worse than usual, there was a scene, and his father regularly turned him out: went further, I think, than he ought to have done. The poor woman fell down half dead, and her son ran to her, distracted; but Tillotson—the father, I mean—put him out very harshly, I think. The son went away, desperately, to foreign countries. Went on worse there, I am afraid; and at last, in the midst of one of his bouts, heard that his poor mother was dying off fast, of a broken heart. He was going to set out all in a hurry, and in a dreadful state, when he himself was caught by a fever. Then some one there—a consul, I believe, for he hadn't a soul with him—wrote over about his state, saying that there was very little hope for him—and then—Now, dears, I come to the most melancholy part; for it was really a dreadful business, and gave us all quite a shock."

He paused a moment. The eyes of the two girls were fixed upon him.

"There is no use dwelling on it," continued he. "Indeed, I don't like doing it much, for it can be told in a word or two. They set out in a hurry, the poor woman getting up from her bed, and just outside Boulogne port," added the captain, in a low voice, "the vessel went wrong, somehow, struck on something (I don't know whose fault it was), but neither it nor its passengers were ever seen again. And then there was the *other business*. But these are all dismal old stories, my dears."

There was a silence for a few moments. The young girl remained in her favourite attitude, her hands clasped round her knee, and her eyes fixed devotionally on the teller of the history.

"You may imagine," he went on, "what a frightful sobering *that* was for him, when he came to himself. It changed his life—changed his ways—changed his face, even—in a day. Before it, he was wild, extravagant, and a boy; after it, he came home just what you saw him yesterday. I hardly knew him. Dear, dear, it's a queer world! He's now like a hermit; shuts himself up, brooding over all his sorrows. What's the use of it? Look at me, now. Here am I, an old fellow, with no business to be thinking of such things, and yet, I confess, I like life, and to see people, and to go about. I

wish," continued uncle Tom, "we could persuade him, and bring him round in some way. Poor fellow! But when he tells you, as he told me a month ago, that she was pining for death, and looking to it as the happiest moment, I don't know how to take him, or what to say to him."

"Pining for death!" said the young girl, sadly. "Oh, how dreadful! Surely something could be done, ought to be done, at once."

"That's what I say, dear; only I'm not up to that sort of thing. Between ourselves, dear, I believe I only make the thing worse. It requires a light touch."

They were tired with their journey, and presently went to bed.

For a long time after, the captain sat at his fire, smiling pleasantly in great good humour, smoking his clay pipe, and addressing a chasm in the live coals with a sympathising "The creatures! the creatures!"

CHAPTER V. A NEW INTEREST.

BEFORE breakfast the next morning he was down and busy, limping about from the fire to the table, deep in hot rolls, and hot muffins, and toast, and various fried things that were simmering before the fire. In the morning the captain was always particularly bright and almost glittering, being surprisingly smoothly shaved, and his whiskers oiled and curled to glossiness—an operation which he performed with a small French iron, purchased in Paris during that visit after the peace. For "the captain" took care of everything he had, and kept them to a surprising age. He shaved himself with wonderful smoothness, and took great pride in his razors, the sharpening and stropping of which instruments, for friends, was a favourite pastime of his during the long evenings. He always wore a high black satin stock which buckled behind, and out of which rose his sharply pointed collars, everything about his throat being braced up with military stiffness. About these little points—namely, about "the captain's" collars, and "the captain's" razors, and such matters, the servants were jealously and mysteriously careful, and even took pride; though, indeed, it was not likely that the good and gentle soul would be angered by any neglect in such matters.

This morning, then, the captain was down early, busy with the cares of preparing a breakfast, that for quantity would have sufficed for a party of tired and hungry troopers; for he was of that old school that deems lavish hospitality to be the highest and most perfect expression of love, friendship, kindness, and the heartiest good will. His niece, however, was with him in a moment.

"You recollect," she said, "dear uncle, what I whispered to you at the railway station, about not mentioning the trial to Alice. Poor child, she does not know of it yet."

"Not know it?" He stopped short in his

walk. "Well, so best, so best! I see now, though I didn't then, I confess. I thought I might have been putting my old foot in it, as I do sometimes. So you haven't told her? Well, it would only worry the poor thing, after all."

"That was what we thought. She will know it in full time; though Heaven knows how we are to tell her. Her poor little soul is set upon being an heiress. And oh, uncle," she went on, laying down her work, "I have yet worse to tell you about her."

"Worse?" thundered the captain.

"About three weeks before we came away she began to complain, all of a sudden, of restless nights, and that she couldn't lie on her side. Well, we got the French doctors, and they came and examined her, and one of them, the cleverest man in Dieppe, told me plainly that he thought one of her lungs was 'touched,' and that we must be very careful of her."

The captain looked wistfully at his shining copper kettle, now singing merrily on the hob. "Ah, my dear," he said, "those French doctors are all botches, regular botches. Surely there was poor Hammond, who went up with me in the diligence, and who felt some stings about his heart. Boulay, the French doctor, told him he couldn't last a month—not a month. Well, Hammond lived twenty years after that, and was sound as a roach in his heart to the day of his death; though, to be sure, we might have very well misunderstood the gentleman, for, between you and me, my dear, we couldn't muster half-a-crown's worth of French between us."

"Ah, but, uncle, an English doctor says the same."

"Well," said he, a little nonplused, "many of them, too, are botches enough, God knows. I tell you what, my dear. We'll just take a cab, and go off straight to Doctor Gilpin, as good a man as ever felt a pulse. I know what he'll say. Little Alice touched, my dear! Folly!"

Thus he fell very soon with delight into this new life. The two girls made him their study, made little alterations which they thought would bring him more comfort, little surprises which threw "the captain" into almost a distress of gratitude and acknowledgment.

One of those first days he came to the elder girl. "I am going to ask you to help me," he said. "I am afraid they make a fool of me in shops and such places. I am sure I give double what I ought to give. Now, my dear child, I want you to help me."

"Dearest uncle," the elder girl said, "this is kind. I am so glad you have come to me. I was dying to ask you."

"Then here," said he, pulling out his crimson purse, "would you, then, kindly take charge of this? Lay out whatever is enough for the week, and spare nothing, mind. I like everything of the very best, and plenty of the best. It's a way I have always had. I'll look after the wines myself," uncle Tom added, apologetically. "For

I think I know a little about wine. Colonel Cameron and I always went together to the vaults to taste. There, there, you are doing me a great favour." And he put the crimson silk purse into her hands, and limped away hastily.

The younger girl was still silent and quiet. That morning she asked her uncle would he come out and take her for a walk. She wanted to see some of the shows of London. Her uncle was thankful and grateful for this honour done to him. He received this lady's orders with the old gallantry of Louis the Fourteenth's day. He went to fetch his finest apparel, and the bishop's hat, which lay under a bandanna handkerchief for occasions of state, and the grey thread gloves, which rested on the curl of the bishop's hat. The two sallied out; the bright-looking girl in deep black leaning on the arm of the gouty, fierce, half-military old gentleman, who limped smartly along.

They saw the shows, and spent a pleasant morning. Uncle Diamond was thinking wistfully how he could propose a pastrycook and an elaborate meal, for he had that fine old chivalry in him whose creed is that too great honour, in every way, cannot be paid to a lady who honours you with attention, and he believed in the now old-fashioned gallant faith, that ladies, once in the society of gentlemen, were to be altogether ignorant of the existence of money. We now, it seems, furnish them with a regular reckoning.

Suddenly the young girl, still leaning on his arm, looked up into his face. "And that poor Mr. Tillotson you were telling us of the other night. How dreadful! I have hardly got it out of my head. No wonder he cannot bear to look back."

"Poor, poor fellow!" said he, in deep compassion. "I knew you would pity him."

"I saw it all in his face," she went on, "as we came up in the train. I was sure there was some horrible mystery."

"It was scarcely his fault, after all," said he. "He got into a wild set. There was a dreadful fellow who had got influence over him, and forced him to do as he pleased. No, no. Poor Harry Tillotson! He never was bad. I always took his side."

"I am sure you did, uncle. And now, is it not dreadful to think that he should go on this way so long, and perhaps go on all his life? How long ago is it?"

"Oh, let me see. November, December, January. It must be ten or twelve years ago, now."

"Why, it will settle on his mind," she went on, eagerly. "It will become a mania. People have gone mad before now from dwelling on such things."

"Very true. Most sensible, dear," said he; "a very just idea. And the worst is, what can we do? I have tried to reason with him, in my simple way, over and over again."

"But something *should* be done," she said, excitedly. "His mind should be diverted. He

should be talked to—*made* to go out and see people. I am sure he likes you, uncle, and would do anything for you. You could talk to him."

"Ah! you don't know, my dear child. I have tried all that; though now, indeed, if we could get him to come up to a little dinner, it would be different. I never thought of that."

The young girl allowed him to work this conclusion out for himself without interruption.

"I'll do that," said he, simply. "You wouldn't mind it? It is really a charity."

She turned away her head, blushing, and a little ashamed of this half intuitive deception, and said, "Oh, not in the least."

"You saw him, you know," he went on, "coming up in the train. He is a nice fellow—a good fellow. I know you'll like him. If you and Anne would humour him a little! Upon my word I *do* pity him, and wish from my soul that I could find some way of helping him. You see I am not clever. They always told me, 'Tom Diamond, you'll never fire the Thames.' But *that's* a very good idea, and I never thought of it before, and I'll go this very day." And he went off at once to ask his friend.

Mr. Tillotson refused, wearily but gently. But the captain was not disheartened. "But now," he added, almost imploringly, "would you *do* something for me? *Would* you? No, you wouldn't."

"Indeed I would," said Mr. Tillotson, smiling.

"Dine—see people—that's all. Make a beginning with me, now. *Do*, there's a good fellow. Look at me, now, with those two girls, the creatures! Upon my word, my heart bleeds for them. I don't know how to entertain them and amuse them. And it is very hard on them to be shut up with an old fellow. Come to-morrow—do."

Mr. Tillotson took his hand. "The idea of my entertaining ladies! My dear friend, I would do anything for you. But don't ask me—I am out of place—not suited for that. I tried it some weeks ago, and it didn't do. I am as well as I am."

"Try it again. You must, to oblige poor Tom Diamond. You promised, you know. Come, make it to-morrow for a beginning. One of our little dinners, you know. I'll give you a lobster at ten o'clock, in a despatcher. You know I can do that sort of thing." And so he could; it was a very pleasant sight to see the captain with his "despatcher" on the table, limping about the room, bringing his lemon, and cayenne, and his little seasonings from many quarters and corners, and then lighting his spirits at the proper moment. And, to say the truth—as, indeed, General Cameron and other officers often protested—there was no one who could prepare that delicacy like Tom Diamond.

Mr. Tillotson at last gave in. "I am not very well," he said. "Something is coming over me, I don't know what. But I'll come."

"Nonsense, my dear boy," said the captain, heartily. "I am very much obliged to you, I am indeed. It is truly kind of you to come and sit

with an old fellow. And they *are* nice girls, too. I pity them, the creatures! No father or mother, and so gentle. I am not up to this sort of thing, you see. Good-bye, Tillotson. Thank you."

When uncle Tom returned home, and in great spirits announced this news as a triumph of diplomacy, it was received very calmly by the elder girl. But a flush came to the cheeks of the younger. She was happier and more talkative for all the rest of the night.

On the next night came Mr. Tillotson, still looking ill. But he was making an effort. "Doing too much," said the captain, looking at him anxiously. "You must take care of yourself. 'Proper vit'm,' thus something goes on in that way, but old Stubbs, our schoolmaster in the country, was always saying it. It means, that it is very foolish to be losing one's life entirely for work. He always rolled it out like thunder. But he was an uncommon good scholar, I can tell you; which, between you and me and the post, dears"—a favourite colloquialism of the captain's—"I never was."

It was a very "nice" little dinner, which, with a pardonable inconsistency (minding his declaration as to incompetency), the captain had wholly "designed" himself. But by way of suggestion; as, for instance: "Don't you think, my dear, that a roast duck would be a good thing? I don't know a better thing, in its way, than a duck and green peas."

Mr. Tillotson talked agreeably, and tried hard to talk agreeably. He told them about the cathedral town, then about his travels somewhere abroad. To which the captain listened devoutly, nodding his head now and again, and saying: "See that, now. Most entertaining. Like a book, I declare!" The young girl scarcely spoke, but kept her eyes fixed on him; which Mr. Tillotson was quite conscious of, and seemed to resist in a little way, for he kept his face turned away from her all the night, and addressed himself more to the elder Miss Diamond. This ground she tried very often to recover, with all sorts of restless arts, starting into the middle of sentences, and sometimes breaking into a curious volubility. But without the least effect. Did Mr. Tillotson, who was very sensitive, detect the meaning that lay under this sort of attention, or did he suspect unreasonably? Rude, or even politely neglectful, he could not be. But there was an indistinct manner of his, which, to her, was quite intelligible. Captain Diamond, however, had little instinct of it.

"I am very glad to have you in this way," he said, "and it is very kind of you to come. I can't tell you how you entertain us. Don't he, Alice? It brings up the places you know. Don't it, Alice?"

"Yes, yes, uncle," said she, eagerly. "I see it all perfectly—as if it were in this room. Do, do go on?"

"I have no gift for story-telling or description," he said to Captain Diamond. "My dear friend, you never heard me celebrated for that.

My old friend Diamond, I see you like to have your joke at me."

"Joke or no joke, I think our little Alice paid you a very handsome compliment. She herself describes very well, I can tell you. What was that about the Feast at Havver?" (So the honest gentleman pronounced "fête.") "I declare to you, Tillotson, I never read any better in a regular book."

"I dare say," said he, indifferently. "I can quite believe it. All ladies excel in that." But he showed no desire to hear a specimen of this gift.

Captain Diamond sighed, and moved uncomfortably in his chair. "And now," said he, changing the subject hastily, "tell us, in all your adventures did you ever meet any princess like those in the story-books—any one whom you lost your heart to? There, that will interest the ladies. Come, now, which of the French ladies was it? Ah, my boy, out with it! Come."

Mr. Tillotson shook his head. "Never," he said. "What French lady would trouble herself with me? I never fell in with an adventure of *that* sort, and never shall, I suppose."

"Nonsense," said the other, seriously. "Is it a fine soldier-like fellow like you! I am sure you will, if you only look for them. And now, in St. Alans the other day? I declare, dear, I shouldn't be at all surprised. Do tell us about *that* young lady, Tillotson."

This was all accidental on the part of Captain Diamond. But Mr. Tillotson seemed to be uncomfortable. He was not well, either. The young girl's eyes, stealing over, saw his confusion.

"Ah!" she said to herself, with a start, "*there* is his secret. Some one down there!" and her foot went down impatiently under the table.

Then, of a sudden, she became quite restless, and even bold. "Won't you describe this lady?" she asked him. "What was she like? Where did she live in St. Alans? Uncle, you told us that you were there once."

"Quite right, dear, so I was; was billeted there two nights, in the year—No matter. I and Knox were put together over a saddler's. I assure you, my dears, there was as nice a saddler's daughter there as ever you could ask to see. I was a young fellow then, and not long joined, but I know, for a long time after, I was quite dismal about the saddler's daughter. Ah! I see you all laugh at me. Very well. There's my confession for you; and after that, I hope, my dear Tillotson."

Mr. Tillotson had risen to go away, with the young girl's eyes still on him. He turned his face away from her impatiently. "My dear friend," he said to the captain, "a thousand thanks for your goodness. But I am a wretched guest, and don't know how to be agreeable."

With the younger girl he shook hands last, and coldly.

"He is not well, I suspect," said the captain, evasively.

"Or, do you know, nunkey, it struck me that there was something in that about St. Alans."

"No, no, uncle," cried the elder girl; "he is not thinking of such trifles. That I could see."

"I wish he was," said the captain, wistfully; "from my soul I do. It would take his thoughts off. No, you are right, dear; and, do you know, I believe I oughtn't to have joked him about it."

"Why, uncle," said the younger girl, with her cheeks flaming, "do you suppose he is a girl or a child, that cannot bear a joke? Really, that is too good. I mean," she added, hastily, "for him, not about you, dear uncle. But it is rather absurd if a gentleman's feelings are to be held so sacred."

"Of course, dear," said the captain, gently. "And I think you are right. Egad! I had to rough it myself, and to bear plenty."

"Then why should he set up for this air of suffering? If we were all to do it, what a world it would be! And when there are so many in *real* distress—the poor and the unfortunate."

"Oh, Alice!" said the elder Miss Diamond, in remonstrance.

"Well, we won't be too hard on poor Tillotson," said uncle Tom; "and, besides, I truly think he was not well, the creature!"

CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR.

A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER. I find that I have still more to say about the rising generation, and that this subject must take precedence of all others. I think you will admit that, considering how much I am myself interested in the matter in hand, and how nearly I am touched by all considerations connected with it, I have spoken in my last letter as impartially as could be expected about the young men of the day, and their good and bad qualities generally.

The subject on which I would now desire to touch, very lightly and gingerly, is one which, I am quite conscious, it is very difficult to handle; and I approach it with considerable diffidence and misgiving as to my capacity of dealing with it. To come to the point at once, and without making more preamble, I think you want a little enlightenment as to the exact present condition of the more interesting portion of the new generation—the young ladies, in short, of the present day. I own that what I know myself about these fair and exemplary creatures is not much; but at all events, I know more about them than you do, worthy sir, and therefore, as far as you are concerned, have some right to speak. The fact is, that I have frequently been present when you have expressed yourself as being utterly mystified by the young lady of the period, while your friend the colonel has been heard to say more than once,

"Damme, if he could make either head or tail of them."

It has been my function occasionally, dear sir, to accompany you when you have been walking about those regions of our metropolis which are mainly frequented by persons of good condition. We have also had other mutual experiences of the society of the day. I have been with you to a fancy bazaar before now; also, on more than one occasion, we have met at garden-parties; and more rarely—since evening exertion is naturally becoming distasteful to you—we have attended a dinner-party, or an "at home," in each other's company, with great pleasure, as far as I am concerned, I assure you. Well, sir, on such occasions as these which I have mentioned, it has frequently struck me that you have not been altogether pleased with the manners and customs of that portion of the creation which is by popular consent known as the weaker sex.

I have inferred this dissatisfaction on your part, less from anything distinctly expressed by you, than from various small indications which I have observed: half sentences muttered unconsciously, ejaculatory remarks, and the like. When, for instance, an open carriage containing specimens of the "fairer portion" has whirled past us, each fair portion leaning back on the cushions, and surveying not only us but all creation with looks of indolent contempt, I have heard you mutter—though I have taken no notice at the time—a curious and incomplete sentence: "Upon my word!" That is what I have heard you say, under your breath.—"Upon my word!"

At another time, when we were crossing Rotten Row one morning—you remember, no doubt—and one of these delicate creatures, whose health probably required gentle exercise, came upon us at full gallop, so suddenly that it was nearly all up with us both, and we had to crash back upon each other in complete and undignified ruin; on this occasion also I remarked, that when you came to yourself, and while you looked after the whirling apparition, now half a mile away, that incomplete and curious sentence once more rose to your lips, and again I heard you gasp, "Upon my word!" There was an accident, by-the-by, reported in the paper next day—lady riding furiously in Rotten Row—child killed—or something of the sort. But that is neither here nor there. What remains with me is your expression of consternation, and perhaps of displeasure: "Upon my word!"

But I think that your eyes were opened the most widely of all, and that the rudest shock of all was communicated to your system, on that particular occasion when we were both inveigled into the St. James's Hall, at the time when a Fancy Bazaar in aid of the Funds of the Poor Curates' Gratuitous Cravat-Bleaching Society was held there. You certainly were somewhat roughly handled by the young ladies that day. For some reason or other, they did not molest me so much. Perhaps they felt that I, as a

member of the new generation, was up to all the dodges of the day, insensible to cajolery, and capable of saying no; or it may have been that my appearance did not suggest the possession of much loose cash, and that yours did; at all events, the truth must be owned that you were bidden to stand and deliver in a fashion which there was no resisting. It was, in truth, a wonderful scene; rapine and extortion flourished unchecked, and you, my dear father, were very far from being the only victim of these merciless young women. Their rapacity, indeed, knew no limits, and was, I will frankly admit, startling even to me. As to you, I believe that you went to that bazaar anticipating something widely different from what you found. I believe you had visions of certain retiring young ladies hidden behind counters, modestly prepared to take anything that was given them, making bones about receiving your money at all, ignorant of its worth, prepared to give you more change than you had a right to, and rewarding your generosity in making a purchase with many grateful speeches and sweet smiles. I cannot help suspecting that something of this sort had been before your mind's eye. Perhaps, even, you had indulged in wild ideas of purchasing something which might have been a useful, or at any rate an agreeable possession, and making rather a good thing of it into the bargain. If you had thus deluded yourself, you certainly had cause to be disappointed. The reality was very different from any such imaginary picture. Far from manifesting any diffidence about taking your money, or hesitating to ask a remunerative price for the articles exhibited for sale, the ladies on duty behind the counters on the memorable occasion of our visit to St. James's Hall, showed themselves to be such sharp practitioners, that even I, belonging, as I have said, to the period, "native here and to the manner born," was astonished.

The delicate and retiring young persons who officiated in aid of this great charity, appeared to have made up their mind to "push business" by any and every means, fair or foul. They watched with vulture-eyes for the approach of any unwary wretch who happened, unlike Banquo's ghost, to have "speculation in his eyes." Let him only venture to draw near a stall, or to examine for a moment any object exposed for sale, and behold, like a fly entangled in a web, he was caught; and once caught, let him escape if he could. The lady—young or otherwise—who took him in hand was certain to skin him alive before she would let him go again. He had taken a cigar-case up in his hand, it was enough—of course the thing was to be his. He had looked inquiringly at a card-rack, had accidentally touched a blue satin sachet with his hand—of course these articles were to be regarded as his property from that moment. There only remained the formality of paying for them: a process which did not fail to develop in the victim's mind some entirely new ideas as to the worth of the objects.

The young ladies at our fancy bazaars do not

confine themselves to transactions across the counter. They will occasionally emerge from behind their fortifications, and abandoning "cover," will make a terrible sally into the open, bringing certain of their wares with them. A judicious course, exposing to their operations a large number of timid persons who have shrunk from approaching the intrenchments, or who, to abandon metaphors, have kept away from the counters and remained in the middle of the hall, where, apparently, there was safety. Such dastardly conduct as this is deservedly and terribly punished. A peculiarly fierce onslaught is made upon these shufflers, who wish to have the credit of attending a fashionable bazaar without paying for it in the legitimate manner. They are pursued about the room, no peace is allowed them; the very worst forms of cigar-case and card-rack are forced upon them, together with the least fresh bouquets in the collection. There is no escape. They have refused to go to the counters, and, behold, the counters come to them. I saw you, sir, thus pounced on by the young ladies who had engaged themselves in the service of the "Poor Curates," and I observed especially that there was one large and especially powerful person, not exactly young, who pursued you with a very huge and ill-favoured penwiper in one hand, and a worsted dog (which barked) in the other; and who, having at last chased you into a corner, succeeded, by sheer intimidation, in getting a sovereign out of you, leaving you—which was the worst part of it—the embarrassed possessor of those two hideous and ridiculous objects.

Well, sir, you are astonished at all this, I know—you and your friends. In your retirement at the Retrogressorum you all of you hold forth, I have heard you, on the delinquencies of the rising generation, male and female, always, however, being more especially severe on the vices of the young ladies. "Dunnie!" says the colonel, who seems to live in a state of chronic mystification, "if I understand the thing a bit. There was one of 'em"—this is his disrespectful way of speaking of the "fairer portion"—"there was one of 'em to-day sitting up in her open carriage with her dress spread all over the vehicle and smothering up a sort of a half-alive looking creature who sat alongside of her, and who would call himself a man, I suppose. Gad, sir, she was driving a pair of half-broken bays, that hardly touched the ground, and I'd have been devilish sorry to sit behind them myself, and she'd got her white reins and her whip with a bit of a parasol stuck in the middle of it, and she'd a scrap of lace and artificial flowers on the top of her head, and she looked as if she didn't care a snap of the fingers for anything—as bold as brass, sir, and bolder! The horses were flying hither and thither with all their legs off the ground at once; the carriages and vans and omnibuses—for it was in Piccadilly—were crashing about her in every direction; and yet there she sat with her reins and her parasol, as cool as a cucumber. Now, I'll tell you what I call that," the colonel con-

cluded, "I call that brazen. I don't know what the opinions of others may be, but I call it brazen!" And then another Retrogressionist chimes in: "Gad, and I'll tell you what, they are brazen, and there's an end of it!" And then another, a nautical gentleman this time—you know whom I mean—"You should go down and see 'em at Ryde, and off Cowes in the season," says this old salt; "see 'em in their sou'-wester hats and their pea-jackets, with their hands in their pockets, and with their telescopes and the deuce knows what besides, and going out in yachts with half a gale of wind blowing, as pleased as Punch, and not minding the sea a bit, even when it makes a clean breach over the deck and wets them through to the skin in a jiffy. Yes, sir," the admiral repeats, "you should see them off the Isle of Wight in the season, and hear them talking about 'mizenn'sts and foksles,' if you want to know what they're really like."

You all assent to the admiral's views, which somebody else corroborates with anecdotes of female daring as exhibited in the hunting-field, and of which he has had personal cognisance. Thrilling stories of ladies giving gentlemen a "lead," and surmounting difficult "timber" with perfect ease, and coming off victorious in contests with horses which have hitherto been looked upon as untameable, with much more to the same purpose, and so all wind up with a chorus in which such expressions as "Well, it wasn't so in my time!" or "Dunnie if I know what to make of it!" are of frequent recurrence, and in which the word "Brazen" has a great deal of heavy duty to do.

My dear sir, I don't think you perfectly understand these young persons. Physically less muscular, and, generally speaking, less powerfully built than men, we are accustomed to speak of women as belonging to the weaker sex. It is very easy so to speak of them, though not quite so easy to see how, except in the physical view of the question, they generally deserve the distinction. Pass in review before you a batch of your married friends, and ask yourself candidly: are the wives in the majority of the cases to be looked upon as weaker characters than the husbands? If you want a weak thing done, an unprofitable but pleasant thing, to which would you go for assistance in the carrying out of your scheme: to the husband or the wife? Which of the two would be the more capable of saying "No?" a monosyllable often requiring for its utterance, at the proper moment, the very greatest amount of moral force.

That expression "the weaker sex" seems to me, just now, to be more than ever inappropriate when applied to the young ladies dancing in our ball-rooms, prouneading at our flower-shows, endangering our lives when we would cross Rotten Row, or bidding us "Stand and deliver" in the bazaar-room or tents in which they hold their fancy fairs. Of whatever else we may accuse these fair and exemplary creatures, we must by no means charge them

with undue timidity or irrational shyness and reserve.

They are not very weak or very timid, then. Granted. But they do not pretend to be so. Rarely, if ever, was there a period when that kind of hypocrisy and affectation flourished less than now. The education of young people in the present day does not tend to produce those vices. In days of greater severity, and when repression was more generally practised, the young were taught to conceal their natural feelings and instincts. It was not genteel then to have a good appetite and strong nerves, and ladies who possessed those qualities were at some pains to keep them out of sight. And so it was with other things. The prim maidens of the genteel period would often, doubtless, have been glad to have acted with the unrestrained freedom which characterises the young ladies of our own day, had they not been put through a course of repressive education. Depend upon it, my excellent parent, that there were many young persons of what you are pleased to call "your time," who would have been very glad to gallop in Rotten Row, or to sit behind a pair of fiery bays in Piccadilly, or even, perhaps, to bully a respectable gentleman out of his money at a fancy fair, if they had only had the chance. This is what it is imperatively necessary that I should explain to you. Young ladies used to be what governesses and backboards made them. Nature is now allowed to have a voice in the matter, and she makes herself heard, I promise you. She makes herself heard, and when one of these her children has tastes that are rather of a fast order, she (Nature and her child too) acquaints you with that fact at once and unmistakably. The truth is before you, and you don't like it. In your day you were used to have it veiled and smoothed over and kept down, just as people are used to having the defects of their external appearance smoothed over when their portraits are painted, and become dissatisfied with photographic revelations.

This revealing of what people naturally are, which is one of the distinctive features of modern times, has led to more striking revelations among women than among men, for the simple reason that the "weaker" was formerly much the more carefully disguised of the two sexes. Those great schools where, in former times, young ladies were "finished," such as that which once stood in awful seclusion on Campden-hill at Kensington, and traditions concerning which have come down to the present generation, were wonderful places for smothering natural and human propensities. The pupils at such seminaries were so completely drilled to pattern, that they were made all alike, much as their handwriting was.

Now-a-days, if the character of a young lady be not what is called feminine, she does not pretend to be so. All women are not feminine. Many are courageous, strong, decided, and the reverse of shy. Many are active, fond of fun, and of violent exercises, inclined to talk slang, and apt to assume something of a masculine

tone in costume and manner. These, by their volatile nature, rise to the surface, and are taken as specimens of the young lady of the period.

To sum up, my dear sir. This is what it has been my object to put before you: that the difference between the modern and the old system of bringing up young ladies, and the withdrawal of much of the repressive element from their education, account in a great degree for the existence of those phenomena which have been erroneously regarded by some persons (your respected self among them) as indicating a change in the race. I hope this explanation may have cleared the subject for you, and may incline you to take a more lenient view of the conduct of those young persons, and of their manners and customs, than has hitherto been your wont.

P. CHESTERFIELD, JUNIOR.

AN IMMENSE GIPSY PARTY.

MANY people live with a belief in hidden dangers and secret agencies to the rest of the world simply unreasonable and chimerical. With some it is the Jesuits, and how, cunningly masked under the guise of the footman or the baker's-boy, the lady's maid or the lawyer, they penetrate into every home, seducing from the purer faith, and making of the young secret converts for Rome, by means undreamt of by friends or relations. With others it is the "Reds," and how they are undermining the solid temple of the laws in every factory and workshop throughout the kingdom, preparing the way for a universal social deluge, when rapine and ruin shall take the place of work and prosperity, and the country shall be thrown into the hands of a few needy scoundrels occupied mainly in brandishing their pikes and cutting off their neighbours' heads. And with others it is the police spy system, and how the most ordinary doings of each man's daily life are duly known and reported down at Scotland-yard, with a wild belief in the omnipotence and omnipresence of the masked and hidden detective. These are the most general of the secret bogies troubling men's dreams, though by no means all the bogies; the underhand workings of Russian diplomacy, with one class of politicians—how the German element is swamping Europe, with another—the sudden invasion by France of England, with a third—and now Fenianism, with many, prominent among the more public ones.

Another craze, hitherto not general, but which, if believed in, will throw over society a delightful if slightly maddening amount of mystery, has been put forth in a certain book,* written by a Scottish enthusiast, by which it appears that both Scotland and England are penetrated through and through with gipsy blood, and that men and women whom we had all along taken for douse and honest Anglo-

* A History of the Gipsies. By Walter Simson.

Saxons, or at the least Celts of the true breed, are nothing better than gipsies—subjects of the Lord of Little Egypt, and descendants of the “mixed multitude” of the Exodus. But, to begin with, what this “mixed multitude” was composed of, whether, according to one “intelligent gipsy,” it was made up of a cross between the Arabs and the Egyptians, or whether they were all simply slaves denationalised, like the Jews, who took the opportunity of slipping out of the house of bondage in company with them, no one exactly knows. Mr. Simson inclines to the cross; at any rate, he believes that the gipsies, or “mixed multitude,” parted from Moses after the passage of the Red Sea, going east through Arabia Petraea, along the Persian Gulf, and through the Persian desert into Hindustan, where they formed the gipsy caste, and whence they came in the fifteenth century to spread themselves, locust-like, over the face of Europe.

According to Mr. Simson, the gipsy element never dies; it is never absorbed by marriage or apparent overlaying. Once admitted into a family, it dominates the rest: once a gipsy always a gipsy, to the third and fourth, or thirtieth and fortieth generation. The mysterious and subtle vitality of this gipsy element is thus summed up: “Some of my readers may still ask, ‘What is a gipsy, after all that has been said upon the subject? Since it is not necessarily a question of colour of face, or hair, or eyes, or of creed, or character, or of any outward thing by which a human being can be distinguished, what is it that constitutes a gipsy?’ And I reply, ‘Let them read this work through, and thoroughly digest all its principles, and they can *feel* what a gipsy is, should they stumble upon one, it may be, in their own sphere of life, and hear him or her admit the fact, and speak unreservedly of it. They will then feel their minds rubbing against the gipsy mind, their spirits communing with the gipsy spirit, and experience a peculiar mental galvanic shock which they never felt before.’ It is impossible to say where the gipsy soul may *not* exist at the present day, for there is this peculiarity about the tribe, as I have said before, that it always remains gipsy, cross it out to the last drop of original blood; for where that drop goes, the gipsy soul accompanies it.”

If this is true, it is bewildering to picture the secret honeycombing of society there must be by means of these gipsy drops. Indeed, the right question would not be, “Who is a gipsy?” but “Who is not?” For anything we may know, the wife of our bosom and the friend of our hearth may be equally gipsies in mufti; gipsies concealing their language as if it were a sin, but teaching it to their children as the most sacred bequest they can make; gipsies with long pedigrees, and quaint beliefs, and strange traditions, and haunting desires after the original tent and horn-spoon and child stealing, and all the rest of it, all the time absolutely unknown to us accepting them as honest

Britons devoid of guile or mystery. Once admit this base of secrecy, and you may build on it the most gigantic pyramid of marvel you choose.

Bunyan, a tinker and the son of a tinker, was therefore a gipsy, says Mr. Simson, all tinkers (Scottish, tinklers) being gipsies, as are all thimble-riggers or thimble-men—the craft coming originally from Egypt, and the modern men being a superior class of gipsies; while other gipsies are to be found living decently as city workmen of all trades and classes, from horse-dealers to innkeepers, from constables to carpenters, gipsydom being as universal as it is occult. A Scottish “tinkler” told Mr. Simson that he had wrought all his life in a shop with fellow-tradesmen, and not one of them ever discovered that he knew a gipsy word. And they make first-rate lady’s maids, the mistress little suspecting that her quick-handed, fair-haired, blue-eyed Phillis calls herself in secret a “maggie” instead of a woman, and her mistress a “raunnie” instead of a lady.

The great family of the Falls at Dunbar—merchant princes in their time—were merely Faas with a difference; and the Faas were the senior clan of Scottish gipsies, the famous John Faw, or Faa, in the time of James the Fifth, being known by the name and state of “Lord and Earl of Little Egypt,” and called gravely “that peer” by McLaurin in his Criminal Trials; by which means the gipsy soul has passed into every family with which the Falls of Dunbar became connected. Notably into the Anstruther family, into whose veins the beautiful Jenny Fall, or Faa, shed the richer stream of gipsy blood when she married Sir John Anstruther of Elche. Thus was so well known and so bitterly resented at the time, that the rabble insulted her at an election at which Sir John was candidate, by singing before her “Johnny Faa, the gipsy laddie,” who by his glamour bewitched the Earl of Cassilis’ lady, so that she left her home and lawful lord, and was off and away with the vagabond peer. Jenny probably secretly imparted to her sons and daughters a knowledge of the gipsy tongue, which they, as probably, handed down from generation to generation through all the ramifications of the family tree; till it is more than wonderful to think how many descendants of Lady Anstruther now waltzing in ordinary lace and tarlatane, or twisting their moustaches at the Horse Guards, are imbued with the gipsy soul, speaking gipsy among themselves, and regarding with contempt all who cannot boast a like descent from the Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, or make out a claim to be ab origine one of the “mixed multitude” led by Moses through the Red Sea.

James the Fifth of Scotland had once a curious adventure with the gipsies. Travelling under the disguise of the gadman of Ballangiegh, but with the objects of Don Juan rather than of Haroun-al-Raschid, he fell in with a band of gipsies carousing in a cave near Wemyss, in Fifeshire. He entered and joined in the fun; but, forgetting manners and prudence,

he became a little over-free towards one of the women, when a gipsy "came crack" over his head with a bottle, and a scuffle ensued. The sham tinkler was discovered to be no tinkler at all, and put to various degrading uses in return for his intrusion, while kept as the prisoner of the gang for several days. In consequence of which discourteous treatment James enacted that if three gipsies were found together in any part of his dominions, any of his subjects might seize and hang or shoot one of the three out of hand forthwith.

The poor gipsies had a bad time of it in Scotland after this. They and the witches had enough to do to live at all through the storms of persecution and prejudice continually breaking out against them; but they did live through them, and increased and multiplied according to the manner of their kind till they grew to be at times formidable to public peace;—always formidable more or less by reason of the robberies and petty thievings, and sometimes murderous assaults and international fights, with which they indulged themselves and helped out their means of living.

They seem to have organised themselves into thoroughly well-drilled plunder bands, with captains and lieutenants, offices, disguises, accomplices, and detectives all complete; and for those who knew the knack, there was nothing easier than to get back a purse stolen in the fair, or to save themselves from the footpad twirling his bludgeon with "stand and deliver!" as the open sesame of the pocket. "Gleid Neckit Will," the great black burly gipsy chief known as Will Faa the gipsy king, once attacked the minister of Yetholm, but, so soon as that gentleman spoke to him by name, loosed his hold and took him in safety through the "had bit." Others fell in with gipsy chiefs, talked to them pleasantly, and obtained "tokens" or passes—a knife, a coin, a ring, what not—which, showed to the inevitable footpad, procured instant immunity and respect. McDonald and his brother-in-law, James Jamieson, were notorious evil-doers in the footpad and thieving line; but anecdotes might be told of them, as of others, where friendly behaviour and confidence got back the "lifted" property, or hindered it from being taken. One Campbell, a farmer, going to market to buy a horse, was robbed by this Captain McDonald, to whom he had shown his money; but he had it all returned the next day, sitting with the gipsy chief at a certain house in Perth, and seeing pocket-book after pocket-book brought in while they were drinking whisky-toddy together. "The gipsy chief was, in fact, but doing a very important branch of his calling, and was on that day doing a considerable business, having a number of youths ferreting for him in the market, and coming in and going out continually."

When McDonald and Jamieson were hanged at Linlithgow, Annie McDonald, the widow of the one and sister of the other, took up the reins of government, and dispensed her royal protection or restitution as time and circum-

stances seemed fitting. David McBitchie, a friend of Mr. Simson's, told him how he purchased a horse one day at a fair in Dunfermline; when, feeling for his pocket-book, it was gone. As he knew Annie McDonald well, he sought her out, told her his tale, and asked for her help. "Some o' my laddies will hae seen it, Davie; I'll inquire," was her answer.

Taking him to a public-house, she told him to be seated, and to drink; then learning all there was to learn of the pocket-book by way of marks and signs, she entered the fair, and after various doublings and windings reached her bureau of business. In about half an hour she returned with the book, all its contents undisturbed, cash, notes, papers, &c., exactly where they were, and scrupulously intact. "The affair was transacted in as cool and business-like a manner as if Annie and her 'laddies' had been following any of the honest callings in ordinary life." Great fears were entertained for the peace of the neighbourhood when those two gipsy chiefs McDonald and Jamieson were hanged; and the prison authorities were accompanied by a strong armed escort—"the whole scene presenting such an alarming and warlike appearance, that the people of the town and surrounding company compared it to the bustle and military parade which took place twenty-five years before, when the rebel army made its appearance in the neighbourhood." Nothing, however, was attempted by the gipsy bands; and when they arrived at the gallows, McDonald, who had expected a rescue, was bitterly disappointed. Looking round him, he said: "I have neither friends on my right hand nor on my left: I see that I must die;" and turning to the hangman, John Livingston, he put something into his hand, saying, "Now, John, don't bungle your job." Ever afterwards it was a cant cry in Linlithgow against the hangman, "Now, John, don't bungle your job. What was it the tinkler gave you, John?"

McDonald's first wife had been a virago called Eppie Lundie, famous for stripping her victims if met with in lonely places, leaving them in woods and fields stark as when they were born; but she was too much of a vixen even for her robber husband, and he divorced her over a dead horse, according to the rites and ceremonies of his race. This is an effectual but expensive manner of getting rid of a bad wife among the gipsies; for horseflesh is dear, and the gipsies do not eat it when killed, and as the sacrifice must be unblemished and in no manner lame, it is not therefore any "old screw," worn out and useless, that will answer the purpose. The sun must "be at its height" when the ceremony is to take place; none but gipsies of full blood are allowed to be present; and lots are cast for the one who is to be the sacrificial priest on the occasion. All the men and women taking part in the rites carry long staves; and the priest, with a long staff in his hand, walks round and round the horse many times, repeating the names of all who have possessed it, and extolling its qualities and virtues. Then it is shot; and the man and

woman, joining hands at the head, walk slowly down towards the tail—the horse between them—saying certain sentences together. By another version, they “walk three times round the body of the horse contrariwise, passing and crossing each other at certain points, as they proceed in opposite directions. At certain parts of the horse (the corners of the horse was the gipsy’s expression), such as the hind and fore feet, the shoulders and haunches, the head and tail, the parties halt and face each other, and again repeat sentences in their own speech at each time they halt. The two last stops they make in their circuit round the sacrifice are at the head and tail. At the head they again face each other and speak; and, lastly, at the tail they again confront each other, utter some more gipsy expressions, shake hands, and finally part, the one going north, the other south, never again to be united in this life.” Immediately after the separation takes place, the woman receives a token of cast iron, about an inch and a half square, with a T upon it, and which she must always wear about her person. A divorced woman cannot marry again, but the husband may have as many wives as he likes to marry, and sacrifice a horse to get rid of afterwards.

In this longer account the horse is made, in a manner, the scapegoat and representative of the woman. Perfect and free, it is turned loose, and by its manner of going sets forth the degree of her sin. If wild and difficult to be caught, leaping dykes and ditches, and plunging madly along, the woman is held to have been infamous and guilty exceedingly; and if the beast is wild out of all bounds of charity to endure, both horse and woman are sacrificed together. If calm, and mild, and docile, and easily caught, the woman is held to be not so very guilty after all, and the scapegoat may bear her sins very well. When McDonald divorced his wife Eppie Lundie, one Mr. Allan Ramsay came upon them unexpectedly in a hollow, and saw them walk hand in hand on either side of the dead horse till they came to the tail, when silently they parted, each proceeding in a different direction, as if going on a journey. Mr. Ramsay said he never could forget the violent swing which McDonald gave his wife at parting. The Russian gipsies also sacrifice horses on occasions; and it seems as if the custom can be traced to Hindustan, the gipsies’ land of adoption and second cradle, so to speak. The Yetholm gipsies, more prudent than the rest of their brethren, only knock down their “cuddies,” or donkeys, when they separate from their wives, which answers all the purpose of the more expensive sacrifice.

The true gipsy is faithful to his friends and those who grant him squatting-room on their lands, and “dog’s payment;” “for it’s only day and way we want, ye ken, what a farmer body no’er can miss; forbye selling a spoon, and tinkering a kettle now and then;” and none but the exceedingly ill disposed will steal of those who let them camp on their ground and who treat them kindly. There are many anecdotes

of gratitude and fidelity in the book before us; one of old Jean Gordon, a Meg Merrilies in her way, who saved the purse of the “winsome gudeman o’ Lochside, poor boy,” in consideration of old kindness shown by him, and ill repaid by the thievery of her tribe. The winsome gudeman losing his way among the Cheviot Hills, came to a large waste barn, where, seeing a light, he entered—encountering Jean Gordon the gipsy. She made him give her his purse, retaining only a few shillings as a blind to her greedy sons when they returned; and she apologised for and regretted the thefts of which those nine sons had been guilty, and which had sent her away from Lochside, in gipsy shame at this ungipsy-like sin. Then she made him a shake-down, and sent him to bed. Presently, her gang returned; and soon a scene of *Fee Faw Fum* in little was enacted, as they found out their guest, and asked his name and quality.

“It’s the winsome gudeman o’ Lochside, poor boy,” said Jean; “he’s been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-licket he’s been able to gather in; and sac he’s gaun e’en hame wi’ a toom purse and a sair heart.”

“That may be, Jean,” said one. “but we maun rip his pouches a bit, and see if it be true or no.”

Which they did, for all that Jean “set up her throat” against such inhospitality. They found nothing worth taking; so they made a virtue of necessity, and left his few poor bawbees intact; and the next morning Jean guided him safely to the high road, gave him back his property which she had concealed for security, and would not accept a single sixpence for her reward. Her nine sons were all hanged on the same day at Jedburgh; and she herself, poor old soul, was drowned in the Eden, shouting to the last, “Charlie yet, Charlie yet.”

In like manner, Mary Yorkston, another gipsy chieftainess, protected Mr. Lindsay, the gudeman of Coulter Park, when her tribe had begun to plunder him. She also gave back his purse to a favourite farmer of hers, who had lost it in the market. Matthew Baillie, who was her head man, spreading from twenty to thirty purses before the farmer, desired him to lift his own. As he did so, Baillie took it from his hand, saying, “Hold on; let us count it first.” Then, with as much coolness as if he was a Lombard-street banker transacting quite legitimate business, he counted the contents; when not a farthing was found wanting. “You see what it is when honest people meet!” said Baillie, with virtuous self-satisfaction, as he returned the purse to the owner. Another noted captain, Will Baillie, of the same tribe, paid a widow’s rent and saved her from ruin in quite a fine and melodramatic style; and the very men and women, whose “soraing” or masterful begging was next door to robbery, would forego their own advantage if touched on the point of fidelity or gratitude. Charles Graham, one of the Lochgellie band, once did a very clever bit of dishonest generosity. A woman with a large

family, at whose house he had often quartered, could not pay her rent. Charlie lent her the money out of his own pocket; but when the factor was returning home with it in his own pocket, Charlie robbed him of his gear, then went back to the woman and gave her a discharge in full for the sum just borrowed of him. When he was apprehended—for all these great men came to very bad and small ends—the people gathered about in wonder to stare at him, renowned as he was. "Let me free, and give me a stick three feet long, and I'll clear the knowe o' them!" shouted Charlie, maddened by their curiosity. He was an exceedingly handsome man, with such small hands and feet that both gyves and manacles slipped easily over them; but, in spite of his tricks, he was an immense favourite with the people, being of that darling, dare-devil, generous nature which always makes a popular rogue.

Most of the chiefs were desperate characters, and always in the heart of some terrific scuffle with the law. There were the Browns and the Wilsons, for example, noted horse-stealers if nothing worse, and hanged for their crimes when the law got too sharp for them. Charles Brown, one of the gang, was a man of great personal strength, but was run down at last, and carried to Perth jail. In the condemned cell he managed to slip his irons, and to set fire to the straw on which he lay. Surprised at the building being on fire, suspecting Brown to have been the cause of it, and that he was free from his chains, ramping like a lion in his den, no one was anxious to face him. At last a sergeant of the 42nd volunteered, and went to the cell-door, which he unbarred, letting out the smoke into the prison.

"Who's there?" he said.

"The devil!" vociferated the gipsy, through fire and smoke.

"I am also the devil and of the black watch," thundered back the intrepid Highlander.

The tinkler was daunted. The superior force of law in the person of the sergeant carried the day; his irons were refixed, and poor Charles Brown remained passive until he left his cell for the gallows.

Peter Young, another gipsy of the same class, broke out of many prisons before he was finally caged and hanged. He was one of the "honourable" gipsies, faithful to his word and generous to his friends, and always only just a rope's length in advance of death, which finally overtook and tripped him up. Lizzie Brown, by some called "Snippy," was a member of the Brown family just spoken of. She was a tall stout woman, and had been handsome in her day and while her face was complete; but after she lost her nose in a battle of the tribes fought in Angus, she was not quite so comely. The gipsies fought there with highland dirks, and poor Lizzie came in for her share of the hard knocks and flourishes. In the heat of the battle she suddenly put her hand to her face, and called out, "But in the middle of the mean time, where's my nose?" without either

surprise or lamentation for the loss. It was all in the way of war, and Lizzie Brown, alias Snippy, was content to suffer with the rest.

The perpetual fights among the tribes make another feature of gipsy life not over-fascinating to peaceable and honest citizens. The Faas and the Baillies and the Shawes and the Browns had a "polymachy" at Romanno in 1677, and four Shawes were hanged in consequence of the murders done there. Charles Brown, one of the chief members of the Lochgellie band, was killed in a fight at Raploch, near Stirling; there was a tremendous foray at the Bridge of Hawick in 1773, another at Eskdalemoor a few days after, to settle the question of supremacy, which had not got settled at Hawick; and again a "faction fight" at Dunblane, where Becky Keith distinguished herself with the aid of a flail, and sent off a crowd with "sarks full of sair banes." William Faa, the gipsy king of the Yetholm horde, had a grand, almost an heroic contest with the "Earl of Hell," one Young, of New Coldstream, in which the king was victorious over the earl. Faa had twenty-four children, and at each christening appeared in his original wedding robes, accompanied by twelve young girls as handmaidens to his guests. When he died, "his corpse was escorted between Coldstream and Yetholm by above three hundred asses." So that, what with faction fights and highway robberies, soring and petty thefts, child-stealing and fire-raising, pocket-picking and crafty dishonesty of all kinds, the Scottish gipsies were not the most delightful neighbours in the world; and it has been infinitely to the advantage of society that they have become reclaimed and civilised, and are only now to be regarded as a mystery and a secret, a strange unspoken infusion of foreign blood and secret customs, all kept in the dark, and known only to the initiated.

Disguises, as many as there were social characters to imitate, helped the gipsy thief on his way. As a fine gentleman riding a good horse, and ruffled and beringed, the vagabond tinkler of the moor and the wayside burn deceived many a country "softy," and was able to lift many a well-filled purse, and to learn the goings and comings of the well-to-do lairds not travelling in company or too heavily armed. As sailors, as travelling pedlars, as workmen of all honest callings to be exercised by the industrious, they penetrated everywhere, learning family secrets, and turning their learning to account, earning a penny more or less honest when time and the occasion served, while their cleverness in craft was as great as their cleverness in disguise. One Alexander Brown, the worthy mentioned above as the horse-stealer who was hanged, saw in a field an ox with a "rat tail," having lost about three-fourths of that appendage. Borrowing a tail of the same colour as the creature's, he fastened it to the stump, and started off with his prize, shipping at the Queensferry for the south. Here he was overtaken by a servant of the owner, who could not be quite certain of the ox, because of the long tail; else

he was sure enough. He was beginning to examine this troublesome tail a little too minutely, when the gipsy drew his knife, cut it off above the join, drew blood, as of course, and throwing the false length into the sea, called out, "Swear to the ox now, you loon!" The servant was confounded, and the tinkler went on his way with his tailless ox to a convenient market hard by.

Billy Marshall, the gipsy chief in Gallowayshire, had a passage-at-arms with the Laird of Bargally, whom he attacked and robbed, losing his cap in the struggle. A respectable farmer, passing by soon after, picked up the cap and wore it, which, the laird seeing—recognising only the head-gear, and confused as to the head beneath—he accused him of the assault and robbery, and had him brought to trial on the charge. It would have gone hard with him then, had not the gipsy come to the rescue. Putting on the cap in open court, he puzzled and confounded still more the poor bewildered laird, who could only, as the gipsy said, swear to the bonnet what head soever it was on, and who therefore lost his cause, both rogue and honest man going free by the rogue's own voluntary risk.

A slight dash of superstition was mingled with Jock Johnstone's fate. Jock had the misfortune to kill an old alewife at Loneygate, near Dumfries, by knocking her on the head with a pewter pint stoup; and next day he was apprehended and taken to Dumfries jail. He had a favourite jackdaw which always accompanied him (he was famous for his harem and his jackdaw), and when the lords, going on the circuit, passed the jail, the trumpeters gave a loud blast: on which the jackdaw fluttered against the iron bars of the window, and dropped dead on the floor. "Lord have mercy on me, for I am gone!" said Jock.

And so it proved. He was tried and condemned; but he would not walk to the place of execution, so they had to carry him by main force. He fought and struggled with such tremendous power, that the executioner, an old man, could not turn him off; and every one else refused to touch him. At last a burgh officer came forward, and the gipsy was hanged *secundum legem artemque*; but the old people about Dumfries used to say that the burgh officer never prospered afterwards.

There are more anecdotes of the same nature than can possibly be extracted. Indeed, the whole book is one mosaic of anecdotes set into a framework of "philosophy" neither so interesting nor so reliable as the facts; it being in the nature of hobby-riders to gallop their favourites to death, and to leave not a rag of housing untouched by their tailoring. And as it is not even known how many gipsies, pure, undefiled, and confessed, are now living in Great Britain—some saying eighteen and others thirty-six thousand—we may be excused if we somewhat doubt the accuracy of statements which cannot be proved nor tested by any modern methods known to us; and if we pause a moment before we

subscribe to the "shepherd kings," the "mixed multitude," or to the Sudras driven from Hindustan by the cruelty of Timour, or to the close and almost universal interfiltration of the Anglo-Saxon by the gipsy blood—unseen, unknown, and unsuspected, Our lady's maids may be gipsies with fair hair and blue eyes, "chattering gipsy" secretly to other "romany managies," likewise cunningly disguised; soldiers and sailors may meet other "nawkens" or gipsies like themselves in the enemy's camp, and cry "Zincali! zincali!" as at the discovery of a brother; it may be that we are all living in a society gipsy-haunted and gipsy-riddled—but we do not believe it. Nothing is easier than to make up a mystery; and Jesuits or gipsies, "reds" or spies, it is all one to the mystery-monger, provided only he can weave his webs with the faintest show of reason.

The first appearance of the gipsies in Europe was in the beginning of the fifteenth century; and the earliest mention made of them is, as having been seen in Germany in 1114. They did not come to England till 1512, having taken nearly a century in passing from the Continent to us. They were in Switzerland in 1418, in Italy in 1422, and in France and Spain in 1427. Giles Hather was the king, and one Calot the queen, of the English gipsies in the early days; and they rode through the country "on horseback, and in strange attire, and had a pretty train after them." Their character has been always much the same, at all times and in all places. Theft, quarrelling, child-stealing, horse-stealing, fire-raising—in fact, turbulence and lawlessness generally—have marked them wherever found; and times would be bad for the peaceable if ever the gipsy element had the upper hand, and the "nawkens" became "been gaugies;" which, being interpreted, means, it many of our gentlemen were gipsies, as Mr. Dimson would have us believe, if so be that his theory of indestructible vitality and general interfiltration is true.

NEMESIS.

We were sisters, fortune favour'd,
Born of noble race;
She was fragile, timid, tender,
With the sweetest face!

Like a shy half-hidden snowdrop,
Pure, and pale, and meek;
Not the faintest glow of summer
Resting on her cheek.

She was guileless, good, and gentle
I was restless, strong,
With a fierce ambition burning,
Goading me along.

She was like a star at evening,
Exquisitely bright;
I was like a flashing meteor,
Putting out her light.

To be fairest, first, and greatest,
Heart of heart's desire,
Raged beneath my proud cold bosom
Like consuming fire.

Daring, reckless of the future,
Conscience, shame, remorse,
Earth despising, Heaven-defying,
I pursued my course.

By my guileful arts sure working,
Treachery, cold deceit,
Soon I brought my sister's suitors
Vanquish'd to my feet:

Victims but to grace my triumph,
On their necks to tread;
What to me was love or rapture?
I who scorn'd to wed!

Till at length he came. O! Nature,
What a skill was thine,
Out of worthless clay to fashion
Creature so divine!

Dower'd with grace and every virtue,
Noble, gentle, grand,
All my pulses thrill'd and quiver'd
When he touch'd my hand.

O what rage, disdain, and anguish
In my bosom strove,
When I knew he loved my sister,
Answering to her love!

Sleep forsook my bursting eyeballs.
Tortures rack'd my brain;
Nought remain'd 'twixt death and madness,
Save his love to gain.

Then the deadliest powers of evil
To my call obey'd,
Envy, hate, and malice, forging
Slanders for mine aid.

Demons in my bosom wrestling,
Scheming night and day;
Iron will at length prevailing,
Iron fate gave way.

In my bride-robes, at the altar,
On my finger shone
Golden circlet that betoken'd
Me his chosen one.

While my cup of dizzy transport
Brimm'd and sparkled o'er,
Ere I drain'd the draught delirious,
Death stood at the door.

Death, to claim my hapless sister;
Happier she than I!
Happy when the broken-hearted
When despair, can die!

White as lilies, cold as marble,
In her shroud she lay;
Blest oblivion! how I envied
The unconscious clay!

Yet my impious soul, un baffled,
Stifled nature's cry;
Bought at such a price, I dared not
Let the prize go by.

While earth's crown of love and glory
Circled my vain head,
I must live among the living.
Let the dead be dead.

Nothing to my selfish cravings
To my matchless pride,
To my never-resting, fretting
Fancy, was denied.

On from change to change I hurried,
On from land to land,
Till at length an arrow struck me
From an unseen hand.

Ay, and with an aim so secret,
Subtle, sure, and dread,
Scarce I knew the point had touch'd me
Till the poison spread.

Then upon my heart and spirits
Fell an icy weight;
'Mid the crowds that once adored me
I stood desolate.

Evermore a long black shadow
On my pathway lay;
Wheresoe'er I moved, the sunbeams
Seem'd to slant away.

Every hand I sought, shrank from me,
As from touch of death;
If I pluck'd a flower, it wither'd,
Tainted by my breath.

Through the festive crowds, ungreeted,
Like the plague I pass'd,
And with sudden gloom and terror
Every soul o'ercast.

Loved no more—and how unlovely!
Speak! my soul's despair!
Where were now the lips that praised me?
Hearts that worshipp'd—where?

Ev'n that one, for whose brief favour,
Fond mad dream of bliss,
I had plunged, past all forgiveness,
Into guilt's abyss—

When, with bitter cries, I sought him.
Comfort, help, to crave,
Even him I found lamenting
On my sister's grave!

GENII OF THE RING.

THE ring is a prize ring, and the genii are pugilists. The cabalistic signs and words used by the latter; the magical effects produced and the rapid changes effected on the human face by the weird mysteries they practise; the strange rites observed by them, their laws, penalties, and rewards, have always had a painful fascination for me. I am pained that I can never hope to be affiliated, and fascinated because the fortunate beings whose attributes I covet are, by virtue of their magic, endowed with strange strength, skill, and hardihood, and are apparently impervious to blows and shocks which would stretch ordinary mortals lifeless on the ground. As unlawful magicians they would be worth studying, but it is as professors of a more or less recognised art we have to consider them now. Their hopes and fears, emotions, pleasures, sorrows, cares—how far do they differ in these from you and me, from the tradesman who sells us beef and mutton, from the inventor of a new piece of mechanism, from the painters of pictures and the writers and readers of books? Bent upon gauging this, I sought and obtained an introduction to the editor of a journal (and let

me add, a really upright and honest journal) which is known wherever the English tongue is spoken; a journal whose boast is that it never sleeps; and which, having long survived the generation of bucks, and bloods, and Corinthians to whose tastes it ministered originally, is still the guide, philosopher, and friend of the great sporting world. Few things have surprised me more than the contrast between the newspaper-office of my imagination and the newspaper-office of sober fact. Every expectation I had formed was falsified by results. The printers were not slangy; the sober decorum of the boys, messengers, and clerks was such that they might have been in the service of an evangelical magazine; while the gentlemen composing the editorial department were the gentlemen of society, the gentlemen you meet in clubs and drawing-rooms, and, so far as I saw, without a fox's head or a horse's hoof amongst them in the way of ornament. Had the compositors smacked of the race-course, the literary staff been unmitigably fast, the publishers loud, and the boys and messengers redolent of stable-talk, I should have accepted all as the appropriate condition and surroundings of a great sporting organ. Instead of this, I was politely welcomed in an establishment which is not merely sedately respectable in tone, but is one where the kindness and good feeling existing among its members are so obvious and marked as to convey the impression of a family party in some Utopia where relations never quarrel. The constant chronicling of prize-fights, the weekly analysis of studs, the commenting week after week upon the "performances" of horses, the "points" of dogs, and the scores at cricket and billiards, have had no effect on the demeanour of those deputed to discharge these high trusts. Having seen the offices of newspapers celebrated for the strictness of their principles and the purity of their tone, I declare that of *The Sleepless Life* to excel them all in its air of placid respectability and genteel quietude.

This is the room where the editor holds a levee every Friday afternoon throughout the year. Portraits of the late Mr. Sayers and other famous professors adorn one side of it, while the great fight at Farnborough, the celebrated trotting mare Vixen—apparently pursued by a large velocipede—and other interesting pictures, cover the remaining walls. I soon hear a fund of instructive anecdotes concerning the professors. The three gentlemen present have all been at different times maltreated or threatened at their hands. The office of referee at great prize-fights has been filled by each of them, and that refined-looking man writing at the table in the corner, was beaten until he was insensible a few weeks ago. A fight was in progress, and he had been appealed to as umpire whether a certain blow came within the conditions laid down by the rules of the ring. The backers of the two men, not unnaturally, took different views, one party maintaining it was "a foul," and claiming the victory for the man

struck, the other insisting it was legitimate, and that the combat must proceed. Some shouting and strong language, amid which the second of the man said to have been improperly hit appealed to the referee, "Vosn't that a foul, now, sir?" and almost in the same breath, "Oh! it weren't, weren't it?—then take *that*, yer (noun substantive), and *that*, and *that*!" accompanying each "that" with a savage blow under the ear, in the region of the heart, and upon the head. The referee fell insensible, and his physical monitor, Mr. Ross Filer, having thus satisfied his Spartan sense of justice, went back to his corner with the air of a man who had done his duty in spite of opposition. Legal redress for the outrage was of course impossible, the business of the gathering and the gathering itself being alike forbidden by law; but retribution has, for all that, fallen upon Mr. Filer. That energetic zealot unites the business of a publican with the pastime of prize-fighting, and he has, since his brutal conduct, been declared dead to the world of sporting readers. His name is properly tabooed by the sporting press, his sparring displays and benefits are never chronicled, and the professors themselves speak of him as a blackguard whom there is no redeeming. So much for Mr. Filer, who had, at a previous fight, encouraged another of the gentlemen before me, in the impartial discharge of his judicial functions, by the cheering speech, "If he doesn't do wot's right (i. e. what it suits the pocket of me, Ross Filer, to call right), we'll murder him!" A previous editor of the *Sleepless*, while acting as judge at a prize-ring, received a blow from a bludgeon, from which he never really rallied, and which caused his death. His immediate successor has been hitherto more fortunate, never having been actually struck, though frequently threatened. He pointed out a particular corner of the room we were in, between the window and the fire, where, by placing your back firmly against the wall and seizing the poker, you may, always supposing you are a good hand at single-stick, protect yourself effectually against violence. This was no imaginary hypothesis. The speaker has had to adopt these precautions more than once when conversing with the professors, and when the arguments of the latter have assumed the shape of clenched fists and foul threats.

While I mastered these suggestive details, and learned that several well-known pugilists were expected to drop in that afternoon, the crowd outside had gradually increased. The small groups outside the two public-houses opposite had received numerous additions, and had now merged together so as to form a thick fringe of froozy humanity, which covered the pavement to right and left, balanced itself uneasily on the kerbstone, and at last overflowed on to the roadway. Not a prepossessing crowd by any means. Irish labourers of distinctly bibulous tendencies, who looked listlessly to right and left as if for a new excitement, and expectorated thoughtfully when a prize-fighter passed them; hangers-on of the

ring who might be hired for sparring purposes at a shilling an hour, and who stood like cab-horses on a stand; hangers-on of the pugilists who were waiting patiently in the hope that stakes would be drawn or deposits made, and that eleemosynary stimulants would be the conditions upon which their services as witnesses or friends would be required; dissipated-looking men whose abstract love for pugilism had brought them here to feast their eyes upon the heroes of their worship; thieves and card-sharpers on the look-out for prey; and over all an indescribable air of worthless, dissolute raffishness; such was the mob in waiting outside The Sleepless office. For, two mighty combats had been fought in the preceding week; and the principals and seconds in each were, as it was well known, expected to confer with the editor, and talk over their future. On the previous Monday the Welsh mammoth, O'Boldwin, had beaten Augustus Oils, after a protracted fight, for one hundred pounds, in which, I have since read, the latter was "defeated but not disgraced;" and on the very day before our interview those well-known heroes, Raven and Rile, had fought for three hours and a half, for four hundred pounds, when, to the intense disgust of their backers and admirers, "both men got very weak, and showed symptoms of the cold shivers setting in," so it was agreed to draw the stakes, from the physical impossibility of either man striking a finishing blow to make him winner. These champions and their friends were the attractions of the day, and a knock at the door announced the arrival of the gallant Rile's second, Mr. Black Kicks. This gentleman's patience had been sorely tried by the disappointment of yesterday, and his expressions of disgust at the untoward ending of "wot oughter been a finish one way or the other," were uttered with much feeling and sincerity. "He'd rather ha' lost his money, he would indeed, than 'ave a fight end nohow, as yer may say. No, he couldn't say one was more blown than another; they was both blown, and that's truth. Rile gets wonderful slow arter he's been fightin' about two hours—wonderful slow, indeed; while Raven's never bin able to finish his man since he fought Cuss, and is, besides, allers on the slip, which ain't what Mr. Kicks calls fightin'—it ain't indeed." Kicks is a bullet-headed black-browed young fellow, whose civility to the editor reminded one somehow of vener. A few more genial remarks on the sport of the day before, and he retires, after handing in a slip of written paper, which is carefully filed. To him succeeds a podgy pale-faced man of middle age, who can scarcely speak from cold, and whose words hiss out like steam from a tea-kettle. This is the veteran Tommy Stalker, of whom I hear that his fighting weight twenty years ago was nine stone four pounds, and whose arm—a great point this—now measures fifteen inches round. Stalker's errand is pacific, and his round full-moon face smiling. "It is a little benefit I'm thinkin' of takin', and if you'd

be kind enough to give me a word in to-morrow's paper, I thought you might like to see this." "This" is a flaming red bill of the Fitzroy Music Hall, and sets forth the allurements of Stalker's night. The hero himself will, by particular desire, give his celebrated Grecian delineations—and very curious must that corpulent figure look in a skin-tight dress. The term "Grecian" has liberal interpretation at Stalker's hands, for the delineations range from Hercules and the Nemæan Lion, to Romulus and Remus.

Long before I have settled how this "well-known scientific fighter" contrives to represent twins in his own fat person—a problem I have yet to solve—he retires with many smiles, and is succeeded by Rat Bangem, affectionately spoken of as "ould Rat," and Beau Cuss. Bangem, a well-worn veteran, who is almost without front teeth, and whose chief peculiarity is that he always seems to be talking with his mouth full, wears a tasteful breast-pin, in which the personal pronoun "My" in large letters of gold surmounts a counterfeit human eye, and so symbolises its owner's acuteness. He is a civil-spoken fellow, who has retired from the ring, and now keeps a well-known tavern. Cuss is a candidate for the championship of England, being pledged to fight Zebedee Spice next May, for two hundred pounds and the belt. Both Rat and he are very full of the contest of last Monday. O'Boldwin was originally a pupil of Bangem's, who picked him up in the streets, and, fascinated by his size and promise, gave him the rudiments of his fistic education. Another publican and ex-pugilist, David Garden, was O'Boldwin's second at the fight he won last Monday; but Bangem does not mind this, and talks with great feeling of old times, before O'Boldwin was anything but physically great. Cuss is a dark-complexioned man of middle height, and apparently of immense strength. A deep broad chest, which seems almost bursting through the rough-napped black cutaway coat and waistcoat buttoned over it, a short neck, lips which move, when their owner speaks or laughs, so as to show their inner half, and to thus intensify the animal expression of the face, a hand and arm which look fit to fell a bullock, and sturdy legs, which seem as if a bullock's strength could not shake them, make Cuss a formidable competitor for the honours of the ring. His conversation is rather saturnine than animated, and turns chiefly upon the amount of deposit-money he and Spice have yet to pay. I gather that whereas five pounds were now paid by each man every Friday, the time approaches when the weekly instalment must be doubled. Of the drawn battle yesterday between Raven and Rile, it is Mr. Cuss's opinion "both men had a chance to win;" while his contempt for a combatant who admitted after a battle that he wasn't "so much hurt as he thought he was," is too deep for words, and finds vent in expectoration. The point is mooted whether, in the event of Cuss winning the belt, he will be able to keep it afterwards, against

O'Boldwin the redoubtable; whereupon the face of Cuss assumes as doggedly savage an expression as it has been my lot to see, and his resolution finds words in "He won't get it without fighting for it, that's all I've got to say."

The fates were propitious, for Cuss and old Davie had scarcely left the room when the former's opponent in the coming fight, the great Zeb Spice, whose "science" is a proverb, came in. He looked clean, smart, and prosperous, was faultlessly attired as a sporting gentleman, smiled benignly but knowingly at me, much as if we shared between us the secrets of the ring, and then gracefully presented the editor with a couple of portraits of himself. A much more agreeable specimen of humanity than the savage-looking Cuss, Mr. Spice verges on dandyism in his apparel and ornaments. His magnificent chest and limbs were clothed in garments befitting the daily associate of the rank and fashion of Puddlepool, his breast-pin, ring, watch-chain, and silver-mounted switch, were massive and costly, his voice was persuasive, and his manner ingratiating. It pleased me to hear him say that after May he would fight no more, but limit his attention to the great Puddlepool gymnasium he is said to rule so well. I learn with breathless interest, though, that he has "a big 'un in training, who'll be quite clever enough for O'Boldwin," and infer that Spice's heart is, after all, in the ring he promises to leave.

Tommy Scotch, a respectable-looking middle-aged man, formerly, I hear, a well-known fighter at eight stone five—I like exactitude—has a boy he wishes to put to school, and, after the usual knock at the door, comes up to the desk to consult with, and receive encouragement and advice from, the editor. Beattie is about to take a benefit, and hands in the particulars, which are duly filed and published. Wolloper and friend are uneasy as to the day fixed for their fighting, and request another look at "the articles." Bloss brings in the news that a second bobby's been sent to watch the crowd outside;—there was a fight there of seven rounds without interruption a fortnight before. Benny Bailey thinks he won't be "fit" in time for his mill; and George Fibbins asks for the return of the two pounds deposit-money he left here some time back, "which ain't never been covered yet." All these people, and many others who enter in rapid succession, are prize-fighters, or their tutors, disciples, and abettors, and every arrangement is made upon the purest business principles and in the most systematic way. The deposit receipt is produced, examined, and endorsed by the editor, and Fibbins walks down to the cashier's department much as a man would do who was transferring his savings, or drawing the interest due to him from some provident bank.

To him succeeds Mr. Jennett, "Farmer Jennett," the well-known bookmaker, of the great Guelph betting-club, who is interested in the monument about to be erected to the memory of the late Mr. Sayers, and who, I take the

liberty of remarking, is as clean and wholesome looking a little gentleman as the most fastidious could desire. A shrewd bright eye and pleasant smile, a hard and rather dried-up face, quick decided movements of hands and arms, and a neat assortment of jewellery, including a very horsey breast-pin, are the points in Farmer Jennett's appearance I remember best. He was Mr. Sayers's principal backer as well as one of his most influential and trustworthy friends; and he is now his executor and the guardian of his memory. The Farmer is disappointed at not seeing the design for the monument, but is gratified to hear that it will be completed in about nine months, and that it is to consist of a mausoleum with closed doors, guarded by Mr. Sayers's mastiff, in white marble, and adorned by a medallion portrait of Mr. Sayers outside. Should the sculptor want an advance, Mr. Jennett is ready for him; should the editor wish to see the farmer at any time, a line to the Guelph will be his best plan, for "being so much out of town when racing's on, I ain't always good to find in London." Enter here, hoarse and toothless, Bill Kind, of Westminster, who is fifty-two years of age, and is engaged to fight another man as old as himself. Mr. Kind looks older than he is, and hands in the announcement of the public-house benefit he proposes to take before going into training, with an agreeable growl, such as one might look for from an amiable wild beast. "Honly thirty shillings a side stated in last Saturday's Sleepless, which it oughter be twopundten," refers to the amount of the weekly instalment paid by each combatant. And Mr. Kind departs gladdened by the promise that this important matter shall be set right.

Another knock at the much-suffering door, and a tall young fellow, with heavy bloodshot eyes, swollen discoloured cheeks, and a good-tempered sheepish expression on his vacuous face, comes in. This is Augustus Oils, "the defeated but not disgraced" of Monday. The sympathetic greeting, "He's too big for you, Gus!" was evidently appreciated by the vanquished man, who fumbled nervously at his cap, and, though he smiled and laughed when speaking of his defeat, was evidently mortified, discomfited, and out of spirits. The repetition of, "It only shows, sir, wot a bad judge Willy Sands must be, who told me I could beat him," seemed to afford some meagre comfort; but the "He's too big for any one, that's my belief," came out with marked sincerity; and poor Oils retired, after thanking all present for their kindness. Having brought his poor battered carcass to be seen, he was grateful not to be twitted on its having suffered in vain. He was accompanied by a very funny old man, whose eyes seemed staring in astonishment at their owner being still alive. Trainer, valet, hanger-on, or backer—it was not quite clear in which of these capacities he figured, or why he figured here at all. Mournfully despondent when insisting that the condition of Oils was perfect on the

day of fighting, he became timid and nervous when mention was made of the compensation-benefit to be announced in to-morrow's Sleepless. "Let us 'ave no names mentioned as backing Gus, or bringing him to fight—a old friend of Field's, that's all." This speech, given with the air of a detected conspirator, was repeated mechanically and at short intervals during the stay of himself and Oils. Nay, five minutes after they had left, the door reopened, and the prominent eyes and queer figure-head face again looked timorously in, and, as a parting shot, whispered mysteriously: "No names mentioned, if you please"—and then pointing with thumb to waistcoat, with the air of a man making a startling and perfectly novel admission—"an old friend of Field's, that's all." When this elderly nuisance has retired finally, I ask whether Oils had his front teeth knocked out last Monday, or in previous conflicts, and, much to my surprise, receive "Stomach" for answer. The curious point of this reply, and of its effect, is, that it seems to be made, and is certainly received, under a certain sense of injury. That poor Oils should lose his teeth from natural causes, instead of having them knocked down his throat, seems a violation of the fitness of things, and an irregularity on the part of Oils to be condemned. So, when I hear that the "clever lad," young Walloper, who is engaged to fight another "clever lad" for five pounds a side, and who has heard that Spice and Cuss "as changed their day of fightin'"—when I hear that his false eye is due to an accident instead of to the prize-ring, I cannot help feeling that Walloper is to blame.

The victorious Welsh mammoth, O'Baldwin, comes in jubilant, attended by his friend and second Davie Garden, whose hostelry is his head-quarters, and as such is regularly advertised as the champion's home. The mammoth has a grievance. He is described in the papers as O'Baldwin, and as six feet seven inches high; whereas he "never 'ad a llo to his name, and six foot five and a 'arf is the most he lever stood." Rectification is promised, and the mammoth is appeased. I look respectfully at the hands which have made the cheeks of Oils to be like over-ripe pears, and the eyes of Oils to be as "if set in beetroot; and I find them large, bony, and not over-clean. I glance at the feet which have "toed the scratch" so recently and triumphantly, and I see that they are of a size proportionate to the mammoth's height. "Mind you don't knock your head," was a necessary warning as he stooped to enter the doorway; and the "Don't understand anything about it, sir," in reply to a question as to his alleged leaning to Fenianism, sums up to a nicety my estimate of his character. Not understanding anything about it, would, I imagine, but too accurately express poor Baldwin's ideas of the world outside the prize-ring. Like his late opponent, he seemed the personification of good temper; and if it were respectful to so describe the heroes of a protracted battle, I should say they were a couple of overgrown school-boys, each of whom is as wax in the

hands of associates and leaders craftier than themselves. The red-faced publican old Davie Garden is in great force, for as the ostensible backer and trainer of Baldwin—I drop the "Ho," as requested—he has made money and reaped honour from the victory. Full of cheery suggestions for the future, and successive triumphs for his man, the alloy inseparable from earthly happiness appears in the profoundly sad reflection: "You see, you can't fight everybody!" which chastens his otherwise exuberant joyousness. That Spice has "a dark big 'un" down at Puddlepool, who might do for Baldwin; that Turpin might fight again if we tempted him with a hoffer; that Pike Badun wants to fight the Mammoth; and that a jint benefit for 'im and Oils will be shortly given in the hopen, so as to keep off the East-enders, are the heads of Mr. Garden's discourse: who throughout the interview gives one the impression of a man on consummately good terms with himself and his little world.

The next visitor, Raven, bore a striking contrast to Baldwin; for while the latter's face had scarcely a scratch upon it, the former was plastered and patched, and had the disappointment of going home that night to Warwickham without having settled the supremacy with his rival, Rile. "I have very good flesh, sir, very good indeed!" was his modest acknowledgment of the compliments paid to the fewness of his scars. For though, to my uninitiated gaze, a monster cavity over the right eye, seamed and swollen cheeks, and divers strips of white plaster over and about a face which looks pallid from loss of blood, present a shocking spectacle enough, they are but slight indications, if the battered condition of the man at the fight of the day before, be remembered. Cob Rivers and a sharp business-looking man, who was one of Raven's backers, accompany the latter now, and an order is given for the money staked to be given up. Rile had drawn his, before my arrival; and a terrible rumour reached the editor's room soon after, that he was in the hands of "the Philistines," and had been accompanied to the bank where the cheque from the Sleepless office would be cashed by two light-hearted gentlemen, who are fond of card-playing, and renowned for their good fortune. Cob looks half Jew, half mulatto, and is fashionably dressed in a long black surtout, an obtrusive bright green scarf covering his chest. The backer, the fighter, and he, chat pleasantly about Raven, "first taking a little rest," and then challenging some presumptuous person unnamed, who has publicly vaunted his superiority. A short talk as to the probability of the other backers following the liberal example of the one present, and giving Raven the money they staked on him; and the trio depart.

I thank the editor of the Sleepless for the privilege so courteously accorded me, and take my leave. Pondering upon what I have seen and heard, I pass absently into the street, still filled with raffish loungers, and am only roused from a painful reverie by having a dirty finger thrust in my face, while its owner

asseverates with many oaths as he points me out for the admiration of his fellows: "Tell yer he's the cove as found the money for Davie Garden to back Baldwin with, and he's just come out o' the Life office, vere he's bin a drowing the stakes."

ATOMS.

WE would be as gods, knowing all things; and the child is father to the man. The boy breaks up his most ingenious toys, to surprise the secrets hidden within; the man dissects, analyses, probes all nature, to discover the ultimate qualities and causes of everything. It is quite an error to suppose that curiosity is a passion to which the fair sex is peculiarly propense. Tell either man or boy that there is a thing he cannot do, a place he cannot visit, a fact he cannot ascertain, and no rest is his until he has effected the thing, reached the spot, tested the circumstance. From what else should arise the strong attraction which the transmutation of metals, the top of Mount Cervin, the constitution of matter, exercises on multitudes?

Respecting the latter subject of inquiry, modern science has drawn up for itself a creed which is almost as precise as a treatise on arithmetic. Whether future philosophers will modify those notions, it remains for a future period to show. There seems at present every probability that we have really hit upon the truth.

Matter is known to us under three forms: solid, liquid, and gaseous. The ethereal modification of matter (the attenuated ether which fills the interplanetary and intersidereal spaces) we do not know, but only infer, suppose, and guess at. But, as Professor Tyndall quietly observes, there is no more difficulty in conceiving this *ether*, as it is called, which fills space, than in imagining all space filled with jelly.

All matter, of whatever form, is believed to be made up of atoms. Gases, we can easily conceive to consist of independent particles which repel each other; liquids, to be made up of minute molecules, behaving, when poured out, like grains of wheat or sand, still held together by a slight attraction; but there is much greater difficulty in granting solid bodies to be collections, groups, or aggregates, of atoms not in actual contact with each other.

Solid bodies especially, therefore, have long puzzled people who have considered them with careful attention. They expand, and they contract. How? It must be by the expansion and contraction of their constituent parts. But what are their constituent parts? They cannot be anything else than atoms of inconceivable littleness. According to many philosophers, group atoms together, and you have a molecule; but, in common parlance, atoms and molecules may be regarded as synonymous. Combine molecules in sufficient quantity, and you produce a particle—a portion of matter, of form and size appreciable by the human eye.

Matter is similar in its nature, throughout

the solar system at least. Spectral analysis has shown that minerals, found on earth, are also contained in the sun and the planets, not to mention diverse and sundry fixed stars. The same fact is proved by the examination of bolides, or shooting stars.

A bolide is a 'planet in miniature': a small mass of matter, revolving round the sun in a longer or shorter elliptical orbit, obeying the same laws and governed by the same forces as the greater planets. Now, suppose the orbit described by a bolide to cross the orbit of the earth, exactly as one road crosses another, and, moreover, that the two travellers reach the point of junction or crossing at the very same time. A collision is the inevitable consequence. The bolide, which, in respect to size, is no more than a pebble thrown against a railway train, will strike the earth without her inhabitants experiencing, generally, the slightest shock. If individuals happen to be hit, the case will be different. If the earth arrive there a little before or after the bolide, but at a relatively trifling distance, she will attract it, cause it to quit its own orbit, dragging it after her, an obedient slave, to revolve around her until it falls to her surface. Or, it may happen that the bolide may pass too far away for the earth to drag it into her clutches, and yet near enough to make it swerve from its course. It may even enter our atmosphere, and yet make its escape. But, in the case of its entering the atmosphere, its friction against the air will cause it to become luminous and hot, perhaps determining an explosion. Such are the meteors whose appearance at enormous heights our newspapers record from time to time.

Be it remarked that bolides are true players, and not projectiles shot out from mountains in the moon, as has been conjectured. A projectile coming from the moon would reach the earth with a velocity of about seven miles per second. But the most sluggish bolide travels at the rate of nearly nineteen miles per second, fast-goers doing their six-and-thirty miles in the same short space of time. None of the inferior planets travel so rapidly as that. Mercury, the swiftest of them all, gets over only thirty miles per second. Mr. Tyndall states that this enormous speed is certainly competent to produce the effects ascribed to it.

When a bolide, then, glances sufficiently close to our earth, to pass through our atmosphere, the resulting friction makes its surface red hot, and so renders it visible to us. The sudden rise of temperature modifies its structure. The unequal expansion causes it to explode with a report which is audible. If the entire mass does not burst, it at least throws off splinters and fragments. The effect is the same as that produced by pouring boiling water upon glass. The fragments, falling to the ground, are aerolites. It is needless here to cite instances of their falling. They are of universal notoriety. Aerolites have no new substance to offer us. If the earth, therefore, be made up of atoms, we may conclude that the universe is made up of atoms.

In imagining the ultimate composition of a solid body, we have to reconcile two apparently contradictory conditions. It is an assemblage of atoms which do not touch each other—for we are obliged to admit intermolecular spaces—and yet those atoms are held together in clusters by so strong a force of cohesion as to give to the whole the qualities of a solid. This would be the case even with a solid undergoing no change of size or internal constitution. But solids *do* change, under pressure, impact, heat, and cold. Their constituent atoms are, consequently, *not* at rest. Mr. Grove tells us: "Of absolute rest Nature gives us no evidence. All matter, as far as we can ascertain, is ever in movement, not merely in masses, as with the planetary spheres, but also molecularly, or throughout its most intimate structure. Thus, every alteration of temperature produces a molecular change throughout the whole substance heated or cooled. Slow chemical or electrical actions, actions of light or invisible radiant forces, are always at play; so that, as a fact, we cannot predicate of any portion of matter that it is absolutely at rest."

The atoms, therefore, of which solid bodies consist, are supposed to vibrate, to oscillate, or, better, to revolve, like the planets, in more or less eccentric orbits. Suppose a solid body to be represented by a swarm of gnats dancing in the sunshine. Each gnat, or atom, dances up and down, at a certain distance from each other gnat, within a given limited space. The path of the dance is not a mere straight line, but a vertical oval—a true orbit. Suppose, then, that in consequence of greater sun heat, the gnats become more active, and extend each its respective sweep of flight. The swarm, or solid body, as a whole, expands. If, from a chill or the shadow of a cloud, the insect's individual range is less extensive, the crowd of gnats is necessarily denser, and the swarm, in its integrity, contracts.

Tyndall takes for his illustration a bullet revolving at the end of a spiral spring. He had spoken of the *vibration* of the molecules of a solid as causing its expansion; but he remarks that, by some, the molecules have been thought to *revolve* round each other; and the communication of heat, by augmenting their centrifugal force, was supposed to push them more widely asunder. So he twirls the weight, at the end of the spring, in the air. It tends to fly away; the spring stretches to a certain extent; and, as the speed of revolution is augmented, the spring stretches still more, the distance between his hand and the weight being thus increased. The spring rudely figures the force of cohesion, while the ball represents an atom under the influence of heat.

The intellect, he truly says, knows no difference between great and small. It is just as easy, as an intellectual act, to picture a vibrating or revolving atom as to picture a vibrating or revolving cannon-ball. These motions, however, are executed within limits too minute, and the moving particles are too small, to be visible. Here the imagination must help us. In the

case of solid bodies, you must conceive a power of vibration, within certain limits, to be possessed by the molecules. You must suppose them oscillating to and fro; the greater the amount of heat we impart to the body, the more rapid will be the molecular vibration, and the wider the amplitude of atomic oscillations.

It is held that all matter differs only in the grouping of its elements—in the juxta-position of its molecules. That juxta-position depends on the temperature, and the speed with which changes of temperature have taken place. The mode and manner of those changes are so many causes of the transformation of matter—so many origins of divers substances. It is maintained that, in the actual state of science, bodies differ only by the clustering of their atoms, exactly as the constellations of the sky differ through the arrangement of their stars.

Take a bird's-eye view, from the car of a balloon, of four or five towns, at a considerable altitude. They will differ but very slightly in aspect; they are simply towns. From a point of view nearer to the earth, their distinctive characters will be visible; showing themselves in the disposition of the houses, the topography of the streets, and the distribution of the public walks. Such is the case with a mineral or any other substance whatever. Accordingly, as natural forces have laid out, on this or that plan, the walks, streets, and houses, of our little molecular cities, they strike you with a different impression. The one depends on the will of the architect, the other on the action of the predominant force.

Wax, for instance, is cited by our great lecturer as *expanding*, in passing from the solid to the liquid state. To assume the liquid form, its particles must be pushed more widely apart—a certain play between them being necessary to the condition of liquidity. Ice, on the contrary, on *liquifying, contracts*. In the arrangement of its atoms to form a solid, more room is required than those atoms need in the neighbouring liquid state. No doubt this is due to crystalline arrangement. The attracting poles of the molecules are so situated, that, when the crystallising force comes into play, the molecules unite, so as to leave large interatomic spaces in the mass. We may suppose them to attach themselves by their corners; and, in turning corner to corner, to cause a recession of the atomic centres. At all events, their centres retreat from each other when solidification sets in.

The atoms of bodies must be regarded as all but infinitely small; the necessary consequence of which, is, that they must be all but infinitely numerous. A learned Frenchman, Monsieur A. Gaudin, calculator at the Bureau des Longitudes, has lately estimated, by a very ingenious process, the distances which separate molecules and their component atoms, and their number. The result he obtains is, that, if you set about counting the atoms contained in a little cube of solid matter two millimetres high—that is, about the size of a pin's-head—and that you counted *a billion of them per second*, it would take you about two hundred and fifty

thousand years to complete the task! Consequently, although the increase of the diameter of a revolving atom's orbit by the communication of heat, is insensible, the sum of an almost infinite number of increased orbits becomes perfectly sensible.

Comparing the infinitely small with the infinitely great, it is held that a body, of what kind soever, represents in miniature, and very exactly, an astronomical system, like those which, weather permitting, we behold every night in the firmament.

Astronomers are perfectly aware that the earth is only a molecule amidst the innumerable stars which constitute the Milky Way. But a body, never mind what—take wood, gold, or diamond, to have a clear idea—is nothing more than a heap of molecular constellations diversely grouped. From the extreme of vastness to the extreme of minuteness, the analysis holds good throughout. Although our eye is not framed to perceive in all their details these infinitely small stars and systems of stars, other creatures, as for example insects, whose vision is differently constituted to ours, may possibly—although not probably—be able to see some of them.

One thing, however, appears certain; if we could construct a microscope of sufficient power, we should be able, by the help of such an instrument, to resolve the molecular constellations of every little terrestrial milky way, exactly as our first-rate telescopes resolve the celestial nebulae and separate double and triple stars. It is a mere question of visual power. Were our sight sufficiently penetrating, we should behold what now appear mere confused heaps of matter, arranged in groups of admirable symmetry. Bodies would appear honeycombed in all directions. Daylight would stream through vast interstices, as it does between the columns of a temple or the tree-trunks of a forest. Nay, we should see immense empty spaces, like those which intervene between the planets.

From distance to distance, too, we should perceive clusters of stars in harmonious order, each surrounded by its own proper atmosphere; and—still more astounding spectacle!—every one of those little molecular stars would be found revolving with giddy rapidity on more or less elongated ovals, exactly like the great stars of heaven; while by increasing the power of our instrument, we should discover around each principal star, minor stars—satellites resembling our moon—accomplishing their revolutions swiftly and regularly. This view of the constitution of matter is aptly described by M. de Parville as molecular astronomy, maintaining even that astronomy, without our suspecting it, is dependent on mineralogy; and that whenever we shall have discovered the laws which govern the groupings and the movements of the infinitely small, astronomers will have only to follow in our track. But who, a hundred years ago, could dare to imagine that the infinitely small was so infinitely great? What is now believed to be the nearest guess at the truth, appears, at first sight, to be the dream of a madman.

Those who love to indulge in paradox now

state that their theory is very simple. For them, the solar system is a solid particle, homogeneous. The planets composing it are molecules which virtually crowd each other, touch, and adhere. The space between them is no more than the interval which separates the atoms of the compactest metal—silver, iron, or platina! Distance, therefore, it is argued, is an empty word; distance, in fact, does not exist. Nevertheless, a man may convince himself that distance, for him, is *not* an empty word, by jumping out of a first-floor window.

The wonder is that these molecular motions, so rapid as to escape human observation, are yet able to impress human senses, to give us pain or pleasure, to help us to live, or to cause us to die. And unseizable as atoms are, they can, nevertheless, be counted and weighed. Chemists have determined the relative weights of the atoms of different substances. Calling the weight of a hydrogen atom, one, the weight of an oxygen atom is sixteen. Hence, to make up a pound-weight of hydrogen, sixteen times the number of atoms contained in a pound of oxygen would be necessary.

What a strange result of the study of atoms! Heat and light, whose origin was inscrutable or attributed to some mysterious hypothetical fluid, are now traced to their causes. The reader has already been informed that the heat of the sun is attributed to the collision he sustains from a never-ceasing shower of meteors*. The heat of terrestrial fire is similarly produced. All cases of combustion, Tyndall tells us, are to be ascribed to the collision of atoms which have been urged together by their mutual attractions. It is to the clashing together of the oxygen of the air and the constituents of our gas and candles, that the light and heat of our flames are due. It is the impact of the atoms of oxygen against the atoms of sulphur, which produces the heat and flame observed when sulphur is burned in oxygen or in air. To the collision of the same atoms against phosphorus, are due the intense heat and dazzling light which result from the combustion of phosphorus in oxygen gas. Whether atoms are concerned, or suns and planets, the theory is equally applicable and true.

When interatomic movements occur under given conditions of mass and velocity, they make an impression on the eye. Their undulations, communicated from one to the other, strike the retina, and in turn set vibrating the atoms of which it is composed. We see; we receive the impression of light. And accordingly as the vibrations occur with certain proportional rapidities, they give us the sense of blue, yellow, red, and the other *visible* tints of the rainbow—because there are certainly other tints which are not visible to the human eye, exactly as there are sounds not audible to the human ear. Atoms and their motions are therefore the physical cause of colour. Wonderful as it must appear, the length of the waves both of sound and light, and the number

of shocks which they respectively impart to the ear and eye, have been strictly determined. The number of waves of red light which enter the eye in a single second is 474,439,680,000,000. To produce the impression of red in the brain, the retina must be hit at this almost incredible rate. To produce the impression of violet, a still greater number of impulses is necessary, amounting to six hundred and ninety-nine millions of millions per second.

Thus a thing, an entity, several billions of which can be contained within the point of a needle, is able to give the cattle disease, hydrophobia, or the plague; or to gratify you with the perfume of a rose, the flavour of a peach, the warmth of sunshine, the delights of music. Are atoms, then, to be despised and disregarded, being components of ourselves and of everything around us?

Despised! Their force is gigantic, irresistible—rending iron, riving rocks, upheaving mountains, and, if fully set in action, consuming the world with fervent heat.

INHUMANE HUMANITY.

WILL the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals be good enough to look after the Royal Inhumane Society? I make the request on behalf of the dogs, the cats, the guinea-pigs, and the rabbits, who have a very serious charge to bring against the society. But, before stating the case of these much-injured animals, I will allow the society the privilege of saying everything that it can in its own favour.

It claims to be born of respectable parents, to have been repeatedly recommended by the nobility and the clergy, and to be actuated by the purest motives and the best intentions. In its ninety-first annual report of itself, the Royal Inhumane Society states that no serious investigation of the subject of suspended animation took place until the middle of the last century. At that period, the penetrating genius of Dr. J. Fothergill led him to perceive the fallacy and dubiousness of the received criteria of dissolution, and in a paper which he addressed to the Royal Society, he maintained, as the result of his inquiries, the possibility of saving many lives without risking anything. This theory was subsequently put to the test of practice by M. Reaumur. That gentleman, having succeeded in several attempts at resuscitation in Switzerland in the year 1767, transmitted reports of his cases to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. Soon after this, a society for the recovery of the apparently drowned, was instituted at Amsterdam, and, as if by a simultaneous movement, several similar associations were formed in different parts of Europe. The Transactions of the Dutch Society were translated into English in 1773, by Dr. Cogan, for the purpose of convincing the people of this country—who were rather slow to believe—of the practicability of resuscitating persons apparently drowned. The work fell into the hands of Dr. Hawes, and that

gentleman, moved by its suggestions, formed himself into a Humane Society. With the purpose of demonstrating the theory of the little book with which he was so much taken, Dr. Hawes publicly offered rewards to persons, who, between London and Westminster Bridges, should, within a certain period from the occurrence of an accident, rescue the bodies of drowned persons and bring them to places appointed on shore. At these places the good doctor, at his own expense, made experiments upon many bodies, and in several seemingly hopeless cases succeeded in restoring animation. During a whole year, Dr. Hawes gave his services gratuitously, and paid all rewards out of his own pocket. At the end of that time Dr. Cogan proposed a society, and forthwith a society was formed. It consisted at first of thirty-two members, and one of those members was no less a person than Oliver Goldsmith.

There is magic in the very name. We pause here in our dry history to have a bright vision of the big-hearted, tender-souled, gentle Oliver rushing headlong into the scheme and subscribing his last guinea on the spot. How his face would glow with enthusiasm! The very suggestion of such a heaven-born mission would work a miracle upon his halting tongue, and let it loose to the heart's true eloquence. He had the knowledge to understand as well as the heart to feel for the sufferings of the "poor unfortunates," who rashly sought, or by some mischance found, a cold meeting with death in the waters of the Thames. Perchance, during his practice in Southwark, he had been called in to some poor creature when it was too late; or he might have been conscious of a life that had slipped through his fingers for want of skill on his part. We may be sure it was from the tenderest and most humane motives that Oliver Goldsmith joined that society. Could he ever have dreamt, even in his surgical philosophy, of the inhumanities which are now practised in the name of humanity?

For two years after its formation the little association did its work modestly, with little or no assistance from the public; but at the end of that time it began to have its secretary, its president, its vice-president, its medical officers, and all the "paraphernalia" of a constituted public society. Sermons were preached on behalf of its funds, and one of the first divines who advocated its claims was the notorious Dr. Dodd. Many bishops and dignitaries of the Church have preached for it since then, and many princes, dukes, and great lords have presided at its annual festivals. It is worthy of notice that the era of dining on behalf of public charities seems to have commenced about the year 1820. Previous to that date the main lever was a sermon.

Now let us hear what the society has done in all these ninety-one years. It has saved and restored thirty-five thousand lives. A great and blessed work, truly! During the past year, two hundred and thirty-two persons were rescued, out of two hundred and forty who were im-

mersed. During the same period the society conferred, as rewards of gallantry upon those who risked their lives to save the lives of their fellow-creatures, fifteen honorary silver medals, fifty-eight honorary bronze medals, nineteen vellum, and fifty parchment testimonials, besides pecuniary rewards to sixty-four other claimants. In the past twelve months, two hundred and forty-six thousand nine hundred and twenty-six persons bathed in the Serpentine, and only one fatal accident occurred, notwithstanding that there had been forty-three casualties. Forty-three lives were saved by the exertions of the society's boatmen.

This is undoubtedly a record of great good accomplished by the society, and, so far, it is fairly entitled to call itself "humane." But even this pure and holy work has its victims. Are the subscribers aware how cruel they are to be kind? I come now to state the hard case of the dog, the cat, the guinea-pig, and the rabbit, and I will produce the society's own report in evidence.

In the appendix we find a record of nearly a hundred cruel experiments made upon the lower animals, for the purpose of investigating the subject of suspended animation. This is the plan generally and commonly adopted:

"The animal is secured on its back, and the trachea is exposed by a single incision in the mesial line of the neck" (which, being translated into plain English, means that the animal is tied up and has its throat cut). "A ligature being passed round it, it is opened by a vertical cut, and a glass tube, as large as can conveniently be inserted, is passed into it for a short distance downwards, and firmly secured by the ligature. Through this tube, while patent" (fine words will not cover throat-cutting), "the animal breathes freely, but the supply of air can be at once completely cut off, by inserting a tightly-fitting cork into the upper end of the tube." The principal facts to which the attention of the student is directed during the progress of the apnoea—pleasant word for "suffocation"—are, 1. The duration of the respiratory movements; 2. the duration of the heart's action after the stoppage of the breathing.

"Experiment 1. A full-grown healthy dog was suddenly deprived of air by plugging the tube placed in the trachea, in the manner described. Its first struggle occurred in 25 seconds, its first respiratory effort was not recorded, its last took place at 4 minutes 40 seconds, and its last heart's beat at 6 minutes 40 seconds, or exactly 2 minutes after the last respiratory effort."

There is a note to this case, which runs as follows:

"The duration of the heart's action was conveniently ascertained by means of a long pin inserted through the thoracic walls into some part of the ventricles. So long as the heart continued to beat, the pin moved, and its motions were thus recorded for some time after the cardiac sounds had ceased to be audible."

I hope it is not true that the spirits of the departed see and know what we do on earth; because, if Oliver Goldsmith could see such

cruelties practised by the society which he helped to found, he would not be happy even in heaven.

Passing over sixteen other cases of ~~heart~~ throat-cutting and nicely contrived suffocation, accompanied by the insertion of pendulums in the heart, we come to "Experiment 18. A guinea-pig was held so that its nose was immersed in mercury, the animal being upside down, and the nose inserted sufficiently deep in the mercury to prevent the possibility of getting any air. The respiratory efforts commenced at 35 seconds, and ceased at 1 minute 57 seconds. On examining the lungs, they were found full of globes of mercury, which had thus been drawn up by this weak animal a distance of an inch or two, and that in spite of gravitation."

But the humane investigators were not satisfied with this form of experiment. They tried another. "Experiment 19. A terrier was deprived of air by plunging its head into plaster of Paris, the object being to see, through the whiteness of the plaster, whether any of the fluid obtained access to the lungs. Respiratory efforts commenced at 1 minute 35 seconds, and ceased at 4 minutes, the heart beating till 5 minutes. On examining the lungs, the white plaster was found throughout the bronchial tubes."

We pass now from experiments in choking to experiments in drowning.

"Experiment 20. A medium-sized dog was fastened to a board and submerged in a large bath. It was removed in 1 minute, but though the heart went on acting for 4½ minutes longer, it neither gasped nor moved."

"Experiment 30. A large dog was submerged 1 minute 15 seconds. On being removed, it perfectly and almost immediately recovered."

This dog had to undergo double tortures, those of restoration being infinitely more acute than the pains of dying. Now let us see what is gained for the benefit of mankind by all this throat-cutting, choking, and drowning. Simply this, which the humane doctors call a "remarkable fact," that whereas in "simple apnoea" (produced by cutting the throat and plugging it) "recovery may be possible after the deprivation of air for 3 minutes 50 seconds, immersion in water for that time suffices to destroy life." But the humane doctors are not satisfied even yet. They want to know if the struggles of the animal have any influence upon the duration of the respiratory efforts, so they drown a number of animals in such a manner as to prevent them struggling. One case will show the modus.

"Experiment 31. A cat was placed in a cage, and the cage plunged into water. The animal's limbs were at perfect liberty, and there were no violent struggles. After 2 minutes, the cage with the cat in it was taken out, and the cat was dead." This proved that, struggle or no struggle, the cat died under water in two minutes. Next, we have drownings in water at various temperatures, to ascertain at what degree a cat or dog dies soonest, and then comes the grand concluding surgical double somersault. This seems to prove that when an animal is drowned after having its throat cut, it recovers.

"Experiment 40. A strong dog had its wind-pipe plugged in the usual manner, and was then drowned; that is, submerged in water for 4 minutes. Three-quarters of a minute after its release it breathed, and in 4 minutes had fully recovered." It is recorded that two other dogs were treated in the same manner, with a like astonishing result.

When I came to the double performance of cutting the throat first and drowning afterwards, I was fain to believe that the force of experimental surgery for the benefit of mankind could no further go. But I was mistaken. On turning over the page, I find horrors upon horrors' head accumulating.

"Experiment 53. A middle-sized dog was deprived of air in the usual way, by plugging the trachea; 1 minute after its last respiration, the actual cantery was applied by drawing the cautery-iron, heated to a white heat in a gas-jet, over different parts of its chest and back. The dog died, or rather there were no symptoms of its recovery." I will conclude my quotations from the report with a case of venesection.

"Experiment 58. A middle-sized dog was suffocated in the usual way by plugging its windpipe, and made its last respiratory effort at 2 minutes 45 seconds. Three-quarters of a minute after the jugular vein was opened. The action of the heart for a time revived, but the dog died."

Painful as it has been to me to write the words, and painful as it must be to every person not quite insensate to read them, I have quoted all these records of deliberate cruelty, because the subscribers to the Humane Society may not trouble themselves to read the annual report of their officers, and may, therefore, not be aware of the cruelties which are practised under their sanction. Their experiments were not made long ago, in the infancy of the art of recovering the drowned; but recently, after all the symptoms attending such cases had been well ascertained, and a mode of treatment agreed upon and laid down.

No one will go so far as to declare that the slow suffocation of cats and dogs, the cutting of their throats, the piercing of the ventricles of their living hearts with pins, are not acts of cruelty. But no doubt it will be said by some that such experiments are justifiable and necessary in the interests of surgical science for the benefit of mankind. Their necessity I dispute. A set of rules for restoring suspended animation in the human body was framed many years ago, and all the experiments recently made on animals have added little or nothing to our knowledge of the treatment of such cases.

In order that the reader may judge for himself, I will quote the old rules laid down by Dr. Silvester, and the new rules recently adopted by the committee of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, as a result of all their cruel experiments upon dogs, cats, guinea-pigs, and rabbits.

DR. SILVESTER'S RULES.

1. *To adjust the patient's position:* Place the patient on his back, with the shoulders raised and supported on a folded circle of dress, and secure the feet.

2. *To maintain a free entrance of air into the wind-pipe:* Wipe the mouth and nostrils. Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips, &c.

3. *To imitate the movements of deep respiration:* Raise the patient's arms upwards by the sides of his head, and there keep them, stretched steadily upwards and forwards for a few moments. Next turn down the patient's arms and press them against the sides of the chest. Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly, fifteen times in a minute.

4. *To induce circulation and warmth, and to excite inspiration:* Rub the limbs from the extremities towards the heart. Replace wet clothing by warm and dry covering. Occasionally dash cold water in the patient's face.

Now for the latest method recommended by the Royal Humane Society.

1. *Treatment to restore natural breathing:* Cleanse the mouth and nostrils; open the mouth, draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it forward; an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose.

2. *To adjust the patient's position:* Place the patient on his back on a flat surface inclined a little from the feet upwards; raise and support the head and shoulders on a firm small cushion, &c.

3. *To imitate the movements of breathing:* Grasp the patient's arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards until they meet above the head, and keep the arms in that position for two seconds. Then turn down the patient's arms and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. Pressure on the breast-bone will aid this.

4. *To excite inspiration:* During the employment of the above method excite the nostrils with snuff or smelling-salts, or tickle the throat with a feather. Rub the face and chest briskly, and dash cold and hot water alternately on them.

5. *To induce circulation and warmth:* Wrap the patient in dry blankets, and commence rubbing the limbs upwards firmly and energetically. The friction must be continued under the blankets or over the dry clothing. Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, &c., and on the restoration of life, when the power of swallowing has returned, a tea-spoonful of warm water, small quantities of wine, warm brandy-and-water, or coffee should be given.

The new method being in all essential respects identical with the old one, it would appear that nearly a hundred animals have been tortured by the Royal Humane Society's chirurgical gentlemen to no purpose.

Man may be justified—though I doubt it—in torturing the beasts, that he himself may escape pain; but he certainly has no right to gratify an idle and purposeless curiosity through the practice of cruelty.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VI. THE END OF A LOVE.

THAT visit to St. Alans was before Tillotson always. It had, indeed, coloured his life strangely, and no one could guess how much. The men who met him in business always knew that he was "a curious, mooning, stand-off man," and those who knew him still better, said "the fact was, you know, he had got a blow some years before, a domestic business, which he had never got over." But none of them could divine the new trouble he had brought away with him. Down at that little, remote, dried-up, crusted, rusted little town, he had left behind him, as in an ancient, old-fashioned, but precious little shrine, his new-found hopes, something that lived and burned, something that had light and warmth, to which his heart was drawn back with an inexpressible yearning, as he now walked among the cold corridors of the world, and laid his fingers on what were to him merely cold statues. He had found new thoughts, new interest, something that seemed a complement to, and that would repair his own jagged and shattered poor heart, something that seemed to whisper to him, "Live once more, enjoy light and the cheerful fires of life. You are young, and happiness may come back once more. The past is not so hopelessly gone?"

Strange to say, the more the distance increased, the picture he had left behind increased in all the glow and intensity of colour and happiness. Between his eyes and the cold rows of figures and dry reports, now becoming more and more barren every hour, it stole in softly, and finally took the place of all else. From the board-room—from the Babel of discussion over discounts and exchange, with glib tongues and wits keen as razors, and sharp eyes all about him, he alone abstracted, was far away, looking back to that soft picture of the golden-haired girl floating so tranquilly from duty to duty. And when he came back to what was about him, he found himself as in a jail, with windows barred, the iron at his very heart. Some strange voice seemed to whisper to him that happiness was

now finally gone from him for ever, the very last chance that was open to him, and that now he had best cast himself into the arms of despair.

This, after all, was but a morbid tone of thought, wrought up daily more and more by constant harping and dwelling on the one theme. His health was poor at all times, and the habit of living alone worked on him still more.

"Why," he often said, in his lonely room, pacing up and down, as his habit was—"why could I not have been left as I was? I was content with my old stock of miseries; this dull preying on them and turning them over had become habitual. I was content with that wretchedness, and would have gone to my grave satisfied with my round of trouble. But now, to have this glimpse of paradise presented only to be snatched from me, which would have restored me to sensible, practical, peaceful life, made me useful, given me tranquillity—to have this hope taken from me! Surely it had been better to have been left as I was with all my old misery!"

This was nearly his nightly meditation in his gaunt room in the bachelor's house as he paced up and down—a foolish, profitless parading that would end foolishly, as a friendly doctor warned him; not very profitable for his soul, either, as a friendly spiritual physician would have told him, from pulpit or confessional—a state of mind certainly to be pitied.

"My dear Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater to him, clearing away some specks from his own coat with the double glass, "I want to speak to you. You see, I remark you are not in good tone latterly. Now, really you should make a push for it. We all have our battle of life, you know, and we all know that you have your peck of troubles." Mr. Bowater pronounced this phrase with great unction, as if it were part of that peck of malt which Willie had brewed. "A peck of troubles. I know——"

"Yes," said Mr. Tillotson, sadly; "but please——"

"Ah! but yes, though," said Mr. Bowater. "I assure you there is but one remedy—work. Keep the mind going, my dear friend. When I missed the Medway Dock estate—offered to me, I give you my honour and soul, for literally next to a song (you know what a property it is now!)—I was going to stint myself—give up going out to dinners, and that sort of thing—when a friend recommended business—hard, earnest

business. Well, I followed his advice, sir, and here I am. Now, supposing you take home these reports, work through 'em, figures and all, abstract them, and tell us what you think of it? You'll find it hard enough for your teeth, my friend, but I'll swear you'll be—let me see—three and a quarter per cent better."

This was really kind advice; and, going home, Mr. Tillotson turned it over. He might try it, he thought, and so he plunged eagerly into the reports. It was a very hard nut indeed, as Mr. Bowater had said. He attacked it bravely, and sat up very many nights hard at work, until at last, after one long night, it *was* cracked. He came with it in this state to the office, very weary in mind and body, and not, as may be conceived, in the least benefited by Mr. Bowater's remedy.

It was a report on an Indian branch of the bank—the "Bhootan Foncier Extension Branch"—which required the aid of rupees and Indian exchanges, and referred to ryots, and such things.

"Why, bless me, Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater, when he saw him, "what have you been doing to yourself? You should take care, you know—not push the thing too far. Well—done it? Capital! For here is Mr. Mackenzie just fresh from Calcutta, and you can settle the whole thing with him. Go into that room, Tillotson, take the reports and Mackenzie with you, and not a soul shall disturb you till you are done. There."

Mr. Tillotson and the Eastern Mr. Mackenzie withdrew into the room. They both went into the routine of business, the former putting his hand very often to his forehead. Soon the table was spread out with papers, and books of papers, and great reports, and files and dockets, all bearing on the Eastern Bhootan Branch of the great bank. Mr. Tillotson, with an effort, however, went through it all mechanically, but still with great practical sense. For, as Mr. Bowater said, "Tillotson, when he *chose* to lay his mind to a thing, was about as good a man of business as you could light on at any desk between this and Temple Bar." As he turned over the papers listlessly, and listened to the ceaseless flow of Mr. Mackenzie's explanations, delivered with a strong Scotch burr, his eye fell upon a little sheaf of papers pinned together, and on one of which he saw the name "Ross." He took it up eagerly, turned them over one by one. They were all bills, and a letter or two.

"Oh, that fellow," said Mr. Mackenzie, interrupting himself; "you are looking at his little account. He gave us trouble enough, he and his friend. A nice pair. I was up at the hills at the time, or we should never have 'touched' them."

There was interest in Mr. Tillotson's eyes.

"We were glad to compound with him on any terms, and, as it was, he 'did us' shamefully. But I was up at the hills at the time. Mrs. Mackenzie, you know, was just then on the point of—No matter now. When I came back, however, I soon frightened the

pair, and I think I would have saved every shilling for the bank without noise or trouble, only then came that Bhootan scrape, which disposed of all our chance."

"What scrape?" said Mr. Tillotson, eagerly.

"Oh, you heard it, of course," said the other, "though I believe it was kept out of the papers—I mean, about torturing the Coolie. They were half drunk. He and his friend came home one night and found this Coolie fellow hadn't got something ready which they had ordered. The way they tortured this poor devil—sticking fuses under his nails, burning his eyebrows, writing his name on his back with hot wood—it was the most barbarous thing you could fancy. The man died of it."

"And was there no punishment?" he asked.

"Oh, the thing was talked about, and an inquiry spoken of; but they managed to get the relatives out of the way. Then it *was* inquired into, and it was too late. A little money goes a great way in Bhootan. But I had it from my servant, who knew it all, and, I believe, saw some of it. Ross, he said, was like a savage; his friend Grainger was trying to save the poor devil."

"Grainger?" said Mr. Tillotson. "To be sure. I have met him."

"Yes," said Mr. Mackenzie, "he's a great traveller. But that Ross, for a young man, is the most dangerous, ill-conditioned savage I ever met. I almost think the sun had something to do with it. It seems at times like drink on him; but, sair," added Mr. Mackenzie, in his strong native accent, "it is the drunkenness of a bad hairt and evel passions."

"And did you know any more of him?" asked Mr. Tillotson, a little eagerly.

"Not I, so much as others," said Mr. Mackenzie, moving his papers restlessly, as if they were now losing time. "There were all sorts of stories, you know. There was that business of Mrs. Magregor, which I know of myself, for poor Sandie told me himself when he was lying heart-broken on his bed just before he died. All that was vairy, vairy bad. A young and winsome creature ruined, ruined!"

"But these may be stories—"

"I can gie you chaipter and vairse," said Mr. Mackenzie, "at another time, sir. It would shock your very ears to hear all I could tell you about that young man. And then his behaviour to the bank, sir, beyond all—"

They went back to the Bhootan reports. But Mr. Tillotson was very abstracted and restless, and could hardly follow the details; so much so, that Mr. Bowater, later, was inclined to retract the handsome commendation he was giving of Mr. Tillotson being a "first-class man of business." When the day was done, Mr. Tillotson said, anxiously, to the Indian manager, "Could you spare me an hour in the morning, and tell me more about what you have been saying, and with more particularity? All this concerns a person in whom I am interested, and who it is very right should know something of it."

"Indeed; then I can," said Mr. Mackenzie. "His pairsonal behaviour to the bank was simply outrageous, and ought never to be forgotten. I'll come, sir, and give you chaipter and vairste."

Mr. Tillotson went home in a perfect ferment. Long he walked up and down his room that night, and turned over matters until his head was in a fever. It was surely a matter of duty with him to caution one he regarded with such ineffable interest. In the morning, Mr. Mackenzie came with details, and very fair proofs in his details, and left Tillotson quite satisfied. Then began his inward counsel, his walkings, and his tempestuous reasonings. The course that was open to him was obvious. "But what," he thought, "will *she*—so generous, so noble, so magnanimous—think of such a secret denunciation of one who might stand in my way?" Still the absorbing feeling of all was love for *her*, and to this, before post-hour came, he determined to sacrifice everything.

It was the first letter he had ever written to her. He wrote it ten times over, and then, at last, it was sent. Unknown to himself, it assumed a vein of exquisite and melancholy tenderness; in every line it betrayed the extraordinary passion that was nearly consuming him. He told, however, very plainly what he had heard. He himself might now speak, he said, without ambiguity or reticence, for reasons that she well knew. It might, indeed, appear to her that what he wrote was dictated by suspicious motives, but it was a sacred duty with him to speak. Then he sent it away.

To that letter he never received an answer. Down at St. Alans, at the old rusted sanctuary of the Cathedral Close, there were strange troubles gathering about the Tilney family. One thing was coming after another. The young golden-haired girl happened to be out on some usual mission when the post of that day came in. Mrs. Tilney alone was at home, in ill humour with the troubles the world was heaping on her, and saw this strange letter, in a hand which she seemed to know, and, above all, directed to Ada, who rarely received one. Not caring to be subject to any social restraints in reference to a person of such unimportant consideration, and thinking it was rather too much that she was to be "hoped up" with the pangs of curiosity in addition to her other trials, she presently opened it and read Mr. Tillotson's secret letter. She was a little alarmed when she saw of what a confidential sort it was; but the alarm presently gave place to anger. Mr. Ross's prospects had brightened a good deal of late, and she hoped that some profit might be got for the family out of his ultimate success. She never relished Mr. Tillotson from the first. He had not paid her that implied homage, even to past charms, which she expected from every man, in some degree. She did not love Ada, and his preference for Ada, now revealed to her officially for the first time, to the prejudice of her own daughters, inflamed these feelings. "I'll have neither art nor part in it," she said to her-

self; "let her look out for herself." There was, besides, the difficulty of re-sealing; for witha'she stood a little in awe of Ada, who would have calmly denounced such a proceeding; and, as the readiest course, destroyed it. But she went beyond this, for she wrote a little note to Ross, telling him to be on his guard, for "that fellow Tillotson was going about ferreting out stories about him in India, and writing them down to us here."

Day after day rolled by. But no answer came to the weary Mr. Tillotson. Weary night followed weary day. He had looked for an answer absolutely "by return." She, who was so tender and delicate would not let a superfluous hour go by without telling him what she thought. There went away a day and yet another day. He began to torture himself in a thousand ways to explain this; and, at last, after a week, arrived at *the certainty* that, shocked at what he had done, she could not trust herself to write freely, either in approval or condemnation, and forbore to notice his caution at all. Then what he had done showed itself with almost appalling deformity, as it were, in black shadows upon the wall; and it struck him almost from the first how ill any one would receive such a communication as to the past life of a future husband, and he murmured to himself in despair, "Always a fool—always to be a fool!"

Another two days went by; and one night, passing his blank vigils, a letter was brought in to him—but not the one he waited for. It was from Ross, dated from Ireland, where his regiment was, and where it was shortly to embark for Gibraltar. It was a strange mixture of rage and calmness, and seemed to reflect the character and moods of the man as he spoke. It began, "Dear Tillotson," and went on: "I have heard of what you have been at latterly, and write this to give you fair warning. Don't busy yourself with my concerns. I suppose you think because you have done a little twopenny-halfpenny service to me—and any gentleman, let me tell you, might be exposed to be taken in that way—you can go on any way you like. By Heavens! you shall not. I won't take it from you, or any other man. You set up to be a virtuous, pious, preaching fellow, and I suppose you think it right to go sneaking about picking up stories, and writing them down to them. I wish you joy of your trade. I think you have found out it won't advance you much in *that* quarter. You are welcome to go and scrub and grub, and fish-out what you can about me, and you won't fish much, I can tell you. I won't stand it longer, though—I tell you that. Do you think I forget the night you struck me in that mangy dirty town, and you came to me whining, and pretending you didn't know who it was? I'll be even with you, Tillotson, and pay you back that cut before I die, mind. And I suppose now, because you think I am shut up here in these infernal regions, that you can go on with your old sneaking tricks? Now,

don't think it! (I suppose you saw we were ordered abroad to Gib.?) And don't go on; for if I hear a ghost of a whisper that you are sneaking about and trading on my absence, I'll come back and give you a lesson that you'll rue to your death, or will be your death—I don't care which."

He had forgotten to sign his name, but it was easy for Mr. Tillotson to know who it came from. Yet on his mind all this string of incoherence made not the least impression; he was reading on, waiting, hoping to find something that concerned him more nearly. But he never found it, and here he was at the end, with the certainty that she had treated his caution with the contempt it deserved, that she disdained to reply to him, and that she thought his behaviour unworthy of an honourable man. "It is quite clear," he said, with a sort of relief; "it is all explained now." As for the mad letter he had just read, it as completely passed from his mind as if it were merely the symbols and letters in which the other greater blow must be conveyed. He never thought again of that Ross, who was only speaking according to his frantic nature.

CHAPTER VII. ILLNESS.

THEY did not see Mr. Tillotson at the captain's house for a long time. Day after day went by, and they heard nothing. At last, Captain Diamond had put on the bishop's hat and the grey thread gloves, and was limping away on what he called "his three legs," on a private expedition of his own. The private expedition was to the grand office of the Fancier Bank, in whose halls there was, as usual, a crowd—a crowd of angels with pens behind their ears, and fluttering wings of paper in their hands, who were flying to and fro, and bringing joyful or evil tidings to man. Captain Diamond stopped an angel in a scarlet waistcoat to ask for his friend.

"Mr. Tillotson, sir? Not here to-day. Not been here since yesterday—a little unwell. Like to see Mr. Newton?—if you step this way, sir."

For one of the grand principles of the Fancier Company was to welcome everybody with warmth, and a part of their capital was set aside for ensuring politeness and attention.

The captain walked away in trouble. "I was sure of it," he said. "I saw it in his face that night. And I ought not to have joked him, poor fellow."

And having called a cab, he drove off to the chambers where Mr. Tillotson lived.

They were not fashionable, but they were out of the way, and at this time of the year the rooms were not "very well let." It seemed a grand solitude. There were mahogany doors, and under a black hood in the hall a porter sat and took in messages.

"He's not been well at all," said this functionary. "You see, he's been overworking himself lately at the bank, sir," he added, getting out of the hood and becoming intimate and

confidential with the captain, as every one was sure to do.

"Ah, now! Is that it?" said the captain, with deep feeling, and reciprocating this confidence. "Do you know, I was afraid so. He dined with us only two days ago, and I was afraid then. Would you be good enough to take him up this card."

He found Mr. Tillotson up, with his hand to his head, sitting at his table. "This is very kind of you," said the latter. "I am trying to fight it off, you see, and I hope I shall. Those accounts and figures make my head swim, so I am trying what a little change will do."

"But, my dear friend," the captain said, looking round despondingly. "This is not the way to fight it off. No, no. This is the way to bring it on. This is the way to be beaten."

"Well, and if I am," said Mr. Tillotson, "perhaps it would be all the better."

"But it isn't, it couldn't," said the captain, eagerly. "You mustn't give in to this sort of thing. You must rouse, my friend. There was poor Tom Hammond, who went off just by giving way. Have you seen anybody?"

"No, no," said Mr. Tillotson. "There is nothing to see any one about. They would only laugh at me. No, no, I shall be all right soon."

"Then come up to us," said the captain, "and take a bit of dinner. Do now. Oblige old Tom—come. The girls will amuse you. And little Alice—the creature, who is a sweet child, and the life of us all, was a little sore about it—between you and me and the post. You know women—the creatures—they feel everything. God knows, they all suffer enough, and do you know, Tillotson, I should always like to spare them when I could."

"Indeed, what you say covers me with confusion," said Mr. Tillotson; "but you believe me when I say I hardly knew what I was saying? And give my especial apologies to Miss Alice."

"Apologies, nonsense. But I'll tell them. Then you can't come? No, I suppose it would be better if not. Very well. Now, now. You must take care of yourself. I wish to God you were out of this. It is very lonely, isn't it?"

"The landlord isn't flourishing," said Mr. Tillotson. "I and another gentleman—a barrister, I believe—are his only tenants. It would be cruel to leave him, you know."

"Well, promise me to see some one. Let me send Gilpin to you."

Captain Diamond, however, had to leave without obtaining any satisfactory assurance. But he had a second interview in the hall with the tenant of the hood, who by this time seemed to have a sort of personal regard for him, and who laid his hand on the captain's arm, as he impressed on him that "the poor gentleman neglected himself sadly, sadly, sir!" And with him the captain agreed, and, going away, made him promise to come straight to his house on any emergency. The captain knew enough of human nature not to trust exclusively to this sudden intimacy or

mere feeling for the porter's recollection of this promise.

He went home with this news, and told "the girls" at dinner. "Poor fellow! And he made his apologies to my little girl there in so gentlemanly a way. I knew he was ill, though I don't know now what he did. I think he was absent or inattentive. Was that it, Alice?"

This was asked in perfect simplicity. But she fell into confusion as perfect.

"And I," she said, warmly, "was so sharp and pert to him. I know I was. Was I not, Anne?"

The elder girl, working, answered quickly, and without lifting her head, "I thought not. I never remarked it."

"But *he* remarked it, you see," she said, getting up, and going over to the fire. "*He* saw it. Up-stairs I could have cut my tongue out. And he was ill all the time."

"Poor fellow! yes," went on the captain; "and if you saw the lonely place he is in! Quite dreadful! I know I'd sooner be sent off to an hospital! Better to have company about one, you know. I declare I got quite a shiver when I saw him in that lonely place, without a soul to look after him."

The younger girl stopped in her walk, and looking at her uncle with wistful, half-tearful eyes, said, "Oh, uncle! how dreadful! Don't you pity him?"

The captain looked at her back again. "Give me the hand," he said (one of his pet phrases). "Give me the hand, dear. You are a good girl."

At that moment the maid of the house came to the door, and said a man was below wanting to see the captain.

"Who can he be?" said he. "What *can* he want?"

And he lifted himself, as usual, by a sort of leverage, by the aid of table and chair. These little motions and gestures were all part of the man, and necessary to the idea of him, in those who loved him.

"Don't you know well?" the young girl said, heartily. "Don't you see? It is about Mr. Tillotson. He is ill; he is worse."

"God bless me!" said Captain Diamond, bewildered at this instant.

"Tell him to come up here, Mary," she said, decisively.

The porter came up. "I thought it right to come to you, sir," he said, "as you told me" (this "telling" was scarcely the sole reason); "but he's very bad to-night. Had to take to bed about an hour after you left. And, between you and me, sir, I think it's something like fever. I am not very wise about these things, but it looks like it."

"And did you send for no doctor?" the young girl said, excitedly.

"He wouldn't hear of that, miss. He bound me up solemnly. He said he'd leave the house if—"

"And did you mind him?" she said, almost scornfully, and turning away from him. "I

suppose you would let him die to obey his instructions."

The porter was sent away presently, gratified with a glass of wine "after his walk."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," the captain added, with great courtesy. "It was very kind and considerate of you." For he seemed to forget that there was another inducement in the case besides kindness and consideration.

"Now, uncle," said she, "what is to be done?"

"Give me the hand," said the captain. "Quite right. What is to be done? We must bring the poor fellow a doctor. That is the first thing. I'll go for Gilpin myself."

And he got up and went to his room, whence he came limping with the grey gloves and bishop's bat. On the landing a figure met him, and said, softly and confidentially, "Nunkey, may I go with you in the cab, merely just for company?"

"Who's this?" said the captain. "Ah, Alice. To be sure, and glad to have you with me. But won't you be afraid? It's a rough night."

"Thanks, my dear nunkey. I'll fetch my bonnet in a second."

She was not indeed fifty seconds "getting on" her bonnet, and took her uncle's arm down-stairs.

"Good Alice," he said, in the cab. "Give me the hand. You are a girl of spirit; and I don't wonder at your liking poor Tillotson. God knows I feel for him."

They went for Dr. Gilpin first, but found that he was out. He was to be in in about half an hour for the night, and the captain left a message for him. Then they went off to Duke's Chambers.

"I can't leave you in that cold cab, dear," said the captain, limping down the step. "And I should be afraid," he added, doubtfully.

"I am not afraid," she said, springing out. "There is no infection, dear uncle. I can wait below."

"Ah, yes," he said. "That's just it."

And in the porter's room, where, however, there was a light but no fire, she stayed while her uncle went up.

He found his friend in bed inside another room, tossing miserably. It was indeed a fever. His eyes were fiery, and he hardly knew the captain.

"He's worse by far than when I left him," said the porter.

The captain had some knowledge of elementary physic, and some old-fashioned remedies as to driuks and such-like, and was presently limping round the room, trying to look up anything that would be useful for his composition. He did not find much. "I wish Gilpin would come. His head isn't high enough, poor fellow," he said, with deep compassion. "We might get a cushion out of the next room."

In the next room, which was half dark, a figure stole up to him. "God bless me," said uncle Tom, "what's this?"

"Oh, uncle, it was so cold and lonely below. And how is he? Is it so bad?"

"Well, he's not well, and I don't like it, dear, you know. And you feel for him, I'm sure you do. If I could find a cushion, now——"

She was looking for one in a moment, and found one. "I am sure," she said, wistfully, "I could be useful in some way. Is there nothing I could do?"

"I'm sure you could," said the captain. "Ah, there's Gilpin. I knew he'd come."

Gilpin, the friendly doctor, went in, drew aside the curtains, held the light close to that pale face, did the customary "feeling," and touching, and pressing, satisfied himself, and then came into the middle of the room. The captain and the old porter waited eagerly and anxiously to hear his report.

"Why, this is fever—nervous fever," he said, "and he must have had it on him this week past. How did you let him go so far?"

"We could do nothing with him," said the porter. "He never looks after himself. I saw it coming on him; but you might as well talk to the wind as to him."

"Nervous fever," said the captain, anxiously. "That's a bad sort of thing—eh, doctor? What do you say?"

"Can't say anything now, captain," said the doctor, writing. "I should have seen him before now. But we must only try and patch it up as well as we can." He finished the prescription. "You must get a nurse," he said, "of course. This is a very ticklish matter, Diamond, I tell you plainly. Is that a nurse in the next room?"

"No, no. God bless me!"—inventing, with extraordinary readiness, a legend to cover his niece's situation—"it's only a little maid of ours, whom, as we were going the same way, you know, I thought I might drop at a shop." For the captain, though he would have scorned a falsehood for any ends of his own, was always ready in the cause of affection and chivalry with the most fertile invention.

"Now see, my friend," said Gilpin, holding out the wet prescription. "Get this made up, get the nurse, and with this he may do very well for the next couple of days. The fact is, I must go down to the south to-morrow, and can't get back for some time."

"My goodness!" said the captain, aghast, as if his departure withdrew all medical aid from the world; "you won't throw us over, Gilpin?"

"I'll tell you," said the doctor, rising. "If he should get suddenly bad—but I don't think he will—send to Dennison, Sir Duncan Dennison, the Queen's physician. There is only one man in London knows nervous fevers, and that's Dennison. It's miraculous! If you can't get Dennison—and it's very likely you won't—why you must try Stony, or some of the rest."

The doctor was going. "My dear Gilpin," said the captain, busy with the purse, "how kind of you—how good of you!"

"Nonsense! my friend," said the doctor, putting back the purse. "What are you at? All in good time."

A muffled little figure went hurriedly to the

window as they passed through the next room—the figure of the little maid, whom the captain was bringing to a shop. He looked sharply at her, and went away. That, indeed, proved the beginning of a terrible nervous fever which seized on Mr. Tillotson. For hours he was tossing and writhing in its grasp. With difficulty Captain Diamond brought away his niece, and quietly put her in the cab, with all sorts of assurances. The declarations he put into the doctor's mouth—with a most delicate end—would have astounded that practitioner. "On my oath, my dearest little girl, he said so. Be up and down at his work the day after to-morrow, or the next day, at furthest. On my oath, yes!" But this romance was all superfluous, for the supposed maid had been at the door, and heard the true verdict.

Yet, for the case of a person who was to recover and be at his work on the day after to-morrow, the captain was singularly nervous and anxious. When they came down to breakfast, they found that he was already gone, having left word that he would be back "soon." He did not return until nearly four; the little girl had an anxious, restless time, running to the window.

The elder Miss Diamond, in the drawing-room, talked very confidently to comfort her. "He is strong," she said, "and is sure to get over it. Men always get over these things."

"I hope he will," said the other, devoutly, still looking out of the window, "for the dear captain's sake."

"Yes," said the elder girl, gravely; "uncle Diamond would grieve dreadfully."

But, in the bedroom, the grim Martha Malcolm had a different sort of comfort. "What a pother," she said; "he's neither kith nor kin to any of us, and must bear his trials like any other man. The whole house turned upside down, the captain gone without his breakfast, all for a counting-house fellow, that has money enough to buy friends ready-made. What work it is!"

"Ah, but, Martha, think of the poor creature lying there, without a soul to go near him! If you knew his story, how he has suffered——"

"And why didn't he make friends of his Mammon? Ah, I see it's wasting time talking to you, Miss Alice. It's ill talking to those as won't care to listen, and for good reasons of their own."

The colour rose to the cheeks of the little pale girl, but she said nothing. She heard the voice of the captain below, and ran down. There was a change in his face to the greatest cheerfulness and heartiness.

"We're getting along," he said; "rallying like a house afire. Oh, he'll be as well as a roach; let me see," the captain said, fixing on a date carefully—"by next Friday. Then his face (as if a spring had relaxed) suddenly fell into a very mournful expression, quite inconsistent with such good news.

"Ah, you are only telling me this, uncle," she said, impatiently. "I know he is bad."

"On my solemn oath," the captain was beginning.

"Yes, I know he is ill," she went on, excitedly; "and what is the use of trying to deceive me? I *know* that he is very bad indeed."

"Well," said uncle Diamond, "perhaps he is not so well as he was; but he'll do, wonderfully. Why, God bless me! I have known men stretched there on the broad of their backs for weeks, and not a bit the worse—not a bit." Then the captain's voice fell into a feeling key, and with a look of deep compassion, he said, "My poor little girl, we must take these things as they are sent. My heart bleeds for that poor Tillotson, it does indeed. But we *must* pull him through."

But the next day, after the captain came back, all his powers of deception and cheerful little mendacities could not disguise the truth. It was a raw, piercing day, and the captain, in a very thin great-coat, limped along steadily to wait on his friend. He said he would be back at four, "with tip-top news." But that hour had long passed, and he did not return. There was an anxious face at the window looking out watching the gusts, and the east wind piercing the walkers through and through. At that moment, when they were just thinking of dinner, the captain drove up in a cab, which he kept waiting at the door. He came in to them with a curious, wistful look. "Gilpin's not come back," he said; "very odd, ain't it?"

"You know he wasn't to be back," said the elder Miss Diamond.

"No, to be sure," said he, with alacrity. "What an old Tom-the-Goose I am. Always the way with me. I should forget this lame leg of mine if it wasn't fastened to me."

"And, how is he to night, nunkey?" said the young girl.

"Not so well," said he, dismally; "not *quite* so well, I mean, as we could all wish, you know. Between you and me and the post, I wish Gilpin *was* back."

"I knew it would be this way," the young girl cried, impulsively. "Of course he is not back, and won't be back. What *is* to become of him?"

"Here is dinner, sir," said Martha Malcolm, suddenly appearing at the door, "cooling and half spoiled, while other people are running about the town. Take my advice, captain, and leave him to the regular doctors. Let him pay them, and they'll get him through."

"At any rate, uncle, you must eat your dinner now."

"Dinner!" said uncle Diamond. "Lord bless you! I've dined two hours ago. Had a chop at The Son and Heir. As good a couple of chops as were ever cut off a loin. By the way, dear, you don't remember the name of that surgeon to a palace, the fellow that waits on the royal family when they're sick, do you? Mere curiosity, you know."

"Ah!" said the girl, starting, "then you want him? So he is bad, very bad?"

"No, no. On my solemn oath, no. I wasn't

thinking of it. It was only to ease my own mind. Now Tom's off to an apothecary's, and I'll look in on our patient as I come round."

HORSE-RACING IN INDIA.

THE monsoon, whose first stormy shower was welcomed with delight, has become dreary and monotonous in the extreme, and almost makes one wish it were hot weather again. Everything has become damp and mildewed; clothes are lying rotting in trunks, from which it is impossible to take them to be aired, by reason of there being no sun; boots are covered with a Stilton-like mould; every corner of the bedroom has been tried in vain for a place for the bed without catching the drippings from the roof; the sitting-room is studded with basins and tubs to catch the water and save the bamboo matting; the ceiling-cloth is discoloured in many places, and looks as if bottled porter had been kept above, and had burst; the furniture is damp and slimy; and the neat gravel drive in front of the house is cut up like the bed of a dry water-course.

Towards the middle of September, one or two bright days in succession, with an occasional shower at night, and a delightful freshness in the morning, proclaim the approaching close of the monsoon; and now that there is a prospect of a little dry weather, the subject of getting up Skye races in December is started at one or other of the mess-tables. It is of tropical growth, no sooner conceived than matured; a meeting is called, the subject is discussed, stewards and secretary are chosen—the two latter without heartburning. The majority of the residents subscribe liberally, and there are but few in the cantonment who object. These can be divided into three classes: those whose wives are afraid that they will ride, and who consequently object on the ground of its being wicked: screws, who do not possess an animal that has a ghost of a chance, but who are always lingering about the stables during training: lastly, those who really do think it wicked.

At length the programme appears, full of mistakes, printed by the local government or some amateur press, and many young hearts are quite in a flutter. There is no parade to-morrow morning, so Tomkins will try what Budmash's paces are like. Budmash has been laid up for nearly three months in consequence of the rain, and has been fed as well all the time as if he were in training for the Derby. He has got past the period of bucking with delight on going into the fresh air, by reason that he is too fat, and feels more inclined to rest quietly in his stable than carry his owner even for a short walk. But his owner knows as much about a horse as he does about a pig; for he is firmly of opinion that Budmash's plethoric and sleek look expresses the acme of condition.

Next morning at daylight, Budmash, saddled and bridled, is led up and down in front of his master's door. He has not long to wait; for

Tomkins, who has scarcely slept a wink, has decided on ordering the "darsie" to rig up a nobby jacket and cap; and has ridden the race in his mind's eye some fifty times during the night. He has arrayed himself in a pair of thick Melton cords and top-boots, which make him feel uncomfortably hot; but that is immaterial, the get-up being indispensable to getting the pace out of Budmash. He has discarded the hunting-crop, and has substituted a sharp-cutting whale-bone racing-whip. On mounting, he tells the "ghorawallah" to remain where he is, that he will be back directly, and walks quietly out of his compound in the direction of the race-course. Budmash is by no means lively, and responds with a grunt and a wheeze to his master's spurs. He carries his ears in a flabby manner, and stumbles over every little piece of uneven ground he comes to. On arriving at the race-course, Tomkins gathers up the reins in both hands, and, sticking the spurs into Budmash, strives to raise himself in the saddle, orthodox jockey fashion; but Budmash does not at once, as he ought, start into a swinging gallop, but sets up a little wheeze-and-puff canter, which causes poor Tomkins first to sway on his neck and then sit down on the saddle. In the attempt to regain the jockey position, too much aid is derived from the reins; whereupon Budmash thinks it a signal to stop, and does so accordingly. The morning is hot and close, the cords and boots are uncomfortable, and by this time, Tomkins, being out of temper, lets Budmash have the whip pretty smartly, which so astonishes him that he actually manages to get up a gallop, blowing like a grampus all the time. The great attention that he pays to his seat, and the uproar that Budmash makes, to say nothing of the wish being "father to the thought," make Tomkins believe that Budmash really has speed, and he straightway determines to enter him for the Galloway Plate. After about half a mile of wheezing and puffing, Budmash is pulled up, and his head turned towards home. His look is dejected, his eyeballs are bloodshot, his flanks heave painfully. But Tomkins is delighted; he wipes his own brow, and pats Budmash's neck, and thinks of the honours he is about to achieve. After Tomkins has refreshed himself with a bath, put on some rather lighter clothes, and is about to sit down to a cup of coffee and a cheroot, his horsekeeper makes his appearance in the verandah, holding up the gram-bag, saying, "Kutch bee ne kia, sahib." "Eh! what?" says Tomkins, and calls the boy to ask the reason why. The boy and the horsekeeper converse rapidly in Tamil, the latter holding up the three first fingers, with the thumb of the right hand closed, indicating the very small quantity Budmash has consumed. The horsekeeper has a broad grin on his face as he tells the boy the pace was "Rumbo quick." "Well," says Tomkins, "what is it?" "Paupiah tell our horse can't eat gram. Master too much galloping," replies the boy. "Pooh! what nonsense!" says Tomkins. "I expect the gram's sour."

But the gram, on inspection, is found to be quite fresh and warm, having only just been boiled; so Tomkins, not knowing what to do, says, "Never mind; give it him at tiffin-time," and returns to his coffee and cheroot, and thinks on the cares of an owner of race-horses. Budmash consumes a small portion of the gram at tiffin-time, and Tomkins's spirits begin to rise again. About eleven A.M. the boy may be seen holding an amicable conversation with the horsekeeper. During the time that Tomkins has gone to a court-martial, both are squatted, cross-legged, on the ground under the pandal in front of the stable, and are enjoying intensely two of their master's Trichinopoly cheroots.

The horsekeeper has seen better days; that is, he was formerly in a richer man's service, a man who kept a good many horses, and delighted in racing. He knows a thing or two, and determines to profit by his knowledge; not that he intends to help his master to obtain real condition—that would involve a deal of extra trouble to himself—but he intends to suggest the purchase of sundry articles useful in training, and out of which he and the boy may make their profit. The boy opens the ball in the evening, whilst he is assisting Tomkins to dress for dinner. He commences by saying, "I think master going to make race." "Eh," says Tomkins, "who told you I was?" blushing at the thought that somebody might have been watching him in the morning. "Master tell Dusic, morning-time, to make one racing-jacket." "Oh, ah!" says Tomkins, relieved; "yes, I shall run Budmash." "That Paupiah very good man," says the boy. "He live long time with Judge Dowdswell, sahib; he understand that business." Tomkins is glad of this, and asks the boy whether the horsekeeper knows the reason why Budmash refused his food in the morning? The boy tells him that the horsekeeper recommends that a boiled sheep's head should be given with the gram night and morning. Tomkins has heard that this is a native remedy for fattening horses, so orders the sheep's head to be regularly provided. The boy takes care that this order is attended to, and he and the horsekeeper enjoy a banquet of three-quarters of each sheep's head daily:—Budmash (perhaps) getting the remainder.

It is not to be supposed that all who intend entering for the races pursue the course above described. There are three or four men in or near the station who will bring (what is considered up country) first-class animals in first-class order to the post. The collector is a thorough sportsman, and keeps several horses for racing, besides greyhounds for fox and jackal hunting. The judge has a couple of good horses that he intends trying his luck with; and the rajah, who has subscribed liberally, and given a cup, has some that will require a great deal of beating. Besides these, there are two or three of the officers of the Queen's regiment, a sporting captain or two of the native cavalry and infantry, then quartered at the station, who have some good horses among

them, and intend training. The minor events of the meeting, such as the Hack Stakes, Cheroot Stakes, and Pony Races, are nearly all confined to the genus of which Mr. Tomkins is a type.

Things go on smoothly, with here and there the occasional absence of a horse for a week or two; but the break-downs are not so frequent as might be supposed from the hard sandy nature of the soil they take their gallops on. At about the commencement of December (the races having been fixed for the 20th), a fresh excitement takes place. Owners commence taking trials out of their horses by timing them. These trials are generally made openly, in the presence of a large number of spectators, it being universally understood that none but the owner and his servants are to attempt to ascertain the time of the horse under trial; and as it is impossible for a looker-on to gain information from seeing a horse galloping, no one but the owner is the wiser.

The meeting is to extend over a week, racing being on every alternate day. This is to allow time for the lotteries to be held. On the day prior to the first day's racing there is a monster tiffin at one of the mess-houses, and, after the cloth has been removed, the lotteries on the races of the first day of the meeting commence. It is by means of these lotteries alone that an owner is enabled to back his horse, or to stand to win any more than the actual stakes, as there is seldom or ever any betting. The lotteries are carried on upon a principle entirely Indian. There is a lottery to each race. Each ticket is priced two rupees, and, after all the numbers have been taken, two vases, one containing the names of the horses that are going to run, together with some blanks, the other containing all the numbers of the tickets taken in the lottery, are placed upon the table. The drawer plunges his hand into the vase containing the numbers of the lottery, takes out a ticket, and calls the number marked on it; he then draws from the other vase; and should the paper drawn contain the name of a horse, the person who has taken that number in the lottery is considered to have drawn the horse named. After all the horses have been drawn, the horse first drawn is put up to auction, and the highest bidder pays the amount he has bid for the horse to the lottery, and a like amount to the person who drew it. Of course, should the drawer be of a speculative turn, and consider the horse's chance a good one, and intend buying him in, he has double the advantage of the rest of the bidders, having only to pay the amount he bids to the lottery; but very few, besides owners, care to do this, as they really can know little about the animals, and are content to have a safe win of the amount bid for the horse they have drawn. There is sometimes great competition between the owners of horses, each trying to obtain the horse of the opponent whom he deems most dangerous. And great pots are frequently upset, by an owner selling for a small price a horse he has drawn—which horse ultimately wins the race—and buying in for a large price one which he imagines will win, and

which does not. The man who has purchased at the lottery the name of the horse that wins, gains the lottery. It will be seen that a very pretty little sum can be frequently obtained in this manner. Supposing the lotteries to have filled to the number of five hundred tickets, that six horses start, and that the average price obtained at the sale of the horses is three hundred rupees, there will be a sum-total of two thousand eight hundred rupees for the lucky purchaser of the winning horse.

As there are several "weight for age" and "weight for inches" races, the afternoon of the day previous to the first day's racing is fixed for ageing and measuring. During the afternoon a great number of visitors arrive from the small stations near the cantonment, all intent upon enjoying themselves at the races, and balls, parties, pic-nics, and so forth, that are sure to follow. The waste ground round about the course is studded with tents of all kinds and descriptions. All the masses are crammed, at one or two of the larger houses dinner-parties are given, and all seem intent upon enjoying Christmas as much as if they were in Old England.

A good hour before daylight the "dwellers in tents" are aroused by the continuous war of the multitude, already on their way to the course. Natives are excessively fond of amusement, and even the stingiest Brahmin will go miles to see a samasha. Servants are running about, carrying coffee and articles of apparel, and nearly all have their heads tied up in cloths, so that only their eyes and noses are visible, the morning air being chilly. The morning breaks as if the whole place had been suddenly lighted with gas, and the grand stand rapidly begins to fill. At six a trumpet sounds, "ho! and saddle" (for there is no bell), and one by one the competitors for the "Derby"—the first race of the day—may be seen emerging from their rubbing-sheds. The first to make his appearance is Black Diamond, a perfect picture of an Arab; he is so round that he would almost lead you to suppose he was too fat to race, but if you felt him you would find him as hard as a cricket-ball, and without a particle of adipose matter. It is his round barrel that gives him his fleshy appearance. The collector is walking beside him, giving his jockey final instructions. "I don't want him to win," he says, "if the Marquis can, for he has to run again in the race after next; but if you see the Marquis holding out signals, let him out and try to do the trick. Now give him a canter, and let's see how he goes." The Marquis soon makes his appearance; he is a bright bay, rather leggy, and his quarters are by no means filled with muscle. He is too young for this work. Arabs ought never to be raced until they arrive at maturity; but the collector is very sweet on him. He is giving elaborate instructions in Tamil to the native jockey, who will have cast them all to the winds in the first hundred yards. He is a good lad for riding the horses at their gallops, but can't keep his head in a race. He sets the bay going, and well he does go too, bringing his hind legs well under

him, with an even and machine-like stroke, and if it were half a mile he would probably win; but a mile and a half, and that choking hill, is too much to ask of the youngster. The collector heaves a gratified sigh as he watches him, and on his way to the post reiterates his instructions to the jock. But what is the cause of that hum of admiration along the line of native spectators? It is the rajah's horse Nusseeb. He is a dark iron grey, with very powerful arms and loins, and stands over a deal of ground; he has rather a nervous and timid look, as he walks between the line of spectators. He knows what is in store for him, for it is not his first race by a good many. Captain Hawk rides him. The start takes place a mile and a half from the stand, at the commencement of the straight run in, and all eyes and glasses are turned that way. Now they are turning; here they come! No; it's a false start; that fool of a fellow didn't drop his flag. There! they'll go this time. Yes, they're off!

The Marquis keeps the lead for more than a mile, when Nusseeb is seen to come through his horses and take it up. Black Diamond's jockey sees that it's all up with the Marquis, and giving Black Diamond, who has been going well within himself, a shake, draws a little closer to the rajah's horse. The rest are out of the race; as they sweep round the turn into the straight, Nusseeb is two lengths ahead, and Hawk is sitting as still as a mouse. As they approach the distance-post, Black Diamond's jockey sits down and gives his horse a strong pull, then raising his hands a little, gives him a shake, pricks him with the spur, and the brave little animal jumps forward, overhauling the grey at every stride. Hawk turns his head round anxiously two or three times, but otherwise does not move an inch; he knows that, if he does, his horse will shut up. The Black's nose is now level with his horse's quarter; but there is only fifty yards more, and the Black begins to wobble. His jockey makes a last effort, but can only reach the grey's neck, who, as he passes the judge's chair, is greeted with a burst of applause.

The next race is the St. Ledger, for all horses; additional weight to that carried by Arabs being imposed on English, Australian, Cape, and country-bred horses, according to the scale laid down in the Calcutta Turf Club rules. The rajah has a large and magnificent Arab horse, called Hussar, engaged in it. He is so large for an Arab, that many declare him to be a Persian; but be his breed what it may, he is a fine powerful horse and good performer. The collector has two. The Emperor, an Australian, whose sire and dam were thorough-breeds, imported into Australia from England. He has already earned a reputation and paid his expenses, and a little over; but, like all Australians, he is very uncertain, and is as likely to turn rusty at the start as not. His other horse has not found favour with the public. He certainly does look as if he had just come from the shafts of a London Hansom cab. His near fore leg has a berring-bone-stitch-like appearance, indicative of the

stringent measures that have been adopted to keep his sinews in their place. He is so finely drawn, that the breastplate he wears seems a wise precaution. His ragged hips and angular frame, without a particle of extra flesh on it, do not add to his appearance, and the spectator thinks that he has been most appropriately named the Screw. The young officer who rode Black Diamond is riding him quietly up the course, and as he goes with his ewe-neck stretched out and his nose poked forward, one can scarcely imagine the collector in his senses to attempt to compete with the rajah's beautiful horse.

The Screw was originally a troop horse, but was cast for running away:—some say, because an officer, who knew his value as a racer, recommended his being dismissed, and bought him in at the sale; but this statement is doubted by those who know the immense quantity of red tape required in such proceedings; and the fact that he was bought by a griffin (whom he nearly killed) for twenty rupees some few months after he was cast, together with his being excessively hard-mouthed, and, when once set going, impossible to stop until he chooses to think he has won a race, tend to give the lie to this statement.

The judge is conveying to the post a very powerful-looking Australian that he thinks will do wonders. The superintendent of police, a capital rider, but a bit of a dandy, and who cares much more about the cut of his boots, breeches, and jacket, than the cut of his horse, is also en route for the starting-post, accompanied by three more horses, whose owners, apparently, have more money than brains. This race is two miles; and the start takes place just at the foot of the hill, which almost prevents the horses being seen from the stand. Those people who have brought glasses are constantly appealed to for information, and the stand grows very impatient. The collector is almost white with anxiety; especially when he sees one, two, three, and does not know how many more false starts. But, thank goodness, the Screw is behaving himself for a wonder; indeed, if it were otherwise, he would long ago have made his appearance in front of the stand. As much cannot be said for the Emperor, who dances in anything but an imperial manner on his hind legs; and the rajah's horse seems to be so taken with his performances, that he is trying his best to imitate him, but it is all owing to that fool on the grey, that ought to have been in the buggy and not on a race-course. The collector's eyes ache again with constant straining, so that he is obliged to relieve them by taking down his glasses.

The ladies don't like sitting and seeing nothing, and want to know why they don't begin? The collector would very much like to relieve himself of a little extra steam by an anathema or two against the man on the grey, but wisely refrains. Ah! there they go! No, it's a single horseman, and, horror of horrors! the collector recognises the Dumulgundy-like action of the Screw. But, is it possible? Yes, by Jove! he has stopped him; and the beast is chaking.

himself like a rat; a man leads him back; and—they're off! the Screw with two strides in one, determined not to be disappointed this time. The pace is awful as they sweep past the stand, and the ladies wonder how any man can keep his seat at such a pace, and are sure *they* would scream and drop off. But in the short space of time taken to express this wonder the horses have completed another quarter of a mile, and the Screw, who is leading, is nearly pulling his jockey over his head. With joy the collector sees that Hawk is obliged to keep the rajah's horse going, and, barring accidents, he sees the race is won. He's not quite sure of his jockey though, for he is a stranger to him, but came with a great reputation; and the thought of the steady way in which he tried to snatch the last race out of the fire, partly reassures him. They have now got to the hill, which is sure to find out the soft ones. What a line there is now! What tailing, almost Indian file. It can hardly be called a good race, for nothing seems to have a chance against the Screw. Nothing has. The astounding fact of having been stopped when he wanted to go, has put the devil into the Screw, and if he drops dead in the attempt, he'll warm them. His jockey gives him a strong pull near the top of the hill, and the cunning old horse responds to it wonderfully, pulling himself together, and taking a breath that fairly heaves his jockey's legs out. "That's your sort, old chap," says the jock. "I like to feel that, and I know you've got a rush left in you, if wanted." On his dropping his hands again, the Screw falls into his old Damulgundy-like action, holding the race as safe as a church. Hawk tries a rush at the distance, but Hussar only manages to decrease the distance from the Screw by a length, then dies away to nothing, and is passed by the judge's horse, but cannot overhaul the Screw, who canter in, hands down, a winner of upwards of two thousand rupees.

After the Young Prince's Purse, there are only two races left for decision, and the spectators (and I dare say my readers too) are glad of it, for the day is getting excessively warm. Some twenty animals of the most wretched and unrunner-like appearance are brought out for the Hack Stakes. There are Roman-nosed broken-kneed Persians, who do duty in buggies during the rest of the year; hide-bound animals, that have been cast from the artillery and cavalry for incurable mange; one or two bow-kneed but fine-framed old animals, who (if they could speak) could tell pitiful tales of the career of a high-mettled racer; and—yes—Budmash, mounted by Tomkins in a resplendent green jacket, with yellow belt. The race is soon over, for the stayer did not care to be kept broiling in the sun by the unworkmanlike manoeuvres of the would-be jockeys; and after one false start, in which a hot-brained youth has come away the whole length of the course alone in his glory, warns the rest that, head or tail foremost, he will start them this time. The horses run the race from end to end without any assistance from their riders, and it is won by a quondam

old racer, who adds another leaf to his autumn-tinged laurels. The Pony Race is rather exciting, the terms of the race being that the second pony is to get a portion of the stakes, and that the last is to pay the third pony's entrance fee—a provision sure to make each competitor try his best; for, although he may see that he has no chance of obtaining first or second honours, yet he cannot afford to pull up and walk in, lest he should have to pay the entrance-fee of the third. But hallo! who is this? It is the doctor in a gaudy racing-jacket, a pair of trousers with straps, and a long pair of military spurs. He is greeted with roars of laughter as he passes the stand, and cries of two to one on the doctor. Then some one explains that, at mess the other night, the doctor threw out hints that he had had a rather brilliant career on the English turf, before he entered the service; whereupon Simpkins pounced upon him, and succeeded in getting him to promise to ride his pony. The course is only a quarter of a mile, and they are soon started; they are all pretty close together, with the exception of the doctor, who got off ill in his endeavours to keep his seat, pulls his pony back, and is hopelessly out of the race. It is a near thing between the two first, both well-known performers. Some seconds after the race is finished, the doctor canter past, and is greeted with vociferous cheering. "Thank you, doctor," says the owner of the third pony. "Why?" says the doctor. "You pay my stake." The doctor is wroth, and declares that he never saw that proviso, that it is a most absurd one, and that he never heard of it in England; but his wrath is of no avail, and he goes off home in great dudgeon, and does not appear again during the rest of the meeting. The stand is soon emptied, and the great concourse of natives go jabbering towards the bazaar.

The second and third days' racing are similar to the first: the rajah and the collector dividing the large prizes pretty equally; and the smaller being so distributed by the aid of handicaps, that none are great losers, and many are slight winners. The owners of horses are pleased with their success, and the visitors with their reception, and the numerous balls and pic-nics. Thus, "the races" become an epoch from which future events will be calculated, until the next meeting.

SKELTONS IN THE MANSION HOUSE.

Ir little Dick Whittington, when sitting on the stone at Highgate, listening to the bells ringing him back to fortune and fame, could have dreamt what it was to be Lord Mayor of London, he might have hesitated as many times as the bells promised him the highest civic dignity before he decided upon obeying their summons. Knowing what I do of the hubble-bubble—not all of the turtle-soup pot—and toil and trouble of a Lord Mayor's life, I am sure I should have hesitated a long time, and, if I had clearly understood the bells to say

"Thrice Lord Mayor of London,"

I should most decidedly have declined the invitation, shouldered my bundle (containing my one extra shirt), and held on my way to the less arduous duty of tending some farmer's sheep in the inglorious but peaceful fields of Hertfordshire. So, at least, I thought the other morning, while sitting upon Whittington's stone. Bells were ringing to me out of the mist below, but they said:

"Rest and be thankful, lad;
Rest and be thankful, lad;
It is hard to be Lord Mayor of London."

I think I know how it was with little Dick. In wandering about the streets the day before, and just as he had made up his mind to leave the pitiless city, he stumbled upon the Lord Mayor's show. He saw the gilded coach and the glittering procession, and, going to sleep that night under a dry arch, he dreamed about it. The vision of greatness was still fresh in his mind when he started off in the morning. As he trudges onward, he recalls what he has read, or heard, of humble boys, like himself, who have risen from nothing to be Lord Mayor, and, as he is gradually leaving the City behind, it suddenly occurs to him that he is deliberately throwing away his chance of attaining to the dignity. He sits down to rest and think—to hesitate. He looks down upon the big busy City, glittering under the sun, with so many high roads to honour, and he waits for an omen. His heart is yonder among the houses, and it is hard to tear it away; the vision of the gilded coach and the brave array is still in his mind, all his yearnings are towards the City.

"Oh, for some encouraging voice to bid me turn again," he exclaims; and, as the last words are on his lips, the bells ring out:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London!"

In his ears, with that bright vision before his eyes, and with those longings at his heart, it could sound like nothing else.

But it was different in my case. I had not seen the Lord Mayor, the day before, going in glory to Westminster. I had seen him in the midst of his duties at the Mansion House, overwhelmed with business, harassed, pestered, worried out of his life. So the bells rang out quite a different story to me. By the way, it appears to me that bells are arrant sycophants in this respect—they are always ready to say as you say, say what you will. I believe if Mr. William Sykes had sat and listened to them on Highgate-hill, they would have told him in the most cheerful tones to turn back and murder Nancy.

I have been, as the readers of this Journal may remember, "With the Lord Mayor on his own day." I have, since then, spent with the Lord Mayor a day, not one minute of which he could call his own. It was my day, yours—the nobility, gentry, and public in general's day—anybody's day but the Lord Mayor's. And I believe all his days are pretty much the same.

Up at half-past seven in the morning! Fancy

that, my Whittington, to begin with. Didn't you think, now, that when you became Lord Mayor you would be able to lie to what hour you liked? Of course you did. But you will find that a Lord Mayor's life is not all gilt-coach, turtle, and champagne. The very first duty of the day is one that few of us would care to be bound to—the duty of reading letters and signing a large number of documents before breakfast. And the letters which the Lord Mayor receives are frequently calculated to take away his appetite for breakfast. For example, when he came into the breakfast-room the other morning to snatch a hasty meal, he brought with him, by way of something pleasant to communicate to his family, a letter addressed *outside* to the "Dishonourable the Lord Mayor," and containing, *inside*, the agreeable and appetising intimation that he would be shot next Friday morning. I expected his family to go off into hysterics in a body, and I was quite prepared to join in the chorus; but I found they took it coolly. It is quite an every-day occurrence. There is always somebody threatening to shoot the Lord Mayor. Turn again, Whittington, do turn; it is so pleasant to go about in the momentary expectation of having a bullet through your head. Letters pour in upon the Lord Mayor of London in cart-loads. They are from all classes of persons, upon every kind of business and idle folly, and come from all quarters of the world. Frenchmen write to him in the idea that he is autocrat of all London and prime minister of the sovereign; mad Germans send him cramped screeds of besotted political philosophy; indigent Irishmen claim him as a son of Erin, and beg a trifle in the name of their common country; schoolboys who are not happy at home ask him for situations in the City. This morning he received a long letter from a German, giving him a history of his own career. According to his correspondent's account, he, the Lord Mayor, was born in Hamburg, of German parents, and was brought up as a tailor. There is no kind of lenacy under the sun, which does not vent itself in a letter to the Lord Mayor of London. Of course the cart-load of communications is well sifted by his secretary, but there is always a large residuum which demands his personal attention. He is asked to patronise charities, to take the chair at dinners, to open exhibitions, to be present—whatever his creed and denomination—at Church of England sermons, to lay foundation-stones, and generally to give up the whole of his time, and spend a good deal more than the whole of his fortune, for the benefit of the human race. The Lord Mayor does not wear a smooth brow when he comes in to breakfast of a morning. Care vaults upon his shoulders the moment he is out of bed. How shall he answer all these applicants? To which shall he say "Yes," and to which "No?" He will have to preside in the justice-room by-and-by. What if the assassin should be there, waiting to shoot him according to obliging promise!

It is not all cooking that goes on in the base-

ment story of the London Mansion House. If you enter by the little door under the grand portico, you will discern a nest of offices, filled with ledgers, account-books, and deed-boxes. Clerks are busy at the desks preparing a large number of documents, every one of which the Lord Mayor must sign with his own hand. One of these departments is called the Cocket Office. There, a record is kept of those imports of corn, coals, fruit, &c., which pay toll to the City. It is the Lord Mayor's duty to give receipts for those dues, and every morning after breakfast he signs, on an average, two hundred and fifty receipts. It is calculated that in the course of his year of office, the Lord Mayor signs his name to official documents fifty thousand times. While he is signing away at lightning speed, "parties" are waiting to see him in his business parlour, previous to the opening of the court. Here, he gives audience to attorneys and barristers making applications, grants warrants, and presides over what are called "private hearings." While his lordship is being badgered in his own parlour by a pertinacious "junior," let us occupy ourselves more pleasantly with an inspection of the department of pleasure.

Mark this. As you must pass through the Cocket Office to arrive at the kitchen, so the Lord Mayor has to pass through many arduous duties before he can sit down quietly to enjoy his dinner.

The kitchen is a large hall, provided with ranges, each of them large enough to roast an entire ox. The long, broad, solid tables might have been constructed by Gog and Magog for company of their own size. The vessels for boiling meat and vegetables are not pots, but tanks. The stewing range is a long broad iron pavement laid down over a series of furnaces; the spits are huge cages formed of iron bars, and turned by machinery. Everything is on the scale of Broddingnag. An army of cooks is manœuvring with the batterie de cuisine, to produce an infinite variety of rich viands for a detachment of the four thousand and odd persons whom it is the Lord Mayor's duty—his duty, observe—to entertain during his year of office. The City expects that every man who accepts the office will do his duty to the extent of spending four thousand pounds on dinners. Even here, in the kitchen, we are in the presence of the cares which weigh upon the Lord Mayor of London.

Step into the next room and see a score of cupboards crammed full of skeletons. There are three proper and tall young men in powdered wigs in readiness to show them to us. At a word of command they produce blood-stained keys and open the cupboard doors. At first we see nothing but aprons of green baize; but when these are removed, the skeletons are revealed in glittering rows. One by one they are brought out until the room is full of them. Silver turcens and cups, silver plates by the hundred, silver trays and salvers, spoons, forks, teapots, punch-bowls, candelabra, tazze, the silver mace which I can scarcely lift, the sword whose scab-

bard is embroidered with hundreds of pearls, the snuff-chest (box is not the word) of gold, the Lord Mayor's S.S. collar sparkling with brilliants of the purest water. Aladdin's cave was nothing to this. Yet these gorgeous things which give such an air of splendour and magnificence to the Egyptian Hall on feast nights, and excite so much envy in blessedly ignorant breasts, are but so many skeletons in the Lord Mayor's cupboards. They are not his own. They belong to the City. He has to give a bond for them. If they are lost or stolen, he must pay for them. They are worth very many thousands of pounds. Stock is taken of them every day. A man sleeps in the haunted chamber every night. The police never leave the neighbourhood of the grated window, night or day. Within and without, there is always a watchful eye upon that chamber—to a nervous Lord Mayor—of horrors.

Let us peep into the servants' hall in passing. Read the inscription over the mantelpiece, and mind your manners.

Swear not, lie not, neither repeat old grievances. Whosoever eats or drinks in this hall with his hat on, shall forfeit sixpence or ride the wooden horse.

The wooden horse is a stout pole bearing the above inscription, and painted like a constable's staff. The offender is mounted upon it, and two servants seizing the ends, make him ride the stang. I was informed that the last person who offended against the rules of the hall, and was compelled to ride the wooden horse, was—I blush to write it—a "gentleman of the press."

It is now twelve o'clock, and the justice-room is open. A throng of ragged mouldy forlorn-looking men and women, marked by Misfortune for her own, are scampering up the steps of the grand portico to witness the proceedings and see justice done upon their friends. In the morning, the Lord Mayor opens his house to burglars and paupers; in the evening, to Cabinet Ministers and bishops. But he gives precedence to burglars and paupers. As the hour of noon strikes, the mace appears at the little side-door of the court, and the bearer announces the Lord Mayor. His lordship, arrayed in his gown of office, immediately takes his seat on the bench, and business begins. The prisoners are brought into the court through a trap in the floor covered by a sort of wooden box with a lid. The officer in charge lifts the lid, puts in his hand and pulls out a prisoner, saying, "A very bad boy is he." The first puppet of Misfortune pulled from the box this morning, is a wretched barefoot man, scantily covered with a suit of canvas, stamped all over with the word "Union," in letters of blood-red shame. He has nothing on this frosty morning but a sackcloth jacket and trousers, and, shrinking at all points from the cold, he has doubled himself up like a hedgehog. A more pitiful sight it has never been my fate to see. He is a strong tall well-built man, who, if he had been so directed, might have carried his face "towards the stars" with the

best of us. But misfortune, neglect, injustice, crime, what you will, have degraded him to the level of the brutes; though I know of no lower animal who looks so low as that man looks. He is charged with deliberately tearing up his clothes in the workhouse. He is a bad subject, a very bad subject, but his degraded condition is pitiful in the last degree. Justice in her sternest moods cannot fail to be moved by such a spectacle. It made me weep—in bitterness rather than in pity—I was angry with some one—I was ready to strike some one. Oh, will you tell me with whom I have cause to be angry, whom I ought to strike! God surely made that man in his own image, and kept a place in heaven for him! He may sit beside you or me above; why does he stand so far away from us here below?

For two or three hours a day it is the Lord Mayor's painful task to sit in that chair and be a witness to every form of human misfortune, misery, and crime; his the stern duty to reprove when reproof seems a cruelty; to condemn, when fate has condemned already. No man of feeling can sit in that chair with an unwrung heart.

When the luncheon-hour arrives, the jailer is still diving into the box for another plague, and it seems as if Misfortune were aiding him to perform the inexhaustible bottle trick. Every time he puts in his hand, he has a plague ready for him, a pickpocket—a starving creature who has stolen a loaf of bread—a misguided apprentice, who has robbed his master—a fraudulent clerk. When we all thought that the box was cleared at last, the officer managed to fish up from its depths, a little mite of a boy, who was charged with cruelty to a pony. The pony, yoked to a little costermonger's cart, was at the door for inspection. The boy, crying bitterly, said the pony was his, and it was the first time he had brought it out. He was not aware that it had a sore place. On inspection, the sore place was found to be a very trifling matter, and had probably been made that morning by the collar, which did not fit the new pony's neck. So the juvenile proprietor was dismissed with a kindly admonition. One sees odd things in a justice-room. Here was a boy "whose head scarcely reached above the dock," as the reporters picturesquely say, who was owner of a pony and cart, and a trader on his own account—just the sort of boy, I thought, who might become Lord Mayor of London. If he should ever attain to that high dignity, I hope he will be indulgent to the small boys who are brought before him.

Lunch is on the table. Where is the Lord Mayor? Busy in the justice-room signing commitments. We go to lunch without him, and his lordship does not appear for half an hour. When he comes in, looking careworn and pre-occupied, the turtle soup is all gone, the pullets are mangled and cold, the pies are exhausted. Never mind, he will have a chop. And we, his family and his guests, having feasted upon all the delicacies of the season, and having talked about plays and amusements, retire to the drawing-room, leaving his unfortunate lordship to eat his plain chop and potato, while his private secretary reads over to him the letters

which have come in by the mid-day post. Meantime, the business parlour is full of visitors, clamorously waiting for an audience.

It is a very elegant, luxurious drawing-room; but come to the window and look out between those rich lace curtains. What is that below in the street? The prisoners' van. Everywhere amid the splendour, start up the skeleton and the death's head.

Mr. Gibbs, his lordship's private secretary, a gentleman well versed in all the routine of the office, well versed, too, in the history and antiquities of the City, finds a few spare moments to show us the cells. They are below stairs, quite close to Aladdin's cave, within hearing of the chink of silver and gold, within nose-shot of the roasting baron of beef and the simmering pâté. Cages of Tantalus! Look! Behind the bars, huddled up in a corner, crouches the shivering pauper in the branded sackcloth. In the next cage, is an idle and dishonest apprentice. Did he ever dream of being Lord Mayor of London and living in the Mansion House? Poor lad, he has entered the Palace in the City by the wrong gate.

Mr. Gibbs is well acquainted with every nook and corner of the palace—for palace it is, and a very magnificent one too. Was not its noble Egyptian Hall built after the model of the wonderful Egyptian Hall described by Vitruvius? We may trace its proportions, here, among the wine-cellar. There are streets of wine-cellar, their sombre doors looking like the entrances to tombs. Only there are no "dead men" in those tombs. Here we come upon another of the Lord Mayor's cares. The foundation of the Mansion House, laid down before concrete was understood, has lately been giving way. Workmen have for some time been engaged in laying a new basis. In the process of excavation they turned up many curious things, amongst others, the smallest horned ox's head ever seen. Perhaps the animal fell a victim to mediæval Rinderpest. Item, a human skull with the finest set of teeth ever seen. I don't fancy that the owner of that skull could have been an alderman, for his grinders seem to have found exercise on the very hardest of food. Vol-au-vent and patties were not known, I should say, in his time, or, if they were, they did not fall to his share.

Passing once more through the Cocket Office, Mr. Gibbs directs our attention to the bill of costs and charges for the banquet on Lord Mayor's Day:

Dinner and wine £1600 0 0

Fancy that! Altogether the expenses of that grand day were 3102½ lls. 4d.

Some of the items are curious. I will note a few:

Pickford and Co., cartage of			
armour	£41	0	0
Gas	100	0	0
Hire of looking-glasses ...	40	0	0
Insurance of pictures, &c...	3	7	3
Wands and decorations ...	70	7	6
Gravelling the streets	7	10	0
Decorating Ludgate-hill ...	40	0	0

In Hone's Table Book I find the bill of a mayor's feast in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Certainly he was the Mayor of Norwich; but he entertained the Queen and all her court:

Total charge for the feast... £1 12 9

Three of the items will be sufficient to show how the banquet cost so little:

Eight stone of beef at 8d. per stone, and a sirloin...	£0 5 8
A hind-quarter of veal.....	0 0 10
Bushel of flour	0 0 6
Two gallons of white wine and canary	0 2 0

Going up-stairs, we find the Lord Mayor still occupied in his business parlour. Applicants are still besieging his door. Another cart-load of letters has been shot upon his table. One appeals to him as the most benevolent gentleman on the face of the earth; another declares that he is a villain of the deepest dye, and is not fit to live upon the face of the earth. Meantime, I find that he has presided at the Court of Aldermen; and an intimation has just come in, that it will be his duty to preside to-morrow at the Court of Common Council. He has scarcely got through all his business when it is time to dress for dinner.

This evening he entertains—and it is part of his duty, observe—the Ward of Farringdon Within; to-morrow it will be his duty to entertain the Ward of Farringdon Without; and in the course of his year of office, it will be his duty to feast the City companies, the corporation, her Majesty's ministers, the judges, the bishops, and many other public bodies. At each of these banquets he has to make about a dozen speeches in proposing toasts, which is no light work of itself.

A worthy woman in the crowd, on Lord Mayor's Day, was heard to exclaim, "Ah, I wonder how the ex-Lady Mayoress feels this morning!" Which plainly expresses the popular idea that it is a fine thing to be Lady Mayoress. So it is, perhaps; but I should say, that on the day when her husband goes out of office, the Lady Mayoress feels very much relieved.

So, my young Whittington, turn by all manner of means if you have the courage; and if you do turn and become Lord Mayor of London, all I can say is—that the citizens ought to be very much obliged to you.

MIGHT AND MAGNITUDE.

MR. DU CHAILLU has announced his discovery of a whole nation of negro dwarfs. He has given us measurements of their stature, male and female. It is a pity he did not measure their strength. For want of a better dynamometer, he might have pitted a man against a camel, or a woman against a cow. Should his notes contain no information on this point, he will have to return to Africa to seek it.

For, little by little the belief is gaining ground that fat is not force, nor size strength, nor plethora power. If we are to trust the most modern deductions of science, Goliath ought to

have been a monster of weakness, while Samson, whose feats proclaim his prowess, can hardly have reached the middle height. Hercules, too, must have been quite a small man. "Long and lazy, little and loud," are proverbial expressions physically accounted for. The Pygmæi of Thrace, who went to war with the cranes, were indeed a valiant race, if only three inches high.

To show how things may be so, and that strength and smallness are compatible, we will begin, not quite at the beginning of all, but with a few elementary considerations suggested by the perusal of M. Henri de Parville's scientific romance, "Un Habitant de la Planète Mars," to which learned jeu d'esprit we do no more than allude on the present occasion.

The bodily frame of any animal is as much a machine as a steam-engine is a machine. Now the more carbon a machine consumes, the more force it is capable of producing.

We must be careful to avoid forgetting that, in strict fact, at the present epoch, not a single thing in nature is either created or annihilated. It is transformed, and that is all. Thus, you may burn a piece of paper, but you do not destroy it. You simply make it suffer a metamorphosis. If such be your desire, you can find it again, and collect its substance, weight for weight. Instead of retaining its primitive shape, the greater portion has passed into a gaseous state. It has become partly gas, which mingles with the atmosphere, and partly ashes, which fall to the ground.

Force, M. de Parville elsewhere reminds us, undergoes similar transformations. We do not generate our own strength, as we are apt, in our pride, to fancy we do. We receive it ready generated, and then we transform it or displace it. Charcoal, for instance, in obedience to our will, supplies us with heat, that is, with force.* Do you think that it really creates that force? Indeed it does not. It derived it from the sun. And when, in the depth of winter, a bright sea-coal fire is blazing in the grate, all the light and heat it gives is bestowed at the expense of the solar heat.

In truth, every vegetable substance has been actually built up, bit by bit, organ by organ, by rays of light and heat from the sun. The materials so grouped, remain together; but only on one condition, namely, that the solar force, which originally assembled them, shall not quit them.

To keep convicts in prison, you must have jailers and turnkeys, who will find quite enough work to occupy their leisure. But by setting your prisoners free, the staff of men, whose services are no longer required, can be employed upon some other task or duty. Exactly so in the present case. By burning the vegetable, you destroy the quiescent state of its particles; you disturb their equilibrium; you give them the opportunity of breaking loose. The force which held them together in subjection is discharged from its functions, and employs its activity in other ways. For you, it becomes

* See HEAT AND WORK, vol. xiv., p. 29.

sensible as heat, and is ready as such to undertake some different employment.

Coal is a mass of vegetable matter, which has been buried in the earth for a considerable lapse of time. It is solar light and heat put into a savings-bank ages upon ages ago. It is power and action from the sun, imprisoned in the bowels of the earth. To us nineteenth centuryans falls the lucky task of making it our slave, by setting it at liberty from its primeval trammels. Throw a piece of coal or wood into the fire; it is absolutely as if you took a small quantity of sun-heat in your hand, to manipulate it according to your requirements. And this is not a mere form of speech; it is a correct expression of the real fact.

When an animal exerts his strength, do you also believe that *he* creates that strength? Not more than the coal creates the steam-engine's strength. Here again it is entirely derived from the sun. The animal eats. *What* does he consume to keep himself alive? Alimentary substances, composed, in few words, of carbon, oxygen, azote, and hydrogen.

In an animal organism, those elements undergo a veritable transformation. Outside the animal, before they were eaten, they were combined, aggregated, united together, and in that state constituted food. Inside the animal, they are disunited, decomposed; the force which held them together quits them, allows them to separate, and so is free to do other work. It causes the creature's body to grow; endows it with vital and muscular force; and in short produces all the phenomena of life.

Who created the aliment? The Sun—himself created by the Great Maker of all things. Here again, therefore, the life and strength possessed by an animal are actually engendered by the sun.

Throughout your whole existence you will find, by following up the same reasoning, that your most trifling act, your most thoughtless movement, has derived its origin from the sun. A blow with the fist, a breath, a sigh, can be exactly estimated in rays of sunshine. Whether you trifle or whether you work, to make such an effort, you have been obliged to expend so much strength; and that strength had already been stored in you by the sun, through the agency of a series of transformations. Your clothing is all borrowed from the sun. It is he who has spun every thread of your linen, and fed every fibre of your cloth and flannel. He either bleaches it snowy white, or dyes it purple and scarlet with indigo and madder. He furnishes leather for useful service, and furs and feathers for finery and parade. He gives you your bedding; whether you repose luxuriously between eider-down and wool, or stretch your weary limbs on straw, chaff, Indian corn-husks, seaweed, or even on a naked plank, as is the lot of not a few, it is the sun who gives both the one and the other. And what do we receive from regions where the sun, as it were, is not—from the immediate neighbourhood of either pole? We receive just nothing. We cannot

even get to them. The absence of the sun bars our progress with an impenetrable zone of ice and snow.

In like manner, your fine cellars of hock, burgundy, and claret, are nothing but bottled sunshine from the banks of the Rhine, the slopes of the Côte d'Or, and the pebbly plain of the Medoc. Your butter and cheese are merely solid forms of sunshine absorbed by the pastures of Holland or Cambridgeshire. Your sugar is crystallised sunshine from Jamaica. Your tea, quinine, coffee, and spice, are embodiments of solar influences shed on the surfaces of China, Peru, and the Indian Archipelago. It is the sun's action which sends you to sleep in opium, poisons you in strychnine, and cures you in decoctions of tonic herbs. You taste the sun in your sauces, eat him in your meats, and drink him even in your simplest beverage—water. Without the sun, no blood could flow in your veins; your whole corporeal vitality, your very bodily life, is the result of the overflowings of his bounty.

Nor is this all we owe to our great central luminary. The physical forces with which we are acquainted—heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and motion—dancing their magic round and alternately assuming each other's form and action, and now believed in all probability to be one in their common birth and origin—are direct emanations from the sun.

But how grand and beautiful is the theory that *all* material blessings here below come to us entirely and alone from the sun! Its simplicity and unity are completely consistent with the attributes of one Supreme Omnipotent Being, the Maker of the universe. Given motion, and given matter, all the rest follows as an inevitable consequence. All nature, from the simplest fact to the most complex phenomenon, is nothing but a work of destruction or reconstruction, a displacement of force from one point to another, according to laws which are absolutely general. Nor is there materialism lurking in the thought; for it is impossible to forget that, if motion and matter form and transform organic beings, there still needed a Creator to give the impulse and the law. And, as to minor details, the Hand of God is visible throughout the universe.

The sun, then, is God's material instrument on earth, as throughout the solar system. He is the dispenser to us of our share of the advantages allotted to us by the Great Benefactor. Of all forms of worship, sun-worship is the most excusable in nations unenlightened by Revelation. Bending the knee to the god of day, in the belief that the throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, is a far more elevated phase of mistaken adoration than prostrating oneself before an ugly image carved out of the stump of a tree.

With this much said about might, let us now look at the question of magnitude. From the foregoing statements, it may easily be conceived that the more an organised being is capable, in

consequence of its physiological structure, of assimilating a given amount of aliment, the more effective force it will set at liberty, or, in other words, the more strength it will have at its own disposal. Now, the solar forces, thus rendered active within the frame of a living creature, have, by determining its growth, to construct the animal itself. They have to generate its own proper vitality, as well as the result of vitality, its muscular power. It may therefore be asserted that the effective force at the disposal of every living creature will increase in proportion to its alimentation, and will diminish in proportion to its weight. Otherwise expressing the same idea: The more food an animal consumes and the less it weighs, the more muscular strength it will possess.

These deductions have lately been confirmed by curious experiments instituted by M. Felix Plateau, who has determined the value of the relative muscular power of insects—power of pushing, power of drawing, and the weight which the creature is able to fly away with.

It had already been remarked that animals of small stature are by no means proportionally the weakest. Pliny, in his Natural History, asserts that, in strength, the ant is superior to all other creatures. The length and height of the flea's leap also appear quite out of proportion to its weight. No very definite conclusion, however, had hitherto been arrived at. M. Plateau has settled the question by employing exact science as the test. Insects belonging to different species, placed on a plane surface, have been made to draw gradually increasing weights.

A man of thirty, weighing on an average a hundred and thirty pounds, can drag, according to Regnier, only a hundred and twenty pounds. The proportion of the weight drawn to the weight of his body is no more than as twelve to thirteen. A draught-horse can exert, only for a few instants, an effort equal to about two-thirds of his own proper weight. The man, therefore, is stronger than the horse.

But, according to M. Plateau, the smallest insect drags without difficulty five, six, ten, twenty times its own weight, and more. The cockchafer draws fourteen times its own weight. Other coleoptera are able to put themselves into equilibrium with a force of traction reaching as high as forty-two times their own weight. Insects, therefore, when compared with the vertebrata which we employ as beasts of draught, have enormous muscular power. If a horse had the same relative strength as a donacia, the traction it could exercise would be equivalent to some sixty thousand pounds.

M. Plateau has also adduced evidence of the fact that, in the same group of insects, if you compare two insects notably differing in weight, the smallest and lightest will manifest the greatest strength.

To ascertain its pushing power, M. Plateau introduced the insect into a card-paper tube whose inner surface had been slightly roughened. The creature, perceiving the light at the end through a transparent plate which barred its

passage, advanced by pushing the latter forward with all its might and main, especially if excited a little. The plate, pushed forward, acted on a lever connected with an apparatus for measuring the effort made. In this case also it turned out that the comparative power of pushing, like that of traction, is greater in proportion as the size and weight of the insect are small. Experiments to determine the weight which a flying insect can carry, were performed by means of a thread with a ball of putty at the end, whose mass could be augmented or reduced at will. The result is that, during flight, an insect cannot carry a weight sensibly greater than that of its own body.

Consequently, man, less heavy than the horse, has a greater relative muscular power. The dog, less heavy than man, drags a comparatively heavier burden. Insects, as their weight grows less and less, are able to drag more and more. It would appear, therefore, that the muscular force of living creatures is in inverse proportion to their mass.

But we must not forget that it ought to be in direct proportion to the quantity of carbon burnt in their system. To put the law completely out of doubt, it would be necessary to determine the exact weight of the food consumed, and the quantity of carbonic acid disengaged in the act of breathing. Some chemist will settle it for us one of these days.

SALISBURY FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

It was a great sight to see Alderman Banks prepare for his morning walk. The front door opened, and the alderman appeared on his fair white door-step exactly as the clock of Saint Edmund's struck nine. No cuckoo on a German clock was ever more punctual than the alderman. He was a burly portly beaming sort of man, an upholsterer by trade, with large shining cheeks, a mammoth chest, and huge bedpost legs. His presence indicated good nature, a comfortable income, and much good feeding. As Davis, the livery-stable-keeper, used to professionally observe, "Alderman Banks do credit to his keep." Our fellow-citizen wore a low-crowned buttoned-up hat, such as bishops affect in the present day; he also rejoiced in claret-coloured and snuff-brown and bottle-green and cinnamon coats, heavy and broad-flapped, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes.

His first proceeding was what we youngsters used then to denominate "screwing on his legs." The alderman's limbs, though stately and unelastic, were neither of them of wood. The ceremony consisted in a careful revolving motion and adjustment of knee-breeches and blue worsted stockings with the palms of both hands, so that the knee-buckles should set square and straight to the side, and the stockings lie smooth and even over the calves of the plump well-to-do legs. This operation completed, the alderman would smile self-complacently, stretch out both arms horizontally, and

pass them with a circular motion behind his back so that his hands should cross, and the tip of his big bamboo cane should rise about an inch or two above his hat. Then, and not till then, the alderman launched forth in full sail down Catherine-street, equal to any emergency, the worthy burgher of a thriving cathedral city.

But Alderman Craddock was our great character. He was an ingrained humorist, and he had developed his eccentricities to the utmost in the idle afternoon of a busy life. He had been in his youth a small printer—his detractors said a compositor; in the printing-office, amid the black rollers and the revolving wheels, he had picked up odd learning and habits of vigorous independent thinking. His name was not really Craddock; but purposely in his case, as in that of others, we suppress the real name, to prevent giving offence to any living descendant. A marriage with a woman of some property had enabled Craddock to retire from business in the prime of health and strength, and to devote himself to the occupation of news-monger, quidnunc, and retailer of good stories and old proverbs.

His humour, like good old sherry, grew drier and more racy with age. Every day, at a regular hour (for in those simpler quieter and slower times, methodical men were more common), Alderman Craddock took a walk on the Wilton road as far as a certain little bridge facing a village inn. There he halted, lifted his hat in a reflective way, looked north, south, east, and west, then turned on his heel, and paced back again to the city. He was an enthusiastic admirer of scenery, and would often stop and entreat a companion to remark a certain tree or watch an effect of light. Perhaps a great artist lay dormant in the alderman's brain. He would sometimes stop suddenly in a walk, fix his eyes like a pointer at a quiet cow up to its knees in flowering grass and purple clover, and exclaim to his companion, "By Jove! sir, look at that cow; there is real happiness. By Jove! sir, I wish I was that cow!" Calvinists he always regarded with especial dislike, as he considered them pharisaical, presumptuous, and intolerant. Whenever he met Alderman Bourne, who was extreme in such principles, Craddock used to half close his eyes, and, tapping Bourne lightly on the chest, say, with a chuckle, "Saved! saved!" then slapping his own breast, groan, "D—d! d—d!" But the best specimen of the alderman's odd humour is a story he used to tell of Crampton, the carrier in those days between Salisbury and Winchester. He used to relate, in somewhat the following words:

"One day, sir, when I was sitting at dinner, there came a knock at the door, and the servant showed in Crampton the carrier. The man seemed in great trouble, and when I gave him a chair he pulled out his handkerchief and burst into tears. Yes, sir, he began to blubber, sir; fact. 'Don't cry, man,' said I to him; 'it isn't manly; it is of no use; it doesn't help matters.

Let's hear what it's all about.' Then he told me that he had had some parchment and law papers to bring for Squire Benbow's marriage settlement, and somehow or other he had lost them out of his cart. They'd cost twenty pounds to get new, and he did not know where to turn for the money; would I lend it for one month, one month only, to help him? It should be returned then, true as sunrise. Then, sir, I asked the man, how on earth he came to me, I, who scarcely knew him by sight, and had never had a halfpenny-worth of dealings with him except a parcel or two in the year. Well, sir, his answer was, that he had lighted on me because he had always thought from my face I was a good-natured kind-hearted sort of man. Well, I sat and looked at the fire and thought a minute or two, then I turned on him sharp, and said, 'Look here, Crampton; you want this money for the marriage parchments; you say you'll pay me in one month; now I'll make it three; pay me in three months, and I shall be satisfied; hand me that pen and I'll write the cheque.'

"I gave him the money, and off he went rejoicing. Well, a month passed, two months passed, three months passed, four months passed, still no Crampton, no infernal Crampton. One day I met a farmer who attended Winchester market, and I asked him about Crampton. 'Why, Alderman Craddock,' he said, 'he's stopped carrying this three months.' The week after, I met another friend, a Salisbury man, who had just been to Winchester. I asked him if he ever saw Crampton? 'Crampton?' said he; 'yes, I saw him yesterday in Winchester filling a mud cart he has bought.' 'The next time you go to Winchester,' said I, 'if you see Crampton, say to him Alderman Craddock, of Salisbury, has been asking after him, and wants to know if he remembers a certain business transaction there was between them.' The next time I met my friend, he told me he had met Crampton and given him my message. 'Well, sir,' said I, 'and what did he say?' My friend burst out laughing. 'I don't like to tell you,' said he. I pressed him; he refused for a long time. At last, after much coughing and laughing, he said: 'Why, Crampton told me to tell you that you were an infernal old fool ever to have expected to get the money back.' At this juncture of the story the alderman used to look serious and pause; then he would burst forth with this indignant peroration: 'Sir! Scene, Pandemonium. Dramatis Personæ, Devils sitting round the table; dinner over; cloth removed, wine and glasses brought in. Well, one arch devil gets up and proposes a toast, 'Ingratitude, coupling with it the name of Crampton, the Winchester carrier.' Devils turn down their glasses, some break them; they refuse the toast, sir, and one of them rises and says, 'No; we love all the vices, and we'll drink to any of the passions; but ingratitude—ingratitude and Crampton are too bad even for hell.'"

Poor old Craddock, he was quaint and original to the last. One day, when he was

visibly dying, a friend met him, and said: "Well, I am glad to see you better, alderman. How are you, sir?"

Craddock shook his head, and laughed and chuckled as he tapped his chest:

"Booked, sir, booked; but not directed."

The corporation of Salisbury in Craddock's time were fond of their wine, and sometimes a little too convivial. At the close of one great Tory dinner an enthusiastic reveller (he ought to have been a barber), to humour the fun of the moment, took off his wig, and threw it on the fire. The joke took, and was infectious; one by one every wig followed, until a frizzling pile had smoked upon the flames. The evening went off; out sallied the bald corporation, bare as billiard-balls; a tottering procession, that Rowlandson's gross but droll pencil should have immortalised.

On another occasion, two staid aldermen, men of substance, portly, and usually grave as church mice, were returning from a corporation dinner, when, opposite a poulterer's shop, a sudden whim struck one of the two. On a slab in the front window lay two fowls, white, plump, trussed, singed, and powdered, ready for some prebendal spit. The back parlour was closed by a glass partition, behind which a light was visible. With sly rapidity the elevated alderman snatched up the fowls and propelled them through the glass at the astonished poulterer and his wife, who were at supper. They burst out angry and storming. "A mere joke, madam," said the alderman, taking off his hat—"a mere joke. What's to pay?"

In those simple and quiet times the corporation was divided into two parties—the old-fashioned men who wore the three-cornered cocked-hat, and those who wore the low-crowned buttoned hat. Politics ran high. No Tory, except by accident, ever entered the Radical or Revolutionary club, which Jacobins, followers of Tom Paine, atheists, and members of the Corresponding Society, were alone supposed to frequent. On one occasion, an alderman, a friend to the French revolution, happened, in "a vinous flight," to stroll into the wrong tavern, and fraternise with the wrong club. The moment he had left, the chair which he had desecrated was taken and broken up and burned, by common consent.

When Alderman Loder, the stationer, banker, and brother of the great surgeon, Sir Josiah Loder, was mayor of Salisbury, the volunteers of that town were very enthusiastic in their military exercises. Engravings still extant represent the worthy mayor as colonel of the gallant Wiltshire regiment in full uniform, a huge shako on his head, his calm face full of the quiet energy of command, and an enormous broad-bladed bare sword in his hand. When the alarm of the French having landed, reached Salisbury, the regiment turned out at a moment's notice, sounded bugles, and away started the volunteers on the Winchester-road, accomplishing the twenty miles' march in an incredibly

short time. On catching sight of the town, the colonel leaped over a gate, to show how little he was fatigued. Alderman Loder's bank broke eventually, entirely owing to his carelessness in accounts, for there were good assets. A Mr. Crofton, a lawyer of those days, who had thirty thousand pounds in Loder's bank, at the time the London agents became involved was travelling on the Continent. One day, at a table d'hôte in Germany, he chanced to sit next an Englishman. The conversation turned on home matters, and finally on Wiltshire. The lawyer, with the true subtlety of his profession, did not mention that he was a Salisbury man, but talked of the country as a casual visitor. The stranger grew friendly and communicative over his wine, and disclosed the news just then most upon his mind: "There is going to be a grand burst up at Salisbury," he said—"a tremendous burst up. Loder's bank is going. I hear to-day that the London agents will soon stop payment." The lawyer's heart came into his mouth, but he gulped down some wine, rose, thrust back his chair, and wished the stranger good night. An hour afterwards, he had started with post-horses on the road to France; night and day he rode and drove, and then sped across the Channel. From Dover he rushed to London, and drew out his money. The canal wanted but that last straw. The sudden withdrawal of so large a sum broke the bank. On his return to Salisbury, the lawyer instantly went to inform his friend, Dr. Peters, of the danger; but Dr. Peters—a stolid, eccentric, stubborn man—would not believe it for a moment. "More ware's nest, sir. Posh! Break the Bank of England next. What! Loder's bank go? Posh!" So, off went the unbeliever to Mr. Loder's house in the Close: a luxurious mansion, kept up in the best style. There, he found Mr. Loder, dinner over, with no wine before him, but a huge brown jug of ale, the worthy banker's favourite beverage. Without sitting down or shaking hands, Dr. Peters blurted out his errand. "Why, Loder," he cried, "do you hear the absurd report? They say your London agents have failed." To the doctor's surprise and horror, the banker looked up from his tumbler quite unmoved, and said: "Oh, it's come to that at last, has it?" The failure of the bank, however, being chiefly the result of careless accounts, Mr. Loder retired to his property in Dorsetshire, with character unstained, to end his days in a pleasant and refined retirement.

The canons, too, in those old times were characters; sturdy hearty men, respectable ceremonialists, good livers, proud of their cathedral and their old port, keeping up a good hospitable style of living, and fond of displaying it, haters of radicals, good-naturedly tolerant of the poor man, sticklers for precedent and social distinctions, and fond of society. How trim and luxuriously neat were those snug houses in the Close, how snowy white the door-steps, how glittering the knockers and bell-handles, how gay the gardens, how like three-piled velvet the green lawns, how pleasant the music oozing

through the windows, how grateful the odour of dinner, rising like the smoke of an evening sacrifice about six p.m. Handsome were the equipages of Canon Rolls and Canon Blagdon, plump and stately the horses, soft-sprung the carriages. The Church was a comfortable warm cozy profession then;

No Low Church zeal and indignation,
No High Church zeal and innovation.

There was not too much to do, and the canons of Salisbury did it. There was Canon Broacher, who always went to bed after a corporation dinner and remained there for a day or two, subsisting on pills and black draughts; there was Canon Broucher, who always had a blister applied to the top of his skull after the tremendous exertion of his annual sermon. There was, also, the never-to-be-forgotten Canon Rolls, the poet, and Thomas Moore's friend and Lord Lansdown's ally, who lived in good style in the Close and gave musical parties, and who, when he went out of residence, retired to his snug country-house, where he had on gala days a man dressed as a hermit to sit in a damp sham grotto that he had hung with his own sonnets. This worthy foe of Byron on the question of Pope's merits as a poet, always travelled in good style; but he had an intense horror of runaway horses, and, when the turn-out for his return home was ready, the horses fretting the gravel, the postilions twisting their whips and looking round from their saddles, the old canon would come out and walk round and scrutinise the steeds. Often he would stop in horror, and exclaim: "Good Heavens! what have you got there? Why, that horse is thorough-bred; or, if he is not quite thorough-bred, he's almost half. Take him out, or I won't go at all; take him back directly!" Then there was poor old Davis, who became imbecile at last, and used to be drawn about in a Bath-chair by an old servant who tyrannised over him, and who used sometimes, when his master was especially rebellious, to turn round and threaten to leave his service; upon which the old man used to burst into tears, and entreat "dear Wilkins, good Wilkins," to stop with him. Poor Davis had been a very religious man, but when his mind went and his brain softened, singularly enough, he used, when any good book was read to him, to often say: "Pooh! don't read that nonsense to me. Why do you read that d——d nonsense?"

But the greatest of all ecclesiastical oddities among the canons, was Lord Wilson, brother of that great naval hero, Admiral Wilson. He used to attend the market regularly, and buy his own fish, fruit, and poultry. On one occasion, his lordship, booted and heavily coated, was knocked down and hurt by a rebellious brewer's dray. He was carried at once into the chief inn at Salisbury—the White Hart—and put to bed, in spite of his assurances to the doctor that he could get home. All that night the servants of the inn heard the old canon

talking to himself as he lay in the great bed in the state-room.

"No," he muttered; "Tom Rolton shan't have it; I'll cheat him yet. Then there's my prebendary at Durham; old Shaw thinks he'll get it, but he won't; I'll cheat them all. I ain't going to die yet, and they need not think it. Then there's the Dorsetshire property; they think they're going to step into that; no, not yet, Tommy Rolton, not yet!"

Many of the canons were connoisseurs in art. It was a great joke against Canon Barnes his misadventure with "a genuine Corregio." The story ran in this way. Poking about one day in a small upholsterer's shop, the canon lighted upon a dingy murky picture, not without merit—subject, a Nymph, or something of that kind—a smiling head (allegorical) looning through a brown treacly fog. By dint of soap and water, and a little ammonia as detergent, the canon found the picture had merit, and was even Corregiesque. Five pounds purchased the picture. Brought home, more ammonia and more patent something, developed more smiling nymph and less liquorice fog. Still more washing elucidated the name. What name? The name of the great painter—of Corregio himself. Elated, chuckling, enthusiastic, the canon gave a grand dinner to his brother divines and the Salisbury cognoscenti generally, to celebrate this remarkable discovery.

At a given signal, the canon's butler drew back the green curtain that veiled the immortal picture. The purchaser's partisans were in raptures; the sceptical were pooh-poohed and laughed down. The canon beamed with smiles; he waved his gold eye-glass patronisingly at the picture, and discoursed on Italian art. He was triumphant, and no one dared oppose him. A few months afterwards, however, a young painter and glazier in the town unfortunately came forward and recognised the picture as a copy, he had made and given away, three years before. The canon, who had refused one thousand pounds for the picture, threw it into a sale, in his mortification, and it was sold there for seventeen shillings and sixpence. That was the end of the "genuine Corregio," and not a bad one either—for, between ourselves, it was not really worth twopence.

Among the doctors of the old time, Dr. Bruton was the most celebrated. He was fanatically fond of his profession, and, if he let a patient die, he at all events despatched him *secundum artem*: which was a consolation to the survivors, and, after all, was justifiable homicide. There was one case of skin-disease, almost leprosy, that had much puzzled the doctors. Bruton talked of it, wrote about it, and staked his reputation on the cure. The disease at last got daily better. But the obstinate rascal persisted in getting worse, which was unbearable. One day an eminent medical man, who had corresponded with Dr. Bruton on the subject of his stubborn patient, came to the hospital to see the case and report on it in the London medical

papers. Dr. Bruton and his friend walked down the chief ward until they came to a bed before which the curtains were carefully drawn. Bruton looked surprised, but not discomfited. He drew the curtains. There lay the man, dead. "You see," he said, baring the chest of the corpse, "it is a perfect cure; no trace of skin-disease left; but the man's poor constitution sank under the remedies."

And now I come down a little later—soon after the Reform Bill. When mechanics' institutes were first started, under Lord Brougham's auspices, many of the lectures occasioned much excitement. Were the masses to be educated, or not?—was it safe, or was it not? Violent theoretical men began to read papers on abstruse and sometimes dangerous subjects. People had not got accustomed to their liberty. The first lecture delivered at Salisbury was by Mr. Bigod, the chemist; and the subject was Electricity. Soon after this, Mr. Mellor, a medical man at Fisherton, delivered a lecture on Man, in which, to the astonishment and horror of his auditors, he laid before the meeting the wild theory of Lord Monboddoo about men having once had tails—being really only a sort of developed monkeys. The meeting effervesced into fury. Half a dozen people sprang to their legs, and appealed violently to the chairman to stop such dangerous nonsense. Foremost among the opposition was Mr. Braithwaite, a watchmaker, a little pugnacious man, who seemed greatly scandalised and personally hurt, for he came to the front of the platform and shook his fist at the lecturer, denouncing him as "blasphemous."

Mr. Mellor at last lost his temper.

"Sir," he replied, "I have put more ideas in your head in the last ten minutes, than it ever held before in all your life; and, by the Lord, sir, if that is not enough, I'll put a bullet through it, sir—I'll put a bullet through it!"

The little watchmaker fell back as if a pistol had been clapped to his eyes, and was seen no more that day.

Talking of pugnacity, I must give an anecdote of Mr. Loder, the banker before mentioned. One day, during his mayoralty, an opposing member of the corporation addressed language to his party which he considered slanderous and offensive. Upon this, Mr. Loder instantly rose, and said that if any one dared to address such language to him personally, or to declare that he meant such expressions to apply to him, he should be happy to give him the satisfaction expected by gentlemen on such occasions. The moment he sat down, old Alderman Jones, a little decrepid man of seventy, rose and cried: "And I'll be Mr. Loder's second"—a chivalrous declaration that excited much amusement.

Salisbury theatre in old times was quite a nursery for the London stage. Every person who could afford it went to the play, and criticism on actors formed the staple of conversation. Among the low comedians, Munden, with

his queer face and spitting way of acting Crack, in *The Turnpike Gate*, was the great model. Old persons still living remember Miss Brown, a clergyman's daughter, as a clever useful actress, a kind and respectable woman, who supported her family by her exertions. There is a droll tradition current in Salisbury about that high-spirited, drunken "rip," George Frederick Cooke. His friend Mr. Davis, the barber, an eccentric character, whose daily promenade in his flowered morning-gown was as regular as cathedral service, had promised the London agents to see that the great tragedian started for London by a certain day and certain hour. He reasoned, he argued, he entreated. Cooke swore a grand and chivalrous oath that the sun should not rise if he did not start by the morrow's coach. The morning came; Mr. Davis was at the inn; Cooke was not there. Mr. Davis went into every room—no tragedian; into the neighbouring taverns and lodging-houses, still no actor. In despair, he strolled into the inn-yard to divert his disgust and melancholy by seeing the horses put to. All at once, a great black-browed face was thrust out of the coach-window. It was a big truculent-looking man in a huge nightcap. It was no less a person than the renegade George Frederick Cooke in person. "Hurrah! Davis," he cried. "Here I am! I said I would keep my promise, and I thought the best way to do it would be to sleep in the coach!"

The old election times in Salisbury were stormy enough. People's minds were so excited about the Reform Bill, that the poorer non-electors were ready for any desperate enterprise. At one election, Mr. Hacker, the sweep, was very unwilling to vote, as he had customers on both sides; so, on polling-day, by the advice of a shrewd neighbour, he feigned ill. The Tory doctor came, felt his pulse, and pronounced it safe for him to go and vote. Here was an emergency, but the neighbour was equal to it. He then advised Hacker to have a fit, so he had one. The doctor came again, and at sight of the doctor he gnashed his teeth, groaned, and rolled his eyes, until the doctor, not knowing what to make of the sudden and unexpected attack, insisted on it that he should not leave the house, come what might—contrary to the spirit of Hogarth's election agents, who forced dying men and idiots to the poll, and even struck them on the back to force out a sound that might be interpreted as "Yes."

At the great election, when many thousands were lavished by Messrs. Bouverie and Wyndham, the Liberals were in the minority: more so than they had expected. They decided to petition, and were anxious, on that account, to reduce the minority as much as possible. In the heat of the agitation, Mr. Bigod, the chemist, a violent and energetic radical, discovering that Mr. Brampton, a coachman, a safe man, was in London, proposed to the Liberal committee to go up and fetch him. "Can't be done. Pooh! sir. Consider the enormous expense," said the chairman. But he was over-

ruled, and up by the first coach went the enthusiastic Bigod—who to this day remembers the vexation he felt at an old woman's delaying the coach in Piccadilly by getting out her parcels. The election agent had no clue to Brampton's address, except that he was either at the White Bear, in Piccadilly, or somewhere in Camden-town. Off dashed Bigod to the White Bear; there, described Brampton. No one knew him or had seen him. He was not at the bar, in the yard, or in the coffee-room. At last, a good-natured chambermaid suggested that there was a person not unlike his description, who'd had three glasses of hot rum-and-water, and was now in bed in No. 32. Up dashed Bigod, three steps at a time, and there found Brampton the coachman, with his red nose just visible over the top layer of sheets. Bigod shook him awake. "Why, good gracious Heavens!" he cried. "What's the matter? Is my old woman dead?" Bigod told him there was no such good news, but he was wanted directly at Salisbury to vote for the Liberal party, and reduce the Tory majority by one. "I'm your man," said Brampton. And out of bed he plunged and tossed on his clothes. A post-chaise was ordered out, with four rattling horses. Off they went, as fast as the horses could set foot to the ground. The distance was done in six hours odd, and, when the post-chaise entered the town, the Liberals took out the horses, dragged the carriage to the polling-place, and almost tore into complimentary pieces, Brampton and the enthusiastic agent.

Such were some of the humours of Salisbury in the early part of this century. Times change, and we change with them. Our closing moral is a trite one. It was suggested to me by my friend, the worthy Canon Barrow, as we stood over the carcase of his fat Christmas pig. "Hodie mihi, cras tibi."

CAVENDISH TOBACCO.

It has long been an article of the pipe-smoker's faith that the seventh heaven of enjoyment is to be found in a cake of Cavendish, which has been manufactured in the southern states of America, and imported into Great Britain without paying duty. The eagerness to possess a "bit of smuggled" has not always proceeded from a desire to get it cheap, but has sprung from the belief (like many others, erroneous) that it must be smuggled to be good. What pipe-smoker has not paid secret midnight visits to the haunts of the bold smugglers in Wapping and Ratcliff-highway? Who has not demeaned himself to intrigue with skippers and mates, and even common sailors, to obtain a few of the sweet cakes—smelling like something good to eat?

It is useless for the consumers of foreign Cavendish to deny that this has been the general practice among them; for the Chancellor of the Exchequer was lately so well convinced of the fact, that he found it absolutely necessary

to bring in an act for altering the duties on tobacco, and permitting the manufacture of Cavendish and negrohead in this country by the process adopted in America. As there are some persons who still require to be assured that her Majesty Queen Anne is dead; so there are many smokers who are not yet aware that this act has been passed and is now in operation. A few weeks ago a person showed me, quite confidentially, with an air of triumph, a cake of "real foreign Cavendish," which he had obtained from a seafaring friend, who had smuggled it at great personal risk. I astonished my friend by showing him a cake of Cavendish, quite as good as his, which had been manufactured in this country, and which I had bought openly at a shop. So little of this British-made Cavendish has as yet found its way into the retail shops, that smokers are scarcely aware of its existence, and very few have any knowledge of the new regulations under which it is manufactured and sold.

I picked up my information a day or two ago at Liverpool. A little more than twelve months ago I received in that city some pleasant information respecting the manufacture, by female labour, of cigars—information which I was privileged to communicate to the readers of this journal. On my last visit, I was carried off to the works of the Richmond Cavendish Company, where female labour is also much employed.

Rightly to understand the new act applying to the manufacture of tobacco, it is necessary to know what has hitherto been the difference between British Cavendish and foreign. Well, the foreign Cavendish was manufactured with sugar, liquorice, fine essential oils, and rum, while the British manufacturer was prohibited from using anything but water. The British article was a plain flour-and-water cake, the other was a rich plum one with sugar and spice and all things nice. Under the old tariff, a customs duty of nine shillings a pound was levied upon foreign Cavendish so manufactured, while the British Cavendish paid only a customs duty of three and twopence. The latter was levied upon the raw material, the former upon the tobacco in its manufactured state. The British manufacturer was condemned to make all his cakes with flour and water, while the foreigner had the exclusive privilege of sending us cakes made with all sorts of rich things. Naturally enough, when the cake was so nice, every one was anxious to obtain a slice. But the price was exorbitant. The duty was nearly five times the value of the article upon which it was levied. Here at once was an encouragement to smuggling! And, to such an extent was smuggling carried on, that only about one ton of foreign manufactured Cavendish passed through the Custom House and paid duty. All the rest—hundreds of tons, perhaps—was smuggled. The old regulations not only encouraged smuggling, they compelled it. When a dealer had purchased and paid duty upon foreign Cavendish, he was not at liberty to sell it, because it contained

saccharine matter, which, for its own purpose, the excise regards as adulteration. A case is known where a dealer bought a box of Cavendish, paid the duty, cleared it from the Custom House, took it to his shop, and there had it seized by the officers of excise. This being the state of things, the consumer had either to smuggle his foreign Cavendish or go without it.

But the Custom House, by being so sharp upon the dealers, proved in the end too sharp for itself. The one ton of tobacco upon which it contrived to lay its hands did not pay the cost of collection. The Exchequer, instead of gaining by the heavy duty, sustained a loss; for the smuggled tobacco escaped both the customs and the excise. The smuggled tobacco supplied the place of large quantities of unmanufactured leaf, which would otherwise have been imported under the minor duty of three shillings and twopenny a pound; and thus the grasping policy of the Customs overreached itself.

The moment Mr. Gladstone discovered this notable triumph of the governmental art of how not to do it, he resolved upon a sweeping reform. It was a reform conceived in the same wise spirit of political economy which has directed all his great commercial measures. Adopting the very opposite policy of his predecessors, he sought to increase the revenues from tobacco by *reducing* the duties, and removing all vexatious and senseless restrictions. The result was the Tobacco Duties Act of 1863.

The Richmond Cavendish Company, at Liverpool, is the only large manufactory established under the provisions of the new act. I cannot say precisely where the building is situated—for Liverpool is a topographical puzzle which I have not yet been able to solve—but it is somewhere near the docks. The building comprises a large block of houses, completely isolated, very convenient for the officers of customs, who are thus enabled to walk round, and see that no tobacco is being taken in or out without paying toll to her Majesty. The great door admits the raw material neat as imported in barrels from Virginia. Within, we find ourselves in a large shed filled with tobacco-leaves, the contents of each barrel standing upright in a solid mass after the hoops and staves have been knocked away. From this shed, the leaves, in bundles not unlike trusses of hay, are carried into a large hall, where the process of manufacture at once begins. The first step is to strip the lamina from the thick stem which runs down the centre. This is the work of girls. The leaves are placed in baskets, and carried into the preserving-room, the stalks being left in a heap for another purpose. Now, what do you think that purpose is? The stalks of tobacco are usually ground into snuff; but the British manufacturer has recently found a better use for them. He sends them over to Holland and Germany, where they are chopped up and smoked as tobacco! The Dutchman and the German are content to smoke the English-

man's refuse. A compliment this to our British wealth and luxury.

I have likened a cake of Cavendish tobacco which we smoke, to a cake of confectionery which we eat. The process of manufacture is identical. The tobacco-cake, like the plum-cake, is mixed, kneaded, put into a shape, and baked. Here is the mixing-room, a rough place enough, but filled with the fragrant odour of something exceedingly nice. What is it? Stewed apples? Everton toffee? Currant jam? A mixture of all three, perhaps? The odour proceeds from yonder caldron. I go up a few steps, peep into its bubbling depths, and see what appears to be a witch's broth of boiling pitch. It is a mixture of refined sugar and various sweet liquors. When a layer of tobacco-leaves has been spread upon the floor, a ladleful or two of this sweet liquor is sprinkled over the heap; then another layer of leaves, and another sprinkling of the liquor, until the heap is completed. This is called "preserving." The leaves, when well saturated with the contents of the caldron, are carried into another room, where they are sprinkled with rum and essential oils. The rum is the very best old Jamaica, and some of the essential oils cost five pounds a bottle. This precious mixture, which smelt like pudding sauce, was dispensed to the pampered leaves from a tin pail with a whitewasher's brush. What the essential oils are I am unable to tell. That is a secret of the manufacture. Receipts for making Cavendish have been handed down, in America, from one generation to another, and one was shown to me which had been sold for five hundred dollars. In America, however, every man in the trade has some favourite flavouring of his own, which he keeps secret. When the leaves have been well sprinkled with the flavouring, they are left to become thoroughly saturated. They are then removed to the machine-room, for what may be called the kneading process. This is performed by means of a long iron trough about two inches wide, and a wheel driven by steam, which fits into it. The girls who are employed in this work place a certain quality of preserved leaves in the trough, filling it from end to end, as a tin might be filled with dough. The trough is then pushed against the wheel, which presses the tobacco into a long solid strip, resembling a strap of leather. From this bench the straps are removed to another, where girls cut them into small cakes. At the next bench these cakes are neatly wrapped in a leaf of dry tobacco, and thrown into huge baskets. Lying in these baskets, they look for all the world like hunks of gingerbread; and smell like it.

The next process is done by means of an hydraulic press. The cakes are placed in the cells of a large iron frame, resembling in shape and size the pudding-tins which we see in the windows of cheap eating-houses, and upon this is fixed a lid having on its lower surface projecting parallelograms of steel adapted to fit neatly into the cells. A number of these tins are then placed, one on the top of another,

under the hydraulic press, which slowly, but with inexorable force, comes down upon them at a pressure of three thousand pounds to the square inch, or equal to about four hundred tons to one pound of tobacco. After this preliminary squeeze the cakes are transferred to a number of hand-presses, where they are kept tightly screwed down for several days until they are quite "set." They are now in the condition of the dough when it has been kneaded, separated into portions, pricked, and put into the tins. They have still to be baked, or, as it is technically called, "cooked." For this purpose they are packed in strong ash boxes, about a foot square, and placed in an underground chamber heated with hot air. Here they remain until they are thoroughly baked, and then, and not till then, is the Cavendish fit for use. It is tobacco from the first, but it is not Cavendish until it has passed through the oven. It derives its flavour from the hot air, just as beef or mutton derives its flavour from the fire. And now the tobacco-pudding is ready.

All the operations are performed in bond, under the immediate supervision of the officers of customs. The tobacco is weighed when it comes in, and weighed again when it goes out, so that the officers may know exactly what quantity is used. When the manufactured Cavendish is exported, no customs duty is charged; but when it is sent out to be sold in this country, each cake must bear a label and stamp, and pay duty at the rate of four shillings per pound. That the Cavendish manufactured by this British company is quite as good as the foreign, is best proved by the fact that ships now take their stock from the Liverpool makers instead of as formerly from the stores in the foreign bonded warehouses. The tobacco of the Richmond Cavendish Company has been exported to New Orleans, which is equivalent to carrying coals to Newcastle.

One feature of the Richmond Cavendish Manufactory established in Liverpool has an interest for the ladies, which is the employment of girls in preparing the cakes. The work is well suited to them. It is a cheerful sight to see the girls in their large airy room, busily plying their various tasks, while they sing in unison some popular melody. Judging from the number of bright eyes and cherry cheeks, the occupation seems to be a healthy one. The average earnings of the girls are from 7s. to 12s. a week. They are all warmly and neatly clad, and some of them, conscious of their good looks, have taken much pains to adorn their dresses and their hair with ribbons and bits of jewellery. If you have little toleration for tobacco, as a thing to be smoked,

you will at least be able to rejoice that its manufacture has opened up another source of employment for poor girls.

A department of this manufactory, though it deals with tobacco, has an end in view quite apart from smoking, chewing, or snuffing. This is the department which possesses an interest for the farmer. It produces tobacco-juice for sheep and cattle wash. In America, Australia, and other countries, where little or no duty is charged upon tobacco, the juice has long been used for destroying the tick in sheep, and other vermin which infest cattle. For this purpose it is most efficacious. Hitherto, the heavy duty on tobacco has stood in the way of its being extensively employed as a vermin-destroyer. Now, however, under the act, tobacco-wash may be made in bond, without paying duty. The Richmond Cavendish Company, availing themselves of this concession, have fitted up, in connexion with their other works, a special department for the manufacture of juice. The tobacco brought in for this purpose is strictly guarded by the officers of customs. It is not to be made into tobacco or snuff; it must only be boiled down for juice; and the used leaves are afterwards burned in the Queen's tobacco-pipe. Previous to the alteration of the law, the strongest sheep-wash in this country contained only three and a half ounces of tobacco to the gallon. The wash made by this company contains forty-two ounces to the gallon. The juice is two-and-sixpence a gallon, and each gallon will bear dilution with ten gallons of water. Tobacco-juice is now extensively used by gardeners as a means of destroying the insects which eat up the flowers and fruit trees.

When I look at some of the statistics of tobacco consumption, I feel that I am fully justified in expecting a large number of readers to take an interest in this article. In Great Britain, at the present time, the consumption of tobacco is at the rate of twenty-two ounces per head per annum. But this is nothing—we are still far behind other countries. The average consumption of the whole human race is seventy ounces per head, and that of the United States is three and a half pounds per man, woman, and child. It is hoped by the tobacco trade that, in consequence of the reduction of the duties, the consumption of tobacco in this country will greatly increase. What does the Anti-Tobacco Society say to that?

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII. AN EXPEDITION.

THEY told him the name, accepting his little fictions. The captain, when he was out of ear-shot, bade the man drive "as hard as he could go" to the square where Sir Duncan Dennison, Bart., physician in ordinary to the Queen, resided. It was now a little after seven, and a servant, evidently in his evening suit, threw open the door. The captain, not in the least awed, put his card into the menial's hand, and bade him take it in to his master. There was a half-crown under the card. "And see, my man, I'll be obliged to you to get this done at once. Case of life and death, you know. And, see, don't mind about getting out his own horses. I'll bring him off myself."

The servant told him very respectfully, letting the half-crown into a rich plush treasury, that he was very sorry about it, but it couldn't be done or thought of. "Fact is," he said, confidentially, "Sir Duncan has a dinner to some of the 'Ouseold, and he's a dressin', sir, at this moment. And you see, sir, in fact, I run up in a 'urry, taking you to be one of the company."

The captain's face fell. Still he was of that school who believe that money, like Hannibal's hot vinegar, will move rocks even, and he felt in his pocket for another half-crown.

The servant saw the motion, and so really taken by this simple liberal gentleman, that he said with sympathy: "It ain't no use, I tell you plainly, sir. Sir Duncan's got dinner company coming, and wouldn't stir 'cept for her Majesty. I dussn't do it, sir. Very sorry indeed. Beg pardon, sir, but there's fust carriage."

"Fust" carriage was indeed now clattering and plunging to the door, and Captain Diamond, seeing that it was hopeless, limped hopelessly aside out of the blaze of such glories.

He was in deep trouble, and hardly knew what to do. The words of Gilpin seemed to ring in his ears like a bell, that there was no man the equal of Dennison for the treatment of nervous fever. There were surely other men as good, except only for that positive declaration of Gilpin's, and the captain had a reverence, next to

what he had had for the commander-in-chief, for the oracular opinions of medical men. He was in a dreadful puzzle and trouble, for both apothecary and nurse had jointly and severally declared that the patient was getting worse.

He came back to the house about nine. The young girl, who had complained of headache, had been got to go to bed, under an offer, voluntarily made by the elder Miss Diamond, that she would come and repeat such news as might come in.

The captain came in with his troubles written on his face. He looked round cautiously, to see was "his little girl" present.

"My heart is broken," he said. "My dear, I don't know what to do. Which would you say? Wait for Gilpin—he may be back to-night—or get in another fellow? Ah! if we could only get hold of that Dennison. Wonderfully tip-top man, I'm told. Can do anything with a touch. It's very unfortunate."

"My dear uncle, I should say get in some less skilful doctor, who will do well enough."

"But then we can have Dennison to-morrow morning, the first thing; and this fellow may turn out a botch, and spoil the work for him. And the poor fellow may be getting worse every moment. She's a-bed, is she? Glad of it, poor little soul. What are we to do?"

Neither uncle nor niece could hear the light steps nor see the little slight figure wrapped in a giant's cloak which was at the door.

"Curse that pampered Queen's doctor!" said uncle Diamond, with sudden rage. "What business has he to be filling himself with meat and drink when there are Queen's subjects dying in the country, and a touch from him would put a poor fellow on his legs?"

"Suppose, dear uncle, we sent back to Dr. Gilpin again. He might have come."

"Very sensible, my dear," said the captain, rising to get his shovel hat. "The very thing."

"But you must not go yourself," said she. "You are wearing yourself out."

"I like it," said he. "I like this junketing about in cabs; I do indeed." And away he went once more to Dr. Gilpin's.

Not long after, Miss Diamond went up to the younger girl's room and found the door fastened; so she was fast asleep, no doubt. Though she could hardly have slept in the jingling, clattering cab which was carrying her away to the square where the great doctor resided who

was Queen's physician, though he had only a small fraction of the royal practice, it being shared among some six other of his brethren. A cold night, with cold air coming in through the crevices of the ill-closing doors and windows, and the fairy figure inside shivered sometimes a good deal, still she was warm in heart and excited, and that small face, as the cab turned a corner sharply, was flashed on by the street lamps, and showed an anxious and eager air, until at last it drew up at a yellow house, where it seemed as though a funeral was about to take place, and one of the doctor's own victims were about being carried out.

Heavy coaches, with solemn horses and drivers buried in capes, seemed to be bivouac-ing in the street; only they appeared to be mourning coaches with lights, and it was to be an illuminated funeral. Solemn footmen, who seemed yet larger in stature from the darkness, hung about the steps. These gentlemen set down the little lady, who tripped courageously from the cab and went up the steps, as the young lady who was to superintend the "flice." It was the same "gentleman" who had opened the door to the captain that opened the door now to her. He had a large experience of human nature; drawn from the human nature that came between two and four—the doctor's hours; and saw at a glance that she was a good deal above "flice." When she told him what she wanted, he shook his head, almost laughed. Then the soft influence of the captain's half-crown, still down in the plush regions, seemed to bring back quiet and subdued tones. "Really it can't be done, miss. Sir Duncan 'ud pack me off in the morning. There's great company, there, from the palace," he added, with mystery. "Better come in the morning, miss; first thing."

She was well in the hall. She had found a new courage that made her do things that surprised herself, from the force of her absorbing passion. At this moment came a burst, and a roar of confused and hilarious voices rushing out. The "gentlemen" were going up; and the alarmed servant almost pushed her aside out of sight, and then hurried away himself.

The noisy procession trailed up in a kind of affectionate order, for two, and sometimes three, seemed interlaced together in a "winey" way, and a tall, thin gentleman, with a flat back to his head, and a high collar to blue coat and gilt buttons, broke from one of these combinations, and, to Alice's alarm, came down again towards the front parlour to fetch something out of his coat. She was shrinking behind the door, and a claret aroma foretold that he was coming. She could hardly get out of the way without showing herself to the others, and, in great affright, knew not what to do, when the tall gentleman started back with a loud "God bless my soul!"

She knew him perfectly, though he did not know her, and, with a confidence almost childish, she ran to him and said: "Oh, sir! Mr. Tilney, you can help us here; and—"

"Tilney—my name! God bless me again."

"Mr. Tillotson, a friend of yours," she said, "is ill, dying. They wish to have this great doctor, and have sent me. A word from you and he will come."

"Tillotson dying, and I never heard! Wonderful. Are you sure, my child?" he said, with as much concern as was consistent with a pleasant saturation of cheerful claret.

"Oh yes, sir," she said, "and we are losing time. If you would only ask the great doctor."

"I'll do it; leave it all to me. Dear me, poor Tillotson! And here we are merry-making in there, over real '54 claret. Leave it all to me." And he hurried off.

The way in which he imparted his news to his host was not unskilful. He came in mysteriously.

"My dear Dennison," he said, "I don't like this—pretty girl waiting below—private interview. Seriously, though, a dear, amiable, dying, poor devil, without a friend in the world. Only think! that has endeared every single creature on the face of God's earth to him by simple unostentatious charity—simple unostentatious charity! To think of that man lying on his bed of death, and without a mother's son that cares tuppence for him. There's what we come to, Sir Duncan—the great, the pious, and the good—and leave not a rack behind!"

Not conscious of the extraordinary contradictions in this statement, Mr. Tilney led Sir Duncan down. Sir Duncan was an elderly man and an old beau, and was not at all displeased at the imputation of the visit from the "pretty girl." A portly gentleman, all rich pink and staring white (pink in his face, white in his waistcoat), seemed to come out of a cloud before her. She threw back a little hood she wore, told her story eagerly, and came up very satisfactorily to the description Mr. Tilney had given of her.

"What do you want now, my dear?" said the Queen's physician. "You see I have got friends."

"Oh, sir, I know that, and I don't know what you will think of me. But he is ill—is dying, perhaps."

"Well, my dear, there are a good many dying about us here; but if we were to take to leaving our dinners for them, we'd be soon dying ourselves, my dear."

He was all moist with good humour, this Queen's physician, under the influence of the famous "hum."

"Ah, sir, if you would be so kind, just for a moment, as uncle Diamond says—a mere touch of your little finger would do—a dreadful nervous fever—"

Through all the claret this favourite subject, and the implied compliment to his reputation, came. Nervous fever was his weak point. Wonderfully accomplished as he was in that department, he yet needed a few little touches.

"Is it far from here?" he asked, getting his hat.

"Then you'll come?" said she, joyfully. "Oh, how kind—how good of you. He is saved!"

He looked at her a moment through the pink

clarity film. A comic twinkle came into the moist eyes. "Ah! I see," he said.

She coloured up. "No, no—indeed, sir, it is not that."

"Not what?" he asked, with pretended astonishment. "Ah, little rogue! Come along. Cab here. All right. John, whisper Mr. Tilney that I'll be back in twenty minutes."

Captain Diamond, travelling about in his cab seeking his friend Gilpin, had come unsuccessful to his friend's rooms. He was met at the door by the porter, with great disquiet in his face. "The poor gentleman is getting worse, sir. I was going off to you, sir; for the apothecary says he seems to be in a sinking state like, and we must get in a doctor at once."

"Run then, like a good lad," said the captain. "Or take my cab."

The porter got his hat, opened the swinging door, and at that instant held it back, for another cab had driven up rapidly, and a gentleman with a white tie, and dressed for a party, had jumped out. Had also helped out a little lady. The captain looked wistfully.

"Hope they're going to have no fiddling or that sort of thing to-night! Poor Tillotson——"

The florid gentleman, dressed for the party, had come up to him. "I want to see Mr. Tillotson. Does he——"

"Oh, uncle," said the little girl, running to him.

"Why, bless my soul!" said the captain, in the blankest astonishment.

"Uncle, uncle," she went on, "this is Sir Duncan Dennison, and he is come from his dinner-party. Oh, so kindly! And, uncle, he has promised to make him well again."

"If it's a nervous fever, that is," said he; "come, I hope there's no mistake."

"The Queen's physician, eh?" said the captain, half stupified, and peering close into his face, as if that would have satisfied him of his identity.

"Come, come," said the other, impatiently (he felt the east wind at that moment through his cambric shirt, and began to think he had done a ridiculous thing); "I can't waste time here. Show me this fever!"

He was taken up and brought in to the patient. He studied the poor wasted, tossing figure before him critically. He put his head on one side, looked round at a crevice over the door with extraordinary vacancy of expression, then, with the same curious vacancy, smoothed some creases out of his dress-trousers.

The captain, peering well forward, and supported on the shorter of his two limbs, gazed at each of these proceedings as if they were to be part of the cure. "Well, doctor?" he said, nervously, when they had been all a reasonable time in silence. "Well, doctor?"

But he was motioned into silence. Finally, Sir Duncan looked at his watch. "Lord bless me! How late it is! I must go now."

"Well, doctor," said the captain, still peering, "what d'ye say?"

"Give me a pen, come one," said Sir Duncan, "and don't speak while I am writing. I am going to order him strong poisons, and a few grains, you know, make all the difference."

The captain was secretly aghast at this declaration, the bearing of which he could not understand, but he assumed—as indeed this amiable old warrior always did—that the fault was with his own dull faculties, and, smiling on Sir Duncan in cordial approval of his alarming practice, limped over to the bed.

"Get that done," cried Sir Duncan, "at once. Good night, little lady. You brought me out in an awful night. No matter; you were right, and I wouldn't have missed it for a fifty-pound note. It's the true stuff."

"Oh, sir, but will he recover?"

"We'll see in the morning. I'll bring Slader with me from the hospital. Like to see what he can say to this. It'll be a slap in the face to him. It's positively beautiful. And, my dear child, you didn't deceive me—this is the true thing? Good night."

He was gone. Perfectly bewildered, the captain stood looking after him.

"What did he say, my dear? I'm a little hard o' hearing."

"I don't know, nunkey," she said, somewhat troubled. "I couldn't make him out. But he's to be here in the morning."

"Ah, yes, yes, the creature!" said the captain. "And, my dear, did you remark, he seemed greatly pleased?"

"Oh yes, nunkey," she said, with pleasure, "so he was; but," she added, falling into despondency again, "it was more with me, I'm afraid, nunkey. But didn't he tell you, when you were with him in the room?"

"Ah, to be sure," said the captain, with great boldness and readiness. "He said he was in a fine way to recover, and would be on his legs and driving out in a job-carriage on Sunday next."

"Did he say that?" she said, joyfully.

"On my oath he did," the captain said, earnestly. "Honour bright. And now, little woman, we may go. He is in good hands here, I know, with Mrs. Pidger. I hope they keep you comfortable here, Mrs. Pidger, and if there's anything you like, I hope you'll say so." The captain's fingers had drawn out the little steel bag purse.

Going home in the cab (it was getting on to twelve), the captain said: "You must be tired, pet. Ye did a wonderful deal for that poor fellow—and a poor old botch like me, I couldn't have managed it—no, indeed. Let Tom alone for never helping a soul. Mine's the will but not the way—eh, pet?"

"Nonsense, uncle," she said, putting her face forward to kiss him.

"Ah, you little cosherer," said the captain. "You have eyes, though, and can see. Are you cold? Muffle yourself up. Get on, sir," said the captain, with assumed fierceness. "You're not going the regulation pace. D'ye hear me? And I tell you what," the cap-

tain added, putting the shovel hat out of the window, "your cab's not in a fit state, sir; there's a hole in the door here." Then his voice fell again into the old soft key so natural to him. "Ah, you like him, pet? I see it with half an eye; and, upon my conscience, I like you for it; I do, for he's as fine a man as ever stepped, and I don't wonder you love him, my dear."

"Oh, uncle!" she said.

"Nonsense," he went on. "Surely you don't mind me no more than a priest—I was going to say an old woman, but Tom's not come to that yet. And I can tell you Tillotson has his eyes open, such as he is, and knows when a pretty girl likes him. Ay, indeed."

"Oh, uncle, what do you mean?" she half faltered. Had there been light, he would have seen her blushing.

"There, you shiver again, my dear. Confound this cabman! I'll summons him in the morning. I could tell you something I heard the other night when the poor fellow was lying tossing and saying little scraps of talk to himself. He opened his eyes and fixed them on me just as you might. Then he gave a moan that went to my heart, so it did. 'What ails you, my poor fellow?' I said. 'All is lost,' he replied. 'It was a foolish dream. She does not care for me, and never did. All is lost.' I remember those words. And though I knew *he* couldn't know what I was talking of, I couldn't help telling him to cheer up, for she *did* love him, and that Tom knew, and knows it now."

"Oh, uncle," the young girl repeated again, "what *can* you mean?"

"I mean that's what the poor fellow has got ill on. He has had a struggle, and it's worried him into this fit."

"Ah! nunkey, how can you know it is about me? He has met plenty of others."

This view staggered the captain for a moment. But he recovered himself. "Didn't I hear him mention your nice little name, though—eh?"

"My name? No, no."

"On my solemn oath, yes," said the captain. "I give you my word of honour. Oh, I wouldn't say it." Alas, this was another of the captain's venial untruths. "'Yes,' says he, as plain as I am speaking now, 'oh, how I love her, and she must be mine.'" Mr. Tillotson had never used this form of ejaculation, but a passage from one of the old novels drifted across the captain's brain, and seemed to him highly appropriate, and even elegant.

Mr. Tillotson had indeed made some such disordered allusion, but it was to another name, and to another lady.

When they arrived home it was midnight. The gloomy Martha Malcolm, grim and terrible, met them at the door. "This is nice gadding," she said; "an' you're fit for goin' out at night?"

"Once and away, Mrs. Malcolm, you know," said the captain, in high good humour.

"I have no fault with you, Mr. Diamond; but she will be neither said nor led. You ought

to be ashamed, miss. You're getting old enough now to have sense."

"Ah, then, she *has* sense, I can tell you, Martha. More than the full of our two old heads; that is, I mean," he added, a little confused, "of *this* old head—Tom's, you know, my dear. Why, Mrs. Malcolm, you could be my daughter, let alone my niece. But she knows what she's about, Mrs. Malcolm, and had a little business to-night."

"Hush, uncle," said the girl, rushing up-stairs. Mrs. Malcolm came grumbling on behind.

"Business, indeed. Going after a whining, sickly, puling creetur. He's not half a man; his head all the time drivellin' over another girl."

"No, oh no," said the captain, alarmed at this allusion. "You are a little out there."

"Maybe I am," said the other, coldly, "but I know better all the time. But surely, cap'en, you should have the sense not to be dragging a thing of that sort, with a chest no thicker than my muslin cap, about the town at this hour of the night. Do you feel that wind? Listen! I shouldn't wonder if it was her death."

CHAPTER IX. SIR DUNCAN DENNISON.

ON the next morning the captain was abroad again, very smart and shiny, having had time to curl his glossy whiskers with his French little irons; and with his bishop's hat rather cocked, and the curls of his wig projecting in volutes at each side, and giving him an almost defiant air (for those who did not know the sweet temper of the man), set forth to see his friend.

Sir Duncan was there already, notwithstanding the claret of the night before, and had brought the sceptical Slader. He was still hot with arguing with that gentleman, who was incredulous, and would not be convinced.

"It's all negative," said Slader, moodily. He indeed felt the ground was slipping away from him.

"Negative," said the other, indignantly. "Have you eyes in your head? And with a thing of this sort staring you in the face—as plain as if it were coarse *small-pox*—you keep talking on such trash."

"I don't see it," said Slader, doggedly.

"No, nor wouldn't if the man was lying there with his leg cut off. I am sick of this. Why, if I had brought old Drinkwater he'd have just shaken himself out of his skin with delight. He would. Why, look at him now. Change coming on; all as I said last night."

"Not to me," said Slader.

Sir Duncan looked at the patient with inexpressible fondness, and with a lingering regret that he should allow him to get well. Then turned to the captain, whom he felt was a safe trustee, for his golden remuneration, and said, "Fine morning, sir."

The captain had been listening, a little dazed, to this singular discussion, and did not dare to interrupt—hardly to breathe—while it was going on. He then said, timorously, "Better this morning, doctor?"

"Oh, he'll do," said the other, impatiently.

"That's not the point. There are men in the world to whom you might show the monument in Trafalgar-square at noonday and they wouldn't see it."

"Indeed—yes," said the captain, with extraordinary eagerness, heartily assenting to this proposition, though he did not in the least see its bearing upon Dr. Slader.

But the truth was, Mr. Tillotson was infinitely better, and from that day began to recover; yet very slowly.

At the door Sir Duncan stopped, as if he had suddenly recollected something.

"By the way," he said, "the little girl who came to me last night—very cleverly done, too, it was—I wanted to ask you about her. Delicate, eh?"

"Well, do you know," said uncle Diamond, confidentially, "I think so, now and then. She *says* she's not."

"Of course," said Sir Duncan; "we all know that. Tender about her?" he added, laying his hand on his waistcoat.

"Exactly," said Captain Diamond, with eager eyes; "you're like a prophet, doctor. And I was thinking, do you know, if you'd just drop down and pay her a visit, with that trumpet thing they use."

"Stethoscope, my friend. Call things by their right names."

"Exactly—of course, Sir Duncan, and bring it," said uncle Diamond, not caring to trust himself with that word; "and, doctor—*professionally*, I mean," he added, his fingers seeking the chain purse.

"Oh, I know. Very well," said Sir Duncan, "I will. Give me your address. I say, captain, lucky Lady Dennison is in the country—eh? I wouldn't have her know of my trip in the cab last night for a fifty pound-note—eh? Ha! ha!"

"Ah, Sir Duncan!" said the captain, enjoying it; "a sad fellow, I'm afraid. You could tell us some stories—eh?"

He came to the captain's house in a day or two. Mr. Tillotson was mending fast. He sat and talked.

"Send up for her," he said, gaily; "I want to see my cab-fellow."

"Uncommonly good of him," said Captain Diamond afterwards. "Cab-fellow, you know—a tip-top alive fellow, that has read books." But of late, since Mr. Tillotson's recovery had been assured, she had grown shy and retiring; perhaps a little ashamed of her forwardness; perhaps, too, under the open scorn of Martha Malcolm. At the door a cough revealed her.

"Come up here, ma'am," said the doctor, going towards her; "I have you now—"

"What do you want, sir?" she said, colouring, and struggling to escape.

"What, d'ye forget the cab—eh? There's gratitude! What's the meaning of that cough? When did you get it? Here, does that hurt you, or that—eh?"

He was going through the usual strokes of his profession, and had the "trumpet thing" in his hand.

"Don't be foolish," said he. The captain had discreetly retired.

He met Sir Duncan in the hall, the chain purse in his hand.

"Thanks," said the physician, taking his hand as if he was giving the Masonic grasp. "Look here, captain. We must look after our little friend up-stairs. Flannel jacket to begin, and, when the winter comes, pack her off to Mentone, or some of those places. Mind, not an hour's delay after the winter begins. Fact is, rather sensitive *here*. Hereditary consumption, you know."

"God bless me!" said the captain, with a face of grief.

"Not in *her*, old soldier," said the doctor; "in her father, and so-and-so. Must come down to her in time, unless very careful."

In course of time Mr. Tillotson became "convalescent," and was seen, very pale and a little weak, at the bank. Mr. Bowater was delighted to see him.

"An excellent colleague," he always said; "always go in the shafts till he dropped. In fact, we'd given him the Great Bhootan Report to work through, and he went to it with too much *love*, you know. Very glad to see you, Tillotson. I assure you no one has been allowed to touch the papers since. I gave special orders. Fetch down the Bhootan papers for Mr. Tillotson. Mackenzie has been here every day since. There's a fire in the room, too."

Mr. Mackenzie was in attendance. With a sort of sigh, and yet with a certain alacrity, Mr. Tillotson went to the work at once.

In truth, while he lay on his bed, getting better, he had reflected a good deal. He was naturally a religious man, and had been reading what are called "good books"—at least one, which is really the best of all good books—the "De Imitatione"—not the maimed, garbled version which has on many occasions been "prepared" for English readers, just as wines are "prepared" for English drinkers, but the old, ripe, unadulterated Latin. As he read, perhaps the human passion—so absorbing as to wreck a whole life and nearly bring him into the Temple of Death—seemed to take less proportions. Perhaps there was a little shame, too, at the slight on the Mystery of his old great sorrow. But as he read, and as he grew better, it seemed as if what he had passed through was not at all so near, and was a thing he could look back to far more calmly. And therefore he entered into business with Mr. Mackenzie with some zest.

"As we finished with him," said that gentleman, "so we begin with Mr. Ross. His friend was here only a week ago, and I must say they have behaved in a very gentlemanly way."

"Gentlemanly! After those inhuman barbarities—"

"Rumours. Well, after all, still, we must not believe *everything* we hear, especially in those places. The lower Indians are notorious

for their want of truth. His friend Grainger has discharged all his obligations to the bank in the fullest way."

"But you told me with such confidence——"

"Pray forgive me, sir, but I hope you haven't been quoting me. It would injure me a great deal. Wild oats must be sown somewhere, and, as his friend says, he may be soon married to a very desirable pairson," added Mr. Mackenzie, falling into his Scotch accent. "I cannot vouch for all the idle stories that float through a settlement."

"Going to be married," repeated Mr. Tillotson, mechanically. "Ah, at last! And when?"

"I think he said immediately, but I cannot be certain. A very beautiful creature, too."

Here Thomas à Kempis came back strongly upon Mr. Tillotson's mind with a little commentary, "Weary nights, weeks and months, and nervous fever—all for this!"

THE SALMON HARVEST.

SALMON are *harrested* and garnered by the savages in North-West America as we in the civilised world reap the "golden grain" and store it for winter use. In the Columbia river, the salmon harvest commences early in June; in the Fraser, east of the Cascade range of mountains, somewhat later. The modes by which salmon are captured by the Indians in these immense streams are different in every detail, and show how a slight change in the geological features of a valley may, by altering the character of the streams flowing through it, change at the same time the habits, systems of fishing, nets, canoes, and wigwams, of the natives.

The Columbia, as it hastens on from the bergs and flocs of the Rocky Mountains to its home in the Pacific, offers numerous impediments to the salmon's ascent, although none of them are insurmountable. When the summer sun melts the snow that crowns every hill, and fills the valleys and ravines, the mass of water trickles in myriad currents into the larger stream, causing the river to rise rapidly, often thirty-five feet above its winter level. This increase of bulk enables the fish (ascending to spawn) to clear falls, and thread their way through narrow tortuous channels, that would be impassable save for this admirable provision. Thus reduced to simple hindrances, the wily savage turn them to good account, and during the "run" harvests his crop of "swimming silver."

The first salmon entering the Columbia are taken at Chinook-point, and are said to be the best that are caught. These fish usually find their way to the markets of San Francisco.

This once famous fishery is situated in a snug bay, just inside the sand-bar which renders the entrance for vessels of any tonnage into the river, except during the calmest weather, both difficult and dangerous; the very bay in which

the ill-fated ship *Tonquin* cast anchor; on her decks stood a terror-stricken crew and band of adventurers—the subsequent founders of famed Astoria. The unpretending village of wooden houses, nestling amid the pine-trees, little better than it was fifty year ago, is still visible to the traveller, as the huge ocean steamers splash past it, en route to Portland. The Indian fishermen are gone; the pale-face and his fire-water have done their work; a few salmon are still speared and netted; but the grand army now pass the outpost unmolested, and, marching on, have nothing to stay or hinder their progress until they reach the first rapids, called the Cascades, about one hundred and eighty miles from the sea.

At this point the whole river forces its way through the Cascade range of mountains. Dashing in headlong haste for many miles, whirling round masses of angular rock, like small islands, rushing through narrow channels and over vast boulders, not even a canoe, manned by the most skilful Indian paddles, dares risk its navigation. On either side rise walls of rock six hundred feet in height, on whose bare face the pine clings, as if it sprouted from the solid stone; small waterfalls, too numerous to count, tumble down like lines of silver over the basaltic columns and coloured tuffas; hence comes the name the rapids bear, and perhaps the mountain range—the Cascades.

The scenery of the lower Columbia, betwixt this gap (like a Titan canal cut through the mountains) and the flat region surrounding Fort Vancouver, is indescribably lovely. The mighty stream rolls on its course, after clearing the rapids, past bold promontories a thousand feet high, under long lines of cliff thickly clothed with pine and cedar; the monotonous, impenetrable foliage, like an ocean of sombre green, here and there relieved by open grassy flower-decked glades; thus on, by level swampy meadows fringed with the trembling poplar, the black birch, the willow, and vine maple, until it widens out into a vast estuary at its mouth, inside the sand-bar, seven miles across.

The Indian, ever ready with a legend to account for everything, says that the river once ran under an immense arch, which, spanning the width of waters, formed a natural bridge, over which was a trail that a bygone race used, and thus spared themselves the trouble of swimming the stream above the rapids. An earthquake, stirred up by the Evil Spirit, shook it all down, and thus formed the rapids—a supposition, looking at the geological character of the sides, and detritus scattered about in the water, far from improbable. The bad genii thought to dam back the salmon effectually, but made a miserable mistake, and conferred a benefit where a punishment was intended. The impediment, simply hindering the salmon in its ascent, facilitates its capture. A short time prior to the river's rising, several tribes of Indians leave their hunting-grounds, assemble together, and camp along the sides of the rapids. Forgetting all old grievances, in anticipation of the salmon harvest

(and, for the time, as they figuratively express it, "burying the hatchet, and blunting the arrow"), they jointly labour to construct numerous stages, which look very like unsafe clumsy scaffoldings, placed over hollows, intentionally cleared amongst the boulders; water-traps, of ingenious contrivance, the purpose of which is to allow a free sweep to the net, and to cause an eddy. A tempting resting-place is so made, luring the tired fish to tarry awhile and recruit its wasted energies; then the red-skin turns the occasion to his own profitable account.

The platform consists simply of four strong poles, firmly built in, with heavy stones to resist the rapid rush of the water and support the stage, which is made of lighter poles, lashed to the uprights with a rude rope of twisted cedar bark; three or four very long poles, placed slantwise, make a kind of tramroad to the shore. This work is completed during low water. As many as a hundred of these curious-looking contrivances are usually placed along the edge of the "long narrows."

Three or four days after the river begins to rise, the salmon are expected, and one or two Indians take up their position on each stage, being equipped with a net, circular in form, and about three feet in diameter, and from seven to eight feet in depth of purse; the handle, made from some tough wood, is usually fifty feet in length, and springy like a fly-rod. When fishing, the Indian lies on his stomach, gazing from the platform intently into the eddying current. The net is then plunged into the water, as far up stream as it is possible for the fisher to fling it, and is allowed to sweep past as far as the handle will reach; thus, a fish idling in the eddy is pretty sure to get into the hoop of the net, the force of the water driving the hoop along, encloses it within the meshes, and, once there, escape is impossible. Rapidly the silvery captive is dragged upon the stage, a heavy blow with a club stops its flapping, and again the lucky savage plies his net. Boys and squaws are waiting to clutch the prize and lug it to the shore, where the process of curing is performed by the women. This can be better explained when describing the grand fishery higher up the river. By this system of netting, two hundred salmon are often landed in a single day on one stage. The men relieve each other at the work, and the nets are not relinquished from dawn to dark.

A short passage from Washington Irving's delightful book, *Astoria*, may be worth transcribing, as showing how important this fishery was to the Indians when first visited by the "whites," and how rapidly the customs of aborigines change. No record of the trading village remains, or of the trade with other far-off tribes: neither is the described system of pounding the salmon carried on now—at least, I have never seen it in action.

"Here the salmon caught in the neighbouring rapids were 'warehoused,' to wait customers. Hither the tribes from the mouth of the Columbia repaired with the fish of the sea-coast,

the roots, berries, and especially the wappatoo, gathered in the lower parts of the river, together with goods and trinkets obtained from the ships which casually visited the coast. Hither also the tribes from the Rocky Mountains brought down horses, bear grass, quamash, and other commodities of the interior. The merchant fishermen at the falls acted as middlemen or factors, and passed the object of traffic, as it were, cross-handed; trading away part of the wares received from the mountain tribes to those of the river and the plains, and vice versa; their packages of pounded salmon entered largely into the system of barter, and being carried off in opposite directions, found their way to the savage hunting-camps far in the interior, and to the casual white traders who touched upon the coast."

The next station is forty miles above the Cascade rapids, at the Dalls. There the river passes in numberless channels through a solid mass of slaty rocks—an effectual stop to navigation, necessitating a portage of ten miles. This has given origin to a brisk little trading town. The mode of fishing being pretty nearly like to that practised at the rapids, I must ask my reader to accompany me eight hundred miles further up the river to the Kettle Falls.

These falls are situated very near one of the oldest trading stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, the site for which was selected with especial reference to the immense concourse of Indians that annually assemble at this spot during "the salmon run." The trading post, a solitary quaint old log-house, is built near the river-bank, on a wide gravelly flat, completely shut in by tree-clad hills. There can be little, if any, doubt that this dry patch of land was once the bottom of a lake, the imprisoned waters of which broke their way out at the falls; indeed, the water level of the lake is still clearly traceable round the bases of the encircling hills. About a mile above the falls, the Columbia receives a large tributary, the Na-hoi-la-pit-ka river: an Indian name meaning boiling or bubbling up, and still in use among the natives to designate the falls; by the white traders it is corrupted to the less poetical appellation of Kettle, the similitude of the foaming surge (where the stream tumbles over the rocks) to a boiling caldron, being apt and truthful.

The head-quarters of the North-American Boundary Commission, to which the writer was naturalist, were situated about a mile and a half up stream from this spot, on the bank of the Columbia, where its width is four hundred yards, and the distance from the sea, in round numbers, about one thousand miles.

For twenty miles above our barracks, down to its confluence with the river before spoken of, the Columbia flows on smooth and glassy as a pond; then, with rapidly increasing velocity rushing on, is split by an island, just prior to its dashing over a mass of volcanic rocks; occupying the full breadth of the chasm through which it passes, and above five hundred yards wide. At low water this is an impassable

barrier to the salmon, but the rise of the river enables them to leap it easily. On one side of the fall there is a wide flat plateau of rocks, the descent to which is by a winding trail down an almost vertical cliff.

Very early in May the Indians began to arrive; day after day, and all day long, from every direction, strange processions, consisting of horses laden with lodges, squaws, children, together with the strangest medley of chattels (every atom of property possessed by the tribe is always carried along with them, even to the dogs, when migrating to attend the salmon harvest), wind down the various trails leading to the trading-post. Small villages of lodges, the encampments of different tribes, rapidly scatter over the plain; bands of horses scamper, in wild confusion, up the green hill-sides, carefully guarded by their herders; the smoke of countless lodge fires coils slowly up in misty wreaths; chiefs and braves lounge lazily about the trade-post; medicine men—in other words, the conjurers, doctors, and invariably the greatest scoundrels of the tribes—busy themselves at their incantations, making “salmon medicine” to ensure a prosperous harvest; while squaws, old and young, pitch the lodges, carry wood and water, cook, and quell the perpetual riots going on amidst the newly-met children and dogs. In about a week, from nine hundred to one thousand Indians are camped in readiness for fishing. On their arrival, and during the fishing season, every chief is under the control of one (“the salmon chief”) who manages and directs the fishery, settles all disputes, and sees to the equitable division of the take.

When the assembly is completed, camps satisfactorily arranged, and all the details of this novel colony adjusted, preparations are commenced at the falls. The drying-houses, about fifty in number, are first repaired. These are built on the plateau of rocks previously mentioned, and consist of sheds open at the sides, but roofed over with rush mats; a series of parallel poles placed close together, like a ceiling (on which to hang the fish), complete each edifice. Then old and skilled hands set to work to make the *fishing traps* (I may mention, that neither nets, spears, nor canoes are ever employed at this fishery). These traps are huge woven affairs, the materials used in their construction being willow, hazel, birch, maple, and cedar; the diameter is about twelve feet, and the depth from eighteen to twenty feet. Numbers of these are made: the young Indians bringing the materials for the supply of the skilled workmen. As these baskets are completed, others prepare to fix them in the places where, from long experience, the fishers well know the salmon invariably leap. This is both a difficult and a dangerous service, as they have to hang them from trees, one end weighted down in the water with enormous stones and rocks. Of course, all this is accomplished before the river begins to rise. Nothing but the strength of numbers, combined with long practice, could ever enable these uncivilised men to accomplish so formidable a

piece of engineering. Immense pine-trees are felled with rude hatchets and cleared of their branches, dragged down on the rocks, rolled on other trees across deep chasms, levered, twisted, tugged, and turned about, until fixed securely and immovable in the desired position. When ready for the baskets, these trees, projecting over the surging water, look like gibbets for giants.

The wicker baskets—giants, too, in their way—being completed, and long ropes, made from the inner bark of the cypress-tree, woven to suspend them, the next job is to hang them. To manage this final, but ticklish operation, all lend a hand, and as each has his say, young and old jabber in different Indian languages, until one imagines the days of Babel returned. By dint of many swimming, others bestriding trees, numbers hauling at ropes, and greater numbers doing nothing except advising and hindering the rest, the vast wicker traps are hung safely, awaiting the rising of the river, and, with it, the salmon.

Pending these events, a continual round of enjoyment is indulged in; the gayest costumes are sported, vermilion is used in reckless profusion; the rival tribes, young and old, struggle to outvie one another; horse-racing, foot and hurdle-racing, hazard, dice, shuffle-stick, even a savage “Aunt Sally,” are in constant progress throughout the livelong day; even during the night, the light of the lodge-fire, the drowsy chant and beating together of sticks, and a clumsy kind of tambourine, give warning to all hearers that gambling is going forward. High stakes are played for—horse, blankets, slaves, guns, traps; I have often seen wives and daughters risked on a race or a throw with the dice. The women game even more recklessly than the men.

The salmon-sentries announce the appearance of the first fish, and all hands rush to commence the work of catching and curing. This may be the best place in which to mention, incidentally, that the salmon are indispensable to the existence of the inland tribes of Indians. Nature supplies the tribes with these fish with a lavish profusion, incredible to any who have not seen the “salmon run” in these wondrous rivers. Every stream becomes so filled with fish, that to throw a stone into the water without hitting one is next to an impossibility. When I say that the Commissioner (I need not mention names) and myself found it difficult to ride through a ford, in consequence of the abundance of the salmon thronging upward and onward to spawn, some idea may be formed of the incredible numbers that annually visit the rivers of the north-west.

Soon after the arrival of the vanguard, the main army reach the falls, and the water become a moving mass of silvery fish; fifty, and even more, may be seen leaping the rushing cascade at a time; many succeed, but the greater number fall back into the baskets, so deftly hung to receive them—two hundred salmon a day are frequently taken from a single basket. Two naked savages enter the wicker trap, each armed with a short heavy club, and stand amidst the struggling captives, the water

dashing over them like a monster shower-bath. A fish seized, a sharp rap on the head knocks it senseless, then it is flung on to the rocks, a similar fate awaits another, and so salmon after salmon is pitched out, until the tired Indians are replaced by fresh. On the plateau, a scene equally busy is going on; the squaws and children drag the fish to the drying-sheds, split them open, remove the backbone and head, then hang them on the poles to dry—the head, backbone, and a portion of the entrails and roe being the only parts at this time eaten. Small fires are kept smouldering under the drying fish, to drive off the flies and aid in its preservation. When sufficiently dried, the salmon are packed in rush mats and tightly corded, about fifty pounds weight in each bale. Packing them in this manner facilitates their transport on the backs of horses.

I have eaten salmon thus cured, after it has been packed two years, sound and free from taint as on the day it was caught. The salmon-run over, which lasts about three months—although the first three weeks produce the greater number—the equal distribution of the catch is made under the supervision of the salmon chief, tents are struck, horses packed, and each tribe wend their way back to their wintering-grounds, where, during the long snowy nipping winters, they live on the fruits of the salmon harvest.

On the Fraser river there are no impediments to the salmon's ascent as far up as any Indians reside. Its waters rise as those of the Columbia do, but with swifter course. In a few places—I may instance the solid wall of rocks (along the base of which the river dashes with great fury) betwixt the Surnass and Chiluk-veyuk rivers—stages are used, but are hung over the water by ropes made fast to the trees on the top of the cliff. A similar kind of net to that of the cascades is used in this case. But the system by which the great take is managed is a most ingenious net fastened between two canoes moored in the eddy. Poles, too, armed with sharp hooks, are used with great success to hook or gaff the salmon into the canoe. On this river there are no regular fisheries, nor any assemblage of tribes from far-off places, as on the Columbia. Each village works for itself; neither do they take the same care in preserving the fish as their brethren of the east take.

I have weighed salmon at the falls on the Columbia, of seventy-five pounds. Forty pounds is a common average. Why they obstinately refuse the most tempting baits, after quitting the sea where they spawn, why they go a thousand miles up stream, and what becomes of the tiny fry, are matters of interest to be considered at some future period. The whole system looks vastly like the combined links of one great magnificent chain of design. A race of people isolated in the far interior of a wild country, hundreds of miles from the sea-coast, are shut up for six months of the twelve in deep snow, subject to an arctic temperature. To en-

able them to bear it, a great quantity of carbon, in some form, is absolutely requisite; roots, berries, or animals, the products of the soil, are alike inadequate to furnish the needful supply. Mighty streams, breaking down mountain ranges, dashing through narrow-bound channels, and leaping craggy ledges, thread their way to the ocean. Fish, proverbial for their fatness, prompted by a marvellous instinct, ascend these streams in myriads to deposit their eggs, when the snow-water forms salmon-ladders, of Nature's own contriving. In these fish the savage finds the carbonic life-fuel he must have.

POOR SOLDIERING.

BESIDES my son George, who joined the navy, I have a son who has entered the army. Nothing would serve him but that I should purchase a commission for him in a line regiment. At first he wanted me to get him into a cavalry regiment; but this I objected to, on the score of expense. So he had to put up with an infantry corps, very much to his disgust.

I did not find it as difficult to obtain a commission in the army as a nomination for the navy, but the expense of the former is at least fifty times that of the latter. No sooner had I obtained from the Horse Guards the official intimation that, provided he could pass the requisite examination before the commissioners, my son would be appointed to an ensigncy in the 110th Foot, than I was inundated with letters from gentlemen offering their services as what are vulgarly called "Crammers." How they got hold of my address, or how they knew that I had a son who was about to enter the army, is to this day a marvel to me. But they did so somehow, and they regularly hunted me down at last. From the time I received the conditional nomination for my son, to the day he would have to appear before the examiners at Chelsea, a period of about three months would elapse; and in this interval my boy would have to prepare himself for an examination on special subjects, to which he had hitherto hardly turned his attention. But there was another condition with respect to his nomination. It was, that if he succeeded in passing the commissioners, I should be prepared to pay the sum of four hundred and fifty pounds for his ensigncy.

By the advice of a military friend, I selected from among the many candidates for my patronage, a gentleman who was briefly described to me as "an awfully good crammer," who had "pulled through" more dunderhead candidates for commissions than any other man in the same line of business. Not that my son was either a fool, or wanting in what I considered to be a good grounding for a military education. He could speak both German and French very fairly, and could even write the latter language well. Of general history, mathematics, arithmetic in the higher branches, he had a knowledge above the average of lads of his age.

What he required—in my humble opinion at least—to qualify him for the army, was a year or two's training in some military college or establishment, where he would be taught the discipline of the service, and gradually learn his future duties, in much the same way as his brother was taught his professional work on board the *Britannia* at Dartmouth. But when I mentioned to the "awfully good crammer" these my views on the subject of military education, he almost laughed in my face. "It was very well," he said, "for the officers of foreign armies to be so brought up, but it would never answer in the English service. 'We want gentlemen, my dear sir, in the English army,' he would repeat every five minutes: 'and not mere military prigs like those in the French, Prussian, Austrian, and other continental services. If all our young officers were obliged to go to military colleges, as you propose, what would become of the principle of free competition in education? What of the numerous private schools which cover the land?' I thought that if our government undertook the education of the candidates for military commissions, as she does those who want to enter her navy, it would be a somewhat difficult problem to solve, what would become of the many 'awfully good crammers' who make their living by preparing young men for the 'direct commissions' examination, in much the same way as turkeys are prepared for the Christmas market? However, I said nothing; but feeling that my son's prospects were in a great measure depending upon this gentleman, I agreed to engage him, and did so upon terms which could hardly be termed exorbitant.

The lad had to attend at the residence of the "awfully good crammer" three days a week, for three hours each day, and on the intervening days he had to study at home the lessons set him. Although it seemed quite certain that the tutor would be able to coach him through, yet the system of preparation astonished me. All that the boy had previously learned appeared to be of no use whatever to him. The great object of the training seemed to be to prepare him, so to speak, for certain educational feats, by which he would be able to answer questions which, although not exactly known beforehand, were certain to run in well-worn grooves. Every two or three days I examined the lad as to what he had learned and how he was getting on, and I became more and more convinced that without the special cramming which he was undergoing, he never could have passed the examination ordeal.

Under the "awfully good crammer" several other young men were being "couched" for the same examination as my son. Some of these had profited more than he had, others less, by their previous education. But one and all felt the same difficulty in making any use of former teaching for present purposes. Some few of these youths, it is true, had up-hill work before them, their notions about spelling being original. To teach these would-be soldiers the rudiments

of writing from dictation, or to make them commit to paper anything better than a mass of blunders, seemed impossible. But it must be allowed that these gentlemen were an exception to the rule, and that the great majority of the tutor's pupils got on pretty well.

At last the day arrived, and with at least a couple of hundred candidates my son went up before the commissioners. The examinations were very fairly conducted; of all the young men examined, about half were, after four or five days' trial, declared to have passed: my son taking a place about half way down the successful list. When I came to calculate the expenses of a residence in London in order to be near his tutor, and the fee I had to pay the latter, I found a very large hole made in a cheque for fifty pounds. And there was yet to follow the price of his commission and the cost of his outfit.

The latter did not turn out quite as expensive as I had calculated upon; but it cost not a shilling under a hundred and fifty pounds, although ordered with the greatest care. When to this sum was added the four hundred and fifty pounds which I had to pay for the commission, and the fifty pounds which his tutor and the residence in London had cost me, I found that I had spent a matter of six hundred and fifty pounds before the lad could join his regiment—and that, notwithstanding he had been gazetted to a line regiment, supposed, with reason, to be the most economical branch of the service.

The 110th Foot was quartered in the north of England, and when my son proceeded to join, I accompanied him. No sooner did the lad begin to learn his regimental duties, than it struck me, as it did him, that all he had been examined in before the commissioners at Chelsea was utterly useless. He had no knowledge whatever of his drill, and, although a commissioned officer, had to be taught the rudiments of professional acquirements in the same squad as the private recruits: his teachers being drill corporals and sergeants. This is an anomaly. I should like to see ensigns joining their regiments with sufficient knowledge of their work to enable them to command the men put under their charge.

Life in the army is not for the poor man: at any rate, not in a corps stationed in England. Although my son was by no means an extravagant lad, and although his regiment was not an expensive one, I found it impossible for him to pay his way and keep out of debt, without an allowance of at least two hundred pounds a year. Six hundred and fifty pounds to start a young man, and an allowance of two hundred pounds a year, is by no means what every one can afford. But, as I found out later, the most expensive part of a military man's career had yet to be paid for.

When my son had been about two years in the service, an opportunity occurred for him to purchase his next step, a lieutenancy. Thinking that the sum laid down in the

"Queen's Regulations for the Army" was what I should have to provide for this promotion. I prepared the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, making in all seven hundred pounds which I should have paid for his commission as lieutenant. But I discovered that I had reckoned without my host. It appeared that, although, according to the "Mutiny Act" and the "Regulations of the Army," any officer who paid more than the regulation prices was guilty of a direct breach of orders, yet the custom of the regiment (and of every regiment in the army, for that matter) obliged those who were promoted, to pay nearly double the stated amount for every step. When my son obtained his promotion, the cause of the move upward was a captain who wanted to retire. The "regulation" price of this officer's commission was one thousand eight hundred pounds; but as he had, in years gone by, paid two thousand six hundred pounds for his captaincy, he expected to receive a like sum when he retired. Of what was "above regulation," namely, eight hundred pounds, the lieutenant who was made a captain contributed six hundred pounds, and my son had to pay two hundred pounds.

More than once, while he was quartered in England, and also when he was in Ireland, I paid him a visit. I was exceedingly well received by the officers of the regiment, and during each sojourn dined every evening at mess. What surprised me more than anything was, not only the very idle life which the officers were in a measure forced to live from the fact of their having hardly any employment, but also the very slight amount of education required in order to pass the requisite examinations of ensign to lieutenant, and lieutenant to captain. It is true that these examinations were very much more professional than the one which was passed before a young man could enter the service: still, they were so very superficial that any schoolboy of fifteen could have got the amount of knowledge required with a fortnight's preparation. Beyond the rank of captain there is no examination required. An officer has only to behave himself, keep clear of scrapes, pay for his commissions, and wait for his turn of promotion. In due time he must become a major, and afterwards, as lieutenant-colonel, command a regiment; if he choose to "hang on," as it is termed, in the service, there is no power or law that can prevent his getting to the top of the tree in course of regimental promotion, except the want of money.

When my son became first for purchase of a company in his regiment, he was considered very fortunate indeed, as he had only been five years in the service. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment offered to sell out, and his doing so would at once have promoted my son to the rank of captain. But the sum demanded "above regulation" was so very large, that my son's share amounted to no less than a thousand pounds. At first I demurred, and even

refused. For this sum, added to the eighteen hundred pounds "regulation" price, would make a total of two thousand eight hundred pounds to pay before he could become a captain, and which, in justice to my other children, I did not like to expend upon one single member of my family. But my son explained to me that it was imperative upon him either to pay this sum or withdraw his name altogether from the list of purchasers, under pain of being "sent to Coventry" for "stopping the promotion," as it is called, of the regiment. What is meant by "stopping the promotion," I was told, is when an officer will either pay nothing beyond regulation, or will not pay enough to satisfy the officer who wishes to sell out, and thus, by retaining his name on the purchase list, prevents others from going over his head. When this is done, the individual who wants to sell out, generally—almost invariably—exchanges into some other corps, in which the officers for purchase are able and willing to pay the sum he demands, and thus the step is lost to his former corps. The correct thing to do—according to modern English military etiquette—is, when an officer has not enough money to pay the sum demanded for a step in his corps, to withdraw his name from the list of purchasers, and let the next man who is rich enough, take his place. Thus promotion has, in fact, become a mere matter of barter, and is only to be acquired by those who can afford to pay, not merely such sums as are sanctioned by the regulations, but also those extra amounts which may justly be termed fancy prices.

My son found that even as a captain he could not get on without the allowance of two hundred a year which I had made him since he entered the army. He was not so expensive in his habits as many of his brother-officers. But what with the expenses of going on foreign service when his regiment was ordered abroad, the enormous amount of money absorbed by his being moved about from station to station when he was in England, and the occasional loss or destruction of baggage, to which soldiers are liable all over the world, he found his two hundred pounds per annum insufficient for his actual wants. Had he exchanged into a regiment in, or going to, India, he would have received from the officer exchanging with him, a sum of money varying from two to five hundred pounds, and his pay in that country would have been quite sufficient for all his purposes. But although ready to proceed to the East, if ordered there, he did not wish to volunteer for so long an exile from home as every corps sent there has to endure, nor did I wish to make him abandon the regiment to which he was greatly attached, and oblige him to serve in a climate which must prove always more or less injurious, with a new corps, for which he could not be expected to care as much, as for that in which he had begun soldiering. Not that much home service fell to the lot of himself or his comrades. The regiment was ordered out to Malta: between which garrison, the different Ionian Isles, and Gibraltar, they passed nearly

four years. From the latter place, they were sent to Bermuda, and after a sojourn of two years in that island, went on to Canada, where they remained four years: making, in all, ten years' foreign service, during which time the corps had to change its quarters fourteen times. The regiment was then ordered home, at the time when the mania for dosing our troops with a plentiful supply of Aldershot had come into fashion. To Aldershot the corps was sent on its return from Canada, and there it was kept hard at work drilling for a whole year. When its twelvemonth was over, the 110th was sent to the north of England, and there broken up into four or five parties at different stations. A few months later, it was again united, and ordered to Dublin, whence, after being in garrison for six months, it was once more scattered through various towns in the south of Ireland; and although it changed quarters five times during the next two years, it was not brought together until ordered to prepare for embarkation to the Cape. At the Cape the regiment remained three years, and thence it was ordered to the Mauritius, where it was stationed for another three years. By that time my son had been nearly twenty years in the service, had been promoted from captain to major, at a cost altogether of four thousand five hundred pounds, and was looking out for his next step of lieutenant-colonel; for, the commanding officer had given out that if a certain sum of money could be made up by those able to purchase, he was willing to send in his papers, and sell out. My son was not the senior major of the regiment, but the officer of that rank who stood before him on the list, could not pay beyond the regulation sum for the step. He therefore withdrew his name from the purchase list altogether, and allowed my son, who was ten years his junior in the army, and fifteen years younger than he in years, to pass over his head, and become his commanding officer.

This last promotion was a very serious expense to me. My son's lieutenant-colonelcy cost six thousand two hundred pounds from first to last; and yet, in order to let him live properly and pay his way as he went along, I had still to allow him two hundred a year besides his pay. The regiment by this time had been sent to Australia, where it was to finish its tour of foreign service before returning home again. In due time their turn came, but not before my son, owing to severe indisposition, wished either to retire on half-pay or sell out. Here he met with the difficulty mentioned. Having paid six thousand two hundred pounds for his various steps, he asked the same amount from the major who would obtain promotion if he retired. This, however, he could not obtain. The major, who was now first for purchase, together with the captain who was to succeed to the vacant majority, the lieutenant who would get the vacant company, and the ensign who would get the lieutenantancy, could not make up among them all, more than five thousand five hundred pounds. My son gave them some

little time to decide, but, finding that the money was not forthcoming, he negotiated an exchange into another regiment, in which he knew he could get the required sum whenever he wanted to retire from the service. His commission was his own, he had paid highly for it, and why should he not make the most of his property?

Although my son recovered his health, and did not immediately sell out of the army, he—like the great majority of commanding officers—could not afford to wait for his rank of major-general. Had he done so, all the money he had paid for his commissions would have been forfeited, and the loss of more than six thousand pounds was much more than my fortune would allow me to sustain. Knowing this, my son sent in his papers, and retired at the very time when by his knowledge of the service and his experience in charge of a regiment, he was eminently fitted for a higher command. For, just as the best rectors are those clergymen who have had long experience as curates, and just as the best bishops are those who have done much duty as parish priests, so no military man can be an efficient major-general who has not had experience as commanding officer of a regiment. And yet, with our present system, these are the very men who are excluded from the promotion, unless they are wealthy enough not to care for the sinking of five or six thousand pounds!

My son had entered the army at seventeen years of age, and he retired from it after a service of twenty-five years. He was forty-two years of age when obliged, so to speak, to adopt a life of idleness, being too old to take to any other calling. Had he remained a few years longer in the army, he would have been so near his promotion to the rank of major-general, that the officers to be promoted by his selling out would not have given him as much as he asked, and would have insisted on making their own terms with him. Retiring as he did, some years before his turn for promotion could come round, his step was all the more valuable to his successors; and therefore he got from them the price he had given for his rank, which was all that he asked.

I often think how different the career of my two sons: the one in the army: the other who has lately entered the navy. The former, although a good officer, always ready for his work, and very fond of his profession, could not get on without money. At every turn, money was required for this step, that promotion, or the other rank. Money, bargaining, and marketing, formed the only means by which he got to the top of the regimental tree, and yet it was because he had not money enough at command that he was obliged to sell out while yet comparatively a young man. On the other hand, if my son in the navy behave well—if he become proficient in what is required of him—he is certain to get on. Nay, more: the better he behaves, and the more he distinguishes himself, the more certain he is to advance in the service. Why should the army and the navy of the same country be conducted on such totally

opposite principles? Why should the one system be a national honour to us, while—let us pretend to put it aside as we may—the other is a national disgrace?

A BLUSH.

"THE ELOQUENT BLOOD."

In a blush doth a tell-tale appear
That speaks to the eye, quite as plain
As language itself can convey to the ear,
Some tender confession of pleasure or pain;
What thoughts we should never impart,
What secrets we never should speak,
If the fountain of truth in the heart
Did not rise in a blush to the cheek.

As the blossom of spring on the bough
Is promise of fruits yet unseen,
So the colour that mantles thy beauty just now
May be but prophetic of hopes but yet green.
How vain is each delicate art
Of concealment, when nature would speak,
And the fountain of truth in the heart
Will arise in a blush to the cheek!

G A G.

ART of all kinds is suffering much damage in these days from the practice of making clap-trap do duty for the force of intellect and the power of skill. In literature, science, art, and in the professions which we call learned,

We are all gagging,
Gag, gag, gagging.

The word is a coinage of the mimic world of the stage. Let us begin there.

Actors are fond of quoting Hamlet's address to the players. When an actor gets up to make an after-dinner speech about his art, he is pretty sure to say that "its purpose is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." But here he stops short. He finds it convenient to forget, or possibly he has never learned, the passage which succeeds: "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." It would appear from this that in Shakespeare's time only those who played clowns indulged in the villainous and pitiful practice of gagging; but in these modern days it has become universal. And if it were villainous three centuries ago, how much more villainous is it now in the boasted era of taste, education, and enlightenment? In the dark days of the patents, before the drama achieved its freedom, managers exercised some control over their clowns, and enforced observance of Hamlet's rules by fines; but, latterly, the principle of free (and easy) trade in dramatic art has knocked

off all such fetters, and actors are licensed to say and do whatever may come into their heads. Gagging has become a vice, and the form which it takes in this modern and familiar age is both an offence against propriety and an obstruction in the way of the progress of dramatic art. It is particularly offensive in our day, because the favourite gags are generally an echo of the senseless vulgarities and slang expressions of the street-boys. The gags of which Shakespeare complained were probably nothing more than strained amplifications of his text. It is this sort of thing which Sheridan satirised in the Critic, when, on the announcement of three morning guns, he made Mr. Puff exclaim: "Three morning guns! These people never know when to stop." How Sheridan would have been horrified to hear the villainous gag which is now commonly introduced into his famous scandal speech about the duel, the pistol-bullet, the little bronze statue, and the postman. Nothing could be more perfect and complete than this speech, culminating in that triumphant climax of circumstantiality, "the postman with a double letter from Northamptonshire."

One would think the actor would be content with this. But no; he never knows when to stop, and he must needs go on to add; "but I really forget whether the letter was post-paid or not." The laugh comes here, and the actor is encouraged to think that he has improved the speech; but if he would only look calmly at the words he has added, he would find that they are a violation of the whole point of the relation. Sir Benjamin Backbite is circumstantial, or nothing. But this nonsense is now an established gag.

It is in a great measure owing to the copying of these gags, and to the slavish observance of traditions, that we have no striking originality on the stage. Every new actor who comes out is like some other actor, because he has copied him, sometimes at second and third hand. Not long ago, we went to see a young actor play a part in which the late Mr. Robson made a great hit. The performance was a close imitation of Mr. Robson's manner, and a careful reproduction of his business. We were assured, however, that the young actor had never seen Mr. Robson. But he had seen another actor who had seen him. He had caught the manner at second hand. Perhaps it would scarcely be credited that gags are written out and passed from one person to another—handed down from generation to generation like heirlooms, or recipes for making catsup. When an actor, who has not previously played the part, is suddenly called upon to play, say, Moses in the School for Scandal, he rushes off to some other actor for the gags. And you may take your oath of it, that he will say, "I'll take my oath of that," many more times than it is set down for him. One of the instructions to a novice in the part is this:

"Get Careless to hit you over the fingers with the family pedigree when he knocks down

the last lot. Then Careless says, 'Did I hurt you, Moses?' and you say, 'I'll take my oath of that.' Sure to get a laugh." And sad to say it does.

But, now-a-days actors do worse than simply amplify the author's idea; they introduce words (not ideas, certainly) of their own, which have no bearing upon what Shakespeare calls "the question." And as we have said, these words are generally borrowed from the slang vocabulary of street-boys and vulgar comic singers. Every street vulgarity, as it rises from its native mud, is imported into the farces at the theatres. Perhaps there never was written, or sung, a more vulgar song than "In the Strand." The heroine of that popular lyric was one Nancy, an otherwise nameless woman, and our low comedians wished they were with Nancy on all occasions. They made the respectable public perfectly familiar with the "Balmoral boots going over the gutter," and with her second floor "in the Strand, in the Strand." (This, by the way, shows to what base uses a tune may be put. "Dixie's Land" was the national anthem of the Southern States of America, and is really a very expressive and stirring piece of music.) Nancy came to be known in aristocratic drawing-rooms, and the mere mention of her name on the stage was enough to call forth a burst of applause. Two or three years ago, when the slang was popular, if a low comedian had to say, "How do you do?" he would be almost certain to add, "and how's your poor feet?" There was a roar of delight immediately. No witticism that brain could invent was equal to "How's your poor feet?" What the query referred to, and how it arose, no one knew; but it was thought a good joke. Then there was a thief's whistle, which no one thought particularly clever until it was introduced into a farce, when all the butcher-boys in London took back their own cat-call consecrated by the lips of a popular comedian. "Where are you going on Sunday?" used to be a popular mirth-provoking query. Now it is, "I have you seen her lately?" And the most luminous manner of threatening a person on the stage is to say that you will "scuttle his old canoe." But this sort of thing is not confined to farcical absurdities (which may not be entitled to much respect, either from actor or audience), it shows itself in comedies and pieces having some pretensions to art. Not many nights ago, we witnessed the performance of a comedy which seemed to be all gag. We made a note of some of the points. The first which attracted our attention by the roar of laughter it evoked is too indecent for cool repetition in print. The next clever thing was a telling exit. Actor number one lights a match by scraping it on the collar of actor number two. Actor number two looks astonished, and says, "He takes me for a lucifer-box." The house goes into an ecstasy of delight. "Where am I to sleep?" says one. "Oh, on the roof," says the other. "What, on the tiles?" says the first speaker. "I'm not a tom cat!" Thunders of applause. A

charming lady in the piece is constantly spoken of as a "little devil." "She is the most brave little devil I ever knew," evokes the reply, "That woman would murder her mother." A baby is introduced, and it is called a "jolly little devil with a squashy pulpy nose, and a good deal of the codfish about him." The act-drop is brought down by one genteel comedy gentleman tossing this baby to another genteel comedy gentleman, like clown and pantaloons. One of these gentlemen makes an attempt to describe an oasis, and calls it a "green thing that sprouts up in a desert." "Oh," says the other, "you mean mangold-wurzel." The audience are greatly delighted here. The following passage seemed also to be much esteemed:

A. That woman is a devil in petticoats; I know I shall knock her down.

B. Don't talk to me with your nose. I told you last night that your nose was no great shakes. (*A. scratches his nose.*) I hate a fellow who scratches his nose.

A. Suppose a nose happens to itch?

B. Then get another fellow to scratch it.

Subsequently the baby is called a "damned thing," and the house of a respectable gentleman, on very slight suspicion, is called an agape-house, with a "damn it" for emphasis.

In another comedy of life and manners, we heard a despairing hero say, with a deep-drawn sigh, "Now I have nothing to live for." His interlocutor pooh-poohed this despondency, and after specifying some reasonable things which his friend might still live for, mentioned on his own account, Chang the giant, the Alhambra Music Hall, and a few other pleasures of existence of a kindred nature.

Actors are disposed to plead that they find their justification for these offences in the applause and laughter of their audiences. But clown and pantaloons cause just as much laughter (and it is laughter in precisely the same key), when they sit down upon babies, and bring old gentlemen to grief on butter slides. It is most unfortunate for the actor's art that laughter and clapping of hands are regarded as tests of merit. These ready stimulants have something of the effect of drink upon performers; they cause them to lose their heads, and drive them to say and do what their sober judgment would revolt from.

Let us now glance at the broader stage of life, where all the men and women are merely players. When a judge so far forgets his dignity as to make a facetious remark in the middle of a trial for murder, he is doing precisely what an actor does when he interpolates a vulgar joke without regard to the question. It may be a witty remark (or it may not, for a very little wit goes a long way from the bench), and it may have the desired effect of causing amusement in court; but is entirely out of place, and in bad taste. The speeches of counsel are often long strings of clap-trap appeals to the jury. And what is clap-trap but gag? Such appeals are not addressed to the understanding, they are merely designed to

tickle the long ears of the thoughtless. Dearly as actors love their little gags, proud as they are of the roars of laughter and thunders of applause which ensue upon their gags, they would scarcely venture to print them in the text of the published play. They have sense enough to know that they would not stand the test of calm consideration. But your actor in the gown and horsehair wig has no such scruple; he is well aware, on occasions, that much that he says will be printed next morning in the newspapers, and yet he is not deterred from talking the baldest hosh that ever ran from the blathering tongue of a taproom orator. There is no clap-trap so offensive, so shallow, so insulting to the commonest understanding, as that of some Old Bailey barristers. And yet it "goes down" in court. We were present the other day at a trial in which two eminent counsel vied with each other in their efforts to produce an impression, both upon the jury and upon the select audience. They were factious, they were pathetic; all their colours, whether black or rose-tint, were laid on thick, and they produced the desired effect. The males applauded, in spite of the usher of the court, and the females wept. We will not say what we thought of the speeches at the time; but on reading them next morning in the papers, we felt on behalf of the two eminent counsel most heartily ashamed. Not one sentence of cogent argument, not one word of common sense, but a flashy fairago of bully-boy clap-trap! Gag! Unmitigated vulgar gag!

Is there no clap-trap, no gag, in the pulpit? Do clergymen never drag in anedotes, neck and heels? Do they never make jokes? When the Punitan divines talked of the braces of faith and the breeches of righteousness, they relied upon the interest that would be awakened by breeches and braces. Their imitators in modern days strive by similar metaphors to keep their congregations awake—not to religion, but to the catering powers of the preacher.

The gags in which our legislators indulge while discussing the imperial affairs of the nation, are quite as contemptible as any we meet with in the theatre. And they are of precisely the same character. It is the pointed personal retort, the lighting of a match upon an honourable member's collar, that causes loud cheers; it is the use of some common-place expression, or an allusion to some vulgar and familiar absurdity, that brings down the laughter. One favourite House of Commons gag, however, is a Latin quotation. Members always cheer it, whether they understand it or no—generally cheer it the more, in proportion as they understand it the less.

And the art of gagging is well known to the painter, the sculptor, and the author. In every exhibition we are attracted by tricks of light and shade, which are nothing more than gags. This wonderful marble veil, delicately sculptured over the face of Innocence? A gag—a mere trick of the hand, without a breath of soul in it. Something to catch the eye. In literature, gag-

ging is perhaps more rampant than in any other art. It takes every form and shape. It presents itself in flashy copper gilt metaphors, in ostentatious quotations from foreign languages, living and dead, in a common-place-book pretence of knowledge, and in a hundred other tricks and devices, which are neither honest nor to the purpose of the "question."

CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR.

A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER. Among the novelties which have grown up of late years—and grown up very tall, too—are the Great Hotels. These places of residence, where you are undertaken, if the phrase may be allowed, on such a large scale, where everything is done for you, and all trouble taken off your hands, surely ought to meet the requirements of a great number of persons. The advantages of the system seem at first sight enormous. You pay no rent, you sign no leases or agreements, you have nothing to do with taxes, no servants' wages, no butchers' bills. You have no trouble in engaging servants, in drilling servants, in getting rid of servants. If the pipes be frozen in the course of a hard winter, or if they happen to burst when the said winter breaks up, they are no business of yours. The young man does not call to speak to you about the new kitchen range, nor does the gas-man wish to see you in the hall "relative to the state of the meter."

Then, what you want is always to be had. You want a bottle of soda-water the last thing at night; you are not told that there happens to be none in the house. You want a sandwich in the middle of the day; no uncompromising servant informs you that "there is no cold meat in the house." You want a basin of broth, and you are not obliged to wait till the next day for it. You want to know where somebody lives; there is the last Post-Office Directory to refer to. You want a messenger; he is ready in the hall. You have a telegram to send off; here is a form, and in another moment it is despatched.

For all these advantages you pay one weekly bill. When you think of the number of bills to be considered once a week by any ordinary housekeeper, the file of little red books to be gone through by some trustworthy person or other—this seems something more than a small advantage. A cheque is drawn once a week, and all is over. Rent, taxes, wages, housekeeping, are all disposed of in five minutes. If the cheque in question do sometimes strike one as rather large, it is but fair to consider how very much it represents.

There are some people who hold strongly to the ornamental in life. It is of importance to them that the dinner should be well served, that the tablecloth should always be spotless, and the waiting at table deftly accomplished; and yet their means are not such as certainly to afford them these luxuries in an establishment of their own.

They are provided at the hotel as a matter of course. The dinner, too, has a completeness about it, which would only be effected in a private establishment, by its being conducted on a very expensive scale. Moreover, you need not order your meal, unless you like, till ten minutes before you want it, nor need you ever see the component parts of it again. Unfortunate persons on whom the duty of ordering dinners has ever devolved, know what that after-breakfast announcement, that "the butcher has called," means, and what perplexities and what nausea it gives rise to in the mental and bodily systems of the unhappy persons to whom this terrible statement is made. In these hotels you live by magic. You touch a spring—literally touch a spring—one of the attendant genii appears—"Some soup, a dish of outlets, and a fowl at half-past seven."—Lo! it is done.

Again, if you have some friends come to dine with you, how easily it is managed. You command the services of a first-rate cook. You have a staff of people about you accustomed to getting up dinners, and a staff of servants who are in the habit of waiting together in unison, and not struggling hand to hand for every dish, as is the combative custom of professional waiters in private life. Calmness is attainable, peace, security.

It is curious to observe how readily a large number of persons have already fallen into the New Hotel system, as if they had been familiar with it for years. If you go to one of these enormous establishments, and enter the large public sitting-room, you will find all sorts of incongruous people thrown together in one apartment, engaged in most incongruous occupations, without interfering with one another. In a corner by the window you will see a family group, with children, chattering and amusing themselves, very much as they would in their own homes. There are ladies seated by the fire, reading or working quite comfortably. In a shady corner may be observed an old gentleman, who has probably been travelling all night, stretched on a sofa, fast asleep. Next to him, is a commercial-looking gentleman at a writing-desk, with heaps of official papers before him, writing letters for very life. A lady near him, is calmly engaged with a drawing in Indian ink. Not far off, another lady is embroidering, assiduous, like another Penelope; in the immediate neighbourhood, a conference of a commercial nature is being held by three men of business, who have met here by agreement, and are laying their heads together like conspirators. Novel readers, newspaper readers, loungers, and little lonely ladies, are sprinkled among the more distinctive groups already mentioned. There are talkers, too, of every description—some who hold forth in a very loud key, as if they wished everybody to be acquainted with their affairs; others who mumble in a low tone, though they have nothing of a more private nature to discuss than the present state and future prospects of the weather. Very various kinds of people, in brief, are here, engaged in

very various kinds of occupations; but none of them are in the least astonished at finding themselves where they are.

As to the defects of the hotel system, these of course are not wanting. You cannot expect, in this world, to get a great many advantages without some attendant disadvantages to counter-balance them.

The annoyance to which those who live in an hotel are subject, seem mainly to be such as affect the imagination and the sentiments. It is difficult, for instance, to feel *at home* in an hotel. The rooms you occupy are no doubt impregnably your own while you pay for them; but still you hardly feel them to be your own. The furniture is not yours. You did not choose it. Very likely it is not in accordance with your taste. It served others before you came, and it will serve others when you are gone. It may be urged, on the contrary, that most people are in the habit of living in hired houses, and still do regard such houses as their homes. True, and logical no doubt; but what *is* logic in a matter of feeling?

I remember, dear sir, that once when I was passing some time at one of these large hotels, and you came to stay with me, you had a host of objections to make. It appeared to you, that I had ceased to be a personage, and had become a number—No. 26, or whatever it might be. You said that when you asked for me by name, there was a whispering of waiters and porters, and then somebody inquired whether "26 was at home." Well, I grant this; I am a number, and nothing else, when I live at a great hotel; but, after all, what does it matter? The system may become general some day. We are getting into a mess with our surnames, as fast as we can, and a man needs to have two or three, if he wants to be distinguished. Perhaps numbers may come in, and we may read in the Court Circular, "The Prince of Wales visited that illustrious sculptor, No. 184, and inspected the group on which this renowned gentleman has been so long engaged;" or, in a provincial paper, "The great 2000—perhaps one of the most distinguished men of this or any other age—is coming down to pass the dull season among us. Let an ovation be prepared," &c.

You likewise objected that you wouldn't like to live with a pack of servants about you who were not your own, and who took no interest in your welfare, and had not your comfort and well-being at heart. My very dear sir, in that remark I am afraid you manifested a depth of credulity, and a want of perception of the way in which the world wags, which might almost afflict me to tears. Do you think that your own servants care for you? Dismiss the idea, sir, immediately and for ever. Domestic service has become a trade, and, like other trades, is carried on with a prodigious amount of cheater and adulteration. As to attachment; your servant is attached to the money which he makes by you; and if he can add to his stipend by leaguering himself with the tradespeople

and other predatory tribes by which you are harassed, nine times out of ten he will do so. Attached servants, sir, belong to another period of time;—and to speak frankly, from what I remember as a boy of the tyranny exercised by the old housekeeper, and the old butler, and the old coachman, at home, and the life they all led you, I should be half inclined to say, that, on the whole, this institution of the past must have been a bit of a bore. At all events, it is all over with it.

Why, sir, this knowing nothing about the servants, this freedom from all responsibility in connexion with them, is one of the greatest of the many advantages combined in the hotel system. The servants at an hotel are civil to you, and do what you tell them to do; that is enough. You know nothing about them, and they know nothing about you. Complaints as to defects in the kitchen dinners, never reach you; nor, supposing the housemaids to have followers, does that circumstance affect your peace of mind in the slightest degree. When you leave your hotel, you give up your servants as you do your London establishment; or, if you choose to keep both on during your absence, you are free from all anxiety as to what may take place while you are away. You are not tormented with visions of the footman getting drunk and burning the house down, or of the cook's lover proving to be a gentleman with a morbid taste for the plate-baskets of others.

Reverting to that time when you were staying with me at the hotel, I remember that you were not pleased with many of the arrangements. You complained, if I remember rightly, that you had been much scared, when, as you were passing the end of a dark corridor on the third floor, you observed a figure slowly ascending out of the floor: the head first, then the shoulders, and so on. This figure resembled a Corsican brother, silent, motionless, erect; its ascent was accompanied by a slight clanking of chains and a low groaning sound. It was a porter coming up the lift, and those unhallowed noises were made by the machinery which worked it. An uncommonly useful thing it is. When you arrive at the hotel, it whisks your luggage up to your room before you can get there yourself by the stairs. Let us hear nothing against "lifts," whatever else you may abuse. The only chance we have of improving the appearance of our town depends on the habitual construction of much higher buildings in our streets than we have hitherto been accustomed to. A lift is an inevitable part of the structure of a large house, and we ought to regard it with favour.

Now, sentiment set on one side—and you may take my word for it, worthy sir, that it is being set on one side as fast as the thing can be done—what is a home? My dear parent, it is a residence, more or less comfortable. It should have certain characteristics, undoubtedly, to make it habitable. It should be water-tight, airy, light, comfortably furnished. There should be easy-chairs, and sofas, and tables. There

should be a bed, and a wardrobe, and a washing-stand, and a bath. The windows should open wide when it is hot, and the fireplace should draw well when it is cold. This, practically speaking—and I must remind you that we are becoming more practical every day—is a home, and it is to be had at an hotel, at per week.

As to the poetical view of the matter, "home, sweet home," and all that sort of thing, I really can't say. Perhaps an hotel is not exactly the kind of place; but I must remind you that I am a representative of a practical age, and consequently cannot enter into a discussion of that part of the subject. On the whole, probably *not* a home; but I can't say.

That there are defects connected with the great hotel system—and some of a kind more difficult to get over than those which strike you—I will not deny. Why, for instance, should a bottle of cheap sherry cost six shillings, or a fire eightpence a day? It seems to be one of the highly prized superstitions of this country, which may not be interfered with on any pretence, that enormous prices must always be asked for wine at hotels. And then, as to the furnishing of hotel sitting-rooms (private), what curious notions seem to prevail in this country! The sitting-room (supposing only one to be taken) is always a dining-room. An immense dining-table, with additional leaves to make it more immense, occupies the middle of the apartment; and a great big sideboard, or a peculiarly ugly piece of furniture, consisting of two or three mahogany trays placed one over another, and sustained on claw legs, is generally present also. Why should not the sitting-room (as is invariably the case abroad) be rather a salon or drawing-room, than a dining-room? It is only wanted for feeding purposes during an hour or two out of the twenty-four, then why must it be furnished throughout with dining-table, sideboard, and six uncomfortable and unicturesque chairs, simply with a view to the proper serving of meals whose consumption after all occupies such a short space of time. Surely it is better to take your bodily refreshment in a room got up in the fashion of a drawing-room, than to be obliged to sit all day in a bumptious and obtrusive dining-room, with the furniture covered with maroon leather gathered at regular intervals into dimples, with a button in the centre of each. (It would be curious, by-the-by, to know who was the originator of this dimple-and-button style of decoration, which has been so great an upholsterous success. The name of so illustrious an artist ought to be handed down to posterity.)

It can hardly be said that the hotel experiment has been fairly tried hitherto, because, as yet, it has only been tried on the high-price system: a system from which it is impossible to depart, so long as the original expenses incurred in the building and fitting out of the establishment are enormous. Too much money is spent in the first instance. There is a perfectly outrageous expenditure among the architects and builders, who are allowed to indulge in all sorts

of ornamental freaks of fancy, which cost a great deal more than the public likes to pay for such doubtful delights. It is very well and very desirable that handsome and highly decorated buildings should be erected in our metropolis, but I do not like paying six shillings for a bottle of sherry, in order that there may be caryatides of colossal size supporting the balcony outside my window.

I was dining, dear parent, not long ago, with some friends, at a certain hotel in a fashionable quarter, to which we had been attracted by the high reputation of the cook. The bill was so enormous in comparison with what we had had; it was so outrageously and humorously extravagant; that we summoned the chief, and ventured on a gentle remonstrance. How do you think this honest man defended himself and his prices? He did not defend himself or his prices at all; he merely said, with rather a piteous shrug: "Gentlemen, you have no idea how difficult it is to return ten per cent to the shareholders."

On the whole, my much respected father, I think I would not recommend *you* to live at hotels, just as in other ways I have advised you not to attempt keeping pace with those who belong to the period, and have grown up gradually among its institutions. It does very well for me, and I like it; but for you it might prove too exciting.

P. CHESTERFIELD, JUNIOR.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

MILES and miles away from London, and nearly an hour's drive from the nearest railway station, there is a village as little known as might be expected from so remote a position. It is a charmingly pretty village, the houses, each with more or less of garden to it, scattered about, not ranged into any attempt at a street. There is a green, which is green, and not parched and brown, and there the village boys play cricket in the long summer evenings; and above it is a heathery common, bounded by a fir-wood, whose autumn trunks and boughs burn in the sunset; while below, winding softly through flat rich pastures, a trout-stream glides between its fringes of sedges and bulrushes and tall water myosotis, blue as turquoises in the sun.

Just out of the village stands the house with which we chiefly have to do. It is inhabited by Dr. Britton; he is an M.R.C.S., and used to make a fight to be called Mr. Britton, his proper title; but the village would not have it; his profession was doctoring, and doctor he was and doctor he should be called; and so doctor he *was* called, till he had become so used to it that any other prefix to his name would have sounded strange and unfamiliar. He was a widower, and had two children, a son, who had married early and foolishly, and who had emigrated, which was about the best thing he could do, and a daughter, Nelly, who lived with him, and kept his house and looked after him, from his shirt-buttons to

such of his correspondence as a woman could attend to. For Mr. Britton was a much cleverer medico than village doctors and general practitioners are wont to be, and his practice was large and widely extended, all the county families for miles round employing his services for any but such cases as they conceived required the attendance of a London physician.

The house in which Mr. Britton and his daughter lived was very unnecessarily large for so small a family. It could not be called a good house or a pretty house, and yet, especially for the summer, it was much pleasanter than many a better and handsomer one. It was old, and the rooms were low, and those on the ground floor had beams across the ceilings, and the windows might have been larger with advantage, and the doors fewer and better placed. But the walls were thick, and there was abundance of space, and closets and cupboards enough to stow away all the goods and chattels of a large family. And there was a snug little stable for the doctor's good roadster, and a chaise-house, and cow-house, and poultry-house, and larder and dairy, and all that wealth of outhouses that can only be found now appertaining to old-fashioned middle-class tenements, and which are as unattainable to the wretched inhabitants of the modern lath and plaster abominations at four times the rent, as are the quiet and repose and retirement that belong to those old houses. But it was the surroundings of the cottage that made its great delight. For it stood off the road, from which it was quite hidden, nested down into the midst of a lovely garden, full of old-fashioned flowers and some newer ones, roses especially, one of which it was part of Nelly's self-imposed morning duties to gather, all gemmed and heavy with dew, to put in her father's button-hole before he started on his daily rounds. He used to boast that from May till November he never was without one. There were little belts and screens of Portugal laurels and yew, and sunny bits of lawn, one of which boasted a magnificent Himalaya pine feathering to the ground, and borders blazing with colour and sunlight, and shady nooks, cool and green, of rock-work clothed with ferns and ground-ivy and periwinkle and violets. The house itself and all its dependencies were tapestried with Virginia creeper, clematis, jasmin, ivy, and crimson China roses, and against the coach-house wall, in the face of the south-west sun, was trained a vine that in even moderately hot summers yielded rich clusters of yellow-tinted sweet-watered grapes southern vineyards need not have despised. For the place was warm and dry and sheltered, and everything about it thrived, and seemed to take pleasure in growing and spreading, and Nelly loved and tended them all, and they rewarded her.

To this home Nelly had come as a little child after her mother's death, and she remembered no other. That was a good many years ago, for she was now two-and-twenty, though she hardly looked so much. For she was a little thing, plump, with a round face, smiling dark

eyes, and a bright brown complexion; one of those girls whose good looks consist in perfect health, in colouring and expression, and a certain *freshness* of appearance—freshness moral as well as physical—that keep the owner young for long. Her uneventful and unambitious life had hitherto passed in that happy monotony that is best suited to such natures as hers; cheerful, bright, contented ones, that take the daily duties of their humble lives as pleasures, not sacrifices, and are yet not without a touch of refinement that makes the duties less prosaic. She need not have been now keeping her father's house, had she been minded to keep a house of her own. Two years ago her father had had a half-pupil, half-assistant, Mr. Baker, who had a little money of his own, and expected to have some more, and who would fain have had her promise to become Mrs. Baker when he should have acquired sufficient age and instruction "to set up on his own hook," as he expressed it. But Nelly had not been so minded. She did not care for Mr. Baker; she first laughed at him, and then, when he became piteous in consequence, she was sorry for him, very sorry. But she could not marry him. When she thought of her father as a companion (for not being in the faintest degree in love, she looked at the two men in this light), and then thought of Mr. Baker, she felt it could never, never be. And she had not for a moment at any time regretted or repented her decision, but went on in her quiet way, taking her chance of what the future might bring her.

Among Dr. Britton's occasional patients was a very grand family indeed. The Earl of Leytonstone had an estate about three miles from Summerfield, and there he passed a part of every year with his two children, the little Lord Leithbridge and Lady Agnes Collingwood, who, under the care of a young tutor and an elderly governess, for their mother was dead, lived almost entirely at Leytonstone Hall.

The young tutor was a north countryman, whose father, a poor clergyman, holding a little cure in a village among the hills in Westmoreland, had, seeing the boy's aptitudes, struggled hard to send him to college. He had educated him himself up to that point, and then Andrew Graham had entered Oxford as a sizer, and had worked, and read, and lived hard, as few men in that ancient seat of learning are given to do. He had carried all honours before him, he could write and speak five modern languages, and read seven; he knew at his fingers' ends all the best books in all these, beside the classical tongues; but of men and women he knew absolutely nothing. Poor, proud, intensely shy, and devoted to study, he lived entirely apart from even the men of his own standing in his own college. In their sport as in their work he kept aloof, only fortifying himself against the exhausting nature of his labours by prodigious walks, keeping always the same pace up hill and down dale, choosing the most solitary paths, and never heeding weather. In the course of time he had been so fortunate as to obtain his

present post, that of tutor to the little Lord Leithbridge, and librarian to his father, who boasted the possession of one of the finest private libraries in England; and as his pupil was but twelve, his work with regard to him was so light, that the greater part of his time could easily be devoted to the labour he delighted in—the care and arrangement of his beloved books.

Poor Andrew, he was not comely to behold, and was young in nothing but his years. He was pale, and spare, and light-eyed, and lightish haired, and had thin whiskers, and wore high shirt-collars, and hesitated in his speech. He was so intensely, so painfully shy, and spoke so rarely, that when called upon to speak it seemed as though he was too unused to the employment of uttered language to be able to find the words he wanted. In the presence of women, and especially young women, he absolutely trembled. It was long before he could reply, without starting and shrinking, to Mrs. Brereton's—Lady Agnes's governess—softly spoken questions, and had Lady Agnes herself been more than thirteen when he first entered on his duties, I doubt if he would have ventured into her presence.

And yet it was not in human nature, in young human nature, at all events, to live without some companionship beyond that of a child. Andrew had had a bad and a long illness, and in this Dr. Britton had attended him, and when he recovered, it somehow came about that the patient had, he hardly knew how himself, found that it often happened that in his walks his steps tended towards the doctor's cottage; and when he came to the garden gate, that was just an opening in the mass of green that surrounded and overtopped it, giving a peep through to the house along the sunny gravel walk, lying between borders of glowing flowers, he remembered he had something to say to, or something to ask of, the doctor. You will think that the doctor's daughter might have been for something in this attraction; but it was not so. If he caught a glimpse of her in the garden, or heard her voice, he passed on his way with a nervous sense of the narrow escape he had encountered. This was at first; after having accidentally encountered her a few times when calling on her father, and found that she took little notice of him, he became more reassured, and beyond a certain amount of trepidation in taking off his hat, and replying to her simple greeting, he learned to meet her without further discomposure.

Nelly would look after him with a pitying wonder, and some curiosity. Such a nature and such a life as his to her, genial, energetic, expansive, was a painful puzzle.

"Is he always like that, papa?"

"Always, I believe, my dear, in company."

"Then he never can know anybody."

"Yes, I fancy in the course of time he might get to know people to a certain extent. He does me—a little."

"He must be very unhappy, papa?"

"Except when among his books, or in his

long walks, he certainly must feel rather wretched, I should imagine."

Nelly thought about it a little more, and then went to feed her poultry. But there was a young cock whose false and painful position in the poultry-yard would somehow bring back to her mind the recollection of Mr. Graham. He had not long come to cock's estate, and he was thin and not very sleek in his plumage; and the older and stronger cock had bullied him and put him down, till he hardly dared to call his life his own. He was not naturally a coward; he had made a good fight for it at first, and indeed it was his asserting himself against the supremacy of King Chanticleer that had first awakened that arrogant bird's wrath against him. But he was no match for Chanticleer, and had, after innumerable defeats and sore maulings, been compelled to succumb; and he now loitered about in corners, and inoped about in sheds, and took snatches of food in a wary fashion, on the outskirts of the group gathered round Nelly, ready to fly if ever Chanticleer looked his way, and even nervous if the hens pecked at him.

"Poor fellow," Nelly said, throwing him a handful of barley, and cutting off Chanticleer in his instant attempt to drive him away from it; "you certainly are very like Mr. Graham—very like. I think I shall call you Andy; get away, Chanticleer; I won't have Andy bullied and his life made miserable, poor fellow!" and another handful of barley fell to his share. From that day Nelly took Andy under her especial care and patronage, and fed and petted him till he grew fat and well-liking, and learned to play his second fiddle so creditably that Chanticleer held him in sufficient respect no longer to molest him.

Meanwhile the months were lengthening into years, and Andrew Graham plodded on at the old work, in the old way. But a change had come within, though the outer man showed nothing of it—as yet. The cause may as well be told at once; the poor student had fallen in love, with the sort of love that is certain to awaken in the hearts of such men when it *does* awake, with Lady Agnes, now sixteen.

The word love is used in so many phases of the passion, and indeed in so many cases where there is no passion at all, that it fails to convey any notion of the feeling that possessed the whole being of the poor tutor. It is nothing to say it was part of himself; the old man was lost in the new identity it gave birth to. Day and night it was the one ever-present reality, all else fading into shadowy insignificance.

Lady Agnes was a pretty girl, very much like a thousand other pretty, well-brought-up, simple girls.

She had large limpid grey eyes, and a fair pure skin, and her colour went and came easily in sweet girlish blushes, and all her thoughts and ways were innocent and natural. She was not the least clever, and but moderately accomplished; for Mrs. Brereton wisely thought that good general culture was more to be desired than the attempt to force mediocre abilities into the painful acquirement of arts, in which

her pupil never could hope to excel, and in this view Lord Leytonstone fully coincided.

It was probably the charm of this very girlish simplicity that in reality captivated Andrew's heart; but his imagination acted the part of a fairy godmother, and bestowed on the idol every gift of mind and body that woman could possess and man adore.

This love, that dared not relieve itself by any outward expression, that entertained no prospect in the future, that hoped for nothing, that aspired to nothing tangible, that was all concentrated in the breast of him who conceived it, rode him like a beautiful nightmare, lovely in itself, but to him cruelly, pitilessly tyrannous, taking possession of all his faculties, goading him into a sort of abiding frenzy that made him wild and haggard and distracted.

At times, while giving the usual daily lessons to his pupil, the boy would look up to his instructor, wondering at the trembling hand, the husky voice, the working features, and sometimes at the strangely absent words that fell from him. Then Andrew would try to recal his senses, nail his attention to the work he was engaged in, and, the task completed, rush forth and wander alone for hours among the pinewoods and on the hill-sides, striving by movement and fatigue to still the spirit that possessed him.

Such a condition of things could hardly fail to escape Mrs. Brereton's quietly observant eye, nor was it long before she guessed something of the real state of the case, and great was the perplexity into which it threw her. Lord Leytonstone was abroad, and though she might have spoken to him on the subject, she hardly knew how to put it in writing. Lady Agnes must, of all others, be kept in ignorance of the passion she had inspired; and though Mrs. Brereton had sufficient confidence in Andrew to feel pretty well assured that he would not seek to make it known to her, she dreaded, seeing the nature of the man, some involuntary outburst, some accidental circumstance occurring to bring it to light. Should she speak to himself? Yet, though in her own mind almost persuaded of the truth of her suspicion, he had done nothing to justify her in opening the matter to him, while it rested on no more tangible grounds than it did at present. So the good woman turned the matter over in her mind, waiting for some feasible mode of solving the difficulty to present itself.

One morning her pupil said, after having, as it seemed to her, cogitated over the subject for some time, "Mrs. Brereton, do you know I think there's something wrong with Mr. Graham." The governess felt the blood rise to her cheek, but she replied quietly, "Yes? What makes you think so, my dear?"

"Sometimes he looks so wild. And, do you know," with a mysterious and somewhat alarmed air, "he walks about the garden at night when we're all in bed."

"How do you know, my child? That must be a fancy."

"No. I've fancied I've heard footsteps more

than once under my window, and last night I was so sure of it, that I got up and peeped from behind the curtain, and I saw him! Poor man, I hope he's not going mad; I should be very sorry, though he is ugly, and queer, and wears such absurd shirt-collars." Mrs. Brereton involuntarily thought of Olivia's pitying anxiety for Malvolio, under a similar fear.

"He is ill, perhaps, or has some family trouble," she said. And then she resolved that, ere the day should be over, some step must be decided on to avert the danger.

Should she, without appearing to suspect the truth, gently question him, as though she believed what she had said to Lady Agnes, mentioning the latter's discovery of his nocturnal wanderings? This might, at least, put him on his guard for the present, till she should decide on what it might further be necessary to do? Yes, that would be the best plan. So she watched till an opportunity occurred of finding him alone in the library, a room which, in the absence of Lord Leytonstone, Andrew and herself only frequented.

Entering, she found him seated by a table at the end of the room. Books were spread before him, but he read none of them; on an open folio his arms were laid, and his head rested on them. At the sound of her step he raised it, not starting from his position, but lifting up his face slowly, as one too stupified and weary with grief to heed interruption. He said no word, and his face was so wan and haggard that Lady Agnes's words—"I hope he is not going mad, poor man"—rushed across her recollection. She approached him steadily, though her heart beat, and commanding her voice, she began:

"Mr. Graham, you must pardon me, but I fear—I think that I ought to speak to you as an old woman to a young man whom she cannot but believe is in some suffering, physical or mental, that requires sympathy, and it may be advice."

Then she went on by degrees to speak of what her pupil had told her. He sat still, his elbows resting on his book, his head in his hands, his fingers through his dishevelled hair, till she came to this point; then he looked up.

"She saw me? I did not mean that. But the truth—and you know it—is, that I am going mad for the love of her."

Then his face went down upon his hands again, and he groaned aloud.

Mrs. Brereton—good, sensible, proper Mrs. Brereton—stood aghast. For this she certainly was not prepared, and it took her so aback that she paused, not knowing how to proceed further. But she had time to recover, for Andrew seemed to have forgotten her presence in the depths of his agony.

"But then," she began, timidly, "what do you propose to do? Things cannot go on so."

"They cannot! God knows they cannot! I suppose," looking up with a ghastly smile, "you think the maddest part of it was my falling in love with her, at all! If you knew what my youth has been—starved of all youth's brightness! I know it sounds like a hero of melodrama

to talk of suicide, but, on my soul, I do not see how I can face life, while death seems so easy! What can I do? What can any one do for me?"

"Time—absence," faltered Mrs. Brereton.

"Time—ay, but in the *mean while*. Absence—but *during* the absence. *Now*, is the question. When a man is writhing frantic with a present agony, will it relieve him to suggest that years hence he may have recovered from the wound? But at least, if I die in the effort, I must leave this. Nothing must happen to me *here* to shock, or startle, or offend her. You will make my excuses to Lord Leytonstone. You may tell him the truth or not, just as you think fit. I shall probably never see him again; and he is a good man—he will feel that I have endeavoured to do my duty."

Five years passed away, and Lady Agnes was married in her own degree, and Andrew Graham was quietly settled down again at Leytonstone Hall as librarian, his somewhat pupil, Lord Leithbridge, having gone to Oxford. Mrs. Brereton had told Lord Leytonstone the truth, and he had understood it all, and when he could find Andrew out, at the end of four years' wild wanderings up and down the earth, he had begged him, Lady Agnes being lately married, to return to his old duties in his old retreat. And weary and hopeless of flying from himself, and feeling some of the old love of his neglected studies return upon him, and touched by Lord Leytonstone's kindness and fidelity, he had consented.

Time had wrought no great change in him; it seldom does in men of his aspect and manner; it had rather intensified than altered his peculiarities.

His checks were more hollow, and his hair thinner, and his shirt-collars perhaps higher, and his manner, if possible, more nervously awkward and absent than of old. But he had by degrees fallen back into his old habit of taking Dr. Britton's house in the course of his solitary rambles, and, by degrees also, his terror of Nelly had worn away.

Somehow or other she had got an inkling of the cause of his abrupt departure, and wild as had seemed to her his folly in allowing even his thoughts to rise to Lady Agnes, it was nevertheless undoubtedly true that his involuntary presumption had risen him considerably in her estimation. Besides, was there ever a true woman who did not view with interest a man who had loved not wisely but too well? who did not entertain a "desire to be good to him," apart from all interested motive in the matter?

So Nelly treated him gently, and he ceased to be afraid of her, and came by slow gradations to feel comforted by her presence, and learned to talk to her shyly.

It was a lovely day in the declining summer, and the late afternoon sun was lying on the doctor's house and garden. Nelly had finished mixing the salad, and had strolled out bareheaded into what was called the orchard, a bit

of ground at the end of the garden, clothed with thick grass, daisies, buttercups, and bull's-eyes, and shaded with grey old filbert, and a scattering of no less ancient apple and pear trees. The sun was getting down so that his rays struck slantingly through the mossy trunks, and a soft "even-blowing wind" made the leaves dance and rustle, and throw flickers of light and shadow on the grass, all bending before the breeze, and now and then a rosy apple or a bunch of nuts would come down with a soft thud on the ground.

Nelly, awaiting her father's return, roved up and down, now swallowed up in shade, now shone upon by the slanting rays, which gilded her russet hair, and lovingly touched into transparency her ruddy cheek and clear brown neck. Presently, while picking a nut from its husks, she was aware of footsteps behind her, and looking round, she saw Andrew Graham. Taking off his hat, with his nervous look, he addressed her.

"I—I beg your pardon—but—a—I wished to speak to your father, and I was told he was expected every moment, and—a—I took the liberty——"

"You are quite welcome," Nelly said, with a smile; "will you come into the house or do you prefer remaining here?"

"Oh, just as you like—it is such a lovely day——" and without finishing his speech, he fell into her step, and they sauntered on, side by side.

It was the first time Nelly had ever been alone with him, and though she was neither prudish nor shy, she felt puzzled how to commence the conversation.

"You have been for one of your long walks?"

"Yes—at least, not very long." A pause.

"Won't you put on your hat?" seeing that he carried it in his hand.

"Oh no, I prefer going without my hat." Another pause. Just then a bunch of nuts fell plump on the librarian's head, and made him exclaim, putting up his hand, "Bless me, what can that be?" then it dropped on the grass at his feet, and they both laughed, and he picked it up and presented it to Nelly, who quickly divested the filberts of their sheath, and cracking one like a squirrel, with her head on one side, nibbled it with her white teeth.

This had broken the stiffness, and they began to talk, till the librarian suddenly, to his own amazement, found himself describing to his companion some of the flowers he had seen in South America, and giving her a practical lesson in botany on a large white-rayed bull's eye. And then the doctor came home, and insisted on his staying to dinner; and, after dinner, the good man, as was his wont, fell asleep in his easy-chair; and the twilight came on gradually, and the yellow harvest moon rose from behind the elms, and Nelly and the librarian sat by the window to look at it; and he described to her—speaking softly, so as not to disturb the doctor—how he had lain on his back on the prairie and watched it rise and set many a night some years ago. Nelly wondered she had never noticed

before what a pleasant tone of voice he had, and when he became earnest and eloquent, she thought that, hearing him talk thus, one could quite forget his hollow cheeks, and his thin hair, and his shirt-collars. Can you not see, reader, how it all came about? Need I tell how in the spring there was a wedding at Summerfield, and that Nelly Britton was the bride, and Andrew Graham—with a face a little fuller, hair brushed to the best advantage, and modified shirt-collars—the bridegroom?

CHARITY AT HOME.

IN the midst of the many high-sounding efforts that are now being made on behalf of public charities, let me put in a word for the quiet, uncomplaining, retiring poor, who starve and struggle and die under the shadow of our comfortable homes, unseen and unheeded because they are so very close to us. British charity has a fine portly presence; it likes to keep its head well in the air while it walks abroad, and it is rather far sighted.

I will admit that England has cause to be proud of her charitable institutions. In no other country on the face of the earth are there to be found so many hospitals, refuges, reformatories, homes, schools, and other kindred institutions for the relief and benefit of the poor and the unfortunate. Some of the handsomest of our public buildings are hospitals, compared to which one or two of our royal palaces are mere barns. Our public charity is all-abounding, all-embracing. It is ever active, ever going about seeking for objects. It is never disposed to rest and be thankful. It has an ambition like Alexander's, and, when it has assuaged the whole world of suffering within its reach, it sighs for new worlds to conquer with its inexhaustible benevolence. And our national charity has this further merit, that it takes pains to be discriminative and systematic. It does not, like the ostentatious prodigal, fling its money into the common road to be scrambled for by the mob. It selects its objects, and subdivides its efforts. It takes thought for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and is never weary of well doing.

All this, and a great deal more, may be said in glorification of British charity; but while much good is done by the united efforts of the benevolent, we still fall short of our duty to the poor as individuals and neighbours. Our charity is chiefly extended to public and national institutions, to the neglect, in a great measure, of the poor, the sick, and the friendless, who reside round about our own doors, and who are the last to parade their misfortunes in the face of the public.

There are persons who refuse alms to a beggar on the plea that they pay poor-rates. So there are persons who consider that they have fulfilled all their duty to their poor neighbours when they have subscribed to a certain number of hospitals and soup-kitchens. This easy wholesale manner of doing our works of charity, as

we pay our taxes, with a cheque, shifting all the labour and responsibility on to other shoulders, robs alms-giving of its feeling and heartiness, and has a tendency to convert our charitable institutions into mere poor-houses, whose relief is regarded as the constituted right of a whole class. Dives may be naturally a kind-hearted man; but he finds so many people ready to take the work of charity off his hands, that he never has an opportunity of giving exercise to his benevolent feelings. When he writes a cheque, it is not because he is melted to tenderness and pity by the sight of poverty and suffering, but because the collector has called for his annual subscription. It is a mere piece of business, a matter of routine; and the knowledge that he has given a certain number of cheques in discharge of his obligations is apt to blunt his sensibilities and deaden his heart. It is charity without mercy; and charity that is dispensed in this wholesale cold business-like way is apt to be received without thankfulness.

Another disadvantage of what may be called the centralisation of charity is, that it throws the greater part of the obligation to aid the poor upon one class. The chief supporters of public charities are the aristocracy and persons known to possess great wealth. Their prominent position in society makes them a mark for appeals which are rarely addressed to the classes below them. Secretaries of charitable institutions share in the popular belief that all members of parliament and all lords are rich. In this belief they direct their appeals to the upper classes, entirely neglecting to bring any influence to bear upon the numerous well-to-do middle class, which in the aggregate is quite as well able to respond to them. This system fixes alms-giving upon the aristocracy as a tax; and compels many a person to give money which he cannot afford, not for the poor's sake but for his own. He must do as others do. Contributions are sometimes given from a sense of public duty, sometimes out of pure ostentation, with a stipulation that the name and amount shall appear in the published list; at others for the sake of patronage and power. There are ladies who like to see their names in the same list with other ladies. Lady Mary is down for ten guineas. Lady Jane will not be behind Lady Mary, and puts down her name for fifteen. Some subscribers take care to have their money's worth for their money, and send their servants, when they are ill, to share in the benefits of the institution to which they subscribe. There are various motives, other than charitable ones, for subscribing to hospitals. It will be found that the landlord of the public-house nearest to an hospital is an annual subscriber, perhaps to the extent of ten or fifteen pounds. In return for this amount he is privileged to give so many letters of admission. Poor people call upon him to solicit a letter, and bespeak his favour by having a glass at the bar. When they get the letter, they have another glass to show their gratitude. A publican known to be a subscriber to a hospital secures the patronage of all the out-

door patients, and it is wonderful, considering the delicacy of his health, how much gin an out-door patient will consume, both before going into the hospital and on coming out of it. It would be most unjust and ungracious to say that there was no true charity among the class which supports the benevolent institutions of the country. There are many who give from the purest motives—nay, who devote their lives and a large share of their wealth to the relief of the poor and the sick; yet it is not to be denied that too much of this duty is cast upon one class. There is a vast deal of out-door public charity among us, but there is far too little in-door private charity—far too little of the charity which begins and finds its first work at home.

There is a very large class of well-to-do persons in this country who never contribute a single halfpenny to any charitable institutions. They pay their poor-rates, and that is all. For the rest, they are satisfied to believe that public hospitals and other charities are well supported by the aristocracy and benevolent persons of large means. There is not a more forlorn neglected thing in London than the voluntary contribution-box of an hospital—a stark, starved-looking object, with an open mouth, rigid and rusted from disuse. No one pays any attention to its gaping appeal, except the street-boys, who poke sticks down its throat, or splash it with mud; and when the box is cleared out, nothing is found in its maw but stones, bits of slate, and flimsy handbills, mockingly thrust in to raise delusive hopes of bank-notes. This neglect does not convict the “public in general” of want of charity, but merely proves that they rely, in such matters, upon the “nobility and gentry.”

In order that the fullest amount of good may be done in a true spirit of Christian charity, it is necessary that the cause of the poor should be brought home to individuals in their own spheres, at their own firesides, and that their pockets should be touched through their hearts. I, for one, feel strongly that I am not doing the whole of my duty, even though I pay poor-rates and subscribe to hospitals, if I do not interest myself about my poor neighbours. Have we not all poor neighbours, hard-working, struggling people, whom a little sympathy would cheer in their troubles, and a little help might save from the workhouse? The occupant of the grandest mansion in Belgravia has not far to go to find the hovels of the poor; their squalid huts are crowded together under his very windows. Everywhere in London the rich and poor meet together in very close companionship. There are opportunities for us all at our own doors to do good to our fellow-creatures, and to do it kindly, if we would only take a little personal trouble. Some of us men-folks may plead that we have no time for such work; but have not many of us wives and daughters who are sometimes at a loss how to kill the weary time? Might not these ladies kill time by giving hope and life to the poor? The workhouse and the hospital which

we help to support, do not meet all the needs of the unfortunate. Down the mews behind our houses, in back street, courts, and alleys close at hand, there are honest, hard-working men and women suffering from temporary misfortunes, which a little kind help would enable them to surmount; there are sick children dying for the want of a little nourishment (a cup of that gravy which we waste on some fantastical dish which we never taste, the drainings of our wine-glasses); there are poor clerks and artisans hiding their heads in the time of illness or loss of employment in obscure garret-rooms, whose rent, small as it is, they are unable to pay. There are wives working their fingers to the bone to support a sick husband and a swarm of hungry children; there are starving creatures huddled together in cold bare rooms, whose furniture and comforts have been eaten up, piece by piece, by the pawnbroker; there are others who need but a few shillings to save their poor "sticks" from the broker's man.

A strange fact—stranger than anything in fiction—came to my knowledge lately, with regard to a poor family who were visited by the broker's man. When the broker's man came in, the tenant of the house, driven to desperation by his misfortunes, rushed upon him with a knife to kill him.

"For God's sake, don't kill me," cried the broker's man. "I am a poor unfortunate wretch like yourself. While I come to take possession of your things, there is a man in possession of mine."

"Then you ought to have some feeling for me," said the other.

"God knows, I have," said the broker's man; "but I have had nothing to do for a long time, and I was starving when I was offered this job. I never did such cursed work before, and I will starve to death before I do it again."

The visit of the amateur broker's man was an angel's visit to that poor family. He had received five shillings in advance for what he called his "cursed work," and he made a blessed use of it, by giving the starving family a meal. When a benevolent clergyman entered the house to render some assistance to the distressed family, he found the children clinging to the broker's man's neck, kissing him, and calling him "uncle."

Thus, too frequently, are the respectable poor steeped to the lips in poverty, and driven, by dire necessity, to prey upon each other, though one's misfortunes may be as great as the other's.

These are the deserving poor, whom we might help to some purpose. The poor on whose behalf we make our chief efforts are in many cases, perhaps in most, professed paupers, who regard our charity as a right, and live upon us from one year's end to another.

But charity, to be genuine, should begin nearer home still. Who is there among us,

however rich he may be, or however exalted his station, that does not own (and too frequently disown) a poor relation? Every one has a family skeleton of this kind in his cupboard—a ne'er-do-well brother, an unrepresentable uncle, a sister who has married beneath her and come to poverty, a scapegrace son, a criminal cousin. Our charity is very cold indeed, and a mock offering in the sight of Heaven, though we may subscribe to all the hospitals in the land, if we turn a deaf ear to the distresses and misfortunes of our own flesh and blood. It is the true test of charity in its best sense, to let love conquer pride, to be long suffering and willing to forgive our brother, not until seven times, but until seventy times seven.

I say again, that it would be most ungracious to charge the upper classes of this country, who give so much (whatever the motive may be), with neglect of their duty towards the poor. Furthermore, I believe that the upper classes are particularly distinguished for their private charity, and for the personal interest which they take in their poor neighbours, particularly in the country. But in London there is a large section of the middle classes which does nothing for the poor beyond paying poor-rates. Let me ask, what is ever done by bachelors living in chambers and lodgings—those free, gay, jovial young men whose whole lives are devoted to the pursuit of pleasure and self-gratification? They are not bad-hearted fellows by any means, and they *do* give away money. But to whom? To professed beggars, to loafers, who touch their hats to them, to loose, worthless characters of all kinds. Let me ask, what is ever done by the thousands of middle-class families, who, though not sufficiently distinguished to be a mark for alms' hunters, are yet well off, and well able to assist in relieving the poor? What is done by the élite of the working classes, who earn such good wages, and live more luxuriantly than many of their betters? In most cases very little, or absolutely nothing. And yet, not because they are destitute of charitable feelings, but because no influence is brought to bear upon them, and because they are apt to think that enough is done by the classes above them. Feeling assured that a large field, that might be cultivated to great fertility, is now lying fallow, I would suggest a new mission—a mission to the poor *in their own homes*. I will not propose a society, with directors, secretary, collectors, and the rest of it, for I distrust that sort of thing. When you begin with machinery, you make the whole thing mechanical. You substitute, as it were, a heart of steam for a heart of human blood, and cold arms of steel for warm arms of flesh. No; let it be a mission of the graphic pen and the persuasive tongue. Let all who speak and write to the public point out to them what work there is for them to do, and how it may best be done. And chiefly insist upon this—charity begins at home, but needs not end there.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER X. PROPOSAL.

"WELL, you've pulled through, Heaven be praised," said Captain Diamond, sitting with Tillotson one afternoon. "It was a narrow escape, believe me. But now, Tillotson, see. I want to speak to you seriously. Tom's going to put on his wise nightcap. I dare say you are laughing at me——"

"I wish I had half your sense, my dear friend," said the other, warmly, "as I wish that I had even a quarter of your kind heart."

"My poor fellow," said the captain, nervously passing by this compliment, "you went through a great deal—indeed you did, Tillotson; and now you won't mind my speaking to you seriously, will you?"

"My dear friend," said Mr. Tillotson, "surely——"

"Very well, then. Sir Duncan, you know, the doctor—who is about as wide-awake a fellow as ever stepped—he says it *can't* go on. It will be all back again to-morrow or next day. And if you are caught by the leg the next time, my dear fellow—I tell you thus plainly—not all the doctors in town will pull you through."

"I have been very foolish," said Mr. Tillotson, "and mean to take more care of myself. After all, I begin to think it a selfish thing to be mooning away life in this way. I am going to begin. Indeed yes."

"Give me the hand," said Captain Diamond, eagerly. "I like to hear you say that. You're a good fellow." And he paused in some embarrassment. "Now, another thing. This isn't the place for you. Capital rooms, you know, but——"

"Well, I *am* thinking of changing," said Mr. Tillotson, smiling.

"It's not *that* so much," said the captain, in growing embarrassment. "It's the life. You ought to look about you, Tillotson. Why, you are only a boy, you know. Bless me! if I were your age, I'd go and pick out the prettiest girl and set up at once. I'd have done it years ago, only, my dear fellow," added the cap-

tain, with a comic look, "they didn't like the cut of my Roman nose, you see."

Mr. Tillotson shook his head. "That sort of thing is all past for me, long, long ago. I fear the same objection would apply—not, indeed, to the nose, for I have a very small one, but to my life and disposition."

"My dear friend," said the captain, enthusiastically, "is that all? Then I know a little girl that at this moment is worshipping the very key of your watch; that you have only to speak, for her to say 'Yes' with a heart and a half. You know who I mean, Tillotson; a little girl that's a treasure, and who, at this moment, knows no more of what I am talking about than a child unborn. Surely I am next door to an old woman, Tillotson. You know it was all head or tails with your life then. Upon my soul, it quite touched me to see her little affection—the creature! I thought her heart would be broken, I did indeed; but never a word. I picked it out, you know; and, as I stand here, and am a living Christian holding the king's commission, you owe your life to her—you do indeed! But for that faithful little soul, Tillotson, you'd be lying now nailed down fast in your coffin—Heaven be between you and harm, though!"

Wondering, amazed, Mr. Tillotson listened to the story, which the captain then told him, of her little exploit—related with many a "not a word of lie in what I am telling you, Tillotson. But I could talk to you for hours on this. And, you know, she's so delicate. A chest—really—now—on my solemn word of honour—no more than that bit of blotting-paper. Dennison, the Queen's own fellow—tip-top, you know, and attending all the great lords—has taken to her like his own child. See, Tillotson," added the captain, wistfully, just as another man would come to the bank, begging to get his bill "done," "try—just try and think of all this."

In this way the captain had carried out his little plan, although he had professed so humbly that Tom was "no better than an old woman"—with him a formal or contemptuous phrase—for his private opinion of that amiable and most sensible class of God's creatures who have travelled nearly to the end of the highway, and have brought with them a growing load of patience, good humour, and observation, was not nearly so low as that vulgar one of the world. He came home in great

spirits, and left his friend in deep thought, who did not so much recoil from it as he would have done before, but looked at it calmly, and even weighed it. In the weighing, too, the news that had reached him of the coming marriage did its part. "Why should I," he said to himself, bitterly, "go on and be guilty of the folly of making myself an eternal monument of Self-sacrifice, when it is not in fashion anywhere else? It is making myself absurd, and will only amuse others. It is time that I should begin to live." Then he thought with pleasure of the picture, mechanically but skilfully coloured by the captain's fingers. And he felt a sympathy and kindness to the girl who had been so true and "natural" in her devotion. "After all, the world has some people who care for me," he thought. Then he went back to that coming marriage. "God help her!" he said. "But she is sensible, and knows her own course." This reasoning and train of thought was spread over many days. He thought he must take the first opportunity of thanking his preserver.

The first opportunity was two days later. They were in their modest room, working, as the pale, ill-looking figure entered. The girl, whom rest had a little restored after her labours, felt herself glowing with almost a "lake" colour as this visitor entered. Mr. Tillotson had come back to his old easy and almost indifferent manner. "This is the first visit I have paid," he said, "and it certainly *should* be the first. What its poor value may be——"

"We are so glad to see you restored," the elder one said. The younger was still glowing and flaming. "Uncle, and we all, were so anxious."

"I meet nothing but goodness," said Mr. Tillotson, earnestly and sincerely, "and I am sure I don't know why. I have led a cold unproductive life; useful to no one, interesting to no one, profitable to no one, and therefore why any one should care whether I lived or died, is a mystery to me."

They said nothing. A milliner or work-woman came at this moment, and the elder girl, who represented industry in the house, got up to meet her. The younger half got up in a sort of alarm, but sat down again quickly.

"I am not deserving of this sympathy," he said to her. "I have heard the whole story of your kindness, and I have hastened to acknowledge it. I have been thinking over it these two days, and it has affected me more than I know how to express. I have long lost *that* art, and, I suppose, must be content to appear ungracious. But I *am* grateful, and I hope to be able to learn to show it."

The young girl lifted her soft eyes and burning cheeks towards his face. "It was nothing," she said, eagerly; "you say far too much of it; and—and I was so glad to have done it—oh, and so glad that you are well!" Then she became ashamed of this burst, and the confusion, from this opposition of shame and enthusiasm, had a very pretty effect.

"If I had some way of showing how I feel,

and what I feel to *you*," he went on, "and to Captain Diamond," he added, hastily—"I should be quite glad, if I could only discover some way."

With much hesitation, first being about to speak, then checking herself, she at last said, hurriedly, "If you would only make me—that is, us—a little promise—one little promise—as a sort of votive offering on your being restored to health."

"I shall, indeed," he said, smiling, "whatever it may turn out to be."

"It is," she went on, "to—to take a *little* more interest in life, to enjoy the world a little—and believe this, that there are those who like, and who are willing to like and esteem you—in short, to try and be a *little* happy. Oh, if you would do this—and if you were to try you would succeed—you would make uncle and us all so glad!"

She was colouring again, and confused at the boldness of this speech. Hermit, Trappist, almost Stylites at his heart, as Mr. Tillotson had tried to be, it was impossible not to be a little warmed at this natural ardour and candour. He spoke to her more warmly than he had done to any one for years. "I promise you," he said; "and I *shall* try."

Uncle Diamond came in at this point. He noticed her glowing face of pleasure, and a sort of gladness also in Mr. Tillotson's eyes. He was delighted himself. "This is something," he said, limping over for a chair. "Oh, this is grand! We shall soon have you on your legs altogether, Tillotson. Now, I tell you what; you'll stop and take your bit of dinner with us, won't you?"

"No, no," said the other; "not to-day."

"Never fear, we shall take care of you. Do, now; just to oblige us—just to celebrate the recovery!"

"Another day," said Mr. Tillotson, rising hastily.

The girl now spoke. "I thought you had made us a sort of promise about the world? And this is the way you will begin!"

A faint shade of impatience came over Mr. Tillotson's face. "It does not suit me," he said. "I cannot as yet, you know. I know it seems ungracious, but——"

He saw a wounded expression on her face, and that she was biting her red lips in what seemed vexation. In a moment he had thought of the precious service she had rendered him, her little chivalrous act, and felt that he *was* ungracious and ungrateful. He sat down again. "I think I must stay."

Joy came suddenly into both faces, like a fire that has been stirred. "Give me the hand," said uncle Diamond. "You are a good fellow, and we'll make a day of it, and a night of it too." This brave, gentle captain had, all his life long, been *making* days of it for other people, and delighted in nothing so much.

On this day he was on surprising spirits. He went out himself to cater. He chose "a fine fish," a thing for which he had a great

admiration, and which he had an old campaigner's skill in choosing. "The captain's haddock" was often seen on the sloping marble table at the fishmonger's, carefully put aside; for, though his orders were of a slender and unfrequent sort, this dear gentleman met with universal respect and attention as he went marketing, and his shilling haddock brought him more deference than the costly turbot did to the marquis's housekeeper. He came home in triumph.

After dinner, when the ladies were gone, the captain came back to his favourite subject. "Poor little girl! she has a great spirit. And oh, Tillotson, if you knew what she has been to me! And such sense! See even in that getting you to promise! Why, I should have been a year before I thought of such a thing. Now look here, Tillotson. What you ought to do is this. I am an old fogie that ought to be in one of the hospitals, and don't know how to say things in a nice roundabout way; I never got much education at the colleges (I only wish I had); but there were ten of us, and I was thought well off with a commission. But if I was in your place, and so young, I tell you what I would do. It would be the making of you."

And the captain, whose voice was trembling a little from excitement, hoisted himself up in his chair, to set his stiff leg at ease.

"Marry, Tillotson!" he went on. "I declare I am in earnest, and speaking for your interest. I am a fogie, I know, but I mean for your good. It would make a man of you. You just want that something with warmth and life to be near you, Tillotson, and that you may like and live for, and give your honest affection to, Tillotson. Look at me, what I am come to. Our fellows used to laugh at every fellow that met a nice good girl and married her; and we thought ourselves very wise. And even when Colonel—now Sir Thomas—Cameron came back to the regiment with a Scotch girl, I thought he had done a foolish thing. But he was on the right side of the hedge. Look at Sir Thomas Cameron now, with his fine family, like a prince, and look at Tom Diamond. I mean, until the last month or so."

It was long since the captain had made such a speech. There was a surprising weight in it, both of matter and of eloquence. It had its effect on Mr. Tillotson, who said nothing for a few moments.

"Thank you," he said—"thank you heartily. It is kind and good advice. But where would I look? Who would suit such a cold, soulless being as myself? Why should I ask any one to sacrifice herself?"

"Who?" said the captain, warmly. "Plenty. Look around; look about you. You are a man of business, and have sharp eyes enough. Plenty. Only try."

"Ah!" said Mr. Tillotson, sadly, "you don't know my life. Perhaps I might at this moment. I may have thoughts of trying, but feel that there would be no hope."

"But I tell you you are wrong," cried the captain, eagerly. "It only wants courage. Why, one would think, my dear fellow, that you were a kind of half monk, from the way you talk, instead of being a good-looking, agreeable fellow. Don't tell me. Why, there are lots of girls at this moment, and good and nice girls."

Very often afterwards the captain brought on this subject, and always with the same honest earnestness. He did, indeed, believe from his honest soul that this was the only panacea for the reformation of his friend. He almost wearied him.

CHAPTER XI. THE CAPTAIN'S SCHEMES.

BUT soon the good captain noticed a great alteration in his younger niece. Latterly Mr. Tillotson had become more and more absorbed in his banking, or at least said he was. And he scarcely came at all to the house. The captain at first was mystified, and then was dreadfully grieved.

"It is all my own stupid meddling," he said to himself, sorrowfully, "God forgive me! I am an old Botch. Why couldn't I let him alone? And that poor child!"

That poor child had, indeed, become first silent, then very fretful and solitary. The delicate appreciation of the captain saw the change almost at first, and he knew not what to do. He felt that his were clumsy fingers, that any handling would only irritate the wound. And so he often sat looking at her with wistful eyes, and trying in a hundred ways to soothe her. There was but one way, and he often took his stick and limped away to the bank, to try and bring his friend. Which usually ended in his coming away, saying sadly to himself, "I am an old Botch. Nothing but an old Botch."

The other girl, whose natural attitude seemed to be always that of one working for an eternity, he took into his confidence. "What is over her, dear?" he asked, anxiously. "Now, could you make out? She has told you?"

"No, uncle," she said, "she has not. But I know, and you know."

"And what are we to do?" said he. "I'd put my eyes upon sticks to bring it right. But I don't know how. Tom Diamond has found out at the end of his life that he's nothing but a Botch—more shame for him. I'd better leave it alone, and leave everything alone."

"Poor child," said she, sewing still, "nothing can be done for her in that case. She must cure herself, as her kindred have been forced to cure themselves before now."

"I don't understand it," said uncle Diamond, in deep grief. "I wish I did. If I say anything, it seems to me only to make her worse."

"Better leave her to herself, dear uncle," said the girl.

The captain sighed. That night he met an old brother-officer, one of the good-as-gold set,

who esteemed Tom Diamond. This gentleman insisted on giving him a dinner at the military club. And the captain, always gratified at this sort of attention, not for himself, but because it reflected honour on the steadiness and constancy of the service to old friends, came home to announce the news.

At the same time he made many humble apologies to his dear girls, but he hoped they would not mind his going, for Hodgson was a true old friend, &c.

The captain dined with his true old friend, and had a delightful evening. As he limped into the club, where none but gentlemen of the service were allowed to be entertained as guests, he was received by the waiters with all the honours of war. His lameness brought him many marks of distinction. He felt not a little proud of the grandeur and magnificence of the establishment; for, with that old delicacy, he had long ago withdrawn from all military associations, as having no title to them. He called himself, with modest disparagement, "Feather-bed soldier." It was a happy night with Hodgson, who had "gone on" and held by the service, and the two talked together over Colonel Cameron, and Trevelyan, and the duel, and the time that General Shortall came down for the inspection and found out that "Tom" had his sword fastened on with a bit of red tape, some one having stolen "Tom's" belt.

It was a charming night, and they talked over how "Tom" should join that club forthwith, and how he ought "by rights," in spite of all the stuff about feather-bed soldiers, to have been in it centuries ago. And he came home, limping slowly, as was his wont, and very much pleased. Next morning, at breakfast, he would tell his "girls," in his own dramatic way, of the whole scene, and of all that Hodgson had said and told. The captain had a key of his own, and let himself in, shutting the door to very softly, and taking off his shoes with infinite precautions for fear of disturbing the hard-worked woman who slept in a sort of sentry-box at the end of the passage. "How she lives there and has her health, the creature," the captain often said, compassionately, "the Lord only knows!" But, at the same time, he gave her many a half-crown to make up for this want of accommodation. He then stole up-stairs softly, went to the drawing-room where his light was left for him, and entered, still softly. The captain was shocked and ashamed to find that it was two o'clock. The light was burning, and there was some one sitting there, but who it was it was hard to say, for it was a girl with her head bent forward on the table, and pressed against a book. Some little noise from the handle of the door roused her.

"My goodness!" said the captain, starting back, as a worn, tearful, miserable face was lifted to him. "My dear, darling girl!" he went on, limping up to the table, "what is all this? What has happened?"

The heated face, which was almost marked with crimson streaks from weeping, looked at

him wildly a moment. Then she rose, ran over to put her arms about him, hide her face against his chest, and said, "Oh, uncle, uncle! I am very wretched."

The captain soothed her like a mother; she was sobbing hysterically.

"Now, now, *now*," he said, "don't; be a good child. All shall come right in time" (with wonderful instinct he knew what was wrong); "leave it to me—to old Tom. He'll set his old head at work; come, sit down there, pet. Tell me about it, and don't be afraid. I'm your friend against all the world."

"Oh, uncle," she went on, "what have I done to him, that he should treat me in this way? I never injured him. It is so cruel; all because I—I——"

"I know, dear," said the captain, still soothing; "because you like him. It isn't a crime. There's nothing to be ashamed of in it. There hasn't been a fine girl in the world that didn't like a man that was worthy of her, or didn't find one either. Never fear, dear. I'll set the business right; leave it to me."

"No, no," said she, still hiding her face; "not for the world."

"Yes, *for* the world, dear," said the captain; "at least, we'll talk of it in the morning. This is a dreadful hour to be sitting up to, wearing out those nice eyes writing so! Ah, I'd like to see that journal of yours! Though as to sitting up, I needn't speak; I ought to be ashamed of myself, and have more sense. But poor Hodgson was so kind. He stood to me long ago, and I cannot help it. Come now, dear, bed's the place; and if the old fogie's head of mine can think on anything, you may depend on Tom Diamond."

Next morning, when Mr. Tillotson was wearily struggling through papers—for the dealing with which he ought to have had a shovel and a cart—the captain came limping in, clean, bright, and whiskers curled with the old French irons, and glistening in the sunshine. The bishop's hat was in his hand. He sat down and talked to his friend for some time a little restlessly. In truth, he did not know how to begin.

"My dear Tillotson," he said, at last, "I was dining with old Charley Hodgson—a real good one of the old set—at the fine club they have got now, and after talking over our old stories till two o'clock, as old fellows always will, I came home. When I got to the drawing-room and thought to find every soul in bed—what do you think? There was a poor girl sitting up with her face down on the table, and I declare to you, Tillotson, before Heaven, with her eyes worn out of her head with sobbing and crying—I was near crying myself, like an old fogie as I am—and her face all drawn and flushed; the creature!"

The other started and cast down his eyes. He knew at once whom the captain alluded to.

"It's no use calling this or hiding that," said the captain, gloomily. "I am no good at that

sort of thing. I never could do it. It's only fair to tell you. The girl's pining away. She eats no more than a sparrow does. And I tell you, Tillotson, it goes to my heart to see it, and it would go to yours, too; and, before God, I don't know what to do."

Mr. Tillotson said, in some agitation, "What can I do? I feared this, and suspected it."

"Why should you fear it?" said the captain, gloomily. "She's as bright as a jewel—too good for any man; even for you. I shouldn't tell you this. I think, if she knew it, the creature would die. But you can't see her wasting and pining. I can't bear to think of her, as I saw her last night—I can't. And I know it's hard upon you, too."

"But what would you have me do?" said Mr. Tillotson, irresolutely. "No woman could think of me. I have lived long enough to find *that out*," he added, bitterly. "And, indeed, I could make no woman happy."

"You don't know," said the captain, warming and growing excited. "You could, I'll swear. You'll make *her* happy. She'll make a man of you—she'll worship the ground you walk on—be your slave, and that sort of thing. And see—see, Tillotson," added the captain, with what seemed very marked meaning, "you ought to: for *you'll save her life!* I tell you, *you will.*"

Mr. Tillotson's lip curled a little. "I know, and hope I never shall forget the obligation to which you allude. But——"

"Before Heaven, I never meant it," said the captain, starting up in an agony. "I did not, on my soul—only I don't know how to say things. My dear friend, you must forgive me. But when I think of this poor child last night, I lose my wits. Do try," he added, piteously, "and do something for her, and you won't regret it. Tom Diamond tells you so!"

Tom Diamond said no more then. He had worked himself into a heat, and seemed to be almost pleading for pardon for some act.

"I shouldn't have done this," he said, as he went away. "I know I shouldn't. If she knew it, I declare I believe she would drop down and die! But I don't want to see her miserable, and you miserable, Tillotson, all for want of a little speaking out. If I knew *how* to speak out and *come round* the point like some of the clever fellows, I'd do it. But I never was trained. You don't mind me, Tillotson—do you?" he added, wistfully. "Only a fogie, but a well-meaning fogie. And that poor thing at home. I mean it well for *her*, Tillotson."

"My dear friend," Mr. Tillotson said, taking his hand kindly, "I know you now by this time, and all your goodness, and what a deep interest you have taken in me—more than, indeed, I deserve. The world is only too good to me; and I suppose if I was but sensible enough to meet it half way—Perhaps I am, as you say, only shutting myself out from bright gardens, and flowers, and paradise, and happi-

ness. Perhaps I might succeed in getting rid of myself, or changing myself. And so I promise you now that I will think seriously of what you have said to me. But of course not a word to——"

"As I am a living man—no!" said the captain, fervently. "Indeed, no—not for the whole world! This is noble of you, Tillotson. And you send me away I can't *tell* you how happy." And the captain limped down-stairs joyfully. He went home, and was in great spirits for the rest of the day. During dinner, laughed and talked very cheerfully.

The girl, with her flushed cheeks, sat silently opposite. After dinner, when the elder had gone to fetch the eternal work, she stole over to him suddenly, and whispered, "Don't mind what I said last night, while my head was all confused. Promise me not to think——"

"I will," said the captain, readily, "Honour bright! There's my hand! Now!"

Thus the life went on. Gradually Tillotson got into the habit of going to the captain's. The sight of the faces there, the tone of that fireside, tranquillised him. He began to find that he had greater control over his mind, could find strength to close the great gates against the past, and keep the crowd of old images from rushing in tumultuously as they did at home in his lonely rooms. Not that he lost the image of the old cathedral casket, and what it held. Did he dare to open it and look in, the old perfume would have poured in and intoxicated him and brought back the old malady. Now he had a firmer grasp of himself, could look more coldly and even hopefully to the future. He hesitated a long time, undecided.

A little incident at last decided him. He used to have sent to him from the old cathedral town the weekly paper of the place, the *St. Alans Courant*, which seemed to revive for him its flavour and colouring. Latterly (part of his new programme), he had ordered it to be discontinued; but they still sent it. His eye glanced over it mechanically, but fell upon the word "Marriage." Then he read, in the usual florid language appropriate to such events, that it "was rumoured that a lovely and accomplished ward of one of the most influential gentlemen of our town would shortly *give her hand* to a young gentleman in the Company's service, also favourably known to the citizens of St. Alans. *Quod faustum*," added the local journal.

"Give her hand," repeated Mr. Tillotson. "There is the last act, chapter and verse, too. So be it: the age of self-sacrifice is over." He longed to begin his new life. He was to go to the captain's to dinner that evening. He thought a good deal at intervals during the day, and finally, when the hour was near, set off hastily. He found the captain and his younger niece waiting there. As usual, her face coloured suddenly as he entered. He presently made a sign to the captain, which that intelligent old officer understood at once, and who, with some

ostentation and scarcely dramatic excuse about "seeing to the haddock," limped away. Did the young girl, intelligent also, see this sign? But she made no protest.

"I have come," said Mr. Tillotson, going over to her hastily, "to say that I cannot stay this evening——" Her face fell. "But I have something to say to you, if you will allow me, and will hear me now."

She hung down her head, but could say nothing.

"I have been thinking," he went on, "over and over again, of your conduct on that night. It is only now I am beginning to see its full force. I must have been ungrateful, and——"

"No, no, no!" she said, softly; "indeed, no. You have thanked me more than enough already."

"Thanks are not what I am going to offer," he said. "I am going to ask you to let me lay myself under a still heavier obligation; strange thanks, you will say. But my life has hitherto been a raw blank day of coldness and misery. I have been living in a sort of delusion. I have thought that all men were cold, and heartless, and hateful; that women were, at the least, indifferent—and, forgive me—selfish; and that the world was all barrenness. Now I have found that there is some warmth. I have seen kindness and unselfishness, and believe that there is yet more to be discovered, if I look for it. Will you help me? I have little to offer. Not a warm heart, I fear; but certainly a grateful one. Not what is called love, but what may become love. I want to live. Will you help me?"

This was his proposition. She was very natural and romantic, as has been described; confusion, surprise, delight, went rushing to her cheeks. She could not speak for some moments, then said, perhaps in an unmaidenly way, "Oh, how good, how noble. I could sink down at your feet."

"I will do what I can," he went on; "and you will make a generous allowance. I am accustomed to the old hard and cold ways."

"Oh, it is not that," she said, starting back; "but this is all kindness and gratitude—what they call gratitude—ah! I am sure it is."

"No, no," he said; "I want to live again—to be human. And will you not help me?"

"With my whole life and soul," she said, fervently, and giving him her hand. Suddenly she added, "But you will go back. You will think of this again, and go back. To-morrow—in a week, or two weeks."

"Never," he said; "you don't know me yet, I see. Not if the world were to change."

"Would you give me," she said, timidly and hanging down her head, "your word—I don't say your honour. But, oh! it would be such a support."

"You shall have both," he said; "my word and my honour. I solemnly swear to carry out what I have proposed to you now."

He went away soon after, and met the captain on the stairs. The captain looked at him wistfully, and without speaking—too delicate

to put a question when there was such uncertainty. But Mr. Tillotson took his hand and half whispered, "It is done! I must try and be happy, for I have a great chance of happiness."

MISERY-MONGERS.

"Poor fellow," said A. to B., looking after C. with mingled regard and regret. "He will never be happy himself, nor make any other human being happy."

It was most true. Poor C. was a very worthy man: an honest, kindly, and well-intentioned man; well-to-do in business; in his domestic relations rather fortunate than otherwise; blessed with good health, good looks, and rather more than the average of brains. Altogether an enviable person—externally. Yet his friend, apparently much less lucky than himself, regarded him with the profoundest pity. "No, C. will never be happy. Nothing in this world would ever make him happy." And nothing ever did.

C. is no uncommon character. He was a misery-monger; one of those moral cuttle-fishes who carry about with them, and produce out of their own organism, the black liquid in which they swim. If they could only swim in it alone! Is it any good to show them their own likeness—these poor creatures, who, without any real woe, contrive to make themselves and everybody about them thoroughly miserable. Can we shake them out of their folly by a word of common sense? Probably not; your confirmed misery-monger is the most hopeless being in creation; but there are incipient stages of the complaint, which, taken in time, are curable. To such, it may not be unadvisable to present these incurables as a wholesome "shocking example."

Misery-mongers (the word is not to be found in Johnson, yet it suits) are those who do not really suffer affliction, but make a trade of it—and often a very thriving business too. They are scattered among every class, but especially they belong to the "genus irritabile"—the second or third-rate order of people who live by their brains. Not the first order—for the highest form of intellect is rarely miserable. True genius of the completest kind is not only a mental but a moral quality. Itself creates the atmosphere it lives in: a higher and rarer air than that of common earth.

Calm pleasures there abide;—majestic pains.

To a really great man, the petty vanities, shallow angers, and morbid crotchets of smaller natures are unknown. Above all, genius gives to its possessor a larger, clearer vision; eyes that look outwards, not inwards. That enormous Ego—the source of so many puny woes to lesser minds—rarely grows rampant in a man who is great enough to know his own littleness. Consequently, he is saved at once from a hundred vexations which dog the heels of a mental Chang—a seven-foot giant of genius—who is always measuring himself with Tom, Dick, and Harry, and requiring, or fancying he requires, larger

clothes, longer beds, and bigger hats than they. When Tom, Dick, and Harry, annoyed at these exactions, find that the small son of Anak is not so very much taller than themselves, cut him up in reviews or snub him in society, great is the vexation of spirit he endures. But your real giant, who never thinks of Tom, Dick, and Harry at all, takes the matter quite calmly: whatever be his own altitude, he sees before him an ideal far higher than himself, and ten times higher than anything they see, and this keeps him at once very humble in his own opinion, and very indifferent to theirs. The present essayist, though decidedly *not* a man of genius, has known a good many such, and has always found them neither strutting like peacocks nor marching on stilts, but moving about as mild and tame as the elephant in the Zoological Gardens, and as apparently unconscious of their own magnitude. It is your second-rate, your merely clever man, who, ape-like, is always rattling at the bars of his cage, mopping and mowing to attract attention, and eagerly holding out his paw for the nuts and apples of public appreciation, which, if he does not get—why, he sits and howls!

Such people have rarely suffered any dire calamity or heart-deep blow. To have sat down with sorrow—real sorrow—more often gives a steadiness and balance to the whole character, and leaves behind a permanent consistent cheerfulness, more touching, and oh! how infinitely more blessed, than the mirth of those who have never known grief. Also, after deep anguish comes a readiness to seize upon, make the best of, and enjoy to the uttermost, every passing pleasure: for the man who has once known famine will never waste even a crumb again. Rather will he look with compassionate wonder at the many who scatter recklessly their daily bread of comfort and peace; who turn disgusted from a simple breakfast because they are looking forwards to a possible sumptuous dinner; or throw away contemptuously their wholesome crust, because they see, with envious eyes, their opposite neighbour feeding on plum-cake.

No, the miserable people whom one meets are not the really unhappy ones, or rather those who have actual misfortune to bear, there being a wide distinction between misfortune and unhappiness. How often do we see moving in society, carrying everywhere a pleasant face, and troubling no one with their secret care, those whom we know are burdened with an inevitable incommunicable grief: an insane wife, a dissipated husband, tyrannical parents, or ungrateful children? Yet they say nothing about it, this skeleton in the cupboard, which their neighbours all know of or guess at, but upon which they themselves quietly turn the key, and go on their way; uncomplaining, and thankful to be spared complaining. What good will it do them to moan? It is not they, the unfortunate men, nor yet the men of genius, who contrive to make miserable their own lives and those of everybody connected with them. The true misery-mongers are a very different race; you

may find the key to their mystery in Milton's famous axiom,

Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering.

There, for once, the devil spoke truth. Miserable people are invariably weak people.

O well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.

Of course not, because his firm will must in time shake off any suffering; and because no amount of externally inflicted evil is to be compared to the evil which a man inflicts upon himself; by feebleness of purpose, by cowardly non-resistance to oppression, and by a general uncertainty of aims or acts. He who sees the right and cannot follow it; who loves all things noble, yet dare not fight against things ignoble in himself or others; who is haunted by a high ideal of what he wishes to be, yet is for ever falling short of it, and tortured by the consciousness that he does fall short of it, and that his friends are judging him, not unjustly, by what he is rather than by what he vainly aims at being—this man is, necessarily, one of the unhappiest creatures living. One of the most harmful too, since you can be on your guard against the downright villain, but the æsthetic evil-doer, the theoretically good and practically bad man, who has lofty aspirations without performances, virtuous impulses and no persistence—against such an one you have no weapons to use. He disarms your resentment by exciting your pity; is for ever crying "Quarter, quarter!" and, though you feel that he deserves none, that his weakness has injured yourself and others as much as any wickedness, still, out of pure compassion, you sheathe your righteous sword and let him escape unpunished. Up he rises, fresh as ever, and pursues his course, always sinning and always repenting, yet claiming to be judged not by the sin but the penitence; continually and obstinately miserable, yet blind to the fact that half his misery is caused by himself alone.

And this brings us to the other root of misery-mongering—selfishness. None but a thoroughly selfish person can be always unhappy. Life is so equally balanced that there is always as much to rejoice as to weep over, if we are only able—and willing—to rejoice in and for and through others.

Time and the hour run through the roughest day—

if we will but let it be so—if we will allow our sky to clear and our wounds to heal—believing in the wonderfully reparative powers of Nature when she is given free play. But these poor souls will not give her free play; they prefer to indulge in their griefs, refusing obstinately all remedies, till they bring on a chronic dyspepsia of the soul, which is often combined with a corresponding disease of the body.

It may seem a dreadful doctrine to poetical people, but two-thirds of a man's woes usually begin—in his stomach. Irregular feeding, walk-

ing, and sleeping, with much too regular smoking, are the cause of half the melancholy poetry and cynical prose with which we are inundated. Also of many a miserable home, hiding its miseries under the decent decorum which society has the good taste and good feeling to abstain from prying too closely into; and of not a few open scandals, bankruptcies, and divorce cases. If a modern edition of the *Miseries of Human Life* were to be written, the author might well trace them to that unsanitary condition, first of body and then of mind, into which civilisation, or the luxurious extreme of it, has brought us, and upon which some of us rather pride ourselves, as if it were a grand thing to be "morbid;" quite forgetting the origin of the word, and that such a condition, whether mental or physical, or both combined, is, in truth, not life, but the beginning of death, to every human being.

And suppose it is so. Granted that I am a man with "nerves," or "liver," or any other permanent ailment, am I to make my ill-used and consequently ill-conducted interior a nuisance to all my family and friends? Did no man's head ever ache but mine? Is no one else blessed (or cursed) with a too sensitive organism, obliged to struggle with and control it, and at least contrive that it shall trouble others as little as possible? Why should my wife, sister, or daughter be expected to bestow unlimited sympathy upon every small suffering of mine, while she hides many an ache and pain which I never even know of, or, knowing, should scarcely heed, except so far as it affected my own personal comfort, or because it is a certain annoyance to me that anybody should require sympathy but myself? Have my friends no anxieties of their own that I should be for ever laying upon them the burden of mine—always exacting and requiting nothing? People like a fair balance—a cheery give and take in the usefulnesses as well as the pleasantnesses of life. Is it wonderful, then, that, after a time, they a little shrink from me, are shy of asking me to dinner?—at least, often. For they feel I may be a cloud upon the social board; my moods are so various, they never know how to take me. They are very sorry for me, very kind to me, but, in plain English, they would rather have my room than my company. I am too full of myself ever to be any pleasure or benefit to others.

For it is a curious fact that the most self-contained natures are always the least self-engrossed; and those to whom everybody applies for help, most seldom ask or require it. The centre sun of every family, round which the others instinctively revolve, is sure to be a planet bright and fixed, carrying its light within itself. But a man whose soul is all darkness, or who is at best a poor wandering star, eager to kindle his puny candle at somebody else's beams, can be a light and a blessing to nobody.

And he may be—probably without intending it—quite the opposite. Who does not, in visiting a household, soon discover the one who

contributes nothing to the happiness of the rest, who is a sort of eleemosynary pensioner on everybody's forbearance, living, as beggars do, by the continual exhibition of his sores, and often getting sympathy—as beggars get halfpence—just to be rid of him? Who does not recognise the person whose morning step upon the stair, so far from having "music in 't," sends a premonitory shiver, and even a dead silence, round the cheerful, chattering breakfast-table?—whose departure to business, or elsewhere, causes a sudden rise in the domestic barometer?—nay, whose very quitting a room gives a sense of relief as of a cloud lifted off? Yet he may have many good qualities, but they are all obscured and rendered useless by the incessant recurrence to and absorption in self, which is the root of all his useless woes. And, alas! while believing himself—as he wishes to be—the most important person in his circle, our miserable friend fills really the lowest place therein—that of the one whom nobody trusts, nobody leans upon; whom everybody has to help, but who is never expected to help anybody. How could he? for in him is lacking the very foundation of all helpfulness—the strong, brave, cheerful spirit which, under all circumstances, will throw itself out of itself sufficiently to understand and be of use to its neighbour.

Truly, as regards usefulness, one might as well attempt to labour in an unlighted coal mine as to do one's work in the world in an atmosphere of perpetual gloom. Nature herself scorns the idea. Some of her operations are carried on in tender temporary shadow—but only temporary. Nothing with her is permanently dark, except the corruption of the grave. Wherever, in any man's temperament, is incurable sadness, morbid melancholy, be sure there is something also corrupt; something which shrinks from the light because it needs to be hid; something diseased, in body or mind, which, so far from being petted and indulged and glossed over with poetical fancies, needs to be rooted out—with a hand, gentle, indeed, but strong and firm as that of the good surgeon, who deals deliberately present pain for future good.

A healthy temperament, though not insensible to sorrow, never revels in it or is subdued by it; it accepts it, endures it, and then looks round for the best mode of curing it. We cannot too strongly impress on the rising generation—who, like the young bears, have all their troubles before them—that suffering is not a normal but an abnormal state; and that to believe otherwise is to believe that this world is a mere chaos of torment made for the amusement of the omnipotent—not God, but devil—who rules it. Pain must exist—for some inscrutable end—inseparable from the present economy of the world; but we ought, out of common sense and common justice, and especially religion, to regard it not as the law of our lives, but as an accident, usually resulting from our breaking that law. We cannot wholly prevent suffering, but we can guard against it, in degree; and we never need wholly succumb to

it till we succumb to the universal defeat, preparatory to the immortal victory.

When one thinks of death—of how brief, at best, is our little day, and how quickly comes the end that levels all things, what folly seems the habit of misery?—for it grows into a mere habit, quite independent of causes. Why keep up this perpetual moan, and always about ourselves, because we are not rich enough, or handsome enough, or loved enough—because other people have better luck than we? Possibly they have;—and possibly not; for we all know our own private cares, but few of us know our neighbour's. And so we go on, always finding some pet grievance to nurse, and coaxing it from a trifling vexation into an incurable grief or an unpardonable wrong. Little matter what it is; to a man of this temperament any peg will do whereon to hang the gloomy pall, self-woven, of perpetual sorrow. Or else he spins it, spider-like, out of his own bowels, and when its filmy meshes grow into great bars between him and the sky, he thinks with his petty web he has blurred the whole creation.

Poor wretch! if he could only pull it down and sweep it away!—if he could accept his lot, even though a hard one, an afflicted stomach, sensitive nerves, a naturally bad temper, or an unnaturally empty purse. Still, my friend, grin and bear it! Be sure you do not suffer alone; many another is much worse off than you. Why not try to give him a helping hand, and strengthen yourself by the giving of it? For we do not wish to make a mock of you, you miserable misery-monger, since you are much to be pitied; and there is a sad reality at the bottom of your most contemptible shams. We would rather rouse you to forget yourself, and then, be sure, you will gradually forget your sufferings. And supposing these should remain in greater or less degree, as the necessary accompaniment of your individual lot or peculiar idiosyncrasy, still, according to the common-sense argument of the sage author of "Original Poems," remonstrating with an unwashed child,

If the water is cold, and the comb hurts your head,

What good will it do you to cry?

Alack! we are all exceedingly like naughty children; we do not enjoy being made clean.

And yet, some of us who have gone through a rather severe course of lavatory education, can understand the blessing of a sunshiny face—ay, even in the midst of inevitable sorrow. Some of us feel the peace that dwells ever at the core of a contented heart, which, though it has ceased to expect much happiness for itself, is ever ready to rejoice in the happiness of others. And many of us still show in daily life the quiet dignity of endurance; of not dwelling upon or exaggerating unavoidable misfortune; of putting small annoyances in one's pocket, instead of flourishing them abroad in other people's faces, like the jilted spinster who "rushed into novel-writing, and made her private wrong a public nuisance." How much wiser

is it to hide our wrongs, to smother our vexations, to bear our illnesses, whether of body or mind, as privately and silently as we can. Also, so far as it is possible, to bear them ourselves alone, thankful for sympathy, and help too, when it comes; but not going about beseeching for it, or angry when we do not get it, having strength enough to do without it, and rely solely on the Help divine.

For to that point it must always come. The man who is incurably and permanently miserable is not only an offence to his fellow-creatures, but a sinner against his God. He is perpetually saying to his Creator, "Why hast Thou made me thus? Why not have made me as I wanted to be, and have given me such and such things which I desired to have? I know they would have been good for me, and then I should have been happy. I am far wiser than Thou. Make me what I choose, and grant me what I require, or else I will be perpetually miserable."

And so he lives, holding up his melancholy face, poor fool! as an unceasing protest against the wisdom eternal—against the sunshiny sky, the pleasant earth, and the happy loving hearts that are always to be found somewhere therein. Overclouded at times, doubtless, yet never quite losing their happiness while there is something left them to love—ay, though it be but a dirty crying child in the streets, whom they can comfort with a smile or a halfpenny.

Such people may be unhappy—may have to suffer acutely for a time—but they will never become misery-mongers. Theirs is a healthiness of nature which has the power of throwing off disease to the final hour of worn-out nature. Their souls, like their bodies, will last to the utmost limit of a green old age, giving and taking comfort, a blessedness to themselves and all about them. In their course of life many a storm may come; but it never finds them unprepared. They are sound good ships, well rigged, well ballasted; if affliction comes, they just "make all snug," as the sailors say, and so are able to ride through seas of sorrow into a harbour of peace—finally, into that last harbour, where may Heaven bring at last every mortal soul, even misery-mongers!

SPEECHLESS BONES.

WHEN the worthy tenant of Milecote manor was apprised of the circumstance that about three thousand skeletons were reposing within sixty paces of his house door, it probably did not occur to him that, on the first day after publication of the news, a similar number of skeletons encased in living flesh would wait upon him to luncheon. Such, however, was the case, and such the hospitality with which they were received, that, had this influx of archæologists continued many days, good Mr. Adkins would have been as effectually eaten out of house and home, as if the warriors who had so long maintained this invisible leaguer round the mansion could have resumed

their flesh, and placed him in a condition of actual blockade.

Fortunately for his resources, no sooner was it understood that bones—nothing but bones—a continuous monotony of bones—was all that was discoverable, than the attendance dwindled to a score or so a day; then to a few scientific investigators; until, on the day on which the writer, in company with a friend, resident in Stratford-on-Avon, visited the spot, no one else was present to divide the attention of the good-natured and well-informed host. We were thus enabled to arrive at certain small facts connected with the scene of the discovery, as well as with the latter itself, which, pending the dispersion of the mystery still overhanging these remains, may not be wholly devoid of interest.

Milcote, so close upon the border of Warwick as to be included in a Gloucestershire parish, has found an able historian in the precise Sir John Dugdale, its fortunes tracing back more than twelve centuries, to the days of Ethelred, King of Mercia, by whom the manor was annexed to the bishopric of Worcester. How it was separated from that see “by violence,”—a term unexplained in history—in the time of Danish Canute—how, after the Norman invasion, it passed to Bishop Odo of Bayeux, then to Ralph Boteler, Geoffrey Martelle, “one Madhio,” and various other gentlemen, more or less known and respected in history, until it vested—a not uncommon vestment in old days—in the king, by escheat, are matters of little more than barren record. In the reign of John, it came into the possession of Geoffrey de Hauville, and from his family descended to the Grevilles, during whose tenure occurred a tragedy which has found record in other pages than Dugdale’s, and which drew the proud Grevilles of Milcote into a melancholy notoriety.

It was in the reign of Elizabeth, that Ludovick Greville succeeded to the large family estates, at the age of twenty-two. Ambitious, gay, unprincipled, he made waste of his revenues, and, having incurred great expense in the construction of a castle (long since crumbled into dust), found himself, despite his large possessions, plunged in considerable difficulty. Now, Ludovick was a man devoid of heart and feeling. His eldest son had been slain by the descent of an arrow upon his bare head, the shaft having been discharged without purpose into the air by his brother. Their brutal father laughed, as if it were a good jest, and told the unfortunate archer that it was the best shot he ever made in his life.

This estimable person appears to have cast envious eyes upon the comfortable unencumbered possessions of a former agent of the family, one Webb, described by Dugdale as a “wealthy butchelor,” then residing on his estate of Drayton, in Oxfordshire. This property Greville resolved to obtain, and, as a first step, prepared a document, purporting to be a will made by Webb, in which the latter devised the whole of his Drayton property to the forger,

Greville. This done, he invited the intended victim to join a Christmas party at his estate of Seasoncote, in Gloucestershire, and there, by the hands of two hired ruffians, strangled him in his bed.

A report was instantly circulated that the old man had fallen very ill. The minister of the parish was sent for to complete his will, and one of the assassins, secreted in the curtained bed with the corpse, answered in feeble tones to the questions by which Greville affected to ascertain the intentions of the supposed dying man. These were not many, since with the exception of an attorney of Banbury, whose mouth it was thought desirable to stop, Ludovick Greville’s was the only name mentioned in the will. A few hours later, it was announced that all was over, and order was taken for the victim’s burial.

Ludovick Greville was in the full enjoyment of his ill-gotten wealth, when one of his guilty instruments, being in his cups at a Stratford inn, let drop some noticeable words, signifying that it was in his power, if it should so please him, to hang his master. His accomplice, reporting this indiscretion to his master, and receiving orders to make the babbler “safe,” did so, and flung his body into a pit; a flood lifting the latter, the corpse came up, was discovered, and led to the apprehension of the murderer, who confessed the whole affair. On the sixth of November, fifteen hundred and thirty-six, both culprits were tried in Westminster Hall, when Greville, to prevent the forfeiture of the large landed estates of the family, refused to plead, and was condemned, under the rigour of the existing law, to the *peine forte et dure*—pressing to death—a doom which he underwent on the eighth day ensuing.

Thus Milcote had already obtained its passing hour of notoriety, when the new circumstance arose which bids fair to impress it, with a deeper and more legitimate interest, on the historic page.

It would seem, from information chiefly derived from the lips of the proprietor, a fine specimen of the higher class of British yeomen, a man of reading and intelligence beyond the sphere of agricultural pursuits, that for these forty years human relics have been, at intervals, laid bare by the Milcote ploughmen; the occurrence being sufficiently common to afford confirmation to a tradition long current in the neighbourhood, but based upon no established history, that an ancient cemetery existed not far from the place. The legend, at all events, sufficed to divest these discoveries of more than a passing interest, and the remains were assumed to have tenanted some outlying grave, when a necessity of obtaining gravel induced the breaking up of a kind of lawn close beside the farm-house. Then, for the first time, it became apparent that a vast mass of human remains lay buried beneath a coverlid of gravelly soil, so shallow that the bones frequently pierced upward within little more than a foot of the surface.

Bones, bones, and ever bones! A trench was sunk in advance of the original cutting,

and there were still bones. It became evident that an army of skeletons, disposed in ranks, usually, though not invariably, pointing east and west, extended far in front and on either hand. All were perfect; all, with one exception (of those examined), males; all laid, as with military method and regularity, decently in order, on their backs, and with hands placed together on the body, or crossed upon the breast. The great majority seemed to have perished in the prime of strength and manhood. Some of them must have been creatures of noble mould. One of the skeletons was that of a man exceeding seven feet in stature. The skull of this gigantic warrior—if such he were—exhibited a fearful injury (not caused in the process of exhumation), such as might have been inflicted by the blow of a heavy weapon—a mace or battle-axe, dealt from horse-height.

There is a mystery overhanging these remains that rarely attaches to similar discoveries. In every instance in which interments on a scale approaching this, have been revealed, the finger of history, or at least, of local tradition, has pointed to some incident capable of elucidating the matter. Or, if that has been wanting, the remains themselves have supplied the needful testimony. The natural structure of the skulls, atoms of dress and arms, coin, working implements, &c., have furnished the archaeologist with data for the historian. In this case, all such evidence is wholly wanting. Of the nine or ten skulls conveyed to Oxford to be examined by Professor Rolleston, none were indicative of an especial race. Not a shred, not an atom of garments, arms, or any such thing, afforded a clue to the probable epoch of the burial. That the place was an ordinary cemetery, was negatived both by the uniformity of sex of the buried, and the shallowness of the trenches in which they were laid. The same objections, with the additional one of great care and deliberation having been manifestly used in the interment, prohibit the supposition that it was a plague-pit. On the other hand, these three circumstances are all alike characteristic of a military burial, the careful arrangement in shallow trenches indicating the combined order and haste with which such operations are often conducted. Stern necessity compels the speedy covering of the mangled and decomposing dead. There is no time to dig deep. In many a battle-field, down to Magenta and Solferino, where it was the writer's hap to witness the burial of many thousand slain, the coverlet of earth accorded to the warriors has not been thicker than this of Milcote.

And the date? It was suggested, that the Chronicle of Henry of Huntingdon might cast some light upon this question; but, of the battles that hurtle through his pages, not one can be assigned to this precise locality, nor does he refer, in terms, to any Warwickshire Battle, save that at Secandane (Seckington), in seven hundred and fifty-two, in which King Ethelbald and a large following were slain.

There is no lack of more recent battle-fields

in the neighbourhood. Tewkesbury, the last conflict of the rival Roses, was fought but twelve miles from Milcote; still it is to the last degree unlikely that the slain, though identical in number with those buried here, should have been transported to this spot. Edge-hill lies still nearer; but some record of such an interment, so comparatively recent, must, beyond question, have been preserved.

Unless some new discovery should suggest a different solution of the mystery, it may be fairly presumed that this mute graveyard owes its origin to the battle, or rather the massacre, of Evesham, in which the turbulent spirit of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, closed its earthly career. This occurred on the fourth of August, twelve hundred and seventy-one. The earl, approaching from the Welsh marches, expected to form a junction with his son, advancing from London; and, with that view, crossed the Severn, and encamped at Evesham. From thence he witnessed with exultation the approach of a splendid host, its own well-known banners floating in the van. While gazing on the array, news arrived that a powerful enemy threatened his flank, while the force in front, displaying the royal banners in place of those they had captured, themselves conveyed the first intelligence to the dismayed baron that his son had been surprised, defeated, and slain. Short time was allowed for dispositions of defence. The foe came steadily on. "I have taught these men the art of war," muttered the earl, bitterly; adding, as he saw his Welsh levies already preparing to melt away, "the Lord have mercy on our souls! Our bodies are Prince Edward's!"

Old King Henry, a prisoner—placed by Leicester in the front of the battle—was wounded, but saved; while the earl, his son, Hugh le Despencer, a hundred and sixty knights, and many gentlemen, perished on the field. As the raw Welsh levies, dismayed at the terrible disparity of force, broke and fled almost before the battle joined, nothing is more likely than that the headlong flight continued until the Stour and Avon, one on either hand, uniting at Milcote, caught them as in a snare. These streams, though narrow, were unfordable. There was no return; for the fight was over, and the victors already on their track. In that confined plateau, we do not doubt, the fugitives were massacred, stripped, and buried.

Strong desires had been expressed by scientific men that a further investigation should be made—while others, indifferent to the claims of history and archaeology, were disposed to regard such a course as an unwarrantable desecration of the spot. Severe frost put an end to any hesitation that good Mr. Adkins might have felt in deciding this point of controversy; but the difficulty of satisfying *everybody* was curiously exemplified by the receipt of two letters, by the same post, addressed to the proprietor by two gentlemen in Scotland. Number One deeply regretted the extent to which the exhumations had been already carried, condemned the idle

curiosity that would disturb a warrior's rest for the sake of ascertaining whether he were Dane, Briton, Pict, or Saxon—whether he belonged to this century or to that—and recommended that subscriptions should be forthwith entered into, for the purpose of surrounding the whole burial-place with a palisade. But Number One did not enclose anything in furtherance of that scheme. Number Two warmly congratulated Mr. Adkins on being the proprietor of a spot to which so much historical interest must henceforth attach, urged the promotion of that interest by further excavations, and begged the good farmer, if he had a few skeletons yet unappropriated, to send him some half-dozen at any cost, and without delay.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Oh, wondrous bird of regions bright,
With such a gorgeous plumage dight,
Hast thou no plaintive song to tell
Of that blest place where thou didst dwell,
Ere Mother Eve from Eden fell?

Methinks in some delightful bower
Of that bright garden, hour by hour,
Was heard thy spirit-melting strain,
Though now we plead to thee in vain,
Thou wilt not, canst not sing again!

Alas! what wonder is't, that thou,
Poor banished one, art silent now,
Since thou didst pass the golden gate
To share our erring parents' fate,
Companion of the desolate!

Oh, on thy wings my spirit bear,
And through the still enchanted air,
Blue lake, and balmy ocean o'er,
We'll wend our way to that sweet shore
Where thou shalt find thy voice once more.

Ah me, delusive fancies, cease!
Presumptuous, murmur'ing spirit, peace!
We ne'er shall reach that blissful straud
Till Eve and all her children stand
Redeemed on their Father-land!

Then once more valley, mount, and grove
Shall ring with strains of grateful love,
And, like an exquisite surprise,
Thy music shall break forth, and rise
Seraphic, to the hallowing skies,
Sweet Bird of Paradise!

TWENTY-FIVE DARK HOURS.

I'm what we calls a ganger, and have so many men under me when we're making a new line o' rail. I passed best part o' my time in the country; but I have worked on the lines in France and Spain; but what I'm about to tell you happened in London, where we'd sunk a shaft right down, and then was tunnelling forrards and backards—the shaft being to get rid of your stuff, and sometimes for a steam-engine to be pumping up the water. It's rather dangerous work, and a many men gets hurt; but then a great deal of it's through carelessness, for lots of our fellows

seems as though the whole o' their brains is in their backs and arms, where they're precious strong, and nowhere else; but I'd got so used to it, that in cutting or tunnel it was all the same to me, and now I was busy supering the men digging, and sometimes bricklaying a bit, so that I thought werry little about danger when I'd seen as all the shores and props was well in their places.

It was just at the end o' the dinner-hour one day, and I was gone down the shaft to have a good look round before work begun again, and I'd got my right-hand man, Sam Carberry, with me. It was a new shaft, about thirty foot deep, with ladders to go down, and a windlass and baskets for bringing up stuff and letting down bricks and mortar.

We hadn't tunnelled more than p'raps some ten or a dozen foot each way, so as you may suppose it was werry fresh—green, as we calls it; and I wasn't quite satisfied about the shoring up, and so on, for you know fellows do get so precious careless when once they've got used to danger; and as for some of our big navvies, why they're jest like a set o' babies, and for everything else but their regular work, they're quite as helpless. Tell 'em to fill a lorry, or skid a wheel, or wheel a barrer, they'll do it like smoke; but as to taking care o' themselves—but there, I needn't say no more about that—just look at the great, good-tempered, lolloping fellows! A man can't have it all ways; and if he's got it all in bone and muscle, why 'tain't to be expected as he's going to have all the brains too.

"That's giving a bit there, Sam," I says, a-pointing to one part o' the shaft where the earth was a-bulging and looked loose. "That ain't safe. There'll be a barrer full o' stuff a-top o' somebody's head afore the arternoon's over. That's the rain—that is. Take your mell and knock out that lower shore, and we'll put it a couple o' foot higher up. Mind how you does it!" Sam nods his head, for he was a chap as never spoke if he could help it, and then he gets up, while I takes a look or two at the brickwork, so as not to be done by the men, nor yet dropped on by the foreman. Then I hears Sam banging away at the bit o' scaffold-pole, and directly after it comes down with a hollow sound; and then there was a rattling o' loose gravelly earth as I peeps out, and then feels as though my heart was in my mouth, for I shouts out: "That's the wrong one!" But in an instant Sam dropped to the bottom, and as he did so, it seemed as though some one drew a curtain over the hole, and then I felt a tremendous blow on the chest, and was driven backwards and dashed up against the wood scaffolding in the tunnel, and I suppose I was stunned, for I knew nothing more for a bit. Then it seemed as though I was being called, and I sorter woke up; but everything was dark as pitch and silent as death, and, feeling heavy and misty and stupid, I shut my eyes again, and felt as if going to sleep, for there didn't seem to be anything the matter to me. It was as though some-

thing had shut up thought and sense in the dark, and not a wink of light could get in. But there I was in a sort of dreamy comfortable state, and lay there perfectly still, till a groaning noise roused me, when thought came back with a blinding flash, and so sharp was that flash that my brain seemed scorched, for I knew that I was buried alive.

For a few minutes I stood where I first rose up in a half-stooping position, with my head and shoulders touching the poles and boards above me; but a fresh groan made me begin to feel about in the darkness, and try to find out where I was, and how much room I had to move in. But that was soon done, for at the bottom there was about a yard space, and as far up as I could reach it seemed a couple of yards, while the other way there was the width of the tunnel. I dared not move much, though, for the earth and broken brickwork kept rolling and crumbling in, so that every moment the space grew less, and a cold sweat came out all over my face, as I thought that I should soon be crushed and covered completely up. Just then, however, another groan sounded close by me, and for the first time I remembered Sam Carberry, and began feeling about in the direction from whence the sound came.

Bricks, bits o' stone, crumbling gravel, the uprights and cross-pieces and bits of board all in splinters, and snapped in two and three pieces, with their ragged ends sticking out of the gravel. But I could feel nothing of Sam, and I sat down at last, panting as though I had been running, and there was the big drops a-rolling off me, while I drew every breath that heavy that I grew wild with horror and fear; for it seemed as though I shouldn't be able to breathe much longer, and then I must be stifled. It was awful, the thoughts of all that; and had such an effect on me, that I dashed about like a bird in a cage—now here, now there—in mad efforts and struggles to get out. I cried, "Help, help!" and swore and tore about, jumping up and plunging my hands into the earth; till at last, panting, and bleeding, and helpless, I lay upon the gravel crying like a child.

Ah! That did me good, and seemed to clear my thoughts, and make me mad with myself to think I had been wasting my strength so for nothing, when perhaps I might have been doing something towards making my escape; and while I was thinking like this, all at once I started, for there was a groan again close to my head; then, after feeling about a bit, I got my hand upon a bit of broken board, when I felt a groan again, and then, after searching about, found that underneath the board was a face which, by scratching away the earth, I could touch, and feel to be warm.

The first thing I did was to start up and strike my head violently against a cross-piece, so that I was half stunned; and then I began to feel about for a shovel till I got hold of a handle, and found that the rest was so tightly bedded in the soil, that I must have been a good hour grabbing it out with my fingers. But I

kept leaving off to go and speak to the face, which I knew must be that of Sam Carberry; and though, poor fellow, it did him no good, he being quite insensible, yet it did me good, for there was company—I was not alone—and after leaving off that way now and then, I worked again like a good 'un till the shovel was at liberty; for while I was hard at work, I had no time to think about anything else.

And now, though I could feel that poor Sam was breathing, he didn't groan; and I began with the shovel to try and set his face more at liberty; but at the first trial I threw down the tool with a horrible cry, as the loose gravel came rattling down, and in another minute the poor fellow's face would have been completely covered, if I had not thrust myself against the earth and kept it back.

If I could only have kept from thinking, I would not have cared; but now that I was forced to keep still and hold up the earth, the thoughts would keep coming thick and fast, and mixed up with them all were coffins—black cloth coffins with white nails; black coffins with black nails; elm coffins; workhouse shells; and inside every one of 'em I could see myself lying stiff and cold. There was one light-grained elm, which looked sometimes quite like a little speck right off in the distance; and then came gradually closer, and closer, and closer, till it seemed as though the next moment it would crush me, or drive me into the earth where I was crouching; then it would gradually go back further and further, till it was quite a speck again. Then there were processions o' people in black, constantly crowding by.

Now and then there was a noise of a stone falling or a little bit of rolling earth, else all was as still and silent as if there wasn't such a thing as hearing. It was so still that the quietness was horrible, and I began to talk out loud for the sake of having something to hear; and then I listened again, hoping to hear the sounds of pick and spade, for I knew they would be trying to dig us out, alive or dead.

"That'll be it," I says out aloud; "they'll dig, and dig, and dig, till they gets to us; but then they've got all the stuff to get up the shaft, and shore up again as they goes, and I shall be gone long before they gets to me!"

Then the horror of death came again, and I leaped up and beat myself about till I was drenched with blood and sweat, and then I lay still again, with my heart throbbing and beating, and, try what I would, I couldn't get enough breath. I tried to reach the face of my poor mate, and I found it still warm, and that the earth had not settled over it. It was company to be able to touch it so long as he was alive; but I thought about what must come, and then shivered as I felt that I should scrape the loose gravel over it, and creep to the far end of the narrow hole. And now I began, for the first time, to think about home, and my two girls, and their mother; and there was no comfort there, for I began to wonder what was to become of them when I was gone. Quietly as

could be, I calculated what my funeral would cost the Odd Fellows, and then about the allowance there'd be for my people out o' the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and then I thought how things might have been worse than they was. At last of all, I feels quiet and patient like, and, for the first time since I'd been buried, I was down on my knees with my face in my hands.

I don't know how long I stopped like that, when all at once I fancied I heard a voice speaking, and I started up; but it sounded no more, and as I sat listening I could see again all sorts of things coming and going. Now it was coffins; now strange-looking beasts and things without any particular shape; and as they moved, and coiled, and rolled forward, I kept feeling as though they must touch me; but no, they glided off again, and at last, to keep from thinking, I stripped off coat and waistcoat, and, groping about till I got hold of the shovel, I cried out, "God help me!" and began to try and dig a way out.

"Every man for himself," I half roared, and the curious, stifled sound of my voice frightened me; but I worked on till I had thrown back a few spadefuls, when I found that I had put it off too long, and that I could do nothing but sink down, panting for air. I couldn't keep off the idea that something was pressing down upon me and trying to force out my breath; at last this idea got to be so strong that I kept thrusting out my hands and trying to push the something away. I don't know how time went, but at last I was lying, worn out and helpless, upon the ground, feebly trying to grub or burrow a way out with my fingers.

All at once I remembered poor Sam, and, after a good deal of groping about, I found the board again, and laid my hand upon his face, but only to snatch it away with a chill running through me, for it was as cold as ice. Then I tried to touch his breast, but soon gave up; for, with the exception of his face, he was completely bedded in the earth, while the board had only saved him at the first moment from instantaneous death.

I crept as far off as I could; for now it seemed that death was very very near me, and that my own time must be pretty well run out.

I won't tell you how weak I was again, and how all my past actions came trooping past me. There they all were, from boyhood till the present; and I couldn't help groaning as I saw how precious little good there was in them—just here and there a bright spark amongst all the blackness. At last, I began to think it was all over, for a heavy stupid faintness came over me, and I battled against it with all my might; but it was like—to me, there, in that darkness—like a great bird coming nearer and nearer with heavy shadowy wings; and, as I tried to drive it off, it went back, but only to come again, till at last the place seemed to fade away; for after groping round and round the place such a many times, I seemed to see and know every bit of it as well as if I saw it with my eyes, till it faded away, and all seemed to be gone.

Nex' thing as I remembers is a dull "thud-thud-thudding" noise, and it woke me up so that I sat holding my head, which ached as though it would split, and trying to recollect once more where I was; and I s'pose my poor mind must have been a bit touched, for I could make nothing out until I had crawled and felt about a few times over, when once more it all come back with a flash, and I remember thinking how much better it would have been if I had kept half stunned, for now I knew what the noise was, and I could hardly contain the hope, which seemed to drive me almost mad. Would they get to me before I was dead? Could I help them? Would they give up in despair, and leave me?

I lay listening to the "thud-thud-thud," till all at once it stopped, and the stillness that succeeded was so awful that I shrieked out, for I thought they had given up digging. But the dull distant sound roused me again, and once more I lay listening and counting the spadefuls that I knew were being laboriously and slowly thrown out. Now I was crying weakly, now foaming at the mouth, every now and then the noise could not be heard; at last, when I could just faintly hear the sound of voices and tried to shout in reply, I found I couldn't do more than whisper.

All at once the earth came caving in again, and I was half buried. Weak as I was, it took me long enough to get free, and to crawl up and sit behind an upright post or two, and it was well I did, for no sooner was I there than the gravel caved in again, and I heard a shout; saw a flash of light; and then was jammed close into the corner, and must have been suffocated but for the wood framing about me, which kept the earth off. But as I set wedged in, I could hear the sound of the shovels and picks, and I knew how men would toil to get out a brother-workman. And now, feeling quite helpless and resigned, I tried my best to pray for my life, or, if not, for mercy for what I had done wrong.

"Ain't nobody here?" said a voice, as it seemed to me in the dark, and I could not speak to cry for help.

"Must be," said another voice. "Poor chap's under them planks!" And then come that sound of shovels again, and then a loud hurrying, and I felt hands about me, and that I was being carried, and something trickled into my mouth. Then voices were buzzing about me more and more, and I began to feel able to breathe, and I heard some one say: "He's coming to;" and then one spoke, and then another spoke, and I knew I was being taken up the shaft; but all was as it were in a dream, till I heard a loud scream, and felt two arms round me, and knowing that now I was saved indeed, I tried to say—"Thank God!" but could only think it.

After a bit I managed to speak, but I suppose I said all sorts of foolish unconnected things, till I asked the time, when the voice that re-

vived me so, whispered in my ear that it was nearly three.

"And how long was I there?" I got out at last.

"Twenty-five hours!"

HOME, SWEET HOME.

PYE-STREET, Westminster, is five minutes' walk from the House of Commons. Passing the monument to the brave Westminster lads who have fallen in defence of their country, and leaving on your left the dread establishment where our youth are passed or plucked by the Civil Service Commissioners, you turn down a narrow thoroughfare opposite a great hotel—the pleasant peculiarity of which hotel is that pretty girls are always to be seen at its coffee-room windows—and promptly lose yourself in a labyrinth of foul and unsavoury streets. Towering above the miserable houses in front and on each side of you are stately edifices rapidly approaching completion; and while the constant click of mallet and chisel testify to the continual extension of building, they serve to increase your bewilderment and lessen your chances of finding the place you seek. This, if you attempt exploration without a guide. To-day, however, we are accompanied by a tall member of the A division, who knows Pye-street and its approaches well, and who tersely says of the former, "A pretty sort o' drum for you to visit, gentlemen."

It is now six o'clock in the evening of Monday the 12th of March, and the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been eloquently advocating for more than an hour the political claims of the working man. The crowd we have just left outside Westminster Hall is composed of people who have failed in obtaining seats in the strangers' gallery; the news-boys are already shouting "Second edition, Mr. Gladstone on Reform;" the mysterious wires are spreading north, east, west, and south, arguments in favour of extending the franchise; and we all read next day that the right honourable gentleman resumed his seat at ten minutes past seven, after declaring, amid the loud cheers of an excited House, that "more than your gold and your silver, more than your fleets and your armies, is the attachment of the people to throne and laws, at once the strength, the glory, and the safety of the land."

At the moment of this peroration being uttered, we are in a back-yard in Pye-street, testing for ourselves the surroundings of those whose loyal attachment is so highly prized and so properly vaunted. We have spent the time during which the working man's political rights have been gracefully dwelt upon, in seeing how far his social claims are practically considered, what his home is like, what the air he breathes, what the water he drinks. The following description is, for obvious reasons, made general, but its details are minutely accurate, and one or other of them apply to the numerous poor homes we visited that bright evening. This

back-yard, then, is one of many, and the squalid tenements of Pye-street are duplicated all over London. In St. Dragon's in the South, in Clerkenwell, in Bethnal-green, in the yards and courts off Drury-lane, may be found the sights we shudder at to-day. Indeed, so minutely does the present experience coincide with that previously acquired, that it is difficult to realise the locality we are in as one we have not explored previously.* Take this yard, for example. Unpaved, with its black slimy soil sticking up between the round and broken bits of stone which form its flooring; a panless closet in one corner, from which a pestilential stench proceeds; an open dust-heap in another; between these, the water-butt for seven families. Of course this butt is uncovered; of course the wood of which it is composed is in an advanced stage of decay; of course the exhalations from the soil-bestrewed yard, from filthy closet, and from dust-heap, are attracted by the water, and take form and shape in that rainbow-hued scum we see glistening on its surface. Peering into the butt, we see, at its bottom, broken tobacco-pipes, cabbage-stalks, bits of broken tile and pottery-ware, and an old shoe. On tapping its side with a walking-cane, the rotten wood breaks, and with long strings of green slime like seaweed, comes off at the slightest touch. "No, it is never cleaned out, for to tell yer the truth, gentlemen, my old man began to clean it one day, and blessed if he didn't scrape a hole right out of it, where yer see the rag a-pluggin' of it now; and since then we've let it alone, for the water don't taste so very bad, and it ain't much of it we drinks!" The speaker is a fat coarse slattern, the wife of a bricklayer's labourer, not yet returned from work, who did the honours of her wretched room and plague-creating yard with a certainunction, as if impressed with the novelty of conversing with a member of the metropolitan force on amicable terms.

"Dust-heap never removed! Lord bless yer, no; they don't never remove it without we gives them somethin' for themselves. Parish pays the dustmen! Yes, sir, and so I've heard myself; but that there heap before you is as bad as it is to-day, because me and a neighbour fell out as to whose turn it was to stand the dustman a drop o' beer!"

Decomposed fish-heads, decayed vegetable matter, cinders—what in another sphere would be called kitchen refuse—and the scourgings of the pig-tub, made up the foul mass before us. Here and there, where the rays of the setting sun fell upon it—for the evening was bright and clear, as those in waiting outside Westminster Hall will remember—it sent a sluggish putrescent vapour up, to mingle with the already vitiated air, and insidiously force its way through broken panes, into rooms where whole families lay stewing. Might we go up-stairs? Certainly we might, if we wouldn't mind treading softly over the two broken ones, and keeping to the left, where we saw the hole. A few moments' stumbling and we are in the

* See EVERY MAN'S POISON, vol. xiv., p. 372.

first-floor back-room. Phew! Sweet home! Why, the smell sends us precipitately back, with camphor-ball to nose, before we have advanced three paces. The course of my duty has led me to become acquainted with more foul smells than most of my friends have encountered, and I declare the one we are inhaling to have an inkling of them all. There is the horrible entomological aroma prevalent in the Field-lane Refuge, when its occupants have been in bed an hour or so; the wretched tramp-smell of an overcrowded casual ward; the stench of an ill-smelling drain; the flavour of boiled greens, of onions, of strong cheese, of bad meat; and mingling with, and overriding all, is the dreadful odour of a sick-room, in which nurses are careless and patients uncleanly. There is no mistaking any one of these, and no exaggerating their conjunctive effect. Unconsciously at the time, but with a morbid exactitude which enables me to shudderingly recal them now, I mentally tick off each noisome flavour before I reach the door, and then, hanging out of the broken sashless window on the staircase, inhale the breezes from the closet, dust-heap, and water-butt in the yard, until, on the principle of one poison neutralising another, the sickening sense of nausea is subdued, and I am able to look in-doors again.

The filthy bedding in the corner on which that drunken Irishman is stertorously sleeping himself sober, together with the dirty flooring and neglected walls, account for the obvious prevalence of nameless insects; while the food being cooked in one part of the room and devoured in another; the poor sickly woman with her baby in the second bed; the crying child with the discoloured bandage round its head; the numbers seated within the four narrow walls, at the apparent rate of about three square feet per soul; the corduroy and fustian garments before the fire, and the steaming rags suspended from the lines running across the room, supply the other scents. This is a working man's sweet home. This is his retreat after the labours of the day are over, for the attractions of which it is expected he will decline roaming amid pleasures and (gin) palaces, and in which he fosters that attachment to throne and laws which conduces—let me repeat Mr. Gladstone's florid words—more than gold or silver, more than fleets or armies, to the strength, glory, and safety of the land. It is through no fault of his that he is condemned to live, breathe, and have his being, in an atmosphere and with surroundings which are slowly poisoning his life-blood, and paralysing his stout arm. He need be neither idle, vicious, nor improvident, to come to this. Given, daily labour at a specified part of the metropolis, and you will see that he must live within a reasonable distance of it. Admit the necessity of this, count the number of houses, fit for his occupation and suitable to his means; and overcrowding, together with a persistent violation of sanitary laws, resulting in disease and death, will be seen to be as natural, as that a tree should bring

forth fruit after its kind. Add to this, that the owner of the house and yard we have visited, can in practice snap his fingers at the sanitary inspection under which it is theoretically put; keep in mind that the competition for house-room is so fierce, that decent labourers are compelled to herd in these miserable dens; that the increase of railways and the spread of improvement are adding to the evil daily, by pulling down small tenements; and then wonder if you can at the spread of epidemics, and the heaviness of the metropolitan death-rate.

Pye-street has been selected for visitation because of its proximity to the Houses of Parliament; and because, as I shall point out, it has also shown itself capable of better things. Let us now turn for a moment to Bit-alley, Clerkenwell. It contains twelve houses, with a total of twenty-nine rooms. Of these, two are occupied by donkeys, and the remaining twenty-seven form the homes of eighty-three human creatures. The average width of this alley is six feet six inches; one room here with a cubic area of one thousand and fifty feet is occupied by six souls, a man, his wife, and four children; and another with a cubic area of seven hundred and seventy feet holds a man, his wife, and two children. The inhabitants of the adjacent Sheep-court, and Friar's Inn-alley, make up with the eighty-three here, a population of one hundred and ninety-two, who have but two necessary out-houses and one water tank among them, the latter being invariably dry on Sundays. At Narrow-yard, in the same parish, three separate families were crammed into two rooms without water-supply or closets, and were compelled to beg water and make shift as they could, until the wretched places became so dilapidated as to be pulled down under the Dangerous Structures Act. The ground on which they formerly rotted, is now vacant. It has been calculated that three thousand five hundred houses, accommodating twenty thousand working people, have been destroyed by the extension of metropolitan railways alone, during the years preceding 1865; and I learn, on testimony which is indisputable, that one thousand three hundred houses, chiefly belonging to working men, are now under sentence from the same cause.

On leaving the wretched Pye-street house we had examined, we carefully picked our way among shoals of sickly children, who crowded every door-step and pursued the genial sports of battledore, tip-cat, and hopscotch, in the roadway; and glancing opposite, saw two fine piles of buildings, which, standing side by side, are monuments to the practical benevolence of those erecting them. Into these we did not go. The writer knows their neat cleanliness, their comforts, and their luxuries, well; for they resemble, in all essential particulars, the other model dwellings he has seen, are built by the same agency, and are subject to the same laws. The contrast between their trim uniformity and the wretched squalor of the side of the street we have left, make them fairly represent the opposite extremes of comfort and misery. But Pye-

street is exceptionally fortunate in the number of people who are properly housed within it.

For twenty-two years it has been sought to force upon capitalists and the charitable, the crying need of working people for better homes. Much has been done, much has been written and spoken, and it has been demonstrated by Mr. Alderman Waterlow, that investments of this character, besides hugely benefiting the tenant, may be made as remunerative as many other descriptions of house property. The following figures show what had been done, up to the end of 1865, by the model cottages and buildings which receive, and merit high praise :

Metropolitan Association finds homes for ...	2500
Society for Improving Condition of Working Classes, for.....	1364
Miss Countess's Model Houses, for.....	706
Mr. Gibbs, for	670
The Peabody Buildings, for.....	874
City Corporation, for	700
Alderman Waterlow, for	600
Industrial Dwellings Company, for.....	1384
Total housed	8798

That is, rather more than a third of the number dispossessed by railways alone, during the last few years, have been absorbed into well-built well-appointed dwellings, during twenty years of earnest agitation and benevolent effort ; while thousands upon thousands of their less fortunate brethren are doomed to such wretchedness as we have seen. To prolong their valuable lives, to save society from what is at once a great sin and a great danger, the sanction of parliament is sought to a scheme for improving the homes of the working classes on a more comprehensive scale than private enterprise or private philanthropy can attempt. If Mr. McCullagh Torrens's proposals become law, the remedy for existing evils will be a simple one. When the death-rate of a district exceeds three per cent on its population it will be in the power of any twenty ratepayers to call for and obtain the services of one of the Crown inspectors already appointed under the Local Government Act. This gentleman will be required to examine and report upon the condition of the houses and streets in which these deaths have occurred, to state the number of persons or families living and sleeping in them, and to what extent they are unfit for human habitation. Further, he is to say how far it may be needful for such buildings to be removed with a view to the erection of "permanent and healthful houses, suitable for the accommodation of persons subsisting by daily or weekly wages." The definition of "healthful houses" is, adequate provision for sewerage, lighting, ventilation, and water supply, and a space of not less than three hundred and fifty cubic feet of air for each occupant, whether infant or adult.

After some necessary formalities, the local authorities will be compelled to erect proper dwellings in the place of those condemned, and to borrow the necessary funds from the Public Works Loan Commissioners. Interest at the rate of

three and a half per cent is to be charged, and the entire sum of capital and interest is to be repaid in yearly instalments of equal amounts, in a period not exceeding thirty years. The essence of Mr. Torrens's scheme is, that it is compulsory. The fever-nests of which Dr. Jeafferson writes, and which have been described in these pages, would be at once rooted out ; for, neither vested interests, nor the purblind obstinacy of parish magnates, would be allowed to interfere with the common good. The streets, courts, and alleys from which the fever taint never departs, and which family after family only occupy to die, would be promptly condemned and destroyed. The horrible state of things we saw in Pyc-street would be impossible, and the poor man's sweet home would be a reality instead of a bitter sham. Happily, it has been shown that this result can be arrived at without pecuniary loss ; for, as the late Prince Consort shrewdly remarked, "Unless we can get seven or eight per cent, we shall not succeed in inducing builders to invest their capital in such houses," and a low rate of interest would be equally unpalatable to corporate bodies. But that double the amount to be paid for the loan can be easily obtained under proper management, Mr. Alderman Waterlow has shown ; and an experiment tried by the corporation of the City of London is an important testimony in the same direction. In 1851, the Court of Common Council decided that the "Finsbury Estate Surplus Fund," amounting in round numbers to forty thousand five hundred pounds, should be expended in providing improved lodging-houses for the labouring poor. After some years' delay a piece of freehold land was purchased in the Farringdon-road for sixteen thousand pounds, upon which a stately pile of buildings has been erected at a further cost of thirty-six thousand pounds. The average cost per room here amounted to sixty pounds, or twenty pounds more than similar rooms have been built for elsewhere ; for, as the corporation only aimed at a dividend of five per cent, a greater sum was spent in external splendour than at Langbourn-buildings, where rooms of equal internal comfort were erected for forty pounds, or at Cromwell-buildings, where they cost forty-four pounds ; and this concession to architectural display, without adding to the real comfort of the tenants, makes the difference between a return of five per cent, and a return of seven or eight per cent on the capital laid out.

Of the ownership and management of the dwellings to be built under Mr. Torrens's act, if it becomes law, the local officers, the income and expenditure, the auditing of accounts, and the power of making by-laws for letting and occupation, it is unnecessary to speak here. Ample provision for all these requisites is made in the bill now before the House, but it is sufficient for our present purpose to record the fact that a manful attempt is being made to cope with a great national sin, and an urgent national danger. The labouring population of large towns is decimated, year by year, by diseases

which might be prevented by the commonest precautions; and the public sanction is now asked to a scheme which will not merely preserve the lives of useful workers, but will also avert the peril of contagion from every reader of this page. The details of this proposal are carefully considered, its principle is sound, and it is for the country to say whether selfish or pedantic considerations are to weigh against the substantial practical benefits it would confer. By making Death the witness upon whose grisly testimony habitations are to be condemned, we shall save an infinity of circumlocution, evasion, and contradiction. By giving to independent ratepayers the power of forcing the official machinery into action, we shall triumph over the obstructiveness, stupidity, and selfishness, of vestries and local boards. By empowering the government to advance the necessary funds for rebuilding, at a moderate rate of interest, we shall accord to poverty-stricken neighbourhoods means whereby they can effectually help themselves; and by making the act compulsory, we shall ensure its merciful and just provisions being carried out. It is clear that mere benevolence, even when practised, is not strong enough to cope with the difficulties besetting a comprehensive measure of reform; and many of its proposals, notably that of creating large colonies of poverty, to which the workman is to be carted off by railway every night, are manifestly unsound. The labourer earning from sixteen to forty shillings a week should have the same facilities given him for investing his income in a reputable and decent home, as the labourer whose work is remunerated more highly. If the former be willing and able to pay for comfort and cleanliness, let comfort and cleanliness be sold him at a fair price, without sense or feeling of obligation either on the part of purchaser or vendor. At present, these are fancy articles, which only an extremely limited number of working men are permitted to buy—the permission being regarded as a sort of prize for virtue—and so, monstrous as it may seem, the bone and sinew of the country are sacrificed year by year because of poisonous homes.

THE QUEEN'S SHILLING.

I MADE the acquaintance of the writer of the following narrative a few weeks after he enlisted. Business had called me to Cannontown, and the recruit rendered me signal service in bringing that business to a satisfactory conclusion. We subsequently spent the afternoon together, my new acquaintance accompanying me to the smoking-room of my hotel, and favouring me with his experience of, and opinions on, a military life. Frankly admitting himself to be "fond of change," he made no secret either of his distaste for the army or his dislike for its restrictions. That a uniform coat should render its wearer ineligible for "the best room" in an inn, that publicans do not pay the same respect to private soldiers as to private gentlemen, that early hours

are compulsory, and that liberty of action is curtailed, seemed to be the social grievances weighing most heavily on my friend. We conversed, however, on many other subjects, and I learned several particulars concerning his career before he "took the shilling," which I have been at the pains to verify. Walking together from the hotel to the Cannontown railway station, I suggested that he should put on paper the facts and incidents he had just told me. He agreed readily, and after impressing upon him that a plain unvarnished statement, without any attempt at fine writing, would be most acceptable, we shook hands on the platform, not, I am pleased to know, without mutual satisfaction at having met. A few days later I received, by book-post, the following narrative, the substantial accuracy of which I am ready to vouch for, and which I now give to the reader in the recruit's own words.

I enlisted, not like some, on the spur of the moment, but after due deliberation. I counted the cost, and found I could hardly lose by doing so, and after I had thought about it a few days, one wet miserable morning (the 18th of January, I believe), in the Free Reading-room at Westminster, I told a friend what I intended to do. My friend, who knew a little about the service, having been in it six years, advised me to go into the regiment he had got discharged from. He grew eloquent about the advantages to be derived from "the service," and I forthwith went. This friend, I must mention, was not entirely so disinterested as it would appear. One would think a man counselling so wisely would be doing it for my good, but he knew that if he could get me enlisted it would be five shillings in his pocket, and as we were both in the last stage of hard-upishness, this seemed a magnificent sum. On our way to Charles-street, Westminster, the rendezvous of recruits and recruiting-sergeants, we met a sergeant of the Royal Buffs; and he said,

"Well, my man, want to join?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I want the sergeant of the 63rd. This companion of mine says that is a good corps to join."

The sergeant said, "Tut, tut, man, 63rd a good regiment! Tell you, there can't be anything better than the Royal Buffs—good officers, good food, good pay, pass up to London every month, and one pound bounty. The friend, not caring, I could see, which I went in, acquiesced in the sergeant's remarks, and we repaired to a public-house and had a pot of "half-and-half," and in a short time the sergeant measured the breadth of my chest, and "took stock" generally. He appeared satisfied, and after saying "You agree to serve the Queen for ten years," slipped a shilling into my hand, and motioned to me to accompany him. I did so, and on arriving at a place in Delahay-street, got into a very large bath full of plenty of the very dirtiest water. I can conscientiously declare no casual wards ever had anything to equal this water. It had no "mutton broth" appearance

—quite black, with a skimming of dirty lather on the top. Having plunged into this, we (there were a few besides me) went into the surgeon's office, there to await examination. I stayed nearly two hours before my turn came. There were, besides me, I should think about thirty all together when I went in, and more were constantly arriving. A man came into the ante-room where we were, and shouted for "the next," and if the individual he wanted was not undressed and all ready, he cursed the man, and then cursed the sergeant who had brought him. At length my turn came. I was not undressed, and this man inquired if I was asleep, and if I expected to be undressed by next summer. I soon replied that I was ready. Through a double rank of sergeants of every regiment in the service, perfectly naked, I went into the doctor's room.

The doctor was sitting at a table writing, and did not look round. The man shouted my name, and I suppose the doctor was noting down my age, calling, height, and so forth. The man during this time was giving him my height, &c. The doctor presently looked up, and told me to hop across the room on the left leg and to come back on the right in the same manner. I also jumped over a chair, drew a long breath while the doctor hearkened at my left breast through a small tube, and the examination was ended. He said nothing when I went out, but by the time I was dressed the ill-tempered man, seeing the sergeant standing, said, "What are you standing there for, Clark? Get out of this; your man's passed!"

I received, on getting out, fourteenpence-halfpenny, being that day's pay. The day I enlisted was on a Wednesday, and we did not join the dépôt until Saturday. There were about one hundred and fifty recruits at this time at the public-house in Charles-street, all waiting to join their respective regiments. All these slept at this house. The house looks small in front, but they have several large rooms at the back, each of which contains fifteen or twenty beds, and is fitted up to resemble a barrack-room. The recruits were of all classes, all trades, and from every part of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Some of them were only sent that day from places in the north of England, and had never been in London before. None that I conversed with acknowledged that the pure love of being a soldier had actuated them to enlist. It was in every case destitution. I met with the same answer when I questioned those in barracks. Not one in twenty ever enlist because they like it, but because they see nothing but starvation staring them in the face.

The next morning after enlistment I went before the adjutant. I don't know his name, as his signature could not be made out, except by the initiated. The morning after I went before the colonel, and the next morning I was sent to Cannontown. I must not forget going on the Friday afternoon before the magistrate at Westminster Police Court to be sworn in.

The magistrate signed his name, certainly, saying that so and so had sworn "before me," but I never saw him. His clerk did it all. One recruit with me was telling the sergeant who accompanied us to the police-office that he would get on well in the cavalry (the corps he had joined), as he had served in a similar capacity in the late war in America.

Sergeant Blue, of the Dragoon Guards, eyed him with contempt. "America, eh? What sort of animals had they over there?"

The recruit said, "Very good," and then a pause. He added, "Not perhaps so good as yours—the fact was, we had mules."

"Mules! oh crickey, shouldn't I have liked to have seen 'em charge! Why, the dragoons would double them up—ay, like that," said the sergeant, cracking his fingers.

Sergeant Blue was particularly tickled at the idea of mules making "a charge," and roared with laughter.

I got very tired of Charles-street before Saturday morning. Fourteenpence-halfpenny a day was not much—scarcely enough to buy food with. I had only been three days, and how much more wearied must some of the recruits have been who were there three weeks! Some of them actually had been that time, and they complained of it, and justly too. All, however, were in good spirits, and anticipating good things in their regiments with a simplicity I have often laughed at since. Another thing I got tired of was the endless "going before" this person and that. I had not done yet, though. On the Saturday morning we were awoke at seven o'clock, and met our guide, Staff-Sergeant Merry. There were seven of us in all, three for Cannontown, and the remainder for Ireland. We stayed just over London Bridge in a coffee-house for breakfast, and during that time the sergeant had an animated argument with the coffee-house-keeper about the Jamaica affair. Sergeant Merry maintained that Governor Eyre was an angel, and that the Morning Planet was all wrong in supposing that Gordon was murdered.

"I tell you what," continued the sergeant, "there are a lot of people who are never so happy as when crying down the English and applauding everything un-English, and the Morning Planet is their mouthpiece." The coffee-house-keeper as stoutly defended the other side, and praised John Bright, and cursed everybody who disagreed with the honourable member for Birmingham. Sergeant Merry got quite excited, and entered so fully into the argument as to get up from his coffee and nearly approach his antagonist, putting an extra stress upon every word by a loud thump on the table.

The time for starting arrived very quickly, and all the way to the station the sergeant anathematised those who criticised Governor Eyre, and said he knew what the blacks were.

A soldier can always travel second-class with a third-class fare, and so we all got comfortably seated on leather. The sergeant, in going down the line, explained the several places. "That's

Campwell—three miles from here; this is Drillwell; and this is Cannontown. I have told a person to come for you."

The three of us got out, and were met by a little lance-corporal, who conducted us to the barracks. On getting into the gate, a big fat woman shouted out, "Hallo, three more 'quids!'" She alluded to our each getting one sovereign as bounty-money, and was, perhaps, expressing the delight she would feel at assisting us to spend it. A lot of men, each looking very dirty, were standing at the entrance to the north door of the barracks with boxes in their hands, two and two together, and they each dropped their boxes and inspected us from head to foot, at the same time making remarks on our personal appearance. These men were on what is called "coal fatigue," which I got a practical knowledge of on the succeeding Saturday. A little way up the passage the corporal stopped at a door (the general orderly-room), and spoke to a soldier-like man as to where we should be put. We were then passed on up another pair of stairs, and saw the colour-sergeant of our company, who again passed us into Sergeant Brownlow's hands, who took us into a room, and announced, in a very high voice, as "Here's another, Slatie;" then, turning to me, he said, "This will be your bed." The person addressed as "Slatie" was busy brushing some belts and smoking at a short pipe. He appeared rather shy, but suddenly, as if recollecting something, said, "Oh! you'll want your belts cleaning, and I'll do them for you—I have done a good many recruits'."

I replied that I should be happy to give him the job, if he wanted it.

"Oh yes; it is the custom for old soldiers to clean recruits' belts. When they come out of stores they're very dirty."

A young man was in the room acting as "orderly man," and he appeared very busy. Getting up a form endways, he brushed away and ssssh'd just like an ostler; he also managed to keep a respectable distance from the leg of the form exactly as an ostler would from the hind leg of a horse. The barrack-room contained eight beds; over the beds are innumerable straps, belts, pouches, &c., and higher above a shelf runs around where you can place coats, &c.; just above the bed a knapsack is placed with a top-coat, mess tin, and shako. The whole place—so much leather!—looks like a stable, although, of course, much more comfortable; a table and four forms, scrupulously clean, occupy the centre of the room. Sergeant Brownlow came in after a short time and asked me questions about the recruiting-sergeant. I told him Shane had enlisted me.

"Ah! Shane, he's getting on well—pretty well; but nothing like me. Why, when I was up there during the Crimean war, I used to get half a dozen a day."

Sergeant Brownlow had a habit of singing after speaking, and he concluded with a grand burst from *Trovatore*, "Ah che la morte" it was. He then informed me that he had made

one of the company at the late garrison theatricals, and commenced to give me specimens of his elocution. I did not think them very good, but perhaps that might be ignorance. At least he pronounced *question* "questing," and other slight mistakes of the same kind. Then, as I was hungry and thirsty, I inquired where I might get something to drink, and one of the "mess" showed me the canteen, where I indulged in a pint of beer. The canteen is kept in order by a sergeant and a corporal of the brigade, and has for its president a captain. They sell beer (but no spirits), butter, pomade (an article extensively used), and other small things required by a soldier. Any profit arising from this sale is divided among the whole garrison, and thus every man may be said to get a profit upon what he buys. The receipts are about six hundred and fifty pounds a month. No civilians are allowed to buy anything. The expenditure is much less, but I forget the exact sum. A large taproom is near, with tables and forms, and they thus endeavour to provide against the soldier going into the town and getting into bad company. The canteen supplies excellent porter at three-pence-halfpenny a quart, and everything in like reasonable proportion. It is never opened until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and is closed at half-past eight in the evening. Beer and tobacco being so very near to the soldier, is, no doubt, a great boon, but, after thinking about it, and having every opportunity of observing the canteens, I think the selling of beer is an evil rather than a favour. The soldier can perform any work he may have to do in the daytime without beer. The supporters would say, "But he will go out and spend what he saves in the evening." This is contrary to my experience, and I well know I should myself have been a little better if that place had been a little further away. At every turning you will hear one saying to the other, "Now Tom, Harry, or Dick, what are you going 'to stand?'" If the canteens were away, "standing" would be done away with. The soldier receives his pay* (five-pence a day) usually about twelve o'clock, and he immediately spends it in a "pot o' fours" and a pennyworth of tobacco. That sum he would have in his pocket, and it cannot be held that he would necessarily spend it in the evening. Dinner came at a quarter to one o'clock, consisting of one pint of soup, half a pound of meat, and plenty of potatoes, boiled with the skins on, and looking very dirty. This, however, to me, was a sumptuous banquet, and I enjoyed it accordingly. The next day, I may mention, was "a bake;" that is, the same amount of meat baked with a quantity of potatoes. It is always a bake one day and a boil the next. I much prefer a boil, however. They were all recruits in the room I was put in, except "Slatie," who was acting corporal, and in charge. A good deal of cutting and carving, and a proportionate amount of swearing, accompanied the dinner, as it always does; some cursing the cook for

* After deductions for necessities.

underdoing the meat, while others said they would like to put the baker into a hot place. I got quite at home during the afternoon, and as I was thinly clad, the acting corporal lent me a pair of trousers and boots.

At four o'clock the tea horn goes, and each man has doled out to him half a pound of bread and one pint of tea—none of your Gray's Inn-road tea here, I can assure you, but really good tea. I must object to the tea coming so close after the dinner; you feel to have no appetite for it. This is the last meal, and you have to remain now until the next morning at eight o'clock, just sixteen hours; however, there is generally a little "rooté" (bread) left, and you can have what the soldiers call a "snack" just before going to bed. After tea, a young man, seeing me standing about, inquired with great kindness if I would like to "see about" a little, at the same time saying he knew what it was when he came down a recruit. I gladly assented, and we went first to the reading-room. The reading-room is a large room with a good fire, and well lighted; it is supplied with some of the daily and local newspapers—the papers treating on military affairs, the Illustrated London News and Illustrated Times, Punch, &c., besides the British Workman, and one or two of that class; no "monthlies," except some old numbers of Temple Bar, Cornhill, and the National Magazine, are taken. Altogether, it is a very nice room, and well frequented, and the payment required for this and the library is only twopence-halfpenny per month. The soldiers smoke and talk in it, and none of the prohibitions seen in other reading-rooms are adopted here. The library contains a goodly number of books, mostly relating to military affairs, and is open every day. It is very strange that no catalogue should have been compiled of the books; every one runs about, creating endless confusion, and selects which book he wants from the shelves and takes it to the sergeant in charge, who notes the title in a book used for that purpose. The "game-room" close by contains three bagatelle-tables, several sets of dominoes, and draughts. Many appear to enjoy themselves here, particularly the little buglers. After having seen all these I went back, and Slatie was preparing to escort a young recruit, who had that day received his bounty, into the town. Slatie had cleaned his belts also, and of course the recruit was expected to "stand." I must confess that Slatie came in rather "tight," and bullied us all, and commanded right and left. A man in his position has unlimited power; that one stripe on his arm gives him perfect authority, and, if his word be not implicitly obeyed, he can have you taken to the guard-room, and probably you will get punished heavily. "The first duty of a soldier is obedience," and this is enforced every day, and every soldier will admit, that were the commands of your superior officers disobeyed, and were discipline in the army to relax, it would, in their own words, "go to the devil."

The Sunday passed tamely enough, as I could

not go out, and was all day long moping about the barrack-room. The "roust," as they call it, goes at half-past six o'clock in the morning, when all are to get out of bed; the room is then swept, the fire lighted, and the forms and tables well scrubbed. At eight, breakfast (same as tea). During breakfast the orderly officer of the day comes round; "attention" is given by him who accompanies him, and he just walks by without stopping, and says, "Any complaints?" The orderly man of the day says, "No complaints, sir." I have never heard any complaints made to an officer about anything, and I really don't see how they could be; he walks too quickly past. One day, a soldier happened to look at the orderly officer when he said, "Any complaints?" The officer said, very severely, "Look to your front, sir!" Very exact that. On the Monday morning I had to go before the doctor of the dépôt for his examination at nine o'clock. A corporal took four, besides me, to the hospital, and, after waiting a long time, we were ushered in to the doctor, a fat, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a marked lisp when he spoke. He attentively examined us all, telling one of our company that he moved like a crab, and affixed his signature to the number. The next morning we went before the colonel commanding the garrison. We stood in the orderly-room amid a crowd of non-commissioned officers, who appeared to have nothing better to do than to salute the officers right and left, who were constantly coming in and going out. The sergeant-major was very conspicuous, giving the word of command to several luckless defaulters who were going before the colonel to receive their share of punishment. "To the right face!" "Quick march!" "Take off yer hat!" were constantly the words in the sergeant-major's mouth as he ushered each of the defaulters into the room. The adjutant, a most gentlemanly man, flitted about here and there, giving directions, and Sergeant Brownlow I quickly saw standing smiling at everything, and looking as if he would like to sing. In a short time after the business on hand had been disposed of, the colonel came into the room, and, addressing Sergeant Brownlow, wanted to know what business he had there. The said sergeant explained that he came to measure the recruits, and said he understood it well, as, added the sergeant, with respectful pride, "I've been on the recruiting service," so the colonel allowed him to proceed. After being measured, the colonel signed his name, and after going before two doctors, two colonels, and one adjutant, we were pronounced fit for her Majesty's service. The colonel is a strict disciplinarian, but a nice-looking man; he has served with distinction in the Crimea, and got wounded there; he is a Scotchman, and will not tolerate lax movements in the service. That morning I got my clothes, but they needed some slight alterations; they were ready for putting on in the evening, however. I don't think I should have got them so soon, only I bribed the tailor who altered them with a pot of beer, which I just remember I never

paid. No, I had unfortunately "no change" at the time, and I have never been lucky enough to meet him since! As soon as I was dressed I tapped at the colour-sergeant's door and told him I was dressed, and received one pound. What a magnificent sum! He warned me gently to mind getting intoxicated, and after this I signed my name as a receipt. The colour-sergeant is decidedly the nicest-looking man I have yet found—so kind and so agreeable, I think it a real pleasure to obey that man's orders; he is quite a gentleman.

Having got my bounty, Slatie suggested that I should air my clothes, and that he should show me about. We accordingly went out. I shall not forget how tightly around me my clothes fit, and how the stock round my neck cut my chin. I cut the latter article down, though, next day, full half an inch, and have since enjoyed freedom about the neck. The gloves I wore (I have rather small hands) dangled about as if I had a pair of stockings on. You are obliged to have chin-strap down, and gloves on in the streets, or else you stand a chance of being taken before the colonel for not being dressed. I have occasionally, when going out, forgotten to have the leather over the face, but the corporal at the gate immediately reminded me of it, by "Shin-strap down, you!" Cannontown contains a great many public-houses, and while we were sitting in one of these, Slatie, with the greatest confidence, told me how much he was liked in the depot, and that not a more honourable man than himself could be found—in fact, he paid everything that he borrowed—everything, and would I be kind enough to lend him, as he had something to pay that evening, the sum of three-and-sixpence? I lent it him, thinking, of course, that such an honourable man as he would be sure to pay his debts, but I am obliged to confess that Slatie has forgotten to pay it, and I believe his memory will be always bad about money affairs.

The next morning I went on parade for the first time. The colour-sergeant examined us to see if we were perfectly clean, and I was pronounced dirty; that is, I had a little speck of dirt on my coat, which would have passed unobserved by nineteen out of twenty persons. The least spot of dirt on a coat or trousers is sufficient to give you two or three days' extra drill, but, as I was a young recruit, I was simply cautioned, and then sent away to the squad which I should be learnt the drill in. A corporal with several medals, who had once been a sergeant, but had got reduced through drunkenness, was our instructor, and learnt us the "stand at ease" first. He was a little short-tempered, but after I had seen him some time, I began to like him after all. I had an awkward way of protruding my stomach out, thinking that was the best way to look the soldier, but a few admonitory smacks with a small stick made me keep it out of sight more.

"Keep that stomach in, and turn the palms of your hands out, Forester," were the constant words. "Now," said the corporal, "at the last

sound of the word 'Ease,' you turn your hands so, and when I give the word 'Two,' you bring them down smartly, the right hand sliding over the back of the left, like this. Look up, man—look up. This ground has been searched many's the time, and I don't think you'll find anything now." Then, after a short pause: "Now look—look at that dashed fool of a man there, actually putting his leg to the front!"

Of course some immediately did look round, when the corporal got on to them.

"Now, Jones, will you look to your front, and not be spitting and grinning in the ranks like a baboon? and if you don't shut that mouth, I'll shove this stick down your throat."

And so the corporal went on until we got a little sharper. The third morning after I had got my clothes, I notified my intention to "go sick." I had, from wearing a bad pair of boots, got a sore on my large toe, and this pained me more than I could bear. I therefore determined to be off drill until I got better and could walk well. The hospital is situated in an enclosed piece of ground opposite the north side of the barracks. We waited, as usual, a long time for the doctor, and was at last set down to go into the hospital by the fat doctor. I also had a dose of medicine, which made me feel much worse than I was before. A bath, and dressed in the hospital dress, I went upstairs and contemplated myself in the looking-glass. I was dressed in a blue over-coat, a blue waistcoat, and blue trousers, and had on an immense white nightcap, apparently knit in wool. If I was not ill before, I looked so now. I was put upon spoon diet, which means soup and tea, but after a time I got "roast chop" diet, which is much better, consisting of chops for dinner, and a liberal allowance for breakfast and tea. There is a reading-room attached to the hospital, in which you can read a few old numbers of *Cornhill*, &c. Very few people in the hospital (which will accommodate one hundred) were really ill. Ninety per cent were there through their own fault. An old clergyman used to come nearly every day and speak to us in the most kind manner, as if he had never seen us before that very day; he made inquiries what complaint we were labouring under, and when we came in. Each ward contains from eight to ten patients, and has an orderly attached to it. The orderly man is expected to attend to the patients, but the orderly with us seldom did that. He was a most sullen fellow, and nearly always drunk. The doctor comes round every morning and examines each patient. When one is ready to be discharged from the hospital, he signs a paper, and the man forthwith goes out. The second morning I was in, and when I very imperfectly understood the regulations, the sergeant of the hospital came into the ward and asked if any one of us had got a pipe. I immediately said I had, and gave him it. He told me I must expect to be made a prisoner for having one in my possession, and "I was taken to the guard-room afterwards; but this I will explain. The patients in my room were all very quiet,

except one, who was an Irishman, and a rabid "Fenian." I used to try to convince this man that Fenianism would collapse shortly, but he argued stoutly that he would live to see the day when the Fenians would bombard London, and be a free and independent people, with The O'Donoghue as their president. The doctor discharged me after being a fortnight in the hospital, and I was taken, when I went out, to the guard-room, "for having, contrary to orders, a pipe in my possession." The guard-room is a small dungeon-like place, with a board for a bed, and into this I was shoved by the non-commissioned officer on guard there. Four persons were there when I got in: three for drunkenness, and the fourth for desertion, and all were singing quite merrily. I had not been here above an hour before I was fetched out by the colour-sergeant of our company, who took me before Captain Moucher. I was conducted into his presence by two sentinels with fixed bayonets. The captain was seated enjoying a pipe, while a companion of his was warming his back before the fire. The captain read the charge, and the colour-sergeant told him I was quite new, and therefore did not understand orders, on which he discharged me. He said, "I shall discharge you, and give an admonishment." But I heard no "admonishment" beyond the words I have written. On coming out, the sentinels were ordered to fix bayonets, and I was free.

That night I was put into another room, exactly similar to the other in appearance, and the next day I performed "orderly man." "Orderly man" has to see that all provisions are on the table. He also washes all dishes, and keeps the room in order. If an officer coming round finds the room dirty, the orderly man is the person who is accounted warrantable. The soldiers in this room were very good, and showed me how to do it. An acting corporal was in charge, a taciturn sort of man, who never opens his lips except when absolutely required to do so. A warm-hearted Welshman, named Evans, has been the man whom I have always looked to for helping me out of my little failings, and well he has done it, too. Another man, named Jones (a Welshman also), occupies a bed. He is a pioneer, and one day refused to obey the acting corporal's commands that he should assist to sweep the room. He was forthwith "lagged," i.e. taken to the guard-room, and the next morning, on being brought before the colonel, was sentenced to two days' cells. The garrison cells are situated near the gymnasium, and the prisoners do shot-drill, stone-breaking, and other work of a like nature. The greatest punishment, however, is having all their hair cut off short. Every prisoner, no matter how short his incarceration, has all his hair clipped as short as possible. This is decidedly the greatest punishment they could inflict upon any one, and much too severe. I have heard of many a one who has got this punishment for slight disobedience desert from the army because they were ashamed to show themselves before their comrades. This man I am writing of takes

the "clipping" so much to heart, that I am sure he only wants the opportunity to make himself "scarce." There is a great amount of power put into each non-commissioned officer's hands, and if he has any grudge against a man he uses it unsparingly. At the same time, obedience must be observed.

The next morning I got into another squad, instructed by an Irishman, who spoke so that we could only understand him by dint of great perseverance. He put us through most of the exercises that the former instructor did, and as I was a little advanced, put me into the front rank (right-hand man). The words he used were mostly "Now, thin." To one of our company he was unusually severe. "Now, thin, Thompson, will ye's stand straight, and not double yourself up like a lobster? It's as easy to stand straight as cruk'd like that. Attentoon! Now, Rowe, don't gape about so; do you wish to swallow that officer going by? Look to your front man. When ye's get into duty, see if ye'll be looking about *then*—ye'll get drill till further orders." I stayed with this instructor for several days, and in the interim had a "parade." All the soldiers assembled at ten o'clock and "fell in." The officer commanding each company examined attentively each soldier's arms and accoutrements, and, having done this, said, "Take close order. March!" And then we were wheeled right and left, and about, and marched in slow and quick time round the square, the colonel the while "taking stock." The company I was in (mostly composed of recruits) I thought marched badly, the colour-sergeant shouting, "Now, then, corporal, keep that man in the ranks. Dash it, Brown, why don't you keep quiet? Shove that stomach in. Get into step, *will* you, Smith? Now, quick time—left, right, left, right. Take your time from the big drum. Every time that big drum goes 'bum,' 'bum,' 'bum,' you each put out the left foot." We tried to obey, but it was of no use, and the colonel in a short time dismissed us, evidently disgusted with our efforts to "do" slow time. Drill at nine, drill at eleven, and gymnasium at two o'clock every day but Sunday. There are several swings about the gymnasium, on which the recruits amuse themselves until the orders go for falling in. The drill instructors are always there and call out the names, upon which the "name" says *here*.

The gymnasium contains ropes, ladders, gloves, dumb bells, bars, and everything requisite for strengthening the muscles. We take off our coats and braces, and put on belts. I was first sent to the dumb bells, and did this practice for several days at intervals. One sergeant and two corporals have charge and instruct. These are all very nice men, especially the sergeant. To one who has not been used to such work, it must be painful. My hands are not better now from the blisters going along that ladder made. Then, climbing up poles and ropes, both difficult, and making oneself into a jumper at a circus, putting every limb into

motion. Some of the recruits felt tired, and one of them sat down on a bag of sawdust, but the sergeant quickly got him off with, "Now, shall I send you a pillow? I am afraid you are tired. Some of you fellows do, 'pon my soul! Well, I never——!" and here the sergeant tossed his head as if the remainder of the sentence was too big for expression.

The gymnasium closes at three o'clock, and then we have done drill for the day. You, however, have to keep clean your arms, &c., and probably this will take you some hours in the evening, especially if you have to parade in marching order on the morrow. One day in barracks is so much like another that I can really give no better summing up than an Irish boy in our room, who says, "It be all alike, you know." On Sunday morning the Catholics parade in side-arms at eight o'clock, and go to chapel. The Protestants at ten o'clock go to the barrack church, which is, in reality, a school-room, and used as such on working days. The officers sit at the upper end of the room, the soldiers in the body. The chaplain to the dépôt preaches, but his voice is not very high; indeed, the last Sunday, I, seated at the lower end of the room, just as much knew what he had been preaching about as if he had spoken in Greek. The audience do not, as in other churches, rise one after the other, but all rise at once, making a great noise from their side-arms clattering.

I went out one night with the two Welshmen of our room—one of whom I have mentioned as having cells and being cropped close—and, after walking some distance, we found we should be late. It was just ten minutes after the time when we got in, and we were taken before the sergeant-major, who took our names. The next morning we were brought before the captain of our company by the orderly sergeant. This man was much against us, and stated that we were frequently late, which was an untruth. I explained respectfully to the captain that I was a recruit, and he let me off. To the next man, Evans, he said, "I shall give you three days to barracks."

Evans said, "I hope not, sir. It will stop my pass."

The orderly sergeant insisted that he was always late, and Evans was obliged to appeal to the colour-sergeant whether it was true. The "colour bloke," as he is called, said Evans was very punctual, and so he got off, but the next man (he who had been in cells) was sentenced to three days' barracks. The captain probably thought that his hair being cut short condemned him at once. The orderly sergeant, a regular "griffin," is determined to "lag" Evans, so he says, for proving him a liar, and he only waits the opportunity. Any man accused of a

crime, such as the above one, once in four months, gets deprived of a pass for ten days or longer, just as he may wish, if he be convicted, and this will explain Evans's anxiety about his "pass," as he wanted to go home about the beginning of April. The additional punishment on to the cells made our friend quite mad, and has only made him more disgusted than ever at the "service."

It takes a long time to get used to the army. There is no end of regulations. On Saturday all the men are relieved from drill, but have to go on "coal fatigue," that is, two and two, each carrying a box of coals from the coal-shed to the several barrack-rooms. Each barrack-room is allowed two of these boxes a week, which is quite sufficient. This coal fatigue lasts you until twelve o'clock, when an officer comes round and inspects each soldier's kit, to see that he has everything right. If not, perhaps two days to barracks is your fate. The "two days to barracks" consist in answering your name every half hour, and having an hour's extra drill each evening, under the special charge of Sergeant Brownlow. With these exceptions, there is very little alteration in a soldier's life in barracks.

I must say it, that there are few soldiers here that I could trust; they all will lie, and, to put it mildly, appropriate whatever they can. I doubt not it is the same in all barracks. The English army, so long as it is constituted as it is, will always remain an army of thieves and blackguards—the scum of the land—only kept under control by strict discipline. The soldier's pay is fivepence a day, after paying for provisions—rations they are called—and some people wish to increase it. It would do good to a few, but only increase the drunkenness that already prevails to a fearful extent in the many. There are no really intelligent men here, or any that I take a pleasure in conversing with. The cause why so few educated men are in the army is obvious.

I hope I have described it fully as you wish; but I was afraid of going over the same ground twice, for when you have given one day's experience you have given all.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read in London, at St. JAMES'S HALL, on Tuesday Evening, April 10th,

DOCTOR MARIGOLD,

For the first time.

MR. DICKENS will also read at Liverpool on Wednesday and Friday evenings, April 11th and 13th, and on Saturday morning the 14th, at Manchester on Thursday the 12th, at Glasgow on Tuesday and Thursday evenings the 17th and 19th, and at Edinburgh on Wednesday and Friday evenings the 18th and 20th, and on Saturday afternoon the 21st of April.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XII. GREAT PROSPECTS FOR MR. TILNEY.

THE great Foncier Capital Company was a financial society of great power and influence, and had been in existence a sufficient time to acquire the respectability of age. It was willing to deal in all sorts of securities—lands, houses, rents, mortgages, bills; its principle was simply to furnish money on any security that was worth money. But what took it out of common associations was its grandeur, for everything about it was gigantic.

Some five years before, a number of enterprising Scotch and English gentlemen—Money Merchants, as they might be called—had started the United General Foncier Credit Company, under the fairest auspices. Its capital was so much, paid up, which was one of the auspices; its secretary, a busy, daring, eager man, who was to the bank what a good traveller is to a manufacturer, was another; and Mr. Bowater, M.P., chairman, and who brought connexion and nobility into the concern, was another. It flourished. It had first rented the premises of a defunct insurance office in the City, which it cut up and "underpinned" in the usual way, to suit its own requirements. But soon Jenkinson, the famous semi-mediæval and fancifully Byzantine architect, was called in (a gentleman known to his friends as "Middle-age Jenkinson"), and under his direction the old insurance office was removed, and a splendid tabernacle of parti-coloured bricks, with an enormous deal of carving, so that acorns, foliage, mediæval monkeys and foxes totting up accounts at ledgers, and other humorous and appropriate conceits, seemed literally to overrun the house from top to bottom, to say nothing of the gilded railings and iron lace-work that edged everything that could be edged. The windows were so thoroughly Byzantine, and so much room was required for the carved clerks at the ledgers outside, that there was very little light for the living clerks inside; and Middle-age Jenkinson's splendid coronas and blue and gold gas-jets

had to be lit whenever the sun was not shining out strongly. But this was a small drawback, for the Byzantine edifice drew customers, and Mr. Bowater, M.P., often showed an influential customer the carved monkeys totting up the accounts; and the influential customer brought other friends to see this bit of art.

"It's allegorical, you know! Look at Amiens and Rouen, you know! That was the real way! Cost a mint of money! But, egad, sir, I wish you or I had a share or two in it—an original one! There's Bowater, and Tillotson, and Midgely, and two or three more, they keep it all among themselves. Knowing fellows, those!"

On the lower floor was the bank, which ran back in acres of counters and little frosted glass partitions, behind which were glimpses of El Dorado drawers, laid out with coin and what seemed whole cushions of notes. It was a charming perspective, and these golden passages, paved with glittering tiles, were always crowded; for the bank was doing good business, and paying fifteen per cent.

Up-stairs, on the next story, were board-rooms, where the directors assembled, and where Mr. Samuel Bowater, M.P., sat in a green morocco arm-chair, and looked at bills through a golden eye-glass, and said, "I think we may take this, Mr. Smiles, eh? Pretty safe here, Mr. Smiles." And then, transferring the golden glass to his nose, with the black ribbon trailing over his cheek like a snake, the chairman would sign the paper; not, of course, the mere vulgar tradesmen's notes-of-hand, which were arranged below, but gentlemen's securities—gentlemen who wanted five and ten thousand pounds.

"So you think St. Alans will do, Tillotson?" said the chairman. "Very well. And who should we send down to work the thing—Smiles? What do you say to Smiles? He is such a business man. He has a wonderful head—such a long head. He will draw all the silver out of every corner in the place. He cares for nothing *but* business; lives, eats, and drinks, and sleeps business—ha! ha! I know Smiles."

Knowing Smiles so well, and, besides, being chairman, he had no difficulty in naming that officer to the post.

"A very fair list of local directors," continued Mr. Bowater, tapping the paper with his golden glass. "Some good names here. Tilney alone would carry us through. One of the best old country families. My friend, Lord Oxberry,

knew him when he was about the duke. There is not enough of good blood brought into money. It has often occurred to me that the gentlemanly interest has not been half worked enough. The court might be looked to mere. There is a mine of wealth all up and down there," continued Mr. Bowater, a little querulously.

Then other business was gone into; but before the board adjourned, Mr. Smiles, the man who was all business, was appointed to be the St. Alans manager; and it was determined that the good and suitable house fixed on by Mr. Tillotson should forthwith be purchased and converted with all speed into a first-class banking-house. Mr. Smiles and his family had already gone down to St. Alans, and were established there.

At St. Alans it soon transpired that a great London bank was about opening an important branch in "the very heart" of the town. Partly this discovery was owing to some rumours set on foot by the local paper; but a good deal to the behaviour of Mr. Tilney himself, whose Malacca stick was in eternal flourish, like a gigantic compass, and who, with an extraordinary air of importance, used to stand before a particular grocer's shop, and, from the other side of the street, mark it out, up and down, and across, with flourishes of his cane. A very few days later a trellis-work of scaffolding had crept up its front. It swarmed up and down with workmen, who were scoring and scarifying its wretched face from top to bottom, punching awful gaps, and "gouging" out its very windows, from which streamed down showers of dust and calcareous matter. By-and-by they had the gorgeous grocer's shop completely cut away, and its whole face hung perilously in the air, suspended like a card. This was the fashion of the United Foncier Company. They rarely built a house; but they performed pantomimic miracles in their transformation of old crazy tenements into gorgeous banking palaces. In this instance their own architect had sent down a plan, and in a very short time, under the hands of plaster confectioners, the former shop began to grow into beauty and embroideries, getting on a high mansarde roof, with many windows and balconies, and scrolls, and German-text inscriptions—all worked out by the confectioners in a rich loamy material. Plate-glass began to glisten. Clean wire blinds then came behind the plate-glass, and the rustics, who passed on market-days, saw with amazement men laying down a gorgeous tessellated pavement. As for the fittings, the mahogany counters, over which the gold was to be shovelled, we should have read the account in the local paper. The St. Alans Banner, who was admitted to a private view, and was perfectly ravished with it all, spoke of it as "our new bank," and dwelt on "the courtesy of the efficient secretary" (which meant the sherry and the biscuits of the efficient secretary, served in the board-room), but did not report what were the services of Mr. Tilney on this famous occasion, who was perhaps no less efficient in his way.

"Look at this," he would say to the Banner,

patting the counters affectionately, "there's mahogany! The finest we could get anywhere. Yes, we had to put the spur on. We ran it all up in no time. We have done our part, I think, and it only remains for the people to do the rest. As long as they stand by us, we shall by them, come weal, come woe. Heaven helps those who help themselves."

"I don't know how the thing will work, I am sure," said the secretary. "I suppose I shall pull it through, somehow. As for compliments and easy money, and that sort of thing, they need not expect it. We shall have but one rule: If any one brings me a good bill, I shall cash it; if a bad bill, he may take it away. If they bring us money, we shall take care of it for them. There."

And with these principles Mr. Smiles started the bank.

Mr. Tilney had "taken him by the hand" from the outset, with many a "Leave all that to me, Mr. Smiles."

"Of course you'll come to our cathedral to-morrow morning. The bank won't be a bit the worse for *that*—we may cast our accounts this way and that, but you know, Smiles, what does it all come to in the end?"

Mr. Smiles answered dryly, that if he had time he would try and come.

"Then I'll call for you," said Mr. Tilney. And he did call for him. He found Mrs. Smiles infinitely more excited about the matter, and dressed with all the splendour of vulgarity for the show, in yellow feathers and a pink glittering shawl. She attached much more importance to this debut than her husband did.

They started in the procession, which had now become almost habitual, from Mr. Tilney's door. Mrs. Tilney welcomed them with languishing patronage; and Mrs. Smiles, a coarse, red-checked woman, of obscure birth, felt hot and uncomfortable while being patronised sweetly by Mrs. Tilney. She had two girls of about twelve years old, who, dressed with a minor gorgeousness, were "driven" on in front before their parents, as if in a pony-carriage. They were led triumphantly into the cathedral with great restlessness, and whisperings, and consultations on the part of Mr. Tilney. "If you prefer," he whispered, "I *could* get you into the dean's pew." But Mr. Smiles stood with perfect indifference, looking critically up to the roof and down its vast extent, thinking, perhaps, what a bit of sentiment all this was, and how capitably it would cut up into a bank, with these "things" (the stalls) made into desks. They sat up in a row. Many from above and below stealing looks at the new party, whom those Tilneys had "got hold of" now.

Coming out before them, Mr. Tilney had time to whisper, "A friend! Sinews of war! One of our London City men. He could buy and sell you and me" (which was not a standard of vast wealth), "and the dean and Rookaby, and every one in that place." (This was a better hit.) "And with all that, as simple and as unaffectedly pious as any man I ever saw—praying to his

Maker there, just like you and me, or any one else. Ah, Smiles! what d'ye think now? Don't see that in Newgate-street—eh?"

Mr. Smiles, with his hands in his waistcoat-pocket, looked up at the great pile, and said, dryly, still thinking of reconstruction: "No; I should say not. What does it all mean, now?"

"Mean!" said Mr. Tilney, falling back and taking large sweeps with his stick. "Why, isn't it the grandest expansion, my dear Smiles? Where is the vast piety of our forefathers, their self-abnegation? The image of the Almighty cut in what's-his-name—you remember the line—like some great creature lifts its tall head and lies there! What does it mean? Ah, Smiles, one day we shall know!"

The other was looking at him from head to foot, with strong distrust.

"Look here, Mr. Tilney," he said, abruptly; "we open the doors to-morrow, and must go to work in earnest. The thing must be pulled through, somehow. I tell you plainly, Mr. Tilney, no amateuring will do; and every one that the bank has put on the board and pays, Mr. Tilney, will be expected to earn his money. Now, just look here. Tell me about these people coming out."

And he drew Mr. Tilney aside, now a little damped in his enthusiasm. Then Mrs. Tilney had an opening for being friendly to Mrs. Smiles, as she had been cautioned to be by her husband, but which only amounted to patronage.

"We are so sorry you have come at this time," she said, sweetly; "so little inducement to offer you. All our best families are away. That is," she added, hastily, "many of the best. I suppose you go out a great deal in London?"

"Oh yes, yes; to be sure," she answered. "Dinners, you know. Mr. Smiles is always 'dinnering' and being 'dinnered.'"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Tilney, with a start. "Indeed!" In something of this key the relations between the two ladies were kept up.

At the Smiles's Sunday dinner, laid at two, the matron was in a proud flutter. "You saw how they looked over at us in the church, my dear," she said—"all them dressed women and girls. They were somebodies."

"And d'ye mind what they think?" said the secretary. "I suppose the clothes on their backs aren't paid for. A broken-down lot, every one of them, I'll swear. Not sixpenn'orth of business will be done among the whole, mark my words."

"Mrs. Whatsername talked of their parties and things, so I suppose they'll be askin' us."

"I suppose they will," he answered, "and be glad to get hold of any solvent people that can pay their way."

Mrs. Tilney, at their dinner at half-past six, spoke of "those dreadful low, vulgar creatures" that Mr. Tilney had brought down upon them. "I suppose they'll fasten on us now, and we shall have to call on them and ask them."

Mr. Tilney looked round in alarm. "Hush, my dear," he said; "a perfect stroke of fortune.

A most important man. Secretary to the bank. Good gracious! quite a power in the state. You don't know what he may do for us."

As for Mr. Tilney, he was jubilant.

"To think of me, Dick Tilney," he said to his friends, "coming to make my fortune at this time of day, and starting as a business-man. I fought it off a long time; but they would have me. They are bringing gentlemen, instead of money very much, don't you remark?" There was sherry before Mr. Tilney as he was speaking. "If they thrust fortune on my back, why should I take my hand from the plough. Eh, Norbury? Help yourself. I have my girls to look to. However, prosperity shan't turn my head, as it has some people's. I may have a little influence in this new position; but a man who has seen the world is not easily put off his centre. I give you my honour"—and this speech was made to so many friends that a generality will do for the hearer—"that the sailor Dook, the day he was seated on this Glorious Throne of Ours, upon which the Sun Never Sets—I vow to you, he was the same sim-ple" (and Mr. Tilney's mouth assumed that half-tearful, half-smiling look which was his emotional expression)—"sim-ple, affable creature as when he was plain Billy the Dook, adored by the whole British Navy."

Indeed, this idea of being suddenly raised to enormous power and affluence, by being appointed to this post of local director, took possession of his mind. "The responsibility is awful," he would say. "There is something grand in having a power delegated to you to sit in judgment on your fellow-creatures' affairs—judge of their bills; say to this one 'Have so much;' to another, 'Take your bill, sir, and write fifty.' You remember that fine parable?" This delusion, too, happily for him, spread to his friends and acquaintances, and, more happily still, to those to whom he was indebted. A very large class indeed these latter. Waterman, the butcher; Griffiths, a splendid grocer, and who, with that happy trade versatility required by a country town, combined all sorts of interests.

Mr. Tilney went round to these creditors with his stick, and stalked into Waterman's establishment, to which he had resorted every day, having, as he himself said, "A fine eye for meat."

"Well, Waterman, you have heard? They have put me in the new bank—over all the gold and silver. All the notes too, Waterman. Anything, of course, that I can do for you, in my little way, of course, Waterman—"

Waterman, a dry, surly man, with an awful cutlass hanging at his waist in a sort of surgical instrument case, answered shortly; "I want nothin', sir, but what's properly coming to me. I can pay my way without compliments, and the like. And now that you are settling down in all these notes and gold, I hope the first thing'll be to let honest, hard-working men come by their own."

"Quite right, Waterman; you may depend

on me now. You shall have the very first cheque I draw on our bank. There. A noble fore-quarter there—real prime meat," he added, touching it here and there with his stick. "Put it aside for me, will you, Waterman? Have it weighed. Just three days' more keeping, and it will be in noble order for cutting. Ah, Mr. Waterman, do we ever think where all good blessings come from?"

Mr. Waterman, chopping and dividing joints with extraordinary neatness with his scimitar, said half aside to his customer, "There's your bill, Mr. Tilney; it's not got long to run; so you'll look to it. No quarter this time, you know." And the cutlass went home significantly into the surgical-looking sheath.

Tilney went from Waterman to the gorgeous grocer, where there was a "pass-book" with bewildering entries, crowded with all the omnigenous items which Mr. Tilney had found more convenient to purchase at the one house. To the chief of this establishment Mr. Tilney spoke in the same cheerful tone of "drawing his first cheque" in his favour.

CHAPTER XIII. NORBURY, THE LAY CANON.

NORBURY was a short, bald-headed lay canon of the cathedral, of cheerful and jovial habits, on which a narrow stipend, with a wife and six children, were no drag. This gentleman trolled a stave, and was famous for intoning a kind of hunting melody, called When AURORA atop of the Morning, in a lusty and boisterous tenor, which gave great delight to the squires and yeomen, and the loose gentlemen who lived principally with that noble animal the horse. On account of these tastes, Mr. Norbury was not at all in favour with the dean and magnates of the cathedral; at whom though, as he often said plainly "over a tumbler," he could "snap his fingers." Respect, however, for the cloth was a restraint on his language; but with regard to Fugle, and one or two more of subservient habits, and whom he forcibly called the "Dean's Lick-spittles," he gave himself full indulgence. That "toad-eater Fugle, with his squeaking penny-trumpet voice. It's disgusting to see the way he grovels before that Topham. I should be ashamed to do it." Mr. Tilney liked Norbury's company; for, as he said, he came of a "good stock, and the gentlemen were dying out of the country like a sheep rot." A cousin of the canon's, a Dick or Tom Norbury, had once or twice been on guard at the palace, and Lady Mary Norbury had apartments at Hampton Court. This, according to Mr. Tilney, explained the whole thing. It must be said, however, that during the dean's term of residence he was not so conspicuously friendly to the canon, who was held more or less in the light of a black sheep. The black sheep was never asked to Doctor Topham's nor the dean's parties, the reason for which the dean gave with great candour. "He was not the sort of person," he said, "you could well have at your house. And between you and me, I mean to

weed our body of such Scandals on the very first opportunity."

No one had less to do with this exclusion from the dean's parties than did the wife of the Scandal; a gentle, contented creature, whose aim in life was to bring her children securely and happily into the world, give them to eat and drink, and keep them clean and "tidy." Though herself neat and "tidy," still she could not keep away from the little canon's "hutch" the air of squalor which the undue swarming of children always brings. Her husband, however, was always kind, though often desponding, especially of some evenings when he sat at home, and when there was no festivity abroad, and when he tried to be domestic, but with very poor success. There was a friend who had a snug little billiard-table in a back-room, and this was a great temptation, and the provokingly thirsty character of the game was remedied by glistening tumblers upon the chimney-piece opposite, from which each player, as he passed, took a friendly sip. Every one said Norbury was excellent company, "a good creature at the bottom;" with, "it was a pity he had chosen that line, you know;" and an additional pity that the man was "so infested" with children. Still he led this cheerful life; and strangers who came to the cathedral, and saw his shiny bald head and tawny hair in the ranks of the holy men in the choir, lifting up their voices to praise their Maker, thought he must be every bit as seraphic as Fugle and the other divine and white-robed songsters. But they did not know, nor did he himself know, that Doctor Topham was busy trying to get "that Scandal" out of their body.

Mr. Tilney was now at the green door with a knocker made of brass knobs, where his friend Norbury lived. That ecclesiastic looked over the banisters in his shirt-sleeves, and many smaller heads were seen about his knees, and called out to him that he would be down in a minute. The sickly Mrs. Norbury came out to him, embossed all over with children. For she had one in her arms, a couple lay in ambush behind her skirt, and about herself, poor patient lady, there was the habitual outspeaking air as of yet more children.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Tilney, "you have no doubt heard? Yes; I thought so. It seems they have put me over the gold and silver and their notes. I hope Heaven will give me the proper judgment to discharge this great trust. And now, my dear madam," he added kindly, "we shall find means to do something for our friend up there. Directors and that sort of thing, you know, find a hundred ways. When there is a stream of money going, why shouldn't some of it find its way in here? Why not, now?"

Why not, indeed! as in truth that poor pale-checked, "washed out" woman had been thinking these many years back.

"Oh, Mr. Tilney," she said, "if we had only a little! Charles has so many mouths to feed! And there is the dean so cruelly 'down' on him. There was a stall vacant, and though it's his

turn, he passed him over, and gave it to Mr. Nelson. It is very, very harsh."

Mr. Norbury entered now, pulling on his coat. "You heard, Tilney?" he said. "That's a nice successor of the Apostles! I should like to have the preaching of a sermon at him. I'd make him know his catechism. There's that Nelson has been here only a couple of years, and I have been here sixteen. Twenty pounds a year," he added, looking, with a sudden wistfulness that was almost painful, on the little heads that were about him, "would have come in very nicely—made a great difference. By the way," and his tone became cheerful, "we had a great match of billiards last night. Why weren't you there? One of the officers. I gave him a beating. I'm to give him his revenge to-night; so be down, will you? I'm going with you, Tilney. Run up, Jack, for my hat. Is my tie clean, Jane? No? No matter; it'll do. I hope we shall meet Topham. Come, Tilney."

When they got out, he said, earnestly, "Now that you are in the bank, Tilney, I hope you'll give a lift to a poor devil. This has cut me up awfully, and poor Jenny too. It's very cruel; for, to tell you the truth, I thought Topham was more of a Christian, and would do what he thought his duty, although he *did* dislike me. I don't know where to turn to. Unless, I was thinking, that you might like——"

"What, what, my poor Norbury?" said Mr. Tilney, kindly. "Tell me. My heart bleeds for you!"

"I mean, you could get me a bit of paper 'done' among your banking people. Only sixty pounds; that would give me breathing-time, and help us to get a leg of mutton for the children."

"Is that all?" said Mr. Tilney. "To be sure. I'll speak to Smiles, and make him do it. We are anxious to get business, and everything comes in nicely."

"No, will you?" said the other, in deep gratitude. "You see, I only want room to stretch my arms a little. This fellow is annoying me so. Poor Jenny is for my going on my knees and crying peccavi; but the parish before *that*. No, no; let him keep out of my way, or I won't answer for myself—as regards my tongue, I mean. I am so dry about the throat; aren't you?"

"I declare," said Mr. Tilney, with surprise, "if this isn't Hiscoke's. He has really the finest Brown Particular." And the two gentlemen went in.

At Mr. Tilney's own home, the same idea as of having come into a great fortune prevailed; except, indeed, as in respect to the instance of Ada Millwood, for whose judgment only, when in a difficulty, Mr. Tilney had a sort of respect.

When the board met in the new board-room, where there were new safes all round, and new chairs, and a long new table—in which every director could see his own face and arrange his hair if he liked, and had a sheet of virgin pink blotting-paper before him, to draw figures and faces on—it was pleasant to hear Mr. Tilney expatiating pleasantly on the agreeable duties

before them. "We have only now to open our hands and let the money drop into them. Eh, now? A scratch of a quill pen from you or I, and what a deal we can do. I recollect old Coutts telling me——"

But Mr. Smiles came in, hard, cold, and dry, with his hands full of papers.

"I recollect old Coutts, Mr. Smiles——"

"Now, gentlemen, just one word," said the secretary—"just one word. There is work to be done here, and very hard work. So any gentleman who is not prepared for real work, had better go. Now, here are some bills just sent in, which we must consider."

A little taken aback by this austere reproof—and Mr. Smiles kept his eye mainly on Mr. Tilney—the latter drew in his chair nervously, and with a "God bless me!"

By the end of the sitting he had recovered himself. The secretary was hurrying by him again with a sheaf of long slips in his hand spread out like a fan, when Mr. Tilney tapped him mysteriously on the shoulder. "A word in your ear, Smiles," he said; "a word."

"I am greatly hurried, Mr. Tilney. Really, you shouldn't—Well, what is it?"

"Look here, Smiles. A little matter. You and I understand each other, and, as one man of business to another man of business——"

The secretary almost smiled at this notion.

"Now," continued Mr. Tilney, tapping him on the shirt-front, "I just want you to consider me like one of the bumpkins and graziers in the office below—not as an awful director. Let me be a grazier—ha! ha!"

"Really," said Mr. Smiles, "this is going too far. I don't think you seem sensible of the position we are in, or, give me leave to tell you, of the position *you* are in. Our time is too precious——"

"My goodness! how you take a man up," said poor Mr. Tilney. "It was only my little jocular way."

"Ah, then," said Mr. Smiles, calmly, "it would be far better to leave the jocular way outside, you know. Well?"

"I merely wanted—indeed, as a director, I believe I am entitled—I mean—I suppose I can draw—pretty freely—on the bank. My bill. Not to any great extent, of course, but——"

"Just step in here, Mr. Tilney," said the other, calmly. "There! Now, I think it is quite time, and will save a world of misapprehension afterwards, to let you know how we stand and *you* stand. I don't think you quite see what your position is, to which, I confess freely, you were named in defiance of my advice. What you propose is quite out of the question—more, it would be indecent!"

"Indecent!" said Mr. Tilney, aghast.

"A nice story to get through the town, that the directors were 'doing bills' on each other in the very first week. It must have occurred to you yourself, so *do* try and keep up the respectability of the concern. It can't be thought of."

"Sir," said Mr. Tilney, warmly, "I want no man to tell me to be respectable and decent."

For years I was about King William when he was the Sailor Dook, and he never found it necessary to——"

"No doubt—I am sure—quite proper. But I see you have caught my meaning, and will excuse me."

Mr. Tilney returned home very desponding. The world, he thought, was deteriorating. "Fellows like that" seemed to be pushed up. That good old spirit of my doing for you and you doing for me, as so happily put in the Gospel—the gentleman's creed, too—seemed to have gone by. Suddenly it flashed upon him he had begun at the wrong end. It was most natural, to be sure. He saw what was on Smiles's mind. Ha! ha! Very good indeed!

At home he was looked for anxiously; for, going out while being brushed down, and drawing on his gloves, he had said, gaily, "I am going to get the first haul at the bank. We must be moderate, though, at starting; est modus, you know—a little to-day and a little to-morrow; that's the way. How will you have it, my dears," he added, humorously, and swinging his cane about—"gold or notes?"

Only the yellow-haired girl, looking at him thoughtfully as they met at the foot of the stairs, and putting a flower in his button-hole, whispered, "Don't build too much, dear uncle, on this; everything is so uncertain."

"Wise child!" said Mr. Tilney.

When, therefore, he came back, greatly confused and dejected, and saying that "something was wrong," and that "he couldn't follow it," Mrs. Tilney, sharp always, and sceptical in her judgments, read off the true state of the case.

"This is always the way," she said, flouncing and rustling, "coming to us with your cock-and-bull stories. You have made some mess of it, I know, with your long flourishing rigmaroles, that no one can understand or listen to."

Mr. Tilney looked hopelessly from one to the other. "I know!" he said, suddenly; "we began at the wrong end. To be sure. I told you we should have asked him and his wife. He resents this. I saw there was something in his manner. Old Warburton, who was always about the Dook, used to say that a dinner was the greatest softener of——"

"Ah! stuff!" said Mrs. Tilney, with contempt. "Do you want me to be 'hoped' up with his vulgar trollop of a wife? I shan't have her fastened on me, I can tell you."

"It's the only way," said Mr. Tilney, eagerly, and almost piteously. "I never found a dinner to fail. I found it with myself, whenever they wanted anything out of me, they always gave me a dinner, and——"

"Indeed yes," said Mrs. Tilney, "and they got enough of you."

The soft low voice of Ada was heard now.

"I dare say it would be a wise thing, after all, dear aunt," she said. "They seem to be the sort of people that would like that kind of attention, and would be flattered."

"I know, it," said Mr. Tilney, eagerly;

"that's what's rankling in his mind. Ask him and the wife—him and the wife—a snug little dinner, and you will see."

Mrs. Tilney at last agreed in a grudging way. "It must be by themselves," she said. "I am not going to disgrace myself before our acquaintance by such company."

Mr. Tilney sighed, but was obliged to accept this concession.

MICROSCOPIC FUNGI.

Most people know the difference between a house in order and a house in disorder. In the one, everything is in its place—the chairs here, the tables there, this thing in a closet, that on a shelf. You can lay your hand on what you want in the dark; you can go in and out, up-stairs and down-stairs, blindfold, without breaking your shins or upsetting a single article. In the other, nothing has a place of its own; everything seems to claim a right to occupy any place and to encumber any apartment it chooses. The drawing-room does duty as a wardrobe and store-closet, pictures and prints litter the floors, instead of hanging symmetrically on the walls. The sofas serve as resting-places for chairs, and the tables are laden with footstools and hearthrugs; the coal-shoot is stuffed with pamphlets and newspapers, the books are piled in dust-heaps in the corners; the thing you require is never discoverable. At full noonday, you find a difficulty in threading your way out of one room into another.

Disorder in a workshop or factory would soon bring matters to a stand-still; we therefore find admirable order strictly carried out in those establishments. Articles are ranged in serial rank, according to their nature, quality, and destination; silk with silk, cotton with cotton, thread with thread, cloth with cloth. The same with tools; handsaws do not jostle helter-skelter with bradawls, nor planes with hammers. Each shelf and pigeon-hole has its own proper occupant; to which shelf, for any other article, "No admission" is the rigid rule. Consequently, every element for every process is immediately forthcoming when called for; moreover, things in order pack infinitely better, occupying enormously less room. You can get twice as many objects into a given space by disposing of them regularly as you can by pitching them in anyhow, promiscuously, higgledy-piggledy.

If such be the advantages of material order applied to things of daily necessity, we may expect equal assistance from intellectual order working upon knowledge of daily acquirement. It is an immense help to be able to classify the things we know into a system where each one has its place. Anybody with the slightest observation cannot help becoming acquainted with a great many objects, and knowing a considerable number of facts. Suppose a lad merely to take a walk from a country village down to the sea. He beholds trees, grass, corn, flowers;

fields, roads, earth, and stones; a brook, or, perhaps, a river; beasts, birds, insects, fish. He may have wind and rain, shade and sunshine. If his mind is alert, he will note all these, comparing their different relations to each other. He will assign to each a special corner in his memory, for the double purpose, first, of recognising objects, and, secondly, of accounting for facts.

At starting, if he only look at a weed growing on a heap of stones, he will perceive that everything which meets his eyes may be separated into two grand divisions by the difference the most obvious possible. The stone is an Inorganic Substance, the weed an Organised Being. All its parts are made and put together to fulfil a purpose; its root is an organ to draw moisture from the earth, and frequently to store nourishment for next year's growth; its leaves are organs to receive the influences of air and sunshine. Dead plants still remain organised substances; but we cannot say that stones are dead, because they have never lived. They exist, they *are*, and that is all. The stone is motionless. The plant has no locomotion; but it has a motion of its parts, stretching forth its leaves to face the light and expanding its petals to catch the sunshine. It has also the motion of growth and development, rearing or twining its stem, and thrusting its rootlets in accordance with the laws which govern its species.

A few steps further, he meets with water in motion, an inorganic fluid; he feels air in motion, an inorganic gas—each the home of organised creatures. The inorganic earth likewise sustains, besides plants, a variety of organised animals. He will, therefore, hand over inorganic substances generally to the study of the mineralogist and the chemist, while organised beings will occur to him as belonging to natural history. At a later period of his education, he will learn the solidarity of all the sciences—that, to know one well, you must know something of all.

But organised beings immediately present themselves as capable of easy subdivision into two grand armies. He needs no definition of consciousness and unconsciousness, of voluntary and involuntary motion, to divide the animal from the vegetable kingdom, to distinguish between animal and vegetable life, leaving wiser heads than his own to fix the exact boundaries, if they can. So, without, perhaps, knowing the full force and meaning of the words, he instinctively apprehends that one kingdom will afford work for the botanist exclusively, while the other falls to the share of the zoologist.

It is natural that animated creatures should first attract his young attention. A lamb kneeling to suck its mother's milk, will suggest the idea of a class, *Mammalia*; a thrush startled from its mud-lined nest, will carry his thoughts to birds in general, and their common origin from eggs hatched under their parents. At first sight, he might be tempted to suppose that all quadrupeds are likewise *mammalia*, and all flying

creatures birds; but further observation will correct that false induction, and enable him to classify his facts with greater accuracy.

The worm which crawls across his path, the insects fluttering in the air, the fish he beholds hauled out of the sea, afford him additional opportunities of comparison. Fish, so different in other respects from *mammalia*, birds, and reptiles, yet resemble them in the one grand point of possessing a backbone, which worms, snails, insects, and many other humble creatures have not. He finds, therefore, that he must draw a frontier limit between backboneed animals, and animals without backbones, driving one set into the province *Vertebrata*, while the others are denizens of *Invertebrata*. Similarly, if he turn his attention to the vegetable kingdom, he will have to separate flowering from flowerless plants; and, amongst those latter, to distinguish ferns from fungi, and mosses from lichens. The more accurate acquaintance he can make with each or either, the better.

And—exactly like furniture, goods, and hardware—knowledge so set in order is more easily packed in the student's brain-box, and more accessible when wanted. There will always, certainly, be many things of whose real nature he is doubtful or ignorant. But then, he can always put them into their provisional place, to be changed should further information warrant it. It is always something to be able to say to a puzzling fact, "Lie on that shelf, until I see reason to shift you to another."

Now, during the last few years, we have had many helps to set our intellectual houses in order, by the publication of separate treatises on special branches of natural history. We have only to mention the names of Yarrel, Forbes, Berkeley, Moore, Harvey, Hassall, Sowerby, Gould, and numerous others, to remind the reader of the pleasant fact. English literature is peculiarly rich in these most useful treasures of classified information. There are publishers who devote their energies to this speciality, as Van Voorst, Lovell Reeve, and Hardwicke. They supply us with works suited to all pockets, and almost to all comprehensions. Thus, if we want to know about our reptiles, there is a good book about British Reptiles; if we are curious about our ferns, there are capital books on British Ferns. One of the latest additions to our popular branch "*knowledge*," setting in order and beautifully illustrating a difficult group of minute but wide-spread objects, is Mr. Cooke's very clear and elaborate Introduction to the Study of Microscopic Fungi.*

For, another striking characteristic of recent science is its faculty of converting ugliness into beauty. Homely, insignificant, and even repulsive objects, are found, when examined, investigated, and dissected, to consist of exquisite component parts. From the teeth of the slug and the lancets of the leech, to the gizzard of

* *Rust, Smut, Mildew, and Mould.* By M. C. Cooke, with nearly Three Hundred Figures. By J. E. Sowerby.

the cockchafer and the spiracles of the maggot; from the beautiful woodcuts in Payer's *Botanique Cryptogamique*, reproduced in the *Micrographic Dictionary*, to Van Beneden's "ideal" portraits of intestinal worms, both during their development and after reaching their more advanced stages; all is admirable—delicate and elaborate in form, and beautifully adapted to the end proposed.

For a knowledge of these wonders, we are, of course, mainly indebted to the microscope, which, of late, has been both greatly improved and widely popularised. It is of little use, however, to be possessed of a microscope, without having in view some special field of observation to which to direct it. The holder of the instrument, in such a case, is like a gunner without game, a sportsman without a moor, a well set-up angler without river or lake, a shipowner without a sea. Small collections of preparations are soon exhausted, and tire. To maintain the interest, some pursuit is required in which each amateur may make his own discoveries for himself. Mr. Cooke, therefore, was inspired with a happy thought when he undertook to point out to his public the multifarious attractions of *Microscopic Fungi*.

It was also a good idea to lead the way, by publishing a series of specimens. A collection of about a hundred minute *Fungi*, illustrative of this book, for one guinea, is a cheap and most agreeable assistant to the student, besides being an apt addition to anybody's micrological museum. Most professors of a microscope have experienced how much more attractive, for general exhibition, are opaque objects seen under low powers, than the mysterious details of organisation which require the utmost strain both of the eye and the instrument (and sometimes of the imagination) to make them out. Specimens of different sands, gold-dust from Australia, a weevil's wing, the pollen of flowers, the eggs of insects, the scales of fishes, and other like colossal things (microscopically speaking), will excite more interest and wonder in unlearned beholders, than the most delicate test objects the most clearly defined.

It is not improbable, too, as Mr. Cooke justly remarks, that in more cases than have come under his own observation, microscopists, wearied of diatoms and other allied forms, or deeming themselves in possession of all that is novel or interesting in that direction, are seeking for a new field of labour and a new subject to kindle a new enthusiasm. To these he advises that small fungi should have a fair trial. If variety is desired, here they will have at least two thousand species, for a knowledge of which the microscope is essential. If they thirst for discovery, let them be assured that here also the earnest worker is certain to meet with such a reward. Or if they would acquaint themselves with the manifestations of Divine Power, as developed in the most minute of created things, let them follow such observers as Tulasne, and De Bary, and seek the "why and the wherefore" of the phenomena of mycetal life.

If there should still be any hesitation whether there is, in this pursuit, sufficient of the element of variety to render it available for those who do not desire to pursue the subject into its deepest scientific recesses, let them go to a good public library, such as that of the British Museum, and inquire for the large illustrated work by Corda, entitled, *Icones Fungorum*, or Tulasne's more recent *Selecta Fungorum Carpologia*, and after examining the figures of microscopic fungi in either of those works, decide for themselves.

Fungi (to set our mental furniture in order) occupy a very decidedly marked position amongst other plants. They are like themselves, and like nothing else. Microscopic fungi do not yield in importance to their more largely developed congeners. It is impossible to despise them, or forget what they can do, even when we know what dwarfs and minims they are.

A plant, generally, has been defined to be an organised being, unconscious of its own existence, without voluntary motion, fed by inorganic substances which it extracts from air or water, according to laws independent of the formulæ of inorganic chemistry, by the help of a faculty dependent on vital force.

Vegetables are composed of two elements which concur in the formation of their organs; the utricle or cell, and fibre. Of the former alone certain vegetables are composed, and are thence called utricular or cellular. Amongst these are the *Fungi*. Cellular tissue is the seat of all the essential principles, produced by plants. In it are formed sugar, gum, starch, fixed and essential oils, crystals, &c. It is easy, therefore, to understand that plants composed of cellular tissue only, may be either nutritive, medicinal, deleterious, or poisonous, besides being capable of producing mechanical effects dependent merely on their augmented size or force of increase.

Fungi are a class of cellular, flowerless plants, growing on or in damp vegetable mould, or on living, decaying, or dead organic substances, vegetable or animal. They do not appear to be capable of assimilating inorganic food; and are distinguished from most other plants by the absence of the chlorophyll which causes the green or the red in healthy leaves. *Fungi* are with difficulty separated from the Lichens; and the difficulty promises to increase, the more we know about the plants.

The class *Fungi* is divided by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley—probably the greatest living authority on cryptogamic botany—into six orders. The list is worth an attentive perusal, in order to obtain a clear general view of all the fungi, as well as of those which are necessarily the objects of microscopic investigation.

They are: I. Mushrooms; II. Puff-balls; III. Smuts, or Coniomycetes, from two Greek words meaning "dust-fungi," called also Uredoides, from the Latin for blight. This order usually bears sessile or stalkless masses of microscopic fructification, and so comes under our present head. IV. Mildews, or Hypo-

mycetes, that is "textile fungi," as if they were woven masses of matted threads; likewise called Botrytoideæ, from "a bunch of grapes," because they produce microscopic erect filaments, bearing terminal, free, and single spores; the whole resembling a loose or scant-berried bunch of grapes standing erect on its stalk. V. Truffles, Morelles, &c., prized by cooks and beloved by gourmands. And VI. Moulds, Physomycetes, or "bladder-fungi," likewise Mucoridæ, from the Latin for mouldiness; consisting of microscopic filaments, bearing stalked sacs, containing numerous minute sporules. Three, therefore, out of the six orders (composing a very large proportion of the plants belonging to this strange class) come within the range of microscopic observation.

How quaintly-shaped they are, how curious, how brightly tinted, is seen at a glance on opening Mr. Cooke's elegant and inexpensive volume. His text tells you where to look for them, while his coloured plates remove all difficulty in recognising them. They require no remote researches. A hunting-ground a few roods square will set you up with quite a stock of species. Mr. Cooke holds it to be a great mistake to endeavour to go over a large tract of ground. He has spent a whole day in a little chalk-pit, which had fallen into disuse, and grown wild; fifty yards into a wood is as much as he dares attempt alone, and a spot six yards square has afforded him occupation for hours—for it is far better to examine a small space thoroughly than to scamper on, mile after mile, finding nothing by the way. Nor are they hard to discover. They stare at you, and beg your notice, on the twigs of shrubs and the stems of plants; they come out in bright patches on broken palings; they muster strongly in crowded tufts on ancient thatch, straw, reeds, and matting; they peep out at you, entreating collection, from beneath a withered flower or a decaying leaf; they interleave your books and spot your paper; they invade your garden, and, unless he be blind and noseless, give unmistakable warning to your slovenly gardener; they intrude themselves even upon your dinner-table, sometimes with approbation, occasionally to receive a reprimand. For, although fine-marbled, green-veined Stilton is welcome, mouldiness in bread, preserves, and pickles, is apt to draw down censure on the housewife.

But they worm their way even into the master's sanctum. The cellar door offers no hindrance to them; insinuating their syphons between the cork and the bottle, they suck out the sweetness and aroma of his wine. Their magnificent festoons in the London Docks may therefore be less innocuous than picturesque. They have been accused of sundry serious offences. The breeding of ringworm in the head is not much; the wholesale slaughter of silkworms is something; the introduction and spread of cholera is more; nor are the potato and vine diseases trifles.

And many of their forms are merely masks, larval phases, disguises under which their true

rank and quality is hidden for a time, often indefinite. Their metamorphoses puzzle the learned. "Who is who?" among the Mildews and the Blights, is less easy to answer than the questions of Pinnock's catechisms. Whither So-and-So migrate?—whether from the berberry they shift to the wheat—are equally debatable facts. In spite of which great obstacles, Mr. Cooke has given us their portraits larger than life, enabling us, under his pleasant guidance, if not to get rid of our Smuts and Moulds, at least to arrange them in lucid order, so as to be able to find them in case of need.

FOUND DROWNED.

"NEVER give up, my lad; keep a stout heart," I says. "You ain't the first man as has been outer work;" and him as I spoke to was myself, number one, you know; for just then he was the only friend I'd got, and a precious encumbrance he was, too, without anything to do, and wanting to eat and sleep, which costs money in London. So "never give up," I says; and then I goes slowly along the streets, looking at the bright shops, and thinking what a little would set me up; and there I was, hanging about anywheres, nowheres like, till the shops was all shut up, and the streets nearly empty; and there I stood in front o' the Exchange, listening to the clocks striking ten, some all together, and some in a slobbery way, one arter the other, till they'd all done, and it seemed so quiet and still after.

"There's ten o' 'em," I says, putting my hands a little further down into my trousers-pockets, and looking up at the bright stars as I leaned my back up again a lamp-post; and then I says again, "What are you going to do for a bed to-night, my lad?"

Now this made me feel rather low and down, for I was precious close drove. I warn't particularly hungry, for I'd had a penny cup o' coffee and a ha'porth o' bread-and-butter at five o'clock; but I could have said "what for" to a good supper. But there was no supper coming, so I stood there and felt low.

There was all the stars bright and clear just as I used to see 'em down at home, and then I thought about how easily I might have got a lodging o' some kind or other, in a straw heap, or between a couple o' stacks, or in a barn, and how it wouldn't have been much to have slep' out in the open air down there; while up here—

"Ah!" I says, "there's plenty o' chimney-stacks up here, my lad, but it's rather windy about them, so you'd best think o' something else."

So I jogs on just in time, for there was a policeman coming up to start me; and I goes on and on till I gets to them steps close to London Bridge, where you goes down into Thames-street, and looking down 'em I saw several chaps curled up in the warmest corners, as if they meant to stay there for the night. But

I shakes my head and goes on towards the bridge, gets at last into one o' the recesses, and looks down at the running river, and the barges, and wharves, and shipping, and great piled-up warehouses, and, look where I would, it seemed that there was plenty o' money everywhere, while I'd been up in the big city a whole month, and hadn't done a stroke o' work yet.

"Never mind, my lad," I says; "you ain't got the thin end o' the wedge in yet; but when you do, you'll lay on at the thick end, I'll bet;" and the thoughts of how I would lay on when I did get a chance made me smile a bit, in spite o' feeling so low; and I gets down outer the seat, and then blest if there warn't another policeman close by, and no doubt a watching me. So off I goes as fast as I could.

"Don't do to be idle here, my lad," I says; and I jogs along west again, wondering what I could do for a rest till five, when I meant to be up and off towards some o' the workshops. I couldn't stand the workhouses, they put me too much in mind o' seeing the tramps come into our town down north, to get their ticket from the policeman before they went up to the tramp ward. You see, if I could ha' kep' on all night I shouldn't ha' cared; but I should ha' been good for nought nex' day, so I goes along thinking about where I'd go.

First of all, I remembers them arches down outer the Strand, and I turns down the lane, and then stands stock still, for the wind came sighing up off the river, and it seemed to me to smell sweet and fresh, as if it had come from far away, floating over the water from out o' the pure country; and as I stood there it seemed to bring with it sunny days, by my own old river-side, with the clear water dimpling, and sparkling, and dancing amongst the bending grass and reeds, while the green banks were shaded by the waving trees. There it all was—clear water, sunny meadows, old wooden bridge, red-brick tower church, boys fishing in the clear water that came sweeping round the little island—all bright, clear, and lovely, just like a dream o' God's own beautiful country, sent to cheer me—a poor, hard-up, working man; and all through that light puff o' wind from off the river.

Well, it was enough to make any man sigh as he looked up at the bricks and mortar closing him in everywhere, just as if he'd no business up amongst 'em, and they wanted to shoulder him off, because there warn't room for him in the great city. Howsoever, I goes down, footsore and done up, under the black-looking arches, and then, giving a sorter shudder, I goes slowly groping along till I sees a light, and smells smoke, as if some one had a fire there; and then I hears some one a singing, and by the light o' the fire there was one or two jiffing about in a sort o' wild Irish dance; and that was quite enough. I makes the best o' my way out, and finds a step where I sits down and has a rest.

I'd been a-foot best part o' the day, and was that tired that I began dozing off, when "tramp

—tramp—tramp—tramp"—I hears the sound of a step, and I knowed whose it was, so I got up and moved off, and met another policeman, as made me start by flashing his light in my face. But he didn't say anything, only stopped short, and I knew he was watching me till I was outer sight.

"Under the green trees, my lad; they're cold company, but the best you'll get to-night. Under the green trees," I kep' on saying; and I got on as fast as I could into Piccadilly, and on and along till I was opposite the railings, when I sat down on one o' the seats and looked over the Park down into the hollow, where all the lamps were twinkling and glowing just like so many stars, while at the back, above 'em like, was the great Parliament House clock shining like a moon. Ah! tired as I was, it was a pretty sight; and I could not help thinking what a lot o' comfort and misery there was always a-passing by them lamps o' a night. Howsoever, I jumps up again, for, same as before, there was another policeman a-coming, and I shuffles along werry slowly till I turns up Park-lane, and was soon under the railings.

Of course I didn't know the names of all these places werry well then; but I've often beca to have a look at 'em since, and what I thought then was terrible troubles, don't seem anything werry serious now that times is altered.

Policeman again before I'd got far up the lane, and then a couple o' them poor shivering gals; but they took no notice o' me, and at last I looks this way, and that way, and listened, and then I gives a bit o' a jump and was on top o' the spikes in no time, and then let myself gently down on the other side and stood upon the grass.

"Ah!" I says, giving my arms a swing, "one can breathe here." And then I goes across the paths, and the road, and under and over more railings and flower-beds, and then I comes to a seat and was going to sit down, but it was iron, and as cold as ice. So being a dry night, I strikes right off towards the big trees out Kensington way, to the right of the Serpentine. I passes one or two chaps on the grass, but I didn't seem to like the places they had chosen, so I keeps on a bit further till I comes to a big tree, where there was no grass growing at the foot, while the great roots stood up out o' the ground ever so high; and getting on the side where the wind didn't blow, I creeps close up to the trunk and makes myself as comfortable as I could—and that warn't any too comfortable, I can tell you.

First of all it didn't feel cold, for I'd been walking, and I sat, looking about, in a sort o' half curled-up way. It was a beautiful night, and the stars looked brighter than ever, while overhead the wind came whispering and sighing through the branches o' the trees, murmuring a tune that I'd often laist and listened to far off in the bright country; for, I dare say, London's a bright enough place to them with plenty o' money, but for we poor people it's

dull enough and bitter enough. Straight down before me I could just here and there catch a glimpse o' the Serpentine; and beyond that, here and there like a star, there was a lamp shining; while heard, now and then, very faintly, came sometimes the rumble of a carriage or cab. All at once, close by, I heard a regular "tramp—tramp," and before I could make out what it was, it stopped, and then I heard low voices talking, the rattling of rifles, and then the "tramp—tramp" again; when I knew it was the soldiers relieving guard, and there seemed some comfort in thinking that I had company not so werry far off.

Off to the left I could see here and there a light in the top windows o' the tall houses in Park-lane; and as the night went on, and I sat half leaning there, for I could not sleep, tired as I was, I could hear sometimes the distant barking of a dog, or the howling of a cat, while the noise of the carriages came now werry seldom.

I was sitting thinking and thinking, when it seemed to me that over Pimlico way began to look werry light, and, sure enough, after a time, the faint light grew into a deep red glow; and though I knew it must be a bad fire not far off, I was too tired and worn out to get up and see.

Soon after I counted no less than four engines came rattling along; and it was easy to tell them from the quick rattling noise they made as the horses came galloping along as hard as they could tear. Then all seemed still again, and by degrees the bright light grew fainter and fainter, till it faded all away, and with it the stars went too, for it seemed as though a great black curtain was being slowly drawn over the sky, till all was as black as ink; the wind began to moan and sigh, and a few drops o' rain to fall, while a regular shiver ran through me, and I'd have given something for a good warm blanket, or even a truss of straw, I was that cold and miserable. One time I thought o' getting up and running about, but didn't like to begin it, any more than if I'd been in the warmest o' beds; and there I was, curled up as closely as I could get, lying and listening to the soldier walking backwards and forwards there by the powder-magazine, and every now and then putting down his rifle with a sharp rattle.

At last o' all, in spite o' the cold, and the rain, and the moaning wind, I dropped off into a sort of half doze, and began fancying I was home again, and in great trouble. I couldn't tell what it was, but I knew it was something werry dreadful, and that I couldn't help it, although I tried hard. It seemed to press upon me and keep me down, just as if I had the nightmare; and then, all at once, I beat it off, and woke up with a start, scared and alarmed, as if something horrible was happening, when all was as still as could be; but directly after I began to tremble, for one o' the most dreadful shrieks I ever heard came ringing through the darkness, and seeming to cut

through me as it made me shudder and shiver from head to foot. Then, again and again, thick and fast, shriek after shriek, as though from some one in the most horrid torture; and I could feel my hair quite begin to lift, as though there was a cold wind passing through it.

I jumped up in a half-muddled, confused state, and for a moment did not know which way to run; but just then I hears the rattling o' the soldier's rifle, and I runs up to him as fast as I could.

"What is it?" he says, as I runs up.

"I don't know," I says; "I was asleep!"

"Run down to the water; it's there," he says; and just then from down towards the river there came the same shrieks again, but fainter and more stifled; and for a moment I felt as if I couldn't stir; but I rouses up, and runs shivering down, though the noise stopped before I got half way to the water-side; and when I got there, and felt the gravel crunching under my feet, everything was as quiet and still as could be, and nothing to be heard but the "lap-lapping" o' the water, and the sighing o' the wind.

I walked some distance along one way, and then back, and a bit the other way, and then gave a start, for a queer cry came off the water; but I knew that must have been made by one o' the water-birds; and then I stopped short, and wondered whether one o' them could have made the horrible screaming we heard; but I shook my head directly, and went on back to the soldier.

"Well," he says, "what was it?"

"Couldn't see a soul," I says.

"Thought you wouldn't," he said. "It was somebody a-drowning."

"What makes you think that?" I says.

"Shrieks sounded so gurgling," he says.

And I felt that upset that I took and sat on a rail close by him all the rest o' the night, and didn't go to sleep any more.

Two mornings arter there was me, and the soldier, and a poor gal, sitting in the board-room o' St. Griffin's workhouse waiting for the coroner and the jury, as came straggling in as if they'd no business there, and didn't belong to nobody, and nobody didn't belong to them. And there was a werry fussy chap there as seemed to know 'em all, and fust he was talking to one, and then another, till two gentlemen in black came in, when everybody got up, and I heard them whisper as it was the coroner and the doctor, and they went and sat up a-top o' the green baize-covered table in two big leather-covered chairs, and all the jurymen stood looking werry hard, and wondering what was to be done next.

"Shut the door," says the coroner. "Have you enough here?"

The fussy chap says as there was; and then the coroner says again:

"Answer to your names, gentlemen."

Then there was a bustle amongst the jury, as if they was a flock o' sheep, and the fussy chap, as was the beadle, looks just like a dog a-going

to rush in among them, and to hunt 'em up, for they were all hanging together like little bits o' sticks in a pond.

Then the names were called over, and the swearing done after they'd let the coroner choose their foreman, for they couldn't do it themselves; and then the doctor pulls out a snuff-box, and the coroner takes a pinch, which, as I thought, he did like a man as wasn't used to it, and then sneezes three times werry loudly, and then tells the doctor as it always clears his head wonderfully; when the doctor smiles and takes a werry large pinch, making a great deal o' snuffing and fuss over it, and then snapping his fingers and flicking the dust off his shirt-frill, and all without sneezing.

"Now, gentlemen," says the coroner, and all the jurymen as was now sitting on each side o' the table leans their heads towards him, "you are met here to inquire as touching the death o' a woman whose body was found—er—yesterday—er—er—yesterday, I think you said, sir? Oh! ah! Yes; I see; yesterday, in the Serpentine. You will now proceed, gentlemen, to view the body."

The jury then rose, and the coroner began talking to the doctor, who was werry busy taking himself up and putting his wrists in handcuffs with his gold chain.

"This way, gentlemen," says the beadle; and he led the way down a werry clean stone passage and into a small paved yard, in one corner o' which was a little slate-roofed shed with the door open, and in here all the jurymen went except two, and they was a young pale chap, almost a boy, and t'other a tall six-foot-two fellow, with a face like a cocoa-nut—all brown whiskers.

The place was wet and damp as if the floor had just been washed; and there was a queer doctor's shop sorter smell about; and there, so pale and still upon a board laid on two trestles, was her as we had come to see. Solemn and stern as marble, with her black hair smoothly parted, and her form decently covered and arranged; without a mark, or even a frown upon her handsome face, no sign of violence or pain, seen here under the dim skylight of the dead-house—asleep.

It was a sad, sad sight; and we looked on in silence. There was no look of horror or fear amongst them as came to look; but they went in and out on tiptoe. They talked in whispers, as if afraid to wake her—poor thing; and then seemed glad to be once more outside, and to get back to the board-room.

Then Private Brooks was examined, and said what he knew, which wasn't much; and a deal o' trouble they had with him to get it: for there was him, a chap as was always being drilled, and could form squares, and fours, and counter-march, and all sorts, had to be shoved, and butted, and pushed, and poked, to get him to stand in the right place; which he did, at last, like when the sergeant calls out "Attention!" And there he stood, ready to let himself off—as he had no rifle—and discharge all the

information as was rammed into that not werry dangerous shell—his skull.

And then I was called, and said what I knew, and how in the morning I told the first policeman I met. And then he who had been standing outside was called, and stated as he had heard certain information from the last witness, and went at once to the water-side, where, as soon as it was broad daylight, he saw something floating, and after getting a boat, he brought the body o' deceased to shore and had it removed to the dead-house. There was nothing on the body by which it could be identified—no money or papers, but the clothes was there, if any gentleman would like to examine them.

But no one did anything else but shudder at the damp muddy things as he dragged forward; and then the coroner called for the next witness.

Poor lass! she said her name was Rosina Ellis, single woman, and she could hardly give her evidence for sobbing. She didn't look twenty. Said she knew the poor woman well, for they lodged in the same house; and, as she had not been back, thought it might be her as was found in the Serpentine, for she used to say she'd drown herself. She had known her two years, and they often walked together. Felt sick o' life herself, and shouldn't mind being with Agnes. Thought her other name was Wilson, for that was written in a Bible she gave witness. It was a little old Bible with marks in it, and there was a leaf turned down where it said, "Woman, where are those thine accusers?" and a thick mark under the words; and another where it said, "Go, and sin no more." Agnes told her to read it, and seemed werry unhappy, and said she was tired of life.

And then there was nobody spoke for a bit; and the poor gal kep' on sobbing so bitterly, and one or two o' the jury looked werry hard at the blotting-paper before them. Then the doctor told his story, full of long words, about post-mortem examination, and unhealthy state of organs, and effusion on brain; and at last gave it out as the poor gal died by drowning herself, he should say.

That was all: so the coroner said, as the jury had heard the depositions of the several witnesses, and if they was agreed, they would no doubt find a verdict in accordance with the evidence, as the poor creature had been found dead. The sad case before them showed the terrible depravity of our great city; and how Hyde Park had become the resort of the homeless and disreputable; and then he said a whole lot more, as if he meant it for me, and made me feel as if it was all my fault as the poor gal was drowned.

So the verdict of "Found dead" was given in, and the jury all went and signed the papers; the coroner shook hands with the doctor; and then the room was slowly emptied, for jury and witnesses straggled out, and the inquest was at an end.

I stood outside, feeling low and miserable, when I heard some one behind me speaking; and he said, in a low sad way:

"All that remains of her now is pure womanly."

And then the one who spoke went by, and I saw the beadle go with the policeman and the soldier into the Allborough Arms, the jury go this way and that way, and the poor weeping gal go down the street followed by him as had said them words. Poor gal! going crying along with head hung down, as if ashamed to be seen by daylight; and as I followed, too, I saw her shrink more than ever when the jurymen spoke and offered her money, which she would not take till she saw his sad kind look, when she took it, and I heard her promise to call somewhere for a letter.

A minute later, and the bustle o' the street had swept all away, and I was slowly going along anywhere, nowhere like, till I passed a police-station, where, on black boards outside, there was seven little bills, and on the top o' every one these sad words: "Dead Body Found."

SCURVY JACKS IN OFFICE.

CONFIDENTLY relying on the popular character of our institutions, we Englishmen are fond of congratulating ourselves that no abuse or injustice can, in this land of local and general self-government, long withstand the force of public opinion. We boast that the vox populi, when raised in a vigorous well-sustained chorus, can do everything—depose the sovereign, dissolve the parliament, abolish taxes, reform the constitution, and, stooping from those elephantine feats, if necessary for the happiness of the greatest number, regulate the price of eggs. The vox populi is the great, irresistible, all-powerful, nicely-adjusted machine, which can crush the iron throne of tyranny into powder, or gently crack the nut of a milky monopoly. Truly, the vox populi has done a few things of this kind. It has deprived one king of his head; it has banished another; it has wrested all sorts of charters and bills of rights from tyrannical rulers and obstinate ministers; it has again and again reformed the constitution; it has reduced and abolished taxes; it has even imposed its will upon the world at large. Still, with all these triumphs to attest its potentiality, there is one thing which the vox populi has not yet been able to do, and that is, to reform parochial government. This many-headed monster has been universally condemned—has been scourged by the bitterest tongues, stabbed by the sharpest pens, exposed to a hailstorm of the shafts of ridicule, and yet it lives and feels no smart! The armour of parish administrators is insensibility; morally and intellectually they have the hide of a rhinoceros. Kings and ministers and political parties yield to the vox populi because they have understanding to comprehend what is required of them, or because they are capable of being shamed into compliance with reasonable demands, or because they have the

perception to see that resistance is self-destruction. But the rulers of the parish have neither understanding nor a sense of shame; and they have no fears for their own existence, because they are utterly besotted. They pursue their purblind, obstinate, headlong, mischievous career, like a herd of swine drunk upon a wallowing feast of brewer's grains. They are difficult to deal with, for the same reason that a furious maniac is difficult to deal with. Reason, remonstrance, persuasion—every moral influence—is thrown away upon them, because they are utterly indifferent as to what they do, or what becomes of them. For many weeks past the whole power of the press has been directed with unusual earnestness against the abuses of parochial government. Measures and men have alike been exposed and denounced, in terms of the most withering scorn, in the face of the whole public; and yet abuses have multiplied rather than decreased, and the authors have held on in their old course, in brazen and impudent defiance of law as well as opinion.

The conduct of the authorities of the parish of St. Sniffens has been shameless in the last degree. Exposure and rebuke have had no effect upon them. The meetings of the vestry have been more noisy and disorderly than ever; instances of neglect and mismanagement multiply day by day, and each new instance is more flagrant and more shameful than the last. The only care of the gentlemen of the vestry of this parish is to keep unknown, not to leave undone. As an example of the insensibility of these gentlemen, may be mentioned an incident which occurred a week or two since in the vestry-room. In the midst of a noisy discussion, a stranger was seen looking in at the glass door at the end of the hall. Now, in such a case, you would expect men, having any sense of decency, to moderate the rancour of their tongues, for the sake of appearances, if for the sake of nothing else. You would expect some member of the assembly to get up and say, "Hush, hush! The eyes of the public are upon us." But instead of being shamed into more orderly conduct, the gentlemen of the vestry ordered their beadle to "turn that man away, as he might be somebody from All the Year Round." I have to apologise to the stranger, on behalf of All the Year Round, for being the cause of his falling under an unjust suspicion.

The row which took place in the vestry-hall on this occasion beggars description. I can liken it to nothing but an Irish faction fight for the occupation of a drinking-tent at Donnybrook fair. At five o'clock some members of the finance committee entered the hall and found their place of meeting occupied by the sanitary committee. "Now then," says a financial gentleman, "we want this room." "You shall have it when we're done with it, but not before," brusquely returns the sanitary chairman. "Get out of this," says the first speaker; "we want to do our business." "And we want to do ours," retorts the other. The two rival chairmen

now call upon their respective clerks to read the minutes, and the two clerks commence reading together: one, the minutes of finance; the other, a letter from the committee of works. The clerk of the financial department seems inclined to give way, when his chairman roars out, "Go on, can't you? Louder, louder!" Both clerks go gabbling on again, when a gentleman of the vestry, who has just entered the room, exclaims, "Hollo, what caper do you call this?" The rival chairmen hasten to explain, both speaking at once, and a scene ensues something like the one in Box and Cox, where the printer and the hatter appeal to Mrs. Bouncer to declare whose room it is. But it is useless for Mrs. Bouncer to explain that Mr. Box is entitled to the room by day, and Mr. Cox by night. Mr. Box won't stir, neither will Mr. Cox. They will not even accommodate each other by tossing for it. During the altercation between the two chairmen, which lasted for fully half an hour, their partisans kept up a chorus of wrangling, jeering, and laughing, which left nothing to be desired but a general engagement with fists, inkstands, and rulers.

Scarcely a week passes without a row in the vestry, or some case of scandalous mismanagement in the workhouse. Only the other day a visiting clergyman, in passing through the infirmary, saw laid out for dead, with a bandage round its jaw, a child which was *not* dead. The history of the case is well known to the public. The guardians were put upon their trial in a very easy-going sort of way before Mr. Farnall, and were acquitted; but the fact still remains that the child might have been saved by proper attention; worse still, that it might have been buried alive but for the casual observation of a gentleman passing through the ward.

The parochial affairs of London are directed—or misdirected rather—by ignorant, incompetent, vulgar, self-seeking men, because the ratepayers are indifferent. In this parish there are about a hundred and twenty vestrymen, and every year, in the month of May, there is an election for forty of them. No notice is sent to the ratepayers, and the election is taken by a show of hands in the vestry-hall; the hands invariably belonging to the personal friends of the candidates. For eight years past, there has been no opposition in St. Sniffens. The vestrymen manage the matter quietly among themselves. It becomes a question, therefore, since the ratepayers are so indifferent, if, in the interests of the community at large, it has not become the imperative duty of parliament to make such an alteration in the law as will place the management of parochial affairs in more competent hands. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. The principle of local self-government is, in practice, a failure, and there seems no hopeful cure for its cancerous inefficiency but the knife—the abolition of the vestries, and a return to centralised autocracy. If the ratepayers will not do their duty, let the philanthropists take the matter in hand and see what they can do. They may claim at least to

have some right to protect the interests of the poor. Let us see who are the guardians of the poor in this parish, and how they perform their duties. Ratepayers are entitled to be present in the gallery during the rowdy deliberations of the vestry; but they are denied the right of attending the meetings of the board of guardians, to see how the poor are treated. I happen, however, to be in a position to give a faithful account of what takes place at the weekly meetings of the so-called guardians of a London parish. But first, who are these guardians, and by whom are they appointed to their office? They are petty shopkeepers, gas inspectors, jobbing builders, &c. All, with few exceptions, in this parish at least, coarse, vulgar, uneducated men; and they are elected from their own body by the vestry. It is sometimes said that men who rise from a humble station are just the sort of persons to have a fellow feeling for the poor. Experience proves the very opposite. These are the very men who are most harsh, most inaccessible to any touch of pity, most brutal in their treatment of the poor both by word and deed. Again, it is said that the success in life of a man of humble origin is a proof of capacity for business, and therefore a qualification for a parochial office. The argument seems fair enough on the surface; but there is no true logic in it. People of this class generally succeed by the pursuit of a small, petty, selfish policy, which gives no advantage to any one but themselves. They can scrape halfpence together, until they make a great heap; but they cannot spend their money like gentlemen. They have no generous sympathies or liberal instincts. They have no breadth of view. What they regard as business is petty saving. When a man of this class addresses himself to the business of guarding the poor, his leading object is to ascertain how little a pauper can sustain life upon. He makes a great pretence of protecting the interests of the ratepayers; but the whole object of the poor law is not to keep down rates. On the contrary, the object of that law is to make an adequate provision for the poor, quite irrespective of the amount of the rates. He comes to a sphere where all the interests are wide; with views which are all narrow. Let us see him seated at the board.

It is half-past nine on Friday morning, and the paupers to be "guarded" are assembled in a cold stone passage leading to the board-room. There are nearly a hundred of them, poor starved scared looking wretches, with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, and all shivering with cold and fear. A burly, "pudding-faced" guardian enters the hall, and passes on to the board-room without bestowing a glance upon the paupers, who shrink and cower at his approach.

The guardian who has just entered is considered a "bad 'un" to go before. He looked it just now, certainly, as he stalked disdainfully through the crowd of shivering paupers; but if you walk into his little shop and spend a few shillings with him, you will find him as abjectly civil a tradesman as ever sanded sugar, or tipped

a scale when the customer wasn't looking. Half an hour ago he was saying, "Yes, sir," "Thank you, sir," "Any other article, sir?" "Most happy to send it for you, sir," and now he is a very Pluto among these penniless paupers, withering their pale souls with a scowl. Another guardian arrives, but still another is required to constitute a board. Emissaries are sent out to hunt up the stragglers, and cover is broken at the "Pig and Tinder-Box," as a neighbouring public-house is facetiously called. Guardian number three, who has just been fortifying himself with what is commonly known to the gentlemen of the vestry as a "drain," is at last secured, and business begins. The presiding genius, who happens to be the "bad 'un" on this occasion, is seated in an arm-chair, surmounted by the royal arms, signifying that he holds his commission from her Gracious Majesty the Queen. The beadle introduces a poor woman with a child in her arms. "Now, then, look at the chairman, and say what you have got to say." The poor woman begins a pitiful story about her poverty and misfortune; but is immediately stopped by the chairman. "Oh, we haven't got time to hear all that. We can't keep you any longer; you must be discharged." "Discharged this day" is immediately written in the book, and the woman with the child in her arms is hurried from the room, and in a few minutes finds herself outside the workhouse gates, friendless, homeless, and penniless. Half a dozen other lying-in cases are disposed of in the same summary manner. The guardians will hear nothing; the women have been so many days in the workhouse, and that is enough. They must now turn out, and shift how they can. If they cannot endure hunger and a bed on the cold streets, there is relief for them in the canal.

A pale sickly-looking man is now brought in from the infirmary, and is called upon to answer to the guardians for his very audacious conduct in being ill, and being a burden to the ratepayers. The doctor, who shows as much kindness to the inmates as his position will allow, explains that the man has been ill for several weeks, but has now got over the worst. The guardians immediately jump to the conclusion that the man is well enough to be discharged, and he is discharged accordingly. The poor invalid pleads for a shilling or two to keep him from starvation until he gets some employment. "Certainly not," says a guardian who has just entered the room, and who has not heard a word of the case; "certainly not. You hought, as a Christian, to be thankful for what you 'ave got, instead of trying to do the guardians out of the ratepayers' money." "Discharged this day." And the poor, weak, bloodless creature speedily finds himself in the street, without a penny in his pocket. There is no consideration for the present condition of these wretched men and women. They may be as destitute and helpless as when they first entered the workhouse, but that is nothing to the guardians, who consider that they have done their duty, if they have kept them a certain number of days.

The hour appointed for the meeting of this board is half-past nine, but it is not until noon that the guardians begin to muster in force. The business will be finished now in half an hour, and at one the guardians dine at the expense of the ratepayers. One or two of the guardians, shirking the duties of the board altogether, have already found their way into the kitchen.

"Well, cook, what have you got for us to-day?"

"Sirloin of beef, sir. Look here!" and the cook pulls back the screen, and discloses a prime sirloin, dripping with rich brown gravy. "Am I right, sir?" says the cook, tapping the sirloin with his knife.

"Right you har, old feller," says the guardian, "if you haven't forgot the Yorkshire pudd'n'."

"Ha! ha! sir," laughs the cook; "look here——" But at this moment an excited guardian runs in, and exclaims:

"I say, look sharp! The cellar is bein' shet up."

This intimation acts like magic upon the guardians, who immediately clear out of the kitchen, and scamper across the yard to the cellar. The custodian of this department is just closing it.

"Oh, come, I say, this won't do," says a guardian.

"Not a bit of it," says another; "we ain't going to be done in this way."

"How are yer?" says a third, addressing the cellarman in a friendly and coaxing manner. "Ain't going away yet, surely?"

The butler unlocks the door, and the whole party enter the cave of delight.

"Glasses, gentlemen," says the paupers' butler, offering tumblers.

"No glass for me," answers the "bad 'un."

"I ain't partickler. This here will do." And he seizes a dirty pewter pot and hands it to be filled.

And so the guardians fill and fill again, and pledge each other in the liquor purchased with the money of the ratepayers for the benefit of the sick poor. As one o'clock approaches, they leave the cellar and proceed to the board-room, at the door of which, as the hour strikes, the cook, in a clean white apron, appears and announces "dinner." "Look out, now," says an inmate to the shivering crew of paupers in the passage, "or you'll all be knocked over." "Clear the way for the gentlemen, will you?" cries an official. And immediately out come the guardians in an ugly rush, each one bringing his chair with him, and all scattering the paupers right and left in their eager haste to reach the feeding-room.

The charges for these weekly feasts have been again and again disallowed by the Poor Law Board, but they are always admitted by the vestry, and so the weekly dinner is continued in open defiance of the Poor Law Board, and of every other authority whatsoever.

Is parochial blundering and bouncing to go on for ever? Has the monster of incapacity

which we have called up in the name of right and justice, got the upper hand of us, and have we no power within ourselves to lay him? It may seem a dreadful thing to propose centralisation. But what is to be done? The parochial elections are approaching. Will the ratepayers bestir themselves, or must we be governed by a M. Haussman, sole and irresponsible prefect of London?

A POST-OFFICE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

TEN years ago it would have been thought preposterous to talk of a Post-office Friendly Society. The notion of a Post-office Savings Bank, entertained by a few, was an ideal as unpractical among practical men as a Post-office Friendly Society is at this moment—indeed more so, for we have in the Post-office made some steps in the direction of the friendly society. They have been just those steps for which the rural classes, and, indeed, the industrial classes, care the least, but will, it is fair to anticipate, be found of great importance before many years elapse. But the poor man's sheet-anchor, maintenance during illness, coupled with a sum at death, is not yet permitted to secure him in the storms of this life by its hold on the Post-office. Such permission might, and, it will not be difficult to show, ought, if beneficial legislation is persisted in, to be given.

First of all, the great want which the rural poor suffer from at this time is of a good thoroughly plain and easy system of insurance suited to their requirements. Such a system must be so simple in its details that it may be without difficulty understood by the common people. In this respect, the worst and most immoral public-house benefit societies in England will furnish a useful example.

Farm-labourers should have the opportunity afforded them of investing their club payments in securing sums during sickness, payable weekly for a term of months, of about three-fourths of their ordinary wages when they are able to work. For instance, a man who earns sixteen shillings a week should be allowed to insure for twelve shillings during illness; and in a locality where he cannot average more than ten shillings, he might insure to (say) eight shillings. We may safely leave it to his own option to insure as much as he likes in the way of burial-money and annuity, both these last classes being already offered to the public—and not, I fear, meeting with the attention they deserve—by means of the Post-office. Now, every country postmaster knows the common run of farm-labourers' earnings in his neighbourhood, and would thus assist the authorities to fix the maximum sickness provision given at his office. To this I add, that, from knowledge of agency management in a large friendly society, the ordinary village postmaster will soon make a most efficient and trustworthy agent.

A short description of the duties of an agent

in rural-poor friendly society work will be of use.

A paper with questions touching his age, health, and habits, and stating the amount he wishes to secure, is given to the proposer, and, if he can't write, is filled up for him by the agent. Satisfactory evidence of age must also be given. This does not, however, generally speaking, necessitate a certificate of time of birth or of baptism. A medical certificate cannot be dispensed with; and if there is a doubt about the proposer's health, special inquiry is made by the agent. A system which refused all but cases of at least average health would not need the latter precaution.

Thus far the agent's work is less than that which a proposal for burial-money would entail upon him. Referees are required in the latter case, but not for sickness proposals. It is impossible to make a difficulty in accepting such proposals, were the same powers extended to this class as are already in force at the Post-office for annuities and sums payable at death. Suppose, then, the admission is granted; and we will watch the case. The new member continues to pay his premium in fortnightly or monthly payments, and his annual card bears an acknowledgment initialised by the agent. As soon as he is obliged to claim help, his doctor countersigns his demand, and states what is the matter with him. The sickness-pay is due from one week of the day of the agent's receiving the claim, and is payable so long (within the rules of the society) as the member is ill. When he recovers, he "declares off the club," as the saying is.

Such is the practical and easy way of managing the sickness branch. The management of the accounts presents no difficulty beyond the reach of an ordinary village postmaster.

The advantages of such a system of friendly societies throughout the country it would seem difficult to overrate. Every able-bodied farm-labourer would slowly but surely discover that, *if he pleased*, he might go to the nearest Post-office instead of the nearest public-house, and, *at a somewhat less cost in money, obtain a better provision* than the combined resources of the sharing-out club and poor-rates put together can give him. It is surely no extravagant supposition to say that many of this class, who take the lead of the rest in intelligence and respectability, will, if they have the choice, prefer the Post-office Friendly Society, and that their example and influence will soon tell more powerfully on their neighbours than all the advice given and assistance offered by their superiors in station to induce them to join the few safe and well-managed clubs which are scattered throughout the country; and thus leaving the poor-rate unmolested, to exercise its retarding influences upon farm-labourers struggling for independence by self-help, a great benefit might be conferred on the rural poor at little labour and less cost.

The collateral advantages, which under so desirable a system would quickly follow, are,

first, as in the case of Savings Banks, no new local projects would be needed in the way of friendly society efforts. The squire and clergyman who have a sufficient number of farm-labourers to try a philanthropic experiment upon, will often form a benefit society. The whole thing comes to pieces sooner or later; but they work and pay too. If they do not form a club, they will subscribe to a village club held at the public-house; the clergyman will—it is quite a common practice—preach for the club, and dine afterwards with the members. Hardly one in a hundred of such clubs but are as rotten as it is possible for club-material to be. The well-meant but not well-bestowed help from such quarters would be rendered needless, and sooner or later entirely withdrawn. But most of all, the societies, the head-quarters of which are said to be in London and other populous towns, and who do business among the rural poor, would be driven off the ground. The poor are first allured to pay into a large central society, which is the trap set by one or two knaves to catch poor men. When they have come to the point of distress where the friendly society should step in, the discovery is made that they have been cruelly robbed of their little and hardly earned savings. Such heartless villany “doth ravish the poor when it getteth him into its net;” and it is seldom that the guilty parties can be brought to justice, and even if caught, such is the difficulty of conviction, that they generally escape.

A system which should remove all pretext for such societies to make their way among the rural poor, would of itself be a great boon to the country. There cannot be reasonable doubt that every friendly society, in such a condition as to be approved at a triennial examination by an actuary (from lack of which the Registrar’s advice is but little cared for), would fare never the worse from the introduction into the field of their work of a rival, by whose means the importance and better knowledge of the benefits of life insurance would speedily become known.

It is reasonable to expect that all good and thoroughly trustworthy societies would be the gainers by such a step, and much lamentation will not be made over those (a most numerous class, notwithstanding) which are either on the sure road to insolvency, or have already travelled the same, and are hopelessly and irremediably bad.

THE GHOST AT THE RATH.

MANY may disbelieve this story, yet there are some still living who can remember hearing, when children, of the events which it details, and of the strange sensation which their publicity excited. The tale, in its present form, is copied, by permission, from a memoir written by the chief actor in the romance, and preserved as a sort of heirloom in the family whom it concerns.

In the year —, I, John Thunder, captain

in the — Regiment, having passed many years abroad following my profession, received most unexpected notice that I had become owner of certain properties which I had never thought to inherit. I set off for my native land, arrived in Dublin, found that my good fortune was real, and at once began to look about me for old friends. The first I met with, quite by accident, was curly-headed Frank O’Brien, who had been at school with me, though I was ten years his senior. He was curly-headed still, and handsome, as he had promised to be, but careworn and poor. During an evening spent at his chambers I drew all his history from him. He was a bricflless barrister. As a man, he was not more talented than he had been as a boy. Hard work and anxiety had not brought him success, only broken his health and soured his mind. He was in love, and he could not marry. I soon knew all about Mary Leonard, his fiancée, whom he had met at a house in the country somewhere, in which she was governess. They had now been engaged for two years; she active and hopeful, he sick and despondent. From the letters of hers which he showed me, I thought she was a treasure, worth all the devotion he felt for her. I thought a good deal about what could be done for Frank, but I could not easily hit upon a plan to assist him. For ten chances you have of helping a smart man, you have not two for a dull one.

In the mean time my friend must regain his health, and a change of air and scene was necessary. I urged him to make a voyage of discovery to The Rath, an old house and park which had come into my possession as portion of my recently-acquired estates. I had never been to the place myself; but it had once been the residence of Sir Luke Thunder, of generous memory, and I knew that it was furnished, and provided with a caretaker. I pressed him to leave Dublin at once, and promised to follow him as soon as I found it possible to do so.

So Frank went down to The Rath. The place was two hundred miles away; he was a stranger there, and far from well. When the first week came to an end, and I had heard nothing from him, I did not like the silence; when a fortnight had passed, and still not a word to say he was alive, I felt decidedly uncomfortable; and when the third week of his absence arrived at Saturday without bringing me news, I found myself whizzing through a part of the country I had never travelled before, in the same train in which I had seen Frank seated at our parting.

I reached D—, and, shouldering my knapsack, walked right into the heart of a lovely woody country. Following the directions I had received, I made my way to a lonely road, on which I met not a soul, and which seemed cut out of the heart of a forest, so closely were the trees ranked on either side, and so dense was the twilight made by the meeting and intertwining of the thick branches overhead. In these shades I came upon a gate, like a gate

run to seed, with tall, thin, brick pillars, brandishing long grasses from their heads, and spotted with a melancholy crust of creeping moss. I jangled a cracked bell, and an old man appeared from the thickets within, stared at me, then admitted me with a rusty key. I breathed freely on hearing that my friend was well and to be seen. I presented a letter to the old man, having a fancy not to avow myself.

I found my friend walking up and down the alleys of a neglected orchard, with the lichened branches tangled above his head, and ripe apples rotting about his feet. His hands were locked behind his back, and his head was set on one side, listening to the singing of a bird. I never had seen him look so well; yet there was a vacancy about his whole air which I did not like. He did not seem at all surprised to see me, asked had he really not written to me, thought he had; was so comfortable that he had forgotten everything else. He thought he had only been there about three days; could not imagine how the time had passed. He seemed to talk wildly, and this, coupled with the unusual happy placidity of his manner, confounded me. The place knew him, he told me confidentially; the place belonged to him, or should; the birds sang him this, the very trees bent before him as he passed, the air whispered him that he had been long expected, and should be poor no more. Wrestling with my judgment ere it should pronounce him mad, I followed him in-doors. The Rath was no ordinary old country-house. The acres around it were so wildly overgrown that it was hard to decide which had been pleasure-ground and where the thickets had begun. The plan of the house was grand, with mullioned windows, and here and there a flock of stained glass flinging back the challenge of an angry sunset. The vast rooms were full of a dusky glare from the sky as I strolled through them in the twilight. The antique furniture had many a blood-red splotch on the abrupt notches of its dark carvings; the dusty mirrors flared back at the windows, while the faded curtains produced streaks of uncertain colour from the depths of their sullen foldings.

Dinner was laid for us in the library, a long wainscoted room, with an enormous fire roaring up the chimney, sending a dancing light over the dingy titles of long unopened books. The old man who had unlocked the gate for me served us at table, and, after drawing the dusty curtains, and furnishing us with a plentiful supply of fuel and wine, left us. His clanking hobnailed shoes went echoing away in the distance over the unmatted tiles of the vacant hall till a door closed with a resounding clang very far away, letting us know that we were shut up together for the night in this vast, mouldy, oppressive old house.

I felt as if I could scarcely breathe in it. I could not eat with my usual appetite. The air of the place seemed heavy and tainted. I grew sick and restless. The very wine tasted badly, as if it had been drugged. I had a strange sort of feeling that I had been in the house before,

and that something evil had happened to me in it. Yet such could not be the case. What puzzled me most was, that I should feel dissatisfied at seeing Frank looking so well, and eating so heartily. A little time before I should have been glad to suffer something to see him as he looked now; and yet not quite as he looked now. There was a drowsy contentment about him which I could not understand. He did not talk of his work, or of any wish to return to it. He seemed to have no thought of anything but the delight of hanging about that old house, which had certainly cast a spell over him.

About midnight he seized a light, and proposed retiring to our rooms. "I have such delightful dreams in this place," he said. He volunteered, as we issued into the hall, to take me up-stairs and show me the upper regions of his paradise. I said, "Not to-night." I felt a strange creeping sensation as I looked up the vast black staircase, wide enough for a coach to drive down, and at the heavy darkness bending over it like a curse, while our lamps made drips of light down the first two or three gloomy steps. Our bedrooms were on the ground floor, and stood opposite one another off a passage which led to a garden. Into mine Frank conducted me, and left me for his own.

The uneasy feeling which I have described did not go from me with him, and I felt a restlessness amounting to pain when left alone in my chamber. Efforts had evidently been made to render the room habitable, but there was a something antagonistic to sleep in every angle of its many crooked corners. I kicked chairs out of their prim order along the wall, and hanged things about here and there; finally, thinking that a good night's rest was the best cure for an inexplicably disturbed frame of mind, I undressed as quickly as possible, and laid my head on my pillow under a canopy, like the wings of a gigantic bird of prey wheeling above me ready to pounce.

But I could not sleep. The wind grumbled in the chimney, and the boughs swished in the garden outside; and between these noises I thought I heard sounds coming from the interior of the old house, where all should have been still as the dead down in their vaults. I could not make out what these sounds were. Sometimes I thought I heard feet running about, sometimes I could have sworn there were double knocks, tremendous tantarararas at the great hall door. Sometimes I heard the clashing of dishes, the echo of voices calling, and the dragging about of furniture. Whilst I sat up in bed trying to account for these noises, my door suddenly flew open, a bright light streamed in from the passage without, and a powdered servant in an elaborate livery of antique pattern stood holding the handle of the door in his hand, and bowing low to me in the bed.

"Her ladyship, my mistress, desires your presence in the drawing-room, sir."

This was announced in the measured tone of a well-trained domestic. Then with another bow

he retired, the door closed, and I was left in the dark to determine whether I had not suddenly awakened from a tantalising dream. In spite of my very wakeful sensations, I believe I should have endeavoured to convince myself that I had been sleeping, but that I perceived light shining under my door, and through the keyhole, from the passage. I got up, lit my lamp, and dressed myself as hastily as I was able.

I opened my door, and the passage down which a short time before I had almost groped my way, with my lamp blinking in the dense foggy darkness, was now illuminated with a light as bright as gas. I walked along it quickly, looking right and left to see whence the glare proceeded. Arriving at the hall, I found it also blazing with light, and filled with perfume. Groups of choice plants, heavy with blossoms, made it look like a garden. The mosaic floor was strewn with costly mats. Soft colours and gilding shone from the walls, and canvases that had been black gave forth faces of men and women looking brightly from their burnished frames. Servants were running about, the dining-room and drawing-room doors were opening and shutting, and as I looked through each I saw vistas of light and colour, the moving of brilliant crowds, the waving of feathers, and glancing of brilliant dresses and uniforms. A festive hum reached me with a drowsy subdued sound as if I were listening with stuffed ears. Standing aside by an orange-tree, I gave up speculating on what this might be, and concentrated all my powers on observation.

Wheels were heard suddenly, and a resounding knock banged at the door till it seemed that the very rooks in the chimneys must be startled screaming out of their nests. The door flew open, a flaming of lanterns was seen outside, and a dazzling lady came up the steps and swept into the hall. When she held up her cloth of silver train, I could see the diamonds that twinkled on her feet. Her bosom was covered with moss-roses, and there was a red light in her eyes like the reflexion from a hundred glowing fires. Her black hair went coiling about her head, and coiled among the braids lay a jewel not unlike the head of a snake. She was flashing and glowing with gems and flowers. Her beauty and her brilliance made me dizzy. There came a faintness in the air, as if her breath had poisoned it. A whirl of storm came in with her, and rushed up the staircase like a moan. The plants shuddered and shed their blossoms, and all the lights grew dim a moment, then flared up again.

Now the drawing-room door opened, and a gentleman came out with a young girl leaning on his arm. He was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with a mild countenance.

The girl was a slender creature, with golden hair and a pale face. She was dressed in pure white, with a large ruby like a drop of blood at her throat. They advanced together to receive the lady who had arrived. The gentleman offered his arm to the stranger, and the girl who was displaced for her fell back, and walked

behind them with a downcast air. I felt irresistibly impelled to follow them, and passed with them into the drawing-room. Never had I mixed in a finer, gayer crowd. The costumes were rich and of an old-fashioned pattern. Dancing was going forward with spirit—minuets and country dances. The stately gentleman was evidently the host, and moved among the company, introducing the magnificent lady right and left. He led her to the head of the room presently, and they mixed in the dance. The arrogance of her manner and the fascination of her beauty were wonderful.

I cannot attempt to describe the strange manner in which I was in this company, and yet not of it. I seemed to view all I beheld through some fine and subtle medium. I saw clearly, yet I felt that it was not with my ordinary naked eyesight. I can compare it to nothing but looking at a scene through a piece of smoked or coloured glass. And just in the same way (as I have said before) all sounds seemed to reach me as if I were listening with ears imperfectly stuffed. No one present took any notice of me. I spoke to several, and they made no reply—did not even turn their eyes upon me, nor show in any way that they heard me. I planted myself straight in the way of a fine fellow in a general's uniform, but he, swerving neither to right nor left by an inch, kept on his way, as though I were a streak of mist, and left me behind him. Every one I touched eluded me somehow. Substantial as they all looked, I could not contrive to lay my hand on anything that felt like solid flesh. Two or three times I felt a momentary relief from the oppressive sensations which distracted me, when I firmly believed I saw Frank's head at some distance among the crowd, now in one room and now in another, and again in the conservatory, which was hung with lamps, and filled with people walking about among the flowers. But, whenever I approached, he had vanished. At last I came upon him, sitting by himself on a couch behind a curtain watching the dancers. I laid my hand upon his shoulder. Here was something substantial at last. He did not look up; he seemed aware neither of my touch nor my speech. I looked in his staring eyes, and found that he was sound asleep. I could not wake him.

Curiosity would not let me remain by his side. I again mixed with the crowd, and found the stately host still leading about the magnificent lady. No one seemed to notice that the golden-haired girl was sitting weeping in a corner; no one but the beauty in the silver train, who sometimes glanced at her contemptuously. Whilst I watched her distress a group came between me and her, and I wandered into another room, where, as though I had turned from one picture of her to look at another, I beheld her dancing gaily in the full glee of Sir Roger de Coverley, with a fine-looking youth, who was more plainly dressed than any other person in the room. Never was a better-matched pair to look at. Down the

middle they danced, hand in hand, his face full of tenderness, hers beaming with joy, right and left bowing and curtsying, parted and meeting again, smiling and whispering; but over the heads of smaller women there were the fierce eyes of the magnificent beauty scowling at them. Then again the crowd shifted around me, and this scene was lost.

For some time I could see no trace of the golden-haired girl in any of the rooms. I looked for her in vain, till at last I caught a glimpse of her standing smiling in a doorway with her finger lifted, beckoning. At whom? Could it be at me? Her eyes were fixed on mine. I hastened into the hall, and caught sight of her white dress passing up the wide black staircase from which I had shrunk some hours earlier. I followed her, she keeping some steps in advance. It was intensely dark, but by the gleaming of her gown I was able to trace her flying figure. Where we went, I knew not, up how many stairs, down how many passages, till we arrived at a low-roofed large room with sloping roof and queer windows where there was a dim light, like the sanctuary light in a deserted church. Here, when I entered, the golden head was glimmering over something which I presently discerned to be a cradle wrapped round with white curtains, and with a few fresh flowers fastened up on the hood of it, as if to catch a baby's eye. The fair sweet face looked up at me with a glow of pride on it, smiling with happy dimples. The white hands unfolded the curtains, and stripped back the coverlet. Then, suddenly there went a rushing moan all round the weird room, that seemed like a gust of wind forcing in through the crannies, and shaking the jingling old windows in their sockets. The cradle was an empty one. The girl fell back with a look of horror on her pale face that I shall never forget, then flinging her arms above her head, she dashed from the room.

I followed her as fast as I was able, but the wild white figure was too swift for me. I had lost her before I reached the bottom of the staircase. I searched for her, first in one room, then in another, neither could I see her foe (as I already believed to be), the lady of the silver train. At length I found myself in a small ante-room, where a lamp was expiring on the table. A window was open, close by it the golden-haired girl was lying sobbing in a chair, while the magnificent lady was bending over her as if soothingly, and offering her something to drink in a goblet. The moon was rising behind the two figures. The shuddering light of the lamp was flickering over the girl's bright head, the rich embossing of the golden cup, the lady's silver robes, and, I thought, the jewelled eyes of the serpent looked out from her bending head. As I watched, the girl raised her face and drank, then suddenly dashed the goblet away; while a cry such as I never heard but once, and shiver to remember, rose to the very roof of the old house, and the clear sharp word "*Poisoned!*" rang and reverberated from hall

and chamber in a thousand echoes, like the clash of a peal of bells. The girl dashed herself from the open window, leaving the cry clamouring behind her. I heard the violent opening of doors and running of feet, but I waited for nothing more. Maddened by what I had witnessed, I would have felled the murderess, but she glided unhurt from under my vain blow. I sprang from the window after the wretched white figure. I saw it flying on before me with a speed I could not overtake. I ran till I was dizzy. I called like a madman, and heard the owls croaking back to me. The moon grew huge and bright, the trees grew out before it like the bushy heads of giants, the river lay keen and shining like a long unsheathed sword, couching for deadly work among the rushes. The white figure shimmered and vanished, glittered brightly on before me, shimmered and vanished again, shimmered, staggered, fell, and disappeared in the river. Of what she was, phantom or reality, I thought not at the moment: she had the semblance of a human being going to destruction, and I had the frenzied impulse to save her. I rushed forward with one last effort, struck my foot against the root of a tree, and was dashed to the ground. I remember a crash, momentary pain and confusion; then nothing more.

When my senses returned, the red clouds of the dawn were shining in the river beside me. I arose to my feet, and found that, though much bruised, I was otherwise unhurt. I busied my mind in recalling the strange circumstances which had brought me to that place in the dead of the night. The recollection of all I had witnessed was vividly present to my mind. I took my way slowly to the house, almost expecting to see the marks of wheels and other indications of last night's revel, but the rank grass that covered the gravel was uncrushed, not a blade disturbed, not a stone displaced. I shook one of the drawing-room windows till I shook off the old rusty hasp inside, flung up the creaking sash, and entered. Where were the brilliant draperies and carpets, the soft gilding, the vases teeming with flowers, the thousand sweet odours of the night before? Not a trace of them; no, nor even a ragged cobweb swept away, nor a stiff chair moved an inch from its melancholy place, nor the face of a mirror relieved from one speck of its obscuring dust!

Coming back into the open air, I met the old man from the gate walking up one of the weedy paths. He eyed me meaningly from head to foot, but I gave him good morrow cheerfully.

"You see I am poking about early," I said.

"I' faith, sir," said he, "an' ye look like a man that had been pokin' about *all night*."

"How so?" said I.

"Why, ye see, sir," said he, "I'm used to 't, an' I can read it in yer face like prent. Some sees one thing an' some another, an' some only feels an' hears. The poor jintleman inside, *he* says nothin', but he has beautiful dhramas. An' for the Lord's sake, sir, take him out o' this, for I've seen him wandherin' about like a

ghost himself in the heart of the night, an' him that sound sleepin' that I couldn't wake him!"

At breakfast I said nothing to Frank of my strange adventures. He had rested well, he said, and boasted of his enchanting dreams. I asked him to describe them, when he grew perplexed and annoyed. He remembered nothing, but that his spirit had been delightfully entertained whilst his body reposed. I now felt a curiosity to go through the old house, and was not surprised, on pushing open a door at the end of a remote mouldy passage, to enter the identical chamber into which I had followed the pale-faced girl when she beckoned me out of the drawing-room. There were the low brooding roof and slanting walls, the short wide latticed windows to which the noonday sun was trying to pierce through a forest of leaves. The hangings rotting with age shook like dreary banners at the opening of the door, and there in the middle of the room was the cradle; only the curtains that had been white were blackened with dirt, and laced and overlaced with cobwebs. I parted the curtains, bringing down a shower of dust upon the floor, and saw lying upon the pillow, within, a child's tiny shoe, and a toy. I need not describe the rest of the house. It was vast and rambling, and, as far as furniture and decorations were concerned, the wreck of grandeur.

Having strange subject for meditation, I walked alone in the orchard that evening. This orchard sloped towards the river I have mentioned before. The trees were old and stunted, and the branches tangled overhead. The ripe apples were rolling in the long bleached grass. A row of taller trees, sycamores and chestnuts, straggled along by the river's edge, ferns and tall weeds grew round and amongst them, and between their trunks, and behind the rifts in the foliage, the water was seen to flow. Walking up and down one of the paths I alternately faced these trees and turned my back upon them. Once when coming towards them I chanced to lift my eyes, started, drew my hands across my eyes, looked again, and finally stood still gazing in much astonishment. I saw distinctly the figure of a lady standing by one of the trees, bending low towards the grass. Her face was a little turned away, her dress a bluish white, her mantle a dun brown colour. She held a spade in her hands, and her foot was upon it, as if she were in the act of digging. I gazed at her for some time, vainly trying to guess at whom she might be, then I advanced towards her. As I approached, the outlines of her figure broke up and disappeared, and I found that she was only an illusion presented to me by the curious accidental grouping of the lines of two trees which had shaped the space between them into the semblance of the form I have described. A patch of the flowing water had been her robe, a piece of russet moorland her cloak. The spade was an awkward young shoot slanting up from the root of one of the trees. I stepped back

and tried to piece her out again bit by bit, but could not succeed.

That night I did not feel at all inclined to return to my dismal chamber, and lie awaiting such another summons as I had once received. When Frank bade me good night, I heaped fresh coals on the fire, took down from the shelves a book, from which I lifted the dust in layers with my penknife, and, dragging an arm-chair close to the hearth, tried to make myself as comfortable as might be. I am a strong, robust man, very unimaginative, and little troubled with affections of the nerves, but I confess that my feelings were not enviable, sitting thus alone in that queer old house, with last night's strange pantomime still vividly present to my memory. In spite of my efforts at coolness, I was excited by the prospect of what yet might be in store for me before morning. But these feelings passed away as the night wore on, and I nodded asleep over my book.

I was startled by the sound of a brisk light step walking overhead. Wide awake at once, I sat up and listened. The ceiling was low, but I could not call to mind what room it was that lay above the library in which I sat. Presently I heard the same step upon the stairs, and the loud sharp rustling of a silk dress sweeping against the banisters. The step paused at the library door, and then there was silence. I got up, and with all the courage I could summon seized a light, and opened the door; but there was nothing in the hall but the usual heavy darkness and damp mouldy air. I confess I felt more uncomfortable at that moment than I had done at any time during the preceding night. All the visions that had then appeared to me had produced nothing like the horror of thus feeling a supernatural presence which my eyes were not permitted to behold.

I returned to the library, and passed the night there. Next day I sought for the room above it in which I had heard the footsteps, but could discover no entrance to any such room. Its windows, indeed, I counted from the outside, though they were so overgrown with ivy I could hardly discern them, but in the interior of the house I could find no door to the chamber. I asked Frank about it, but he knew and cared nothing on the subject; I asked the old man at the lodge, and he shook his head.

"Och!" he said, "don't ask about that room. The door's built up, and flesh and blood have no consarn wid it. It was *her own room*."

"Whose own?" I asked.

"Ould Lady Thunder's. An' whisht, sir! *that's her grave!*"

"What do you mean?" I said. "Are you out of your mind?"

He laughed queerly, drew nearer, and lowered his voice. "Nobody has asked about the room these years but yourself," he said. "Nobody misses it goin' over the house. My grandfather was an ould retainer o' the Thunder family, my father was in the service too, an' I was born myself before the ould lady died. Yon was her

room, an' she left her eternal curse on her family if so be they didn't lave her coffin there. She wasn't goin' undher the ground to the worms. So there it was left, an' they built up the door. God love ye, sir, an' don't go near it. I wouldn't have told you, only I know ye've seen plenty about already; an' ye have the look o' one that'd be ferretin' things out, savin' yer presence."

He looked at me knowingly, but I gave him no information, only thanked him for putting me on my guard. I could scarcely credit what he told me about the room; but my curiosity was excited regarding it. I made up my mind that day to try and induce Frank to quit the place on the morrow. I felt more and more convinced that the atmosphere was not healthful for his mind, whatever it might be for his body. The sooner we left the spot, I thought, the better for us both; but the remaining night which I had to pass there I resolved on devoting to the exploring of the walled-up chamber. What impelled me to this resolve I do not know. The undertaking was not a pleasant one, and I should hardly have ventured on it had I been forced to remain much longer at The Rath. But I knew there was little chance of sleep for me in that house, and I thought I might as well go and seek for my adventures as sit waiting for them to come for me, as I had done the night before. I felt a relish for my enterprise, and expected the night with satisfaction. I did not say anything of my intention either to Frank or the old man at the lodge. I did not want to make a fuss, and have my doings talked of all over the country. I may as well mention here that again, on this evening, when walking in the orchard, I saw the figure of the lady digging between the trees. And again I saw that this figure was an illusive appearance; that the water was her gown, and the moorland her cloak, and a willow in the distance her tresses.

As soon as the night was pretty far advanced, I placed a ladder against the window which was least covered over with the ivy, and mounted it, having provided myself with a dark lantern. The moon rose full behind some trees that stood like a black bank against the horizon, and glimmered on the panes as I ripped away branches and leaves with a knife, and shook the old crazy casement open. The sashes were rotten, and the fastenings easily gave way. I placed my lantern on a bench within, and was soon standing beside it in the chamber. The air was insufferably close and mouldy, and I flung the window open to the widest, and beat the bowering ivy still further back from about it, so as to let the fresh air of heaven blow into the place. I then took my lantern in hand, and began to look about me.

The room was vast and double; a velvet curtain hung between me and an inner chamber. The darkness was thick and irksome, and the scanty light of my lantern only tantalised me. My eyes fell on some grand spectral-looking candelabra furnished with wax-candles, which, though black with age, still bore the marks of

having been guttered by a draught that had blown on them fifty years ago. I lighted these; they burned up with a ghastly flickering, and the apartment, with its fittings, was revealed to me. These latter had been splendid in the days of their freshness: the appointments of the rest of the house were mean in comparison. The ceiling was painted with exquisite allegorical figures, also spaces of the walls between the dim mirrors and the sumptuous hangings of crimson velvet, with their tarnished golden tassels and fringes. The carpet still felt luxurious to the tread, and the dust could not altogether obliterate the elaborate fancy of its flowery design. There were gorgeous cabinets laden with curiosities, wonderfully carved chairs, rare vases, and antique glasses of every description, under some of which lay little heaps of dust which had once no doubt been blooming flowers. There was a table laden with books of poetry and science, drawings and drawing materials, which showed that the occupant of the room had been a person of mind. There was also a writing-table scattered over with yellow papers, and a work-table at a window, on which lay reels, a thimble, and a piece of what had once been white muslin, but was now saffron colour, sewn with gold thread, a rusty needle sticking in it. This and the pen lying on the inkstand, the paper-knife between the leaves of a book, the loose sketches shaken out by the side of a portfolio, and the ashes of a fire on the grand mildewed hearth-place, all suggested that the owner of this retreat had been snatched from it without warning, and that whoever had thought proper to build up the doors, had also thought proper to touch nothing that had belonged to her.

Having surveyed all these things, I entered the inner room, which was a bedroom. The furniture of this was in keeping with that of the other chamber. I saw dimly a bed enveloped in lace, and a dressing-table fancifully garnished and draped. Here I espied more candelabra, and going forward to set the lights burning, I stumbled against something. I turned the blaze of my lantern on this something, and started with a sudden thrill of horror. It was a large stone coffin.

I own that I felt very strangely for the next few minutes. When I had recovered the shock, I set the wax-candles burning, and took a better survey of this odd burial-place. A wardrobe stood open, and I saw dresses hanging within. A gown lay upon a chair, as if just thrown off, and a pair of dainty slippers were beside it. The toilet-table looked as if only used yesterday, judging by the litter that covered it; hair-brushes lying this way and that way, essence-bottles with the stoppers out, paint-pots uncovered, a ring here, a wreath of artificial flowers there, and in front of all that coffin, the tarnished cupids that bore the mirror between their hands smirking down at it with a grim complacency.

On the corner of this table was a small golden salver, holding a plate of some black mouldered

food, an antique decanter filled with wine, a glass, and a phial with some thick black liquid, uncorked. I felt weak and sick with the atmosphere of the place, and I seized the decanter, wiped the dust from it with my handkerchief, tasted, found that the wine was good, and drank a moderate draught. Immediately it was swallowed I felt a horrid giddiness, and sank upon the coffin. A raging pain was in my head and a sense of suffocation in my chest. After a few intolerable moments I felt better, but the heavy air pressed on me stiflingly, and I rushed from this inner room into the larger and outer chamber. Here a blast of cool air revived me, and I saw that the place was changed.

A dozen other candelabra besides those I had lighted were flaming round the walls, the hearth was all ruddy with a blazing fire, everything that had been dim was bright, the lustre had returned to the gilding, the flowers bloomed in the vases. A lady was sitting before the hearth in a low arm-chair. Her light loose gown swept about her on the carpet, her black hair fell round her to her knees, and into it her hands were thrust as she leaned her forehead upon them and stared between them into the fire. I had scarcely time to observe her attitude when she turned her head quickly towards me, and I recognised the handsome face of the magnificent lady who had played such a sinister part in the strange scenes that had been enacted before me two nights ago. I saw something dark looming behind her chair, but I thought it was only her shadow thrown backward by the firelight.

She arose and came to meet me, and I recoiled from her. There was something horribly fixed and hollow in her gaze, and filmy in the stirring of her garments. The shadow, as she moved, grew more firm and distinct in outline, and followed her like a servant where she went.

She crossed half of the room, then beckoned me, and sat down at the writing-table. The shadow waited beside her, adjusted her paper, placed the ink-bottle near her and the pen between her fingers. I felt impelled to approach near her, and to take my place at her left shoulder, so as to see what she might write. The shadow stood at her other hand. As I became more accustomed to the shadow's presence he grew more loathsome and hideous. He was quite distinct from the lady, and moved independently of her with long ugly limbs. She hesitated about beginning to write, and he made a wild gesture with his arm, which brought her hand down quickly on the paper, and her pen began to move at once. I needed not to bend and scrutinise in order to read what was written. Every word as it was formed, flashed before me like a meteor.

"I am the spirit of Madeleine, Lady Thunder, who lived and died in this house, and whose coffin stands in yonder room among the vanities in which I delighted. I am constrained to make my confession to you, John Thunder,

who are the present owner of the estates of your family."

Here the pale hand trembled and stopped writing. But the shadow made a threatening gesture, and the hand fluttered on.

"I was beautiful, poor, and ambitious, and when I entered this house first on the night of a ball given by Sir Luke Thunder, I determined to become its mistress. His daughter, Mary Thunder, was the only obstacle in my way. She divined my intention, and stood between me and her father. She was a gentle, delicate girl, and no match for me. I pushed her aside, and became Lady Thunder. After that I hated her, and made her dread me. I had gained the object of my ambition, but I was jealous of the influence possessed by her over her father, and I revenged myself by crushing the joy out of her young life. In this I defeated my own purpose. She eloped with a young man who was devoted to her, though poor, and beneath her in station. Her father was indignant at first and my malice was satisfied; but as time passed on I had no children, and she had a son, soon after whose birth her husband died. Then her father took her back to his heart, and the boy was his idol and heir."

Again the hand stopped writing, the ghostly head drooped, and the whole figure was convulsed. But the shadow gesticulated fiercely, and cowering under its menace, the wretched spirit went on:

"I caused the child to be stolen away. I thought I had done it cunningly, but she tracked the crime home to me. She came and accused me of it, and in the desperation of my terror at discovery, I gave her poison to drink. She rushed from me and from the house in frenzy, and in her mortal anguish fell in the river. People thought she had gone mad from grief for her child, and committed suicide. I only knew the horrible truth. Sorrow brought an illness upon her father, of which he died. Up to the day of his death, he had search made for the child. Believing that it was alive, and must be found, he willed all his property to it, his rightful heir, and to its heirs for ever. I buried the deeds under a tree in the orchard, and forged a will, in which all was bequeathed to me during my lifetime. I enjoyed my state and grandeur till the day of my death, which came upon me miserably, and, after that, my husband's possessions went to a distant relation of his family. Nothing more was heard of the fate of the child who was stolen; but he lived and married, and his daughter now toils for her bread—his daughter, who is the rightful owner of all that is said to belong to you, John Thunder. I tell you this that you may devote yourself to the task of discovering this wronged girl, and giving up to her that which you are unlawfully possessed of. Under the thirteenth tree standing on the brink of the river at the foot of the orchard you will find buried the genuine will of Sir Luke Thunder. When you have found and read it, do justice, as you value your soul. In order that you may

know the grandchild of Mary Thunder when you find her, you shall behold her in a vision——”

The last words grew dim before me; the lights faded away, and all the place was in darkness, except one spot on the opposite wall. On this spot the light glimmered softly, and against the brightness the outlines of a figure appeared, faintly at first, but growing firm and distinct, became filled in and rounded at last to the perfect semblance of life. The figure was that of a young girl in a plain black dress, with a bright, happy face, and pale gold hair softly banded on her fair forehead. She might have been the twin-sister of the pale-faced girl whom I had seen bending over the cradle two nights ago; but her healthier, gladder, and prettier sister. When I had gazed on her some moments, the vision faded away as it had come; the last vestige of the brightness died out upon the wall, and I found myself once more in total darkness. Stunned for a time by the sudden changes, I stood watching for the return of the lights and figures; but in vain. By-and-by my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity, and I saw the sky glimmering behind the little window which I had left open. I could soon discern the writing-table beside me, and possessed myself of the slips of loose paper which lay upon it. I then made my way to the window. The first streaks of dawn were in the sky as I descended my ladder, and I thanked God that I breathed the fresh morning air once more, and heard the cheering sound of the cocks crowing.

All thought of acting immediately upon last night's strange revelations, almost all memory of them, was for the time banished from my mind by the unexpected trouble of the next few days. That morning I found an alarming change in Frank. Feeling sure that he was going to be ill, I engaged a lodging in a cottage in the neighbourhood, whither we removed before nightfall, leaving the accursed Rath behind us. Before midnight he was in the delirium of a raging fever.

I thought it right to let his poor little fiancée know his state, and wrote to her, trying to alarm her no more than was necessary. On the evening of the third day after my letter went I was sitting by Frank's bedside, when an unusual bustle outside aroused my curiosity, and going into the cottage kitchen I saw a figure standing in the firelight which seemed a third appearance of that vision of the pale-faced golden-haired girl which was now thoroughly imprinted on my memory, a third, with all the woe of the first; and all the beauty of the second. But this was a living breathing apparition. She was throwing off her bonnet and shawl, and stood there at home in a moment in her plain black dress. I drew my hand across my eyes to make sure that they did not deceive me. I had beheld so many supernatural visions lately that it

seemed as though I could scarcely believe in the reality of anything till I had touched it.

“Oh, sir,” said the visitor, “I am Mary Leonard, and are you poor Frank's friend? Oh, sir, we are all the world to one another, and I could not let him die without coming to see him!”

And here the poor little traveller burst into tears. I cheered her as well as I could, telling her that Frank would soon, I trusted, be out of all danger. She told me that she had thrown up her situation in order to come and nurse him. I said we had got a more experienced nurse than she could be, and then I gave her to the care of our landlady, a motherly country-woman. After that I went back to Frank's bedside, nor left it for long till he was convalescent. The fever had swept away all that strangeness in his manner which had afflicted me, and he was quite himself again.

There was a joyful meeting of the lovers. The more I saw of Mary Leonard's bright face the more thoroughly was I convinced that she was the living counterpart of the vision I had seen in the burial chamber. I made inquiries as to her birth, and her father's history, and found that she was indeed the grandchild of that Mary Thunder whose history had been so strangely related to me, and the rightful heiress of all those properties which for a few months only had been mine. Under the tree in the orchard, the thirteenth, and that by which I had seen the lady digging, were found the buried deeds which had been described to me. I made an immediate transfer of property, whereupon some others who thought they had a chance of being my heirs disputed the matter with me, and went to law. Thus the affair has gained publicity, and become a nine days' wonder. Many things have been in my favour, however: the proving of Mary's birth and of Sir Luke's will, the identification of Lady Thunder's handwriting on the slips of paper which I had brought from the burial chamber; also other matters which a search in that chamber brought to light. I triumphed, and I now go abroad leaving Frank and his Mary made happy by the possession of what could only have been a burden to me.

So the MS. ends. Major Thunder fell in battle a few years after the adventure it relates. Frank O'Brien's grandchildren hear of him with gratitude and awe. The Rath has been long since totally dismantled and left to go to ruin.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Glasgow on Tuesday and Thursday evenings the 17th and 19th, and at Edinburgh on Wednesday and Friday evenings the 18th and 20th, and on Saturday afternoon the 21st of April. MR. DICKENS will also Read on Tuesday the 24th at St. JAMES'S HALL, London, for the second time, and at Manchester on Thursday the 26th of April.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIV. NORBURY'S TROUBLES.

It was put off, however, a long time. Meanwhile the believers in the bank, as the dawning of prosperity for Mr. Tilney, began to grow a little impatient. He grew harassed with their importunity and excuses. His faithful stick must have been weary with all the flourishes it was obliged to make in justification of its master. He grew weary himself, and used to say, taking Ada into his confidence, that "his heart was well-nigh broken with it all." As indeed we may be sure that the slow "fighting in retreat" with duns is the most harassing and heart-breaking of all struggles. There was a hill outside the town to which he used to wander away, where he would sit dolefully with his chin on his stick, looking down at the cathedral. Sometimes, too, he would gaze wistfully into the face of Ada, and say he was "like a hunted hare."

"This sort of thing," he went on, "was unknown—literally unknown in my day. A tradesman, my dear, *dursn't* ask anything of a gentleman but his custom. A fellow who sent you letters and that kind of thing would have his ears cropped close, and be cut by every decent customer. Look at the Regent! No one ever asked him for a shilling. And there was a Banbury, and Grey, and Hillyar, and the whole gang, who were treated in the same way. I think, my dear, I trace a good deal of it to the irreverent, irreligious spirit of the age. There was a more sacred tone then abroad."

This was spoken privately in their little parlour looking out on the Close.

To him Ada replied as she had often replied: "My dear uncle, why will you not take up that little money of mine? I can't tell you how welcome you would be to every sixpence of it. As indeed you are entitled to it all."

"Never—never, dear!" said he, faintly, and colouring a little, as he always did at this appeal; "not for the world. Not that I would scruple to do it if we wanted it badly."

"Then, why not now?" she said, earnestly. "O! you must. It will make us all free and happy."

Alas for poor Mr. Tilney! With his other troubles, he had made free with this little trust, nibbling it away in small bites. Not he, indeed, so much as Mrs. Tilney, for whose necessities and those of her daughters it was required, and who took it without scruple. It, however, gave a wrench to the heart of this gentleman of the old school. He was now even relieved as he saw one of the enemy "skirmishing" up the little walk to the house.

"There they are again!" he said, cagerly.

The gentle girl, as usual, went out to meet the foe, bore his angry remonstrances, soothed him, and finally sent him away only grumbling. A great victory.

But there were others, too, still fighting the same irregular warfare. Behind the little old green door up the Close, which was narrow and rather awry from age, and like the green door of a caravan, where poor Norbury and his swarm lived, there was a battle more unequal, and therefore more miserable. There was the blight of squalor over them. Decent housewives going by said it was "like a Foundling Hospital," and enough "to breed a pestilence among the neighbours." In those days Mr. Tilney, passing by on one of his gloomy saunters, was beckoned to from the window by the pale face, now much nearer to her periodic trouble than when we saw her last. He heard the sounds of a violin, and presently the canon looked over the stairs in his shirt-sleeves, with a bow in his hand.

"Down in a moment," he said. "Out of the way, chickabiddies" (addressed to the human rabbits, who had swarmed out on hearing the stranger's voice).

The canon could not find his coat. Some of the children had got it away into a corner to make a temporary bed to be occupied by at least three of them, and he came down unshaven, tuning his violin, and with a very dismal expression.

"Well," he said, "did you hear of last night?"

"No, no," said the other, despondingly. "Now, what happened the other night?"

"He's back, you know. Black Dick Topham returned the day before yesterday, and, as ill luck would have it, I came full on him last night."

"No, God bless me," said his friend, starting.

"O, Mr. Tilney," said the pale wife, wringing her hands, "can you do nothing for us—for poor Joe and the children? We shall never get over this. O dear, dear!"

"Hush, hush, Jenny!" said he. "There, you have set the babies off;" as indeed she had. "God bless us, and God help us too," he added, scraping his chin with a dismal perplexity.

The "babies" were in full chorus, and could only be appeased by his playing "Teddy the Grinder," accompanied by grotesque steps, which gradually interested his listeners, and finally produced loud acclamations of joy.

"That's a jolly tune," said the canon, tuning his fiddle on his knee, and laying his ear to it to catch the "accord." "That's an old Italian violin, and you'd hardly believe what I got it for. Fourteen shillings, as I'm a lay canon, though I mayn't be able to say that long."

"Well, about Black Dick?" said Mr. Tilney, ruefully.

"Why, I was down at the Rooms, you know, knocking the balls about, last night, when I heard a row in the street, and ran out just as I am now—in *puris*, I may say, saving your presence—with a cue in one hand and my tumbler in the other. The noise had gone by, or there had been no noise, or I might have mistaken the whole thing. But I could see nothing. Spottiswood, who was there, came out too, and, as a sort of bagman was passing, I said to him, 'Spottiswood, I believe this old cock was at the bottom of it all!' As I live, I only meant a joke, and no more knew who it was, beyond a bagman, than the child unborn. There! What d'ye say, Tilney, to its turning out to be Black Dick, sneaking home? Was there ever such luck, Tilney? And I declare he stopped and looked me full in the face, and said, 'Very well, Mr. Norbury. This makes the climax of the scandal.' Those were his very words, 'Climax of the scandal.' And I answered him at once, 'Climax it away, Black Dick, and welcome!' But I am afraid he has us this time. Goose cooked, eh, Tilney?"

He looked at him wistfully, and again scratched the broad yellow shining forehead. Mr. Tilney, really moved, shook his head.

The pale wife again struck in: "O, sir! Mr. Tilney! what is to be done for us? Do ask Joey to go up to him and beg his pardon."

"Now, Jenny, none of that. We must only all take tickets for the workhouse."

An elder child, who had learnt the significance of this dreaded name, broke into a subdued cry. Its brethren, always ready to support a member of their order on whatever occasion, followed heartily, and in a moment their father was jocularly and with great spirit playing "Teddy the Grinder," and with the happiest effect.

"But," said he, stopping suddenly in his music, "there's another thing. Look here. There's brown paper, sir!" And he showed the broken corners of one of the children's little shoes. "Every one of them about the same, isn't it, Jenny?"

"Nothing," said she, piteously, "between their little feet and the ground; nothing."

"And there's Jackey," he went on, hopelessly scratching his bald crown with the "scroll" of his violin, "with only a rag of a great-coat to go out in. The creature's famished. It's all got

into a wisp; and no wonder, he's been wearing it these three years, and it was a cheap thing then. And there's the little joint for to-day. It's coming, but the fellow is to be paid on leaving it. I am going down now to the Rooms, to pick up a couple of half-crowns, if I can, over 'the bulls.'"

The canon's coat was then brought to him, and the two gentlemen set forth, interchanging their troubles.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Norbury, "I don't think this thing may be as bad as Jenny makes out. How was I to know him in the dark? I hear he's off to London to-night for his daughter's wedding, and that'll drive it all out of his head. But I was thinking, Tilney, we *might* screw something out of Smiles and the bank. If I was you, I wouldn't be bullied and be made to sit mum there, by that fellow. Tillotson is above him, and if he knew this, I'll swear he'd press 'em all to their trumps."

"Ah, of course," said his friend; "but you know it's wearisome always struggling with a low fellow; you only dirty your fingers."

"But you can clean them again, Tilney. Now, what I was thinking was, as he won't 'do' your paper, why shouldn't he do mine? I can get a name, you can give yours, and we'll share, eh? I *must* have something to go on with. They'll have the security of my pay, you know—"

"I tell you what," said Mr. Tilney, "we're going to give that fellow a little dinner—a snug thing, you know—just to put him in good humour. You shall come to us. In fact, the card's gone to him."

"Suppose we draw him now?"

"Well, suppose we do," said Mr. Tilney.

They found the secretary behind a desk. "Very busy now," said he, dryly; "can't talk to you at present, Mr. Tilney; make an appointment."

"Just two words in private. Really, now," remonstrated Mr. Tilney; "sent up a note to your house—a little dinner. Really, now—"

"Mrs. Smiles will look to that. It's *not* fair, I must say. Just post time, and closing up. Well, step in here, then. Now, Mr. Tilney?"

Then Mr. Tilney introduced his friend—a canon in the cathedral—who wanted "accommodation"—ninety pounds—good names, his own included. There would be no objection to that, he supposed?

Mr. Smiles examined the production, and put a few searching questions. The fact was, accommodation-bills were not their line; they wanted good trading-bills, drawn in the regular course of business. However, let him leave it, and they would see in the morning.

"Very well. God bless you, Smiles. We'll hope to see you on Sunday."

The next morning, to the surprise of both gentlemen, Mr. Smiles received them with a grudging civility, and told Mr. Norbury that his bill would be cashed in proper form. That morning, too, Mrs. Tilney had received a note from Mrs. Smiles, saying she would have much pleasure in accepting her kind invitation to dinner. These acceptances, both of bill and

dinner, were the result of a warm discussion held the night before between Mr. and Mrs. Smiles.

"I have planned it all," she said. "It is what you call the small end of the wedge. It will help the girls to know some nice men, which God knows they want. Life isn't ledgers and accounts, Mr. Smiles, after all; and Mrs. Withers, the confectioner, says she *knows* they have asked the colonel and his wife. *We must go.*"

"Folly, folly," said Mr. Smiles, shortly. "Your head's always running upon that. Now, are you fit company for the colonel's wife, or Mrs. Plumtre up at the Grange—who will be there too—or can you hold your own on the subjects *they* know? You'll only sit there looking like a fool, and they'll cut you the next day."

"And if they do, I hope you'll have the spirit to give it to 'em at the bank. You can make them feel it there. No, no; we'll do very well."

"There again," said he, "that fellow will come bothering for money, and think he has a right to get some, because he gave us a wretched dinner. He's worrying my life out."

"There again!" said she, rolling on her seat like a huge porpoise. "And why not help the Tilneys? I have laid it all out, I tell you. They'll make nice friends and companions for the girls, introjuice them, and get a match for 'em."

Mrs. Smiles, having a weight of tongue and of person—which, somehow, does give an influence in a social commonwealth—prevailed. They were to go and dine, and the letter was sent.

CHAPTER XV. A PARTY.

MR. NORBURY was to dine also—not Mrs. Norbury, whom no one dreamed of asking; for as children were always adhering to her, more or less, like shell-fish to a rock, it seemed impossible to ask that faithful "slaving" woman to go up and "dress" for a party, or to be taken down to dinner. What a squalor was in that house, what a battle going on—not day by day, but hour by hour—against inconvenience and trouble of all kinds, may be conceived. When it was stayed or repaired in one quarter, it broke out in another; when they had finished at one side, they had to move over to the other and begin again. That long family of children had to be "patched up" like an old roof. The work was never ending; the wonder was, how it was done, or where the material was got with which it was done. But a "will," and a faithful, undying zeal that never sleeps, or even nods, is worth time, clothes, money, and meat and drink.

The canon was sitting in his normal attitude in his shirt-sleeves, with the violin not very far away, and "the wife," with a mollusc adhering to her, "darning," working, and now literally "piecing" a little shoe—a task that would have seemed hopeless to a skilled shoemaker. Before an hour she would have accomplished it. He was in one of his hopeless moods.

"I don't know what's to become of me," he said. "It is like walking out into a bog. Even

at knocking the balls about I am getting to be no good. A common lad got five shillings out of me last night. I may as well give up at once as go on; it will be cheaper in the end." And he began to whistle dismally.

Before the mother could answer, cries and even howls were heard from an adjoining room, where a crowd had gathered and upset a wash-hand-stand, and, with the fatal stupidity of their class, had proclaimed their misfortune to the world. She had to dart away to restore order, and Mr. Norbury was left alone. His eyes fell vacantly on the violin, and, still "honing" over his sorrows, he began to tune it on his knee, and had presently glided into a "stiff" variation on "De Beriot's fifth air," which he went over half a dozen times. After many repetitions and a growing facility in execution, he had quite forgotten his misfortunes; and as he began it for the seventh time, he threw back his head and said aloud, "Faith, I'll play this for them at our next Philharmonic."

Suddenly came a light step. He looked up (he was in the midst of the groaning, squealing, pork-killing variation produced by playing three notes at a time) and saw Ada—Miss Millwood. He became conscious of his rough chin and collarless throat and shirt-sleeves, and fled. Mrs. Norbury, with a worn look, well balanced with a baby hung before her, in front of whose person she managed to ply her fingers, came down to her. No wonder she was glad to see her, for Ada was a ministering angel to that squalid family. She brought with her light and air and cleanliness; and the children, hearing her sweet voice (or perhaps the scouts, who were always on duty, hanging out of the windows, had passed the word on), would have poured down and mobbed her, but that their father, on his road to shaving, had promptly shut to the little gate that was at the top of the stairs.

The two ladies talked together a long time. Ada's low, soft voice filled the room with a sweeter music than that of Mr. Norbury's violin. She gave her friend such comfort as was to be found in the common platitudes of comfort, but with her they were not platitudes, but substantial comfort.

"You know," said she, "we have all troubles of our own, and *must* have them. Dear Mr. Tilney has *his*—I have mine. Life wouldn't be life without them."

Then the two women opened their confidences, and Mrs. Norbury, with that fulness of detail and colour which reaches almost to gossip, told the story of their griefs—what they feared, and what they had *not* to hope, and especially that late passage with the dreaded Black Dick.

"Joey does everything for the best, and thinks of us all in everything he does. Often and often he has brought us home a dinner out of his little game of billiards. But, dear Miss Millwood, I am trembling and trembling to think of this business. Joey doesn't do it as I do. But Doctor Topham, I know, doesn't like him, and when he comes back—oh, Miss Millwood, I fear——"

Even on this view Ada had comfort. They knew the dean, her uncle did, and she herself did a little. The two found a comfort in each other's society, and interchanged their sorrows, though the balance was with Mrs. Norbury. Something else passed between them, for Ada had a little hoard of her own, a "trifle of interest money," that Mr. Tilney paid down with scrupulosity and enormous flourishing (as if it were his stick), delivering a lecture at the same time on the value of money. These visits, apart from such "testimonials," were in themselves as good as gold.

On the Sunday, Mr. Norbury, after chanting lustily, and with extraordinary vigour and animation, in a short solo, that his "soul was troubled exceedingly—exceedingly—exceedingly—ly!!!" got into his dress suit quite in spirits, and kissing his family all round (by seniority, and it took some time), set out for Mr. Tilney's. He was the first there. The distinguished guests—the colonel, and the colonel's lady and son—had not come. Neither had Mr. Smiles. But his careful eye had noted that Mrs. Tilney, languid and patronising as usual, and her daughters, were not in the robes of office with which they received military effendis and sultans, but in a species of mitigated and tempered "half toilette." It was but a partial illumination.

"Sunday humdrum," said Mr. Norbury to himself, "and grocer's wine."

Presently a cab drove up, and in a few moments the head of the Smiles procession debouched. The procession was so long and so enriched, that it got blocked in the passage, and had to wait there until it made its entry in detachments. First, Mrs. Smiles, still as Queen Elizabeth—a dahlia dressed up in yellow satin—glowing, hot, protruding, bursting, swelling, all over flowers and gold. This uniform she had last worn at the Fishmongers' dinner, and had excited the open admiration of a portly fishmonger. The two Miss Smileses, swelling, hot, red with their exertions, and in gorgeous pinks, came floating in in succession, although one had to wait in the hall while her sister was being presented. Then came Mr. Smiles, who was dressed to the extent of his magnificence, and was exactly as he also had appeared at the Fishmongers'; yet he looked at the whole with that doubtful, sharp, inquiring glance, as if it were a large bill. He was as crisp as one of the New Fancier bank-notes. Then seats were found for them all, and Mrs. Smiles's glowing face was turned anxiously to the door, waiting the colonel and his party, for whom all this magnificence was intended. Mr. Smiles, too, was glad to meet that officer and his lady in an extra-official way, and on the easy terms with which one gentleman meets another. It cemented relations, and oiled the wheels of business, as it were. In a few moments the door was opened, Jane announced dinner, and Mr. Tilney, in a solemn manner, offered his arm to Mrs. Smiles. This lady, all amazement, grief, and fury, hardly understood what he proposed. Alas! the colonel and family were coming on the morrow to a

choice, elegant dinner, with a couple of "nice" men for the girls. "We couldn't have these plebeians, you know, with them," said Mrs. Tilney. "They'd eat with their knives, or do something of that kind. Out of the question."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Tilney, shaking his head gloomily, "the Smileses won't like it. They'll find it out."

"Let them, the vulgar creatures," said Mrs. Tilney.

They *had* found it out. "You see we have nobody but ourselves," said Mrs. Tilney, who had on a cap as insipid as her smile, with lappets. "We knew you'd like it better."

But on the Smileses' faces, not trained to conceal their feelings, were unmistakable blankness, anger, and disappointment. Mr. Norbury was cheerful, as he always was, and "rattled on." But Mr. Smiles kept his mouth pinched up. At an early hour they departed. In the cab was a scene of fury.

"Now," said the sire, "what did I tell you?"

"Insufferable, outrageous," said Mrs. Smiles. "Such impudence! Never mind, never mind! If you don't give 'em a lesson, and grind them for this, Smiles, never come near me."

"Impostors, as I always said," he replied. "Do me that justice. I shall keep my eye on him, though."

Up at the Tilneys', Mrs. Tilney had thrown herself back wearily, with the insipid lappets tumbling about her cheeks. "There now," she said, "I hope you are content. We have paid them off now, low vulgar pack! and have done with them."

"I hope so," said Mr. Tilney, gloomily.

The next day the elegant party came off, and Mr. Smiles heard from the colonel, who kept the regimental banking with him, what a "very fair little turn out" those Tilneys had given. Sir John Sebright and one or two more.

"Now I rely on your being down on 'em," said Mrs. Smiles, when she heard this news.

CHAPTER XVI. A GLEAM OF HOPE:

THINGS, however, were hurrying on a little rapidly. Doctor Topham's daughter was married to a soldier, a baronet's nephew, and the ceremony was performed with great magnificence at the baronet's London house by the dean himself, "assisted by the Reverend Arthur Honeydew, cousin of the bride, and the Reverend Doctor Bulstrode, incumbent of St. Cunegonde's, Liverpool," as indeed Mrs. Tilney had read in the copy of the Morning Plush sent to her by a friend. "The dear dean!" she said to her female friends, in consultation over the event. "What a trial for him! As for the girl, she was a plain thing, and I wonder they got any decent man to take her."

After the conventionally "happy pair" had gone to the baronet's seat in the country, the dean had been taken great notice of by the baronet himself. "I really like you, dean," said the baronet, with his hand on the decanter. "You are one of the breakwaters, if I may use

the expression, against the alarming pregnancy of new opinions. A few more men like you, and we should not be in the state we are in. You must come down to Truncheon Hall, and we can talk it over."

The dean went down eventually, as many were destined to know. For, hereafter, he was accustomed to date things from this year of his Hegira; saying, "The year before I went to Truncheon;" or, "Let me see, not long after I returned from Truncheon."

The Sir Thomas or Sir William who was the lord of Truncheon had a very long family, with two dull sons in the Church, and it may have been the position of these youths as hopeless curates, who were neither popular, nor likely to "draw," nor get on in any way, that gave the baronet such a desponding view of the Church. The dean was pleased to take a fancy to one of these youths when he met him at Truncheon; to whom, one night—when Mr. Dean had taken in to dinner Lady Grey de Malkyn herself, and had even heard her ladyship say he was a "charming churchman"—the baronet alluded with a comic despondency. "As for you, Charley, you must make up your mind to a stall in the workhouse, unless you can get your friend the dean there to do something for you—ha! ha! I see what he is at, dean—ha! ha! I have had my eye on him for some time—ha! ha! dean. Uncommon good that—ha! ha! You must not tell Lady Grey, though. No, no."

"Well," said Mr. Dean, balancing himself, "I am afraid, if her ladyship were to ask me anything, I couldn't well refuse. So I hope you won't put it into her head."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the Sir Thomas or Sir William. "Uncommon good again. The dean has us everywhere. Whatever window we look out of, he flanks us with another."

"The dean," continued the baronet, in a low but audible voice, to a country gentleman who was like a theatrical supernumerary at this feast—"the dean is a man so practical—so going straight to his point—that really, even to carry out his joke, he *would* get that boy a stall. Upon my word I believe he would. Remarkable instance of tenacity of character."

No wonder the dean often dwelt upon that visit to Truncheon. Never had he before received such homage. He came up from Truncheon, waited on the bishop—then not in residence—and had several conferences with him on the state of the cathedral. There was one "painful scandal" which he wished to bring before him, and which he did bring before him. This intermediate process delayed matters a little; but things were gradually hurrying on to a crisis. Bills were rushing to maturity with the unnatural speed common to these securities; dates fixed by solemn promises, and asseverations, were coming round. Tradesmen's voices rose yet higher and more insolently, and soft voices pleading became of no avail. Still, the old routine life went on. Doctor Fuzzle chanting with more than his seraphic force, even though "the season" was not "on," and taking off his surplice as he got under the far

arch, out of sight of the congregation, in a manner, it must be said, very unlike a seraph's.

"You see, Jenny," said Mr. Norbury, now playing the Fifth air with surprising freshness from constant practice, "I was right. Black Dick will be afraid to lay a finger upon me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenny, gratefully, "dear Joe. Thanks to Providence. And now you must promise me, for my sake, to be more obedient to the dean, and respectful. You know he is dean, after all. *Won't* you promise me?" And Mrs. Jenny put her hands into a praying attitude—at least, as well as the unfeeling and adherent baby would allow her.

"Well, for your sake, Jenny, I'll try," said Mr. Norbury. "Now, just listen and see how I shall astonish them at the Philharmonic next week;" and he gave her that groaning variation "in thirds" which he himself had christened, with some appropriateness it must be confessed, "the pig's agony."

Of these days, too, Mr. Tilney, who had become very disconsolate and moody, went about, dwelling often on what he called the "tyranny" of Smiles to him. "I made that man, sir," he said, lashing a thistle deliberately. "Who was the first person they came to, sir? It was I made the whole concern, lock, stock, and barrel. They will divide fifteen per cent. How do they get that, I should like to know? Fact is, sir," and he dropped his voice, "that Smiles is *not* a gentleman. It won't last, mark me. You may pick up a sovereign here and sixpence there; but you must have gentle blood, sir; gentle manners, sir; and sir, gentlemen. It'll collapse; blow up, sir. What's this wretched guinea to me on board-days? O, it's very bad, sir."

It was, indeed, getting very bad for the Tilneys. The Smileses had never forgiven that outrage about the dinner. The secretary had become curt and short with Mr. Tilney; was down on him when he could. In fact, he had a stone in his sleeve for him.

"You have not forgotten, Mr. Tilney," he said, one day, "your joint note with that Mr. Norbury. It is very close now. You will be ready?"

"By the way, Smiles," said Mr. Tilney, a little nervously, "I was just going to ask you about that. Of course the usual renewal will not be objected to?"

Mr. Smiles opened his eyes wide. "Renewal!" he said. "I beg such a thing will not be thought of, for the sake of the bank—must not be dreamt of. It would be fatal, my good sir, a director to be compromised for such a trifle. You must see about it at once, I beg."

"But, my dear Smiles," said poor Mr. Tilney, "I—that is, *he*—reckoned on it all this time. Really, I think a director, and all that! Why, even the late Prince Regent—"

"I know," said Mr. Smiles, contemptuously. "A fine example, certainly. A director, just as you say. 'Pon my word, the whole thing comes on me by surprise."

But there was yet a great surprise in store for Mr. Tilney's family that very night. For when he left the bank, hopeless and desponding, a cab drove past him with luggage on the top,

and a face with a military cap and grey moustaches looking from the window. In an instant he was waving his. Malacca cane to the coachman, and was striding up to the window.

It was Whitaker, the colonel who had been equerry to his Sailor Dook years and years ago, and who said, or was made to say, many things in the course of Mr. Tilney's conversations.

"My goodness!" said Mr. Tilney, describing "the providential character" of this meeting, "how wonderfully Providence tempers the wind. Often and often the Dook said, when he had to go to the City shows and the like, 'Let Tilney and Whitaker come. Hang it! I'll have no one else.' He went his way, and I went mine. Thus it is, my dear, all our ends are shaped——"

"Do talk sense," said Mrs. Tilney, with much irreverence, "and have done with those absurd speeches. Were his sons with him?"

"He has no sons," said Mr. Tilney, sadly. "Providence—that is to say," added Mr. Tilney, correcting himself hastily, and recollecting the caution, "he never had any. One of the best men I ever knew."

"Do keep all that for your own friends, and talk like a Christian. Where is he staying?"

"With the Leighton-Buzzards," said Mr. Tilney, a little abashed. "But only think, he is at the Horse Guards now—D.A.G., my dear, enormous influence, enormous, my dear. Always had a grateful nature, too, my dear. The Dook said, 'If there is a man who sticks to his friends like wax, that man is Bob Whitaker.'"

"Well, and what did he say to you, and what did you make of him?" said Mrs. Tilney, with great interest.

"He said," replied Mr. Tilney, looking round mysteriously, "'why are you in this hole, Dick? You are at the back of Godspeed,' or words to that effect. 'They should have done something for you long ago; or have they now?'" said Bob Whitaker."

"Well, and what did you say to that," said Mrs. Tilney, with unjustifiable impatience. "Some folly about Providence or other."

"I said," Mr. Tilney answered, in a burst of profaneness, "that I was literally rotting away in this infernal hole, and that you were rotting away. That it was a confounded shame the court party had treated me so, leaving me to get on in my old days in this way, after all my slavery to that good-for-nothing Dook. The most selfish creature as was ever born." (This was a way to speak of his late Majesty!)

"And what did he say?" said Mrs. Tilney, much pleased at this burst.

"O, he said it was a curst shame too, and that everything he got he had to screw out of 'em."

"What have I always told you? but you never listen. There's a man of sense!"

"He's got his nephew with him," said Mr. Tilney, suddenly.

"His heir?" said Mrs. Tilney.

"I believe so," said Mr. Tilney.

"And why couldn't you tell me *that*? There's the way. We've to do everything for ourselves.

And now, what did you make out? Will he do anything for you?"

"I am sure," said Tilney, enthusiastically, "he'd lend me twenty pounds to-morrow. Bob Whitaker never refused a friend he cared for."

"Twenty pounds!" said Mrs. Tilney, with scorn. "On your peril ask him, Mr. Tilney. I see it all. Leave it to me for once, do now. We must have them to dinner. The nephew must know the girls—he can have his choice. And you can 'screw,' as you call it, something out of him. You must get up a nice elegant dinner. You know the Leighton-Buzzards a little; ask *them*. We must do the thing well, you know."

"Get up a dinner—a dinner?" said Mr. Tilney, ruefully. "How, my dear? Where, where?"

"Where! Everywhere, of course," said Mrs. Tilney, very unreasonably. "You know how to do that sort of thing; use your wits. Someway," she added, enthusiastically, "I *feel*, if you strike home in this business, something will come out of it for the girls; who knows—perhaps on the very night itself."

"I wish to God *there* did," said he, mournfully. "I wish something *did* turn out for some of us. And Mrs. Whitaker, we must ask *her*." I *think* he said he had brought her."

Mrs. Tilney's face fell. "O, *there's a mother, is there?*" she said.

"Never mind," said he, with sudden alacrity, "we shall knock out something, and plan a very nice little dinner. I'll manage it. Yes, I see. A capital thing for one of them. (Why, Bob Whitaker and I were like brothers.) Yes, the very thing; and now I recollect, he was always mad upon a good dinner."

From that hour it was noticed that Mr. Tilney soared into a perfect buoyancy of spirits, and looked forward to the date of the "little dinner" as a certain deliverance from all their troubles. That little festive meal was to lead them out of shade into sunshine. Someway, too, "the pressure," as he always spoke of it, seemed to have abated a little. The "duns" had for a time, perhaps, grown weary—borne to trouble him. Just as it had been with the early days of the bank, as it was with the dinner, it lifted him into sudden prosperity. But a change was coming about. One night he was sitting in his parlour with his family in a very ancient dressing-gown, about which, we may be sure, there was a history connected with the sailor-ducial epoch, and "mapping out," as he called it, the little dinner. He had made several "maps" before this, and had gone on making them, not through any dissatisfaction at what he had done, but as a pleasure to himself for the variety. The family were busy with some preparations in their own line which had reference to their portion of the festival. Ada alone, of all not engaged at any aim of the kind, sat silent and apart, working patiently.

"I shall look after the management myself," said Mr. Tilney. "God bless you! I wouldn't trust it out of my own hands. Toler wrote it

out for me, one day, with his own hand, but I lost it. And then he left it to me in his will—a kind thing; and he knew it would please more than anything in the wide world.”

“Ah, exactly,” said Mrs. Tilney, contemptuously—“always the way. If he had left you a hundred pounds it would have been more to the point. But you preferred a rubbishy old receipt you could get out of any cookery book. Just like you.”

“No,” said he, mildly—“no, my dear, it’s not so much the receipt as the mixin’.”

“Stop it now,” said Mrs. Tilney, impatiently. “Go up, Ada, and look for a pair of scissors. Why, what’s this now?”

Sudden arrivals always created alarm in the family, and always caused Mr. Tilney to rise from his chair, like a hare out of her form, and make for the door. “Heaven protect and guard us!” he said, looking furtively round the edge of the curtain; “a cab with luggage!”

TOUCHING TIGERS.

THE native ground of the tiger has been greatly too much restricted. Some writers have confined it to India alone; others, to India and the Malayan peninsula; but the animal extends into Chinese Tartary and Eastern Russia, to the confines of Siberia, where it is as formidable and as much dreaded as in the Sunderbuns of Bengal. The strangest feature in the distribution of the beast is that it is unknown in China, in those very latitudes which are in India most favourable to its development. Hong-Kong, for instance, is in the same parallel as the Sunderbuns, but the tiger is quite unknown there, or on the adjacent mainland. Atkinson is, I believe, our most recent authority on the occurrence of this animal in the countries bordering upon Siberia. And it does not appear that its size, strength, or ferocity, is at all diminished by the coldness of that climate.

Tiger countries are so varied, that the tiger cannot be strictly described as limited to any particular form of country. It wanders much, taking long journeys by night, swims wide rivers or salt-water creeks, lurks in dense thickets or heavy grass or forest when in the neighbourhood of man, but rambles freely over the open inland thinly inhabited. It ascends wooded mountains up to seven or eight thousand feet above the sea; and in the western parts of India, bereft almost of vegetation, finds a stronghold in the numerous deep ravines which cut the surface of the arid plains.

My first acquaintance with the tiger in his natural state was made in a country which has only of late years become known to Europeans. Much as has been done by our countrymen towards extirpating this animal in the jungles of the Turraie, and the Morung, and other parts of India, wide regions still exist within and on the confines of the south-west frontier of Bengal where the shot of the sportsman has seldom if ever broken the silence of the dreary woods.

Along the southern skirts of the Kolehán, in Kéonjur and Mohurbunj, where the Koél and the Byturnee wind ripples through the shades of far extending forests, where the poor Ho, or Sontal, in his wretched clearing, rears his solitary hovel, and shares with the Sámbar and the wild pig the scanty produce of his little field, there the tiger, instead of lurking in the jungle, marches boldly forth in the broad daylight, and seizes the bullock at the plough, or the poor husbandman’s half-naked daughter, while filling her pitcher at the lonely pool. It comes with the gathering dusk to the ill-fastened hovel door, breaks down the fence in which the starving kine have been immured, slays in a few minutes, perhaps, the whole of the little herd on which the owner relied for his subsistence, and often thus succeeds in driving away the settler.

But even in these wild solitudes man sometimes maintains his supremacy over the beast of the field. The Ho, or, as he is commonly called by more civilised neighbours, the Kôle, trained from boyhood to the use of the bow and arrow, is generally an adroit archer, and many individuals among his tribe are singularly intrepid men. He has need to be so, who, leaving the safety and comparative comforts of a large village, with no weapons but bow and arrows and a light battle-axe, and no companions but wife and children, sallies forth into the wide forests, where man never trod before, and founds there a new settlement. Sometimes two or three able-bodied persons of his “keele,” or clan, will assist him in felling and clearing an acre or two, and once or twice he may revisit his native town to purchase seed and poultry and cattle. But with these exceptions the new settler and his little family live and labour in solitude, and must by their unaided efforts strive for mastery with the wild beasts of the forest.

Many years ago—so many, that names of persons and of some places concerned, have passed from my memory—official duties led me to a small village in Rongrapeer, one of the remotest and wildest divisions of that wild country the Kolehán, on the south-west frontier. The hamlet consisted of some five or six cottages in a cleared space of as many acres, surrounded by forest. A brook, whence the women of the village procured water, ran by the bottom of a slope, about two hundred yards from the houses; and (a usual feature in Kôle villages) a few large slabs of slaty rock fixed in the ground marked where “the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.” Near one of those I observed a pole erected, on which grinned the skull of a tiger, with the bones of one of its arms dismembered half way up. I turned to the villagers near me for an explanation, and heard this:

The daughter of the Moonda, or head man of the place, was affianced, in the rude native fashion, to one of the young men of the village, and their nuptials were to come off in a few days. One evening the girl with some of her female companions went, as was their daily

went, to the brook already mentioned, to bathe and fetch water for the household. They had been absent but a quarter of an hour, when the startling voice of a tiger, and the piercing shrieks of the women, suddenly broke the silence of the hour, and before the roused villagers could snatch their arms, the girls came flying back with horror in their faces, and in a few words announced the dreadful fact that a tiger had carried off one of their party. It was the Moonda's daughter. Her stout-hearted kinsmen rushed, but with hopeless hearts, to the rescue. Foremost among these was her intended husband, and close by his side his sworn brother, allied to him by a ceremony, common amongst this people, of tasting each other's blood, and swearing to stand by each other in after life, come weal, come woe. While the rest were following with skill and caution the bloody traces of the monster and his prey, these two, dashing on through the dense jungle, soon came upon the object of their search. In a small open space (which I afterwards visited) the tiger was crouched over the dead body of the girl, which it had already begun to devour. The approach of the hunters roused him, and he stood over the carcase, growling defiance at the two men.

In a moment an arrow from the bereaved lover's bow pierced the tiger's chest. It struck deep and true, but not so as (in sporting phrase) to stop the dreadful beast, who, from a distance of some thirty paces, came down, with his peculiar whirlwind rush, on his assailant. The young man had just time to draw his "kappee," or battle-axe, from his girdle, when the tiger seized him by the left wrist. The man, leaning well back to gain room for the swing of the axe, drove it with all the collected strength of rage and despair into the tiger's forearm, severing the massive bone, and leaving the blade buried in the muscles. Next moment his head was crushed within the monster's jaws, and he fell dead upon the ground, while the tiger, tamed by the loss of blood, turned round and began to limp away. All occurred so rapidly, that the surviving comrade had not shot a shaft, but now, maddened, he ran to the retreating brute and sent arrow after arrow up to the feather into its side and neck until it rolled over, dying, within a few yards of the ill-fated young couple. The tiger still breathed as the rest of the party came up. They struck off its head, dis severed the muscle by which the left forearm still adhered to the shoulder, and with these spoils, and the mangled bodies of the poor victims borne on litters, returned, a melancholy procession, to the village. The above minute details I had from the chief actor himself, a stalwart young fellow. The event had occurred not more than a month or five weeks before, and the sun-dried strips of flesh still adhered to the ghastly trophy on the pole. I wished to have brought the bones away, but they gave some comfort to the poor old Moonda's heart. They reminded him that his daughter had not died unavenged, and I left them there.

Another instance that became known to me of heroism among the Kôles, is of a more homely sort. In another part of Rengrapeer, a clearing was made in the forest by an old man, his wife, her sister, and a grown-up daughter. No other human being lived within miles of their solitary hut, and the head of the family had to go frequently, and always alone, to a distant village for the necessaries of life. His first season's ploughing was stopped by a tiger killing one of the only pair of bullocks he possessed, and he was obliged to sell the other to buy rice for the rest of the year. Before the next rains, he managed to procure another pair of oxen, and patiently recommenced the tillage of his little clearing. But his unwelcome neighbour again robbed him of a bullock, and once more put an end to his operations. This was too much to bear, and with singular hardihood the old man determined to rid himself of his enemy or die of him. The bullock lay dead within a few paces of a patch of grass which intervened between the clearing and the forest; and the man, thoroughly conversant with the habits of the tiger, knew well that in this grass the beast would lie until the cool of evening summoned him to sup upon the carcase. He proceeded without further ado into the house, armed his household, the three women aforesaid, with a bamboo each, placed them in line along the edge of the grass, posted himself by a circuitous route on the opposite side of the cover where it skirted the jungle, and, having given some preconcerted signal to his auxiliaries, waited, bow in hand and arrow on string, for his dangerous enemy. The three women, nothing daunted, began beating the ground in a business-like manner. They shrieked and yelled, and advanced steadily into the cover; it was not extensive; before long the tiger came sneaking out towards the man, who, well concealed behind a tree, let him pass so as to obtain a clear broad-side view, and then let fly an arrow into the centre of his neck. Fortune favoured the bold, and the brute fell dead.

So little did the veteran think of this exploit, that I should probably have heard nothing about it, had he not come to my office attended by his family and the mankee, or head of his circle, with the tiger's skin, to claim the reward (ten rupees a head) given by government for the destruction of this animal; a reward which, shabby as it is, was not to be despised by the poor settler. He was a short wiry man, some fifty or sixty years of age, with a dogged determined look, and spoke of killing the tiger and making his old wife and sister-in-law beat him up, in such a matter-of-fact way that we were all in shouts of laughter, though filled with admiration for the stout old boy and his hard-favoured amazons.

There was great luck in such an easy conquest, but it is not, even within my own knowledge, a solitary instance of so large an animal being killed at once by so apparently inadequate a weapon. A very big tiger was once brought into the head-quarter station of the

Kôle country—Chybasa—which had been killed with one shot by a mere stripling, some sixteen or seventeen years old, who seemed much more engaged in admiring the flowers in front of my house, than interested in the recital of his prowess, made to me by his comrades and the head man of the village.

Those who have engaged in tiger-shooting excursions, either on foot or on elephants, know full well how many shots the brute sometimes takes. And such instances of quick work as the two above cited may surprise the most experienced sportsman.

I have already observed that where population is exceedingly scarce, the tiger loses much of his skulking, hiding disposition, and attacks his prey in the open. In 1837, or '38, a lad herding cattle in the village lands of Koorsee, near Chaibasa, was pursued over a meadow, and *through the herd*, and was killed by a tiger, who had begun to eat him when scared away by the villagers. I saw the body; it lay in the midst of an open field, at least two hundred yards from any cover. It was disembowelled, and with the chest torn wide open; but the face was as that of one who lies in a pleasant sleep.

The enormous forearm of the tiger has often attracted attention. We have seen a cat pat a dead mouse, or the face of a dog which was teasing her, and it is easy to understand what a tremendous blow a tiger could give in the same manner; but I believe it to be a mistake to suppose that he strikes down his prey with his paw. He strikes in self-defence and when fighting, but not when seizing his victim. I have seen many carcasses of deer, cattle, buffaloes and horses, which had been killed by tigers, and they all had the same appearance; four deep holes at the back of the neck (two of them on each side the cervical vertebræ), made by the animal's incisor teeth; no other mark. Of course, if the tiger had begun to feed on the body, it was extensively lacerated. And if (as sometimes in the case of a buffalo) the prey had struggled much, and had succeeded in dragging the tiger a few yards, the chest and forelegs would bear the impression of the claws and the tremendous grip, but those, as far as my experience goes, were exceptional cases.

It is evident that the tiger, in seizing his prey, rushes on to its back, grips the neck with his jaws as with a vice, and, with his arms confining the animal's struggles, lies there upon his victim until it is suffocated. With a human being I know not how the case is. A tiger has been seen to seize and carry off a man by the neck, or the arm, or thigh, indifferently. In the well-known cases of Major Colnett and Captain Fenwick, they were both seized by the thigh, and carried off, it is said, on the animal's back. More recently, a Captain Hill, superintendent of police in Burma, was gripped by the neck, and there held until the arrival of his people rescued him from his awful position. In 1846, in Mauboom, near Midnapore, I was out after a tiger, on foot, and having wounded him severely, was searching for him in the jungle

with a number of beaters. Three times we came upon him, and each time he broke cover by charging through the mob of us. Once, he struck a man on the chest, knocking him over, and scratching him severely. Next time he seized one of the beaters in his jaws, by the thigh, giving him a rapid shake and passing on. But these are all cases in which the animal was acting in self-defence, or in retaliation. What I have said above, refers to its usual mode of capturing its food.

The averment in our "natural history" books, that the tiger disdains to touch carrion, is quite untrue. The same rhetoric is indulged in regarding the eagle, and is equally erroneous. The lion, also, the "king of beasts," is, I believe, as little scrupulous as any other cat, in this particular. I have described how the tiger captures and kills his prey. When dead, if the body lie convenient to his covert, he lets it remain; if it be too far out in the open, it is dragged further in towards the jungle, and there left until towards dawn. Sometimes the body is disembowelled after being removed a little way, and is then drawn away to some hidden spot. A leopard has been seen to disembowel a goat, holding it by the throat, lying on its back underneath the body, and ripping it open by repeated kicks with its hind claws. Probably the tiger operates by the same method. He appears to prefer a rumpsteak, or a round, to any other portion. These are almost always the first part eaten, then the ribs, rarely the fore-quarters, and never, within my knowledge, the head.

The following little anecdote, while it illustrates this, affords a pretty good specimen of the tiger's caution, of the silence of his approach, and of his immense strength. In the cold weather of 1838, near the same village of Koorsee where the herd-boy had been killed, I was one day shown the body of a cow, which a tiger had just struck down. It lay close to some rather thin jungle, near a ridge of low rocks; a few larger trees, such as mangoes, were interspersed in the brushwood, and the ground was covered with dead dried-up leaves: so crisp, that it seemed impossible for an insect even to pass over them without being heard. It was then about noon, and I determined to sit up for the tiger, who, we knew, would come again at nightfall, or before next morning, to devour the carcass. A charpâie, or small native bedstead, was speedily procured from the village, and lashed across the fork of a mango-tree, within a few paces of which lay the cow. Before sunset I and my companion (our doctor) were escorted to the spot by a body of armed Kôles. I disembarrassed myself of a huge sola, or pith hat, which I placed on the ground near the tree, and in it I deposited a pair of unwieldy dragoon's pistols (it was before the days of "repeaters"), which I thought would be useless in our elevated position. I also took off, and left at the foot of the tree, a pair of thick shooting-shoes, and then, with the help of my village friends, gained the charpâie, and sat my-

self down by the worthy doctor. Between us were four double barrels and ammunition. When we were fairly in our post, our escort silently withdrew to a hovel on the skirts of the village, just within hail.

The moon, near its full, was rising, and the night calm. A deep shadow rested under the trees, save where, through gaps in the foliage, the silver rays stole in. A solemn silence reigned around, scarce broken by the whispering rustle of the leaves as at intervals the night air sighed fitfully. Those who have sat motionless and patient, far into the night, with such an object in view, can understand the oppressive feeling that steals over one in the stony stillness, with ear and eye stretched to catch every sound, or detect the slightest movement. Immoveable as statues we sat, without a whisper. Creature-comforts we had none; for cheeroots and brandy-and-water were

Banned and barred, forbidden fare,

it being supposed that a tiger cannot abide tobacco. Loins, and backbones, and necks, and legs, grew stiffer and stiffer, and ached wearily; but still we sat. The night passed slowly on, the moon climbed higher and higher over our heads, and at last shone upon the dead cow below; but not a sound fell on the ear. Tired nature began to murmur against the penance; first a few remarks were whisperingly ventured: "I don't think he's coming." "I think he heard those fellows and is off." "He can't be here, or we should have heard him," &c. &c. Gradually such feeble suggestions gave way to positive assertions, delivered in a tolerably audible tone, and at last I openly declared I would wait no longer, and descended to the ground. My first act was to get my shoes, and while putting them on and chatting without further constraint, I remarked that it would be as well to call our guides. Forthwith, uplifting my voice, I shouted out the name of the Moonda. Hardly had the word passed my lips, when an abrupt startling roar from a thicket within a few paces of me petrified us with amazement. Never had I felt so wretchedly helpless. Standing unarmed at the foot of the tree, I had one shoe on, and was about to put on the other. While expecting every instant to be my last, I felt sure that an attempt to climb back to my perch would be the signal for the tiger to seize me. To remain standing there, was equally disagreeable. My pistols came to my recollection. They were lying in my hat, but the hat lay somewhat in the direction of the thicket. It was a trying moment; but in another moment I found myself striding towards the hat, one shoe on and the other off, and hardly conscious of what I did. I remember grasping the pistols, cocking them, and with the barrels levelled towards the bush, which I steadily faced, shuffling sideways to the tree. The feel of the trusty weapons in my hands was comforting, as was the sight of the doctor, who, with both barrels of his gun cocked, and pointing at the bush, leant eagerly forward on the charpâie,

covering my retreat. At length I reached the tree on the side furthest from the thicket, and went up it like a lamplighter, pistol in hand, although, on our first arrival, I had required the assistance of other people's arms and shoulders. "Thank God!" exclaimed the doctor, as soon as I was seated by him. "You are up. I thought you were a dead man." And so saying, he fired into the bush, just as our escort came up with lighted torches; and we returned to our tent in the village.

Scarcely had the sun risen on the morrow, when a Kôle ran in to tell us that the cow had been removed. The doctor was obliged to return to the station, but I repaired at once to the spot of our night's vigil. The cow was gone, and a broad trail showed which way she had been dragged. At about a hundred yards from our mango-tree, and near the foot of the rocks before described, lay the stomach and entrails, and a pool of blood. Further on, was a spot where the tiger had been rolling. The marks were plain, with some of his hair lying where the ground had been pressed down. And on a ledge on the summit of a perpendicular scurped rock about four feet high lay the carcase of the cow, partly eaten away. The tiger must have jumped on the ledge with the cow in his mouth; there were no other means of ascent. The prodigious power of the animal may be conceived from such a feat. After gazing for a while on the spectacle, some of the most experienced Kôles present assured me that the tiger, after gorging on so much beef, could not possibly be far off, and they volunteered at once to beat him up and drive him towards me. I accordingly selected a commanding spot, and sent the men a détour of some three hundred yards in front of me, whence they commenced beating in my direction. In a few minutes the tiger was roused, and passed my station at a distance of about sixty yards, in a lamping heavy canter, with his tail in the air. I took deliberate aim a little in front of his chest, and fired. The ball cut a twig, and must have deflected from its first direction, for the tiger passed on without taking the slightest notice of my salute, and in another instant was lost in the jungle, leaving me to return to camp intensely mortified.

Bears (*Prochilus labiatus*) swarm in the Kolehân and all the rocky and jungly parts of Orissa; and the Kôles assured me that at times they became the prey of tigers. The tiger, they said, did not care to face an old dog bear, but would lie in wait on the top of a rock where bears were wont to pass and repass below, and drop on the back of the first one that came beneath. Poor old "bhaloo," taken so unfairly at disadvantage, generally falls an easy prey, but on equal terms the bear, it appears, does not fear a tiger. Near Keyra, in Singbhoom, I once saw both animals driven out of the same patch of jungle, and they must have been lying there near each other for a considerable time.

There has been much controversy about the tiger's power of jumping; some are of opinion

that he cannot entirely quit the ground with his hind feet. For my part, I do not see what is to prevent him. The muscles of his legs are fully able to overcome the weight of his body, which is generally spare and transversely narrow. I have seen a tiger take a very decent drop leap. Tigers have been known also to get, somehow, into howdas on elephants' backs. In short, I am inclined to believe that those who deny his jumping powers argue with reference to his great weight, and do not sufficiently consider the great strength which bears that weight along.

Natives are much more successful than Europeans in lying in wait for a tiger. They are more patient, and will sit from nightfall till morning almost motionless. They are content to sit on the bare branches of the tree, where their dusky bodies are invisible. In Orissa the custom is to throw a light upon the carcase of the animal which the tiger is expected to devour. It enables the "Shikaree" to take better aim with his long clumsy matchlock, and the light is readily obtained from an ordinary "chirag," or oil lamp, placed in an earthen pot, the side of which next the carcase is knocked out, while the side next the hunter casts over him a still deeper shadow. The flame throws a steady gleam over the spot which the tiger will probably occupy, and it is notorious that the animal has no fear of the light, but, on the contrary, appears to be enticed by it. I wonder why this custom is not practised by Europeans, for all who have tried shooting at night-time must know how impossible it is to take proper aim when the muzzle of the gun is lost in darkness, even with the aid of chalk along the top of the barrel, or paper attached to the sight.

I know not if the opinion obtain elsewhere, but in Orissa the idea is that a tiger prefers the flesh of a horse to that of any other animal. At Porahaut, in Singbloom, 1838-39, I once saw four cows which had been killed by a tiger. They were lying dead in a byre, but otherwise untouched, while a horse that had been grazing outside had also been killed and dragged towards the jungle. Its carcase lay near a small deserted hovel, and in this I determined to keep watch all night, as the people considered it certain that the tiger would come back to feed on the body. Everything was duly prepared. Facing the dead horse a small hole was made in the wall of logs, and the light of a "chirag" so placed as to fall well upon the horseflesh. At dusk I entered the shanty, with two double-barrels and ammunition, some blankets to lie on, and a trusty follower, himself a keen hunter, to take "spell and spell" in watching. When we had entered, the doorway (the only opening into the shanty) was strongly closed and secured, and we silently began our watch. The night closed in pitchy darkness, but as I cautiously peeped through the loophole I saw that the light of the lamp outside in the pitcher fell steadily on the horse's body, and, being determined not to throw away a chance by leaving the spot before day, as I had done at Korsee, I resigned myself to a long

night of patience. I do not know how long we sat side by side. The sounds from the town, softened by the distance, at length ceased altogether, and the forest, utterly silent, became inky black in the night. The absence of jackals, or of pariahs (village dogs), which roam about the skirts of human habitations at such hours, was, according to my companion, a strong proof that the tiger must be somewhere near: an assurance which kept me awake, till, in the stillness, I could watch no more.

A hand laid stealthily on my knee awoke me, another grasp and I was broad awake, sitting up on the floor and listening. "Bâgh aya" (the tiger has come) whispered my companion, and there was a low tearing, crunching, gnawing sound from where the horse lay. No red Indian could have passed the barrels out more stealthily than I did. With my finger on each trigger I cocked the gun without the slightest "click" being audible; and then, peering along the barrels, looked out. The horse lay about ten yards off—something was upon it, something reddish. How small the tiger appears! The gnawing and rending go on, but the bodies are confused together, for the "chirag" has grown dull. I must not pull until I get a fair shot at the head. No hurry, take it easy! The gnawing suddenly stops, a head is uplifted, a sharp nose, and two pointed ears cocked, followed by the too familiar "bow-woo!" reveal a village cur.

As usual, the Brahmins and other people of Porahaut attributed my failure to my having omitted making the usual "pooja" or offering to Deyvee, the goddess invoked on such occasions. To no subject does superstition more strongly attach, among the inhabitants of wild jungly countries, than to the tiger. In Upper India, the spirit of the person last killed by the animal is believed to ride on its head, and guide it to a fresh victim. Among the Kôles it is the acknowledged avenger, the Nemesis of evil deeds. The oath administered in courts of justice, and among themselves, calls on the tiger to slay him who shall speak aught but truth. The angriest expression one Kôle can use to another is, "Koola kai hâb"—"May the tiger seize him!" In their hunting excursions these people, who firmly believe that the tiger has preternatural means of overhearing all that is said, carefully avoid mentioning him, except by some assumed name. He is generally mentioned as the "Raja" and "Maharâj." On one occasion, when we were in search of a tiger, the Kôles, preparatory to beating the covert, placed me in a spot which it was thought likely the animal would pass; and the head man, or "mankee," gravely told me that "Maharâj" would in all probability take an airing in my direction, and that when he came near I was to be very careful how I made my "salâm" to him. My instructor would not for the world have said, "You must take good aim before you fire."

Tigers are shot in considerable numbers every year in India by trap bows and arrows set in their haunts by the "Bughmars," or professional

tiger killers. The instrument has been often described. Mongolian nations, such as Burmese, Karens, Shans, Malays, and the Dyaks of Borneo, instead of planting a bow which shoots off a poisoned arrow on pushing against a string, fix a little above the ground a strong elastic horizontal bamboo, at right angles to the free end of which is fixed a jagged and barbed wooden dagger, smeared with poison. The bamboo is then bent back, and is so secured in that position that pressure upon a string placed across the tiger's path loosens the catch, and the bamboo, striking the animal about the shoulder, buries the dagger deep in his body, where, being barbed, it remains. The victim generally dies in a few hours. Travellers are warned of the position of these traps by a bamboo cross or frame stuck up by the path, on either side of the trap, so that people approaching in either direction are put on the alert, and avoid danger by making a short détour. It is a curious fact that the Shan Karens, in the Tenasserim provinces, and the Dyaks of Borneo, make use of precisely the same expedient to kill the tiger and to warn the passenger.

I cannot call to mind having met in any book with an accurate description of the tiger's cries. The snarling and growling of the animal when "stirred up with a long pole" is familiar to all who have visited a menagerie, and appears to be the only noise the creature makes when in a state of captivity; but in his native forest, in the long nights of the cold season, when the woods on the hill seem to sleep in the moonlight, the tiger striding along his lonely path, and seeking his fierce mate, mews like an old tom cat—or rather like a hundred old tom cats in chorus. It is a loud and harsh and grating *mau*: a sound of dread echoing along the dreary jungle, making the sentry pause as he paces on his post by the slumbering camp; and the solitary settler turn in his cot, and thank the gods his little ones are safe within. It is seldom heard more than twice or thrice. When the tiger is on the look-out for food (usually of an evening), he lies silent and motionless in some dense covert close to water where animals resort to drink, and when one of these approaches near enough, he bounds out on his prey in perfect silence; or, with an abrupt sonorous grunt, terribly startling, which appears to paralyse the victim, and deprive it of all power to fly or resist.

The old fable or legend of the "lion's provider," founded on some base of truth, applies to the tiger, who is believed by many nations of India to be guided to his prey by the jackal. All who have resided in, or travelled about, the wild and jungly parts of Bengal, where the main forests border on cultivation, will remember hearing at night a peculiar wailing cry, passing slowly along in the distance. It sounds like the syllables "*pee-all*" or "*see-all*" uttered in a doleful scream, and it proceeds from the "solitary jackal," whose Bengali name, "*Shial*," is probably derived from the cry. This "solitary" jackal is not a separate species, but the

ordinary jackal of the plains; individuals of which at times depart from their gregarious habits, wander alone at night in the vicinity of jungle, and, according to the inhabitants of such regions, give notice of the vicinity of the tiger by this weird cry, and attract him to follow them to some carcase, which has been discovered by the jackal's keener sense of smell. In the hot sultry nights of March and April, people in these jungle villages often sleep out of doors on their small low charpaises or bedsteads, and should the cry of the *shial* be heard approaching, all hurry in-doors, or assemble in a central spot, armed with such weapons as they can muster.

The Turraie,* or Turriana of Nepal, and the Morung, names applied to the plains stretching away southward from the Cis-Himalayan range, are now almost entirely cleared and cultivated, but I remember the time when they were covered by forest and vast beds of elephant grass. These plains afford now, as they did then, inexhaustible pasturage for buffaloes, which are driven in thousands from villages in the "mud-dkès," or cultivated country, so soon as the grass dries up in the latter, to graze in the low humid lands of the Turraie, until the rainy season calls them to their homes.

These herds are tended by a wild and half savage set of men, acclimated to the pestilential air of those regions, which they leave only to make an occasional excursion to distant villages for food. Here they live, in low swampy reeds and forests, in which other human beings would die in a week struck down by malaria. Here they pass their churlish lives along with their buffaloes, and scarcely raised in intellect above them. In former years, before the Turraie forest was cut down, tigers were plentiful in all these pasture lands, and the wretched "Aheers," or herdsmen, were obliged to keep in the midst of their droves for safety. Surrounded by his faithful buffaloes, the half-starved, half-naked, and shivering *aheer* felt himself as safe as if within a fortress. For, the moment these animals come across the smell of a tiger, they crowd together with their heads outward, presenting an impenetrable phalanx; often, acting on the aggressive, they follow up the trail, charge violently in mass upon the tiger should they overtake him, and with hoofs and horns make short work of him. English sportsmen, traversing these wilds, are naturally astonished at the impunity with which a few unarmed miserable-looking men dwell in a forest beset with tigers, and are still more surprised when made acquainted with their means of safety.

Of tiger shooting in the orthodox way, that is to say, mounted on howdahed elephants, so much has been told and written, that I have nothing left to add. Safe as this amusement usually is, it has its dangers. To be on a runaway elephant in a mango grove, or a forest of middling-sized trees, is something like being

* From the Persian "*Tur*"—fresh—new—moist.

taken aback in a hurricane. And crossing the "duldul," or quicksands, of the Gunduck river has made stout-hearted men turn as white as this paper. The tiger is now almost eradicated from the borders of Goruckpoor, Pirhoot, and Poorneea, where in my boyish days he abounded. May the same fate await him by-and-by in Rengrapeer! But calling to mind the grave advice of the old mankee, to the end that I may have my wish, let me whisper in secret. I breathe no more the name of the dweller in the "Bun Mahál"—the palace in the wood—but with reverent farowell say, "Maharâj, Salâm!"

OUR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

THE suburban village in which our suburban residence stands, is a very convenient spot to live in. With a little economising of the truth, an inhabitant of the place may give out either that he inhabits the town or the country. Thus, when we are down in Leeds or Manchester, among the north-country manufacturers, we talk largely about our house in London. On the other hand, in conversation with our next-door neighbour in the City (Higgins, of Smith and Higgins, Manchester warehousemen), we speak with modest pride of our "little place down the country," and, without telling a falsehood, make Higgins believe that we are owner of at least a freehold lodge, with two or three freehold acres round about the house.

Our suburban village is neither town nor country, and yet is both. We go to it either by railway or bus, the former with a first-class season ticket being considered the correct thing, and leading those who journey thither for the first time to conclude that they are really going into the far country, as for some miles along the line no houses are to be seen save here and there a solitary one; while horses ploughing, corn growing, and half rustic-looking labourers are visible at intervals. But if you proceed by the road—by the bus—it is different. True, you leave London and its thickly inhabited quarters behind you, but still all along the route there is London more or less diluted, and you never lose sight of houses, gardens, here and there a group of shops, detached and semi-detached villas. Thus, although by rail we are ten miles, and by road twelve, from the General Post-office: when we travel by the former we seem to be twenty, and by the latter not three miles, from the capital of England.

There are not many streets in our suburban village. We have the high road that passes through it from London, and which we call the High-street in that portion of it which traverses our village. From this there are several lanes which project right and left off the High-street, and which are inhabited exclusively by poor people. But we have plenty of "roads," and in these it is that the aristocracy of our suburban village reside. There are Park-road, Bedford-road, Derby-road, and many others, all with more or less sounding names. In none

of these roads do we number our houses. That would be too town-like. Every habitation—village we say in our suburban village—has its own particular name, or has a name that is shared in common by a couple of habitations; our own house is in sober truth a semi-detached eight-roomed "villa," for which we pay thirty pounds a year, the rates and taxes not exceeding six pounds additional. In London, this very unpretending habitation would be known, say, as number sixty-six, Park-road; but, in our suburban village, it and its next neighbour are designated "Windsor Villas." Opposite us in the same road are a couple of houses named "Wellington Villas," and higher up, on the same side, are "Northumberland Villas;" to the right are the "Morton Villas," and to the left a "detached" house called "Norfolk Villa," besides many other aristocratic designations too numerous to mention.

We are all—or at any rate there are so few exceptions that they are not worth noticing—men of business, in our suburban village. By the eight, the half-past eight, and the nine o'clock morning trains, there is every day, except Sunday, a general exodus of the whole male population, all bound for their respective places of business in the City. On no account whatever would we personally remain in our suburban village after the nine, or at most the half-past nine, o'clock train had left. If we did so, our neighbours would be certain to imagine that there was "something wrong" with the firm of Buggins, Smelt, and Co., Manchester warehousemen, of Salt-lane, Cheapside: the house in which we form part and portion of the Co. When our opposite neighbour, Smeedle, of the firm of Smeedle and Smedge, silk-dealers in Green street, E.C., stayed at home for two days in succession, because he had a bad cold, the consequence was that on the following week, when the name of another Mr. Smeedle appeared in the list of bankrupts, every one in our suburban village believed that our Smeedle was the man.

Being absent from our wigwams from half-past eight in the morning until the same hour in the evening, we the warriors of our suburban village do not see much of our squaws or the papooses. It follows, as a natural consequence, that we never dine at home except on Sundays. In fact, by the time we have jumped out of bed, shaved clean—it is *not* deemed business-like to wear the beard, in our suburban village—are dressed, and have managed to swallow a little breakfast, it is time to be off to the train. Either from a quarter to five-and-twenty minutes past eight, or again from a quarter until two minutes to nine, every house in our suburban village is seen to open its door and allow the head of the family to make his exit, which he invariably does in a terrible burry, with a black bag in his hand, and running as if for life towards the station.

We, the male inhabitants of our suburban village, don't care much for dinner; it is a meal we eat in the City how and when we can,

our usual hour being from one to two, and our usual food steaks or chops, which we like to see "done" on the gridiron in the various places of refreshment which we patronise. In business hours we attend to business and to nothing else; therefore it is that our midday repasts are hurried and not over satisfactory. As a universal rule, our wives dine early; the olive branches of our households "restoring" themselves at the same time. The heads of families go in for supper, and a jolly repast we make at this old-fashioned meal, to which we sit down about nine o'clock. The cold joint, a stewed steak, a couple of soles, some hashed mutton, or a bit of game, are the dishes we like best for supper. Occasionally we ask one another to supper, a compliment which is always quickly returned and heartily accepted.

Sunday is truly a day of rest in our suburban village. We lie late in bed, and breakfast just in time to go to church: which we all do. At our church the pews are high and comfortable, very well adapted for a half-hour's sleep during sermon. We have slept in church from about a quarter-past twelve until five minutes to one, every Sunday of our personal life for the last ten years, and we hope to do so for as many more. In fact, we look upon this as part of our Sunday rest, and we don't think we could by any possibility do without it. At two o'clock on Sunday we all dine—it is the universal custom of our suburban village—and after dinner we generally snooze off in our chairs by the fireside. Sunday is by no means a cheerful day with us. We do not visit each other on that day, nor is it the custom among us to have suppers on Sunday evening—except cold meat. In short, Sunday is a day on which we eat and sleep, but do little else.

Not that we need complain of a want of preachers, or of teachers in divine matters, in our suburban village, for there is hardly a church or sect that has not its place of worship in the place. To begin with the Establishment, we have high, low, and broad, churches; the Presbyterians, Independents, Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Baptists, have also their own chapels and ministers of religion. Our vicar is a comely urbane gentleman, who is on good terms with everybody, and adopts broad and liberal views in matters theological; and yet, as a religious pastor, neither is he popular, nor is his church much frequented. Somehow or other, the aristocracy of our suburban village like their sermons, as they do their brandy-and-water, hot and strong. This must be the reason why the "low church" clergyman, the Reverend Mr. MacSnorter, has his church so well filled. MacSnorter is an Irishman, and much given to denounce popery, high churchmen, and all who differ from his particular school; he preaches long sermons, and is strong upon the doctrine of election. Well to do in this world's goods is MacSnorter, for, having married a lady, with some means, and letting the seats in his church at a good figure, he has a comfortable income, and can invest of his savings something

handsome every year. In our suburban village he is extremely popular, and it is to his denunciations of the slightest pleasure on Sunday that we attribute the dulness of the first day of the week at our suburban village. He is on bowing terms—nothing more—with the vicar; for he looks upon, and speaks of, that clergyman, as a shepherd careless of his flock.

When he meets the clergyman—or "priest," as he delights to call himself—of our "high church," Mr. MacSnorter turns away his head; for he denounces Mr. Chasuble, the high-church incumbent, as a Papist in the Protestant camp. But, after all, Mr. Chasuble is a very worthy man; he may be a little too much given to wearing long frock-coats which reach nearly to his heels, and he puts great faith in church decorations, vestments, incense, and the like; but, with all this, he is a good man, very charitable to the poor, and always ready to do a kindness to a neighbour. But, in our suburban village, he is far from popular. At his church are only to be seen half a dozen families, nearly all of whom come from some distance to worship, the rest of the congregation being composed of working men and their families. The seats at St. Oriel's are all free, low-made, and open. We, the aristocracy of our suburban village, don't like this; we hold that a man's pew is his castle, just as much as his house is, provided always that he pays his pew-rents. If seats be free and open, what is to prevent Smithers, the journeyman gardener, from sitting down by a gentleman's side in church? And if seats are made so low in the back, how is a man to get his sleep during sermon? Not that there is time to get anything like a comfortable nap during one of Mr. Chasuble's sermons, for they don't last more than fifteen minutes, and no one can get any good out of a discourse which is so short.

There is another minister of religion in our suburban village, whose fate it is to be very much—and very often denounced by Mr. MacSnorter. This is Father Lomax, the Catholic priest. He is a little dark man, closely shaved, and looks like a foreigner. His congregation consists almost entirely of poor Irish, the few exceptions being a French teacher with his wife and children, a Belgian wine-merchant, one or two old maiden ladies, and a retired officer: a widower, with three grown-up daughters. But of Father Lomax and his congregation we see and know little. His chapel is almost hidden behind some very poor houses, and to get at it you have to pass through a stable-yard.

The most eloquent preacher in our suburban village is the Independent minister; but neither his sermons nor his services are much liked among the aristocracy of the place. The former are too noisy, too trying for our nerves. The latter are not according to the Established Church, and are therefore not deemed respectable. We go to hear him sometimes, but not often.

Nor are we ill off with respect to medical men, in our suburban village. There are three

doctors in the place, each of whom manages to make a decent living out of us. The first of these is Dr. Hull: without whose assistance no proper-minded woman belonging to the aristocracy of our suburban village would think of going through her confinement. He is not a young man, Dr. Hull, being some two or three years over threescore. But he is very judicious, and has built up a solid reputation on allowing Nature to take her own course, merely attempting to regulate the diet of his patients. Our suburban village is, on the whole, a healthy place; but hot suppers tell sooner or later on the constitution of most men, and we have to call in the doctor occasionally, and Dr. Hull is the one who enjoys the best reputation for putting men on their legs when so laid up. Although of the old school in manners, Dr. Hull is of the newest school as to his treatment. He has great faith in pure air, good drainage, cold sponge baths, and generous but temperate diet; the consequence is, he makes many cures where less judicious men would kill.

Next to Dr. Hull in medical reputation is Mr. Spargel, a gentleman whose speciality is more in surgery than in medicine. Mr. Spargel has been in the army, has some independent means, and does not seek practice, leaving it more to seek him. He is not very popular with the inhabitants of our suburban village, being rather inclined to look down upon us, and call all who are in business tradesmen. But whenever a serious accident happens, he is sure to be called in, and on such occasions he no doubt does his utmost to give any sufferer relief. He and Dr. Hull are pretty good friends when they happen to meet, which is, however, but seldom, as their practice does not jar, and they mix with different sets of people. Mr. Spargel is a supporter of Mr. Chasuble's high-church views, and is one of the leading persons in that gentleman's congregation. He is fiery and hot tempered, though as good hearted a man as could be found. Mr. Spargel declares that if Mr. Chasuble's church were shut up, he would rather go and worship in Father Lomax's little chapel than sit and hear Mr. MacSnorter preach. But when Mr. MacSnorter's eldest boy fell out a window, and broke his leg in two places, the doctor who attended him was Mr. Spargel; and although for eight weeks and more he visited his young patient twice a day, he would not take anything in the way of remuneration.

The third doctor in our suburban village may be termed a dissenter from the rules of the profession; he is a homœopathic practitioner, and professes to cure all maladies with invisible globules and tasteless essences. None of us believe in this gentleman's system, though we are forced to confess that he has certainly wrought cures, some of which are—to say the least of them—very extraordinary. The name of this practitioner is Zeller. He is a German, and a very firm believer in the theories of the apostle of homœopathy. But, to fill up his time, and to keep his pocket from being empty,

he has set up a home for orphans, which is maintained by public subscription, and of which he has constituted himself secretary, medical attendant, surgeon, superintendent, and all the various officers of such an institution, rolled into one. Not that his emoluments are very large. When everything is told, his combined salaries are under, rather than over, three hundred a year.

The amusements to be met with in our suburban village, are not many. We are too far from London to go to any of the theatres, unless we are at the expense of a Brougham, or a fly, for the whole evening, and don't mind paying—with driver, baiting the horse, and such like—a matter of twenty-five or thirty shillings for our conveyance to and from town. Our last train from town leaves London at midnight; so if any one wants to get home at that time, he must leave the theatre not later than eleven o'clock, unless he will risk a block of cabs, carts, or vans, to arrive at the station after the train has left, and find himself obliged to seek a bed for the night at some London hotel, where they look on you with suspicion for arriving without luggage, and take great care that you don't go near the door in the morning before you have paid your bill. Moreover, as we have all to be up early every morning, it behoves us to be in bed at a comparatively early hour every evening, and this is an additional reason why our amusements, such as they are, are sought nearer home. There is a lecture-hall in our suburban village, and here, from time to time, some second or third-rate lecturer, or ventriloquist, or conjuror, pitches his tent for two or three nights, when most of us go to hear or see him. The Reverend Mr. MacSnorter, too, from time to time, gives us a series of lectures upon the errors of popery, which I have no doubt do us a great deal of good. Balls we have none. In the first place, our houses are too small; then, again, the expense of a ball and supper would be more than most of us could well afford; lastly, the influence of Mr. MacSnorter is earnestly and persistently thrown into the scale against all and every kind of assemblies where dancing is permitted. In the summer, during the long evenings which intervene between our getting home from London and dark, we go about from one garden to another, and talk over the progress our plants are making; for we are all more or less given to gardening in our suburban village. In the winter-time we give hot suppers to each other, after having spent a couple of hours at whist, playing for sixpenny points and a shilling on the rubber. But we are generally too tired after our day's work, and too anxious to be up and doing next morning, to indulge much in any evening amusements. By eleven o'clock, or very soon after, all the business men who live in our suburban village are in bed.

In the matter of shops and tradesmen generally, we try very hard in our suburban village to believe that we are well off; but we cannot succeed. Somehow or other, everybody pretends

that there is no need to go to London for anything. But, at the same time, we all purchase in London, on the sly, whatever we wish to have really good, though we don't confess distrust of the shops in our suburban village, and even when talking among ourselves do keep up the pretence of praising everything that belongs to the locality. Some of those who are loudest in praising the shops and tradesmen of the place, are more than suspected of bringing down from town with them even their butcher's meat; and in the matter of groceries, there is no doubt we all get everything we require from the City. And why should we not? If the truth must be told, the shops of our suburban village are fifty per cent dearer, the goods sold in them are a hundred per cent worse, and the owners of the shops are three hundred per cent less civil than in any part of London.

Our suburban village is by no means the only place of its kind near London. On the contrary, similar villages are to be met north and south, east and west, of our huge overbuilt Babylon. They have their disadvantages. We business men are in a perpetual flurry, ever running a race against time, and mostly losing it. On the other hand, the health must be greatly promoted by sleeping every night in fresh, or comparatively fresh, air. Nor should the inestimable advantages which children—especially the very young—derive from living in these semi-country places be overlooked. If all business London were to live in the business parts of London—supposing for a moment that the latter could contain a tenth part of them—our metropolis would soon become the most unhealthy city in the world.

CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR. A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER. Yes, dear sir, you are right in your conjecture. There is something going on between Miss Baskerville and myself. A good deal going on, in fact. And now, having stated this openly, let me proceed to answer the remarks on this young lady's character contained in your letter, just received; first, however, thanking you very cordially for its expressions of good will towards myself.

You begin by saying that you fear, from what you know of her parentage and education, Miss Baskerville may have contracted opinions of—what you call—a worldly sort. You think it likely that she may attach great importance to all kinds of worldly distinction and honour. You knew her father, Sir John Baskerville, and her mother; and it always appeared to you, as you tell me, that both the one and the other held the above-named worldly distinctions in too great respect, setting the highest value on the same, and placing them above all other considerations. "You think it probable that the daughter has been brought up to believe in this creed which her parents pro-

fessed; that she may be strongly imbued with their opinions; and you fear that her character may have become somewhat cold and calculating, as you phrase it, in consequence. You add, that you would like to see a larger amount of simplicity and spontaneousness in a young lady of Miss Baskerville's age, even though a smaller degree of self-possession, and a less perfect manner, were the consequence.

My esteemed parent, I am well aware that, as you say in your letter, you are influenced in what you say by a desire for my happiness. I give you the fullest credit for such desire, though, as to "happiness," I hardly know what to say. It is a curious expression. I am not sure that people go in for it, in these times. To get through life successfully, creditably, and pleasantly, is one's object, you know; as to happiness—well, the word has rather a romantic sound, hasn't it? At all events, you wish me to prosper and be comfortable, to enjoy life, in short, and for that desire I give you, as I have said, the fullest credit. But, dear sir, if I am to enjoy life, you will admit that I must enjoy it in my own way. Perhaps we look upon this question of the enjoyment of life, or, as you call it, "happiness," from different points of view.

I have not the slightest objection to explain to you what this same enjoyment of life consists in, from my point of view; and when I have expounded this to you very briefly, I think you will be able to see that Miss Baskerville is a young lady in every way capable of assisting me in attaining the objects I have in view, and on the attainment of which this "happiness" of mine depends. My views, dear sir, are very simple. I do not hold you responsible for them. Modern institutions have developed them. They are the natural result of a good education, and of some few years passed, since the termination of that education, in decent society.

What does a man want in this world? Chiefly, I think, a good social position. A good social position which he can enjoy during his lifetime, and transmit along with his earthly goods, to his children. The acquiring of this very desirable object, however, implies a good deal, and the keeping of it, when acquired, perhaps even more. As to the first part of the business, the acquirement of a good position, thanks to you, sir, in the first instance, and perhaps a little to my own exertions in the second, that is already done. As a bachelor, my position is a good one. But, I must tell you, that when a man gets married, he in a certain way begins his social life afresh. He is no longer in the eye of the world the same man that he was before, but altogether another. Nor is this at all unreasonable. He is no longer a single man, but a double man. There is twice as much of him as there was before, and naturally it remains to be seen whether the world will approve the new half of him as much as it did the old.

I hardly know how, my esteemed sir, to put this before you in strong enough terms. Let me, however, entreat you to place yourself for

a moment in Society's position, and consider in what light the question of a man's marriage is necessarily regarded by his circle of acquaintance. Let us suppose a case. Let us suppose that Jones is a man who holds a good position in the world, and is reasonably popular. Society knows all about Jones, has examined Jones from top to toe, and has decided that it can stand him—he will do. Suddenly the rumour goes forth that Jones is going to be married. Society bristles up in a moment, is on the *qui vive* directly, and justifiably enough, as you will admit, if you will bear in mind what was said just now on the subject of the "other half." For what is this marriage of Jones from Society's point of view? Jones, a nimble, presentable, useful, and convenient creature, has gone away for a little season, to return presently with another human being belonging to him, part and parcel of him, and inseparable from him. Society knew half of Jones and approved. The other half, which he has gone to fetch, it does not know, and waits to examine with eager, and somewhat critical curiosity. What will it turn out to be like? Can anybody tell us? Shall we be able to stand it? Is it also, like the demi-Jones with whom we have been hitherto acquainted, presentable, initiated: or is it a clumsy and impracticable addition to our old friend? Is it a better-half or a worse? The half-Jones originally known to us was good. Is the complete Jones to be a success or a failure? This is how the matter stands when Jones's other half is unknown to the world in which Jones has hitherto lived.

But when, on the contrary, Jones's other half is already perfectly well known to Jones's *monde*, then indeed all things are different. Jones's new half has already got its credentials, it is as well known as Jones himself—better known, more popular, more influential, perhaps. Let them set up in the social business together by all means, says the world. We liked Mr. Demi-Jones and Miss Semi-Jones very well separately, and we shall continue to countenance them in a state of union.

Of course, sir, you perceive that in the event of such a union taking place, my position would be similar to that supposititious one which I have last sketched. Miss Baskerville is perfectly well known in the best society. No explanations are necessary. The world knows all about her already. Our start in life would be a good one, our social position impregnable.

And now, dear sir, when you said it seemed probable to you that Miss Baskerville might be, owing to her parentage and education, somewhat disposed towards worldliness, are you sure that you meant anything more than that she was a young lady whose natural tendencies were such as would fit her to take an exceedingly good position in the world, and even to improve that position as occasion served? That her bringing-up had been of a kind to stimulate her natural propensities in this way? I think this is what you meant, and if so, I am, in the main,

disposed to agree with you, and moreover, let me add, to congratulate myself on the probable possession of one who is gifted with such admirable and desirable tastes.

Yes, let me repeat it, "admirable and desirable tastes." For you must know that what you call worldliness, I call a reasonable fitness for society. Let me explain this a little. True to my principle of initiating you in the social mysteries of the day, I would fain enlighten you as to what is expected, in these days, of a lady who enters the State of Matrimony with the intention of fulfilling the social duties it involves.

Such an one, my dear father, should be ambitious, active, and persevering, and, above all things, diligent and hard working. There must be no indolent neglect of social duties. She must not, for instance, shrink from making calls even at seasons when the pastime is, as will sometimes happen, irksome and unpalatable. There must be no shirking, either, in the matter of letter writing. Correspondence must be kept up, or valuable and useful friends, at a distance, may gradually be lost. Moreover, the married lady who fulfils her social duties must be ready to enter into any scheme set on foot by Society, such as the getting up of a concert or a fancy bazaar, with energy and diligence. These last qualities are indeed of paramount importance, and these are possessed by Alicia Baskerville in a very eminent degree. And another virtue which I beg leave to claim for her at once, while I think of it, is a serene and unruffled temper. For it is fashionable just now to be not only diligent, but good tempered. All sorts of scenes, all displays of angry feeling, or touchiness, are not to be thought of. Wretched "ton," everything of the sort. Well, you have nothing to say against Miss Baskerville's temper, I think? An admirable surface-calmness at any rate, and that is the great thing after all.

I think it is also desirable, on the whole, just now, to be good natured and easy, and to praise people—especially some people—behind their backs. If you are bitter and vituperative, it looks as if you had been slighted, or subjected to ignoble treatment, and it is never judicious—you will do well to remember this yourself, dear parent—to suggest that you have been ignominiously dealt with by any one. It detracts from one's social importance. Alicia is impregnable in this matter, I am sure.

It is necessary that our model wife should have the power at certain times, and when in company with certain people, of making herself very agreeable. She will not always want to use this weapon, but she should have it by her. There are, scattered about the social world, here and there, some old ladies and gentlemen of great influence and high position, but of uncertain temper, who require to be dealt with carefully at times, needing some small amount of—what shall I say—coaxing? to keep them in a good state. My dear father, Alicia's tact with people of this sort—the Dowager Lady Capsicum, for instance, or Sir Charles Hotspur, with

whom you are acquainted—is most admirable, and leaves nothing to be desired. That faculty which is called tact, is one of the most valuable a young matron can possess. For, how many are the occasions for the use of this quality which every day presents? Every day there are difficulties to be encountered which can be dealt with by no set of rules, however full and minute, that could by possibility be laid down. The degree of consideration with which different people, or even the same people, differently situated, are to be treated; the subjects concerning which it is judicious to speak before this person, and those again which must be skillfully tabooed in the presence of that person; are these matters which can be regulated by law? When Tallowfield, the millionaire, who made his money by candles, is present, is it good to discuss the best way of lighting a room? Or is it judicious to speak of the bad results attendant on intermarriages, before Lord and Lady Ricketts, who are first cousins, and whose children have literally not got a leg, worthy of the name, to stand upon? Again, in cases of verbal invitation—always a difficult kind of thing to deal with—you have to take the measure of the person giving the invitation, and to decide on the spot whether you will accept or no; and if the latter decision be arrived at, then must you have an excuse ready. What quality but tact can in this case supply you with the right answer at the right moment? When two deadly enemies meet at our matron's afternoon tea-table—she desiring to stand well with both the one and the other—can anything, save tact, help her? I could spend a day in eulogising this great quality. Subtle, indescribable, indefinable, not to be analysed or reduced to parts by the most crafty scholiast, or the ablest word-dissector, it is a gift which those who possess are born with, and which, like genius—as indeed in a humble sort it is—cannot be acquired by any amount of labour or study.

I am not sure but that all the high qualities which a woman of the world ought to possess are comprised and included in this one of tact. She who has it, has everything; for even if aught of importance is wanting to make her panoply complete, she will—if provided with tact—pick it up in a moment. The opinions of the hour, and the language in which it is considered proper to express them, change now-a-days very rapidly. It is, moreover, an inevitable necessity of the life of the day, that the opinions of those who mix in it should be of the fashionable tinge, and should be issued to society in the peculiar language of the period. Thus, it really requires considerable watchfulness and elasticity of mind to keep pace and be up to the mark at the right moment.

Am I beginning to convince you? You talked in your last letter of a young lady who should be gifted with such qualities as simplicity and spontaneity—by-the-by, spontaneity, if you will allow me, is a more fashionable word—as the kind of person whom you would like

for a daughter-in-law. Sir, such an one might, indeed, suit you as a daughter-in-law—though I hope in time to be able to influence your opinions to such an extent that even that may hardly be said with truth—but even if, as you are at present constituted, she did suit you as a daughter-in-law, would she suit me as a wife? Simple, spontaneous! Why, she would be getting into social scrapes from morning to night, and would not be able to hold her own in the world for half an hour, far less to advance in it.

My dear father, you are not unacquainted with military matters, or at any rate you are as well acquainted with them as I am. Is it not the case that when an officer requires a horse which is to serve him as a charger, he selects an animal of which he can feel secure at all times, and in all moments of emergency—when the guns are firing, when the drums are rattling, the trumpets braying, and when masses of troops are being manœuvred into all sorts of perplexing forms, not without much noise and tumult? A young untrained horse, of whatever merit otherwise, would never do; it would start and tremble at every unaccustomed sight or sound, would become wild and unmanageable, would, perhaps, finally take the bit between its teeth and bolt. Well, sir, to take a part in the social warfare in which some of us engage, requires a training somewhat similar to that which the war-horse goes through. At a London dinner-table the blazing lights, the crushing sounds, the continuous roar of conversation, make great demands upon the nerves of those who would remain calm and self-possessed; and I think you will admit that for one who is obliged continually to come in contact with such elements of perturbation, it is good to have had a training of considerable length and of the most solid nature. By which I mean to say, in two words, that the better-half who is to ornament my dinner-table must be—to say it respectfully—a thoroughly experienced charger, and not (still respectfully) an untrained filly, of however great promise.

Enough on this subject for the present. You need not be afraid, respected sir, that I shall trouble you much about this matrimonial project of mine. There is, indeed, little to be said about it. I have endeavoured to show you in how many ways Miss Baskerville is fitted to be the wife of one who is so essentially a modern as I am, she being herself essentially a modern also. This was the chief thing which it was necessary to write about. For the rest, things go smoothly enough. Ours is not a courtship distinguished by parental opposition, stolen interviews, bribings of *soubrettes*, agonising partings, and rapturous meetings, such as I have read of in books which describe the manners of another period. There are few hindrances in our way, and such as do exist are of a different sort. We think it good, for instance, to delay our union until we are a little bit richer than we are at present. Alicia is of opinion, and I quite agree with her, that it would be injudicious for us to set up an esta-

blishment until we can afford a second horse for the Brougham, and this we could hardly manage just yet, consistently with prudence. The berth your influence got for me in the Foreign-office, is a very good one, but I see my way to something better in a year or two; besides which, it is of no use denying that Alicia has considerable expectations from old Lady Screw, her great-aunt by the mother's side, and that her ladyship has attained to a great age, and is not in robust health. All things considered, it seems better that we should wait. Besides, really that consideration of the second horse is alone conclusive.

P. CHESTERFIELD, JUNIOR.

LIFE SOWN BROADCAST.

THE general impression with respect to the original living occupants of the Australian continent is, that they consisted of the lowest grade of human beings, kangaroos, a few specimens of birds, and a kind of rat. If there were any others, they were very few indeed. This paucity of animals may have been an inducement, but it was not the most powerful inducement, to the formation of the Acclimatisation Society, the foundation of which is due to the zealous efforts of Mr. Yowl, Mr. Wilson, and one or two others. The primary inducement of the gentlemen to whom the present generation owes so much, and to whom future generations will owe more, was their desire to surround themselves, in their distant home, with the living creatures which reminded them of the mother country; they wanted to see the trees and bushes enlivened by the presence of robins, chaffinches, thrushes, blackbirds, and other common English birds. Out of this desire sprang the desire to increase the resources of the colony by the introduction of such animals as should not only assist in carrying out the first object, but add to its luxuries. From small beginnings, the work has gone on increasing and prospering to an extent which its promoters could hardly have expected to see in their lifetime.

The report of its annual meeting, which has just reached this country, gives an account of the number and kind of these, which include a large number of deer, Cashmere and Angora goats, pheasants, partridges, rabbits, geese and ducks of many species, doves, swans, and fowls, quails, pigeons, grouse, finches, thrushes, blackbirds, sparrows, and many other birds from England, beside some from foreign countries. Other varieties of living creatures have not been forgotten, and among these are monkeys, bees, rabbits, porcupines, emus, and alpacas. Some of these are retained in the Botanical Gardens and Royal Park for breeding purposes and other reasons, but a very large number have been liberated at various places, and left to follow their natural instincts. For instance, seven Sambûr deer were liberated at Westernport, six Axis deer at Yering, twelve hogdeer at another place, with a number of peafowl, guinea-

fowls, and pigeons. The English hare is now a familiar object in a colonial landscape; and as for rabbits, if they be not so numerous as to threaten a like danger to the continent with which they alarm the inhabitants of Heligoland, still they are sufficiently numerous to give promise of contributing largely to the colonists' supply of animal food. Colonial statistics tell us that at Geelong the ten couple of rabbits which were introduced in 1859 have yielded fifty thousand for consumption, and that hares are multiplying with great rapidity. Pheasants are so numerous that the shooting of them is not prohibited. Unfortunately, they have a worse enemy than the sportsman, in the hawks, which have increased in a ratio beyond what the society would consider satisfactory: upwards of twelve hundred of these having been shot in the course of last year.

Through the liberality of individuals in seconding the exertions of the society, there seems every probability that, in the course of a few years, deer will be as plentiful in the bush as they were formerly in American forests. Even the mountainous regions have not been forgotten, and two hundred pounds have been appropriated for the introduction of the roebuck into those parts which are suited for their propagation. The same plan of liberating animals in localities specially adapted for them is to be followed out in other cases.

The introduction of fish has long been an object of the society, and especially the introduction of the ova of the salmon. In the present year, the Tasmanian government has placed on the estimates a vote of eight hundred pounds, for the furtherance of what has been an already successful experiment; this sum has been supplemented by a grant of four hundred pounds from the society. What has been said of the introduction of salmon into the Tasmanian rivers, may likewise be said of the Yarra; the young fish put into the Badger Creek having thriven well, and having been turned into the tributaries of that river with every prospect of success. The successful transportation of the ova from this country to the colonies, requires so much care, that few but those to whom it is a labour of love could be induced to attempt it.

In addition to animals and fish, the society has endeavoured to introduce the silkworm: hitherto these attempts have failed, but other means are being adopted to effect the purpose, which the society is sanguine will prove successful.

One way in which the colonies might be greatly enriched by individuals, at a cost of a shilling or two, would be for every emigrant to take out one or more pairs of birds or animals likely to be useful or ornamental. These might be easily procured, and sailors are too fond of anything in the way of pets to grumble at any little inconvenience which they might occasion. Individual efforts in a matter of this sort, will effect more at an inappreciable cost than a society can accomplish by the expenditure of a large sum of money, assisted though it may

be, as in the present case, by the highest personages in the kingdom.

The society does not confine its exertions to increasing the number and variety of birds and animals on the Australian continent, but transfers a portion of all it collects or breeds, to other places. Not long ago, for example, it took advantage of a vessel being sent to the Auckland Islands in search of some shipwrecked sailors, to send a number of goats, pigs, rabbits, and fowls, for liberation there. Its gifts are extended to nearly every European state, but especially to Paris and London: the former city having received twenty emus, twenty-two kangaroos, twelve black swans, beside wombats, laughing jackasses, geese, quails, and other birds: while we have been favoured with a much greater number and variety, in addition to upwards of two hundred Murray codfish, and some specimens of those taken from the Yarra, including one, termed the Grouper, which is not likely to conduce by its presence to the harmony of the denizens of our rivers, if we may judge of its voracity by the following list of articles found in the stomach of a Grouper: "Two broken bottles, a quart pot, a preserved milk-tin, seven medium-sized crabs, a piece of earthenware triangular in shape, and three inches in length, encrusted with oyster-shells; a sheep's head, some mutton and beef bones, and some loose oyster-shells." With all these things in its stomach, this voracious Grouper was still alive, notwithstanding that it had the spine of a skate embedded in its liver.

MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

"AUGUSTA, I wish you would practise Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh! how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt, she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them admire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and prac-

tised for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow, he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now—at least, rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things whilst I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden enclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark, perhaps, yet strangely pleasant. At least, they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting-room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dreamland like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really for ever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning grey, hears that grand mournful music to which your pleasant homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him; tall, dark, grave, very little altered, and not at all old. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon: I forget how the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate, he met my aunt. They heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased, they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good looking, and he was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavour to everything he said or did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and

dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good humouredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course we did not speak about his umbrella on this the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased; but, somehow or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterwards. Tiresome man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt towards him, and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but, oh, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent! And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I——"

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A grey twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights and a letter for my aunt. Whilst she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little heedless Jessie good—poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied, amazed. "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing towards the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he would always keep in a corner of the sitting-room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. 'She was married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busybody," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busybody. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden, and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I cannot help thinking——"

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I did not mean to leave home this year; but now I will take you to the sea-side. You must have a change, my poor darling."

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that grey room, sitting by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish withered

hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh! too calm, too deep, were those slumbers. The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced, for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law; but I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favour, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely, I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I stayed there or not, this was no such great favour after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have consoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighbourhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still, how could he do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous, and defiant, under her inflection; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I cannot say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now, that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that

hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. “And what do you think, my dear?” she added; “he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. ‘What, is she not gone?’ he asked—‘gone to London?’ ‘No, indeed! What should she go to London for?’ He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. ‘I wish she were, poor dear!’ I replied: ‘it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.’ I have no doubt he thinks so too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often.” Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the grey sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him?—and if I cast him away, who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? “Poor Carlo—poor old Carlo!” I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying:

“Mr. Thompson, ma’am.”

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

“Oh! I am not ill, you know,” I replied, a little carelessly. “I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson.”

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

“I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you,” I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not? But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged; but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

“She left in no very contented mood, I believe,” he resumed. “The balance in her favour was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations cannot be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know I cannot pity her very much.”

I supposed not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

“I have a fancy,” he resumed, “that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it, now?”

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

“Did such a rumour reach you?” he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

“Even you have heard it,” he said, looking scarcely pleased; “the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better.”

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

“But,” he added, with some hesitation, “I can do so but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper, which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?”

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last—"and you—"

"Well, what about me? Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why, surely—else I had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity—I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It

was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me—never—never again—should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me, then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I cannot be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my love and my pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress, roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of going to look for it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I cannot bear to give you up, indeed I cannot."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that——" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read in Glasgow on Thursday evening April 19th; in Edinburgh on Friday evening April 20th, and Saturday afternoon April 21st; and in London, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday April 24th.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVII. MORE TROUBLES.

IN a moment the voices of two gentlemen were heard in the hall. Ada was heard to say softly, "It is William."

"Ross!" cried Mrs. Tilney, impatiently. "What does he want here again? This is getting outrageous."

The next moment that gentleman, in a heavy yellow great-coat, and his tall, stooped friend, Grainger, came tramping in, as if it were a tavern. Mr. Ross, looking weary and jaded, flung himself on a chair.

"There," he said, at last, "we have come a long way, I can tell you—up from the north this morning. Can you get us anything? I promised Grainger, here, something."

Grainger rose up. "Not for the world," he said, in his soft voice. "No, no, I never dreamed of such a thing. My friend romances a little. Of course I shall go down to the hotel."

"Nonsense! What stuff you talk," said Ross. "I tell you, you *must* stay here. Why, we are not such Goths and Siberians that we can't muster a bit of cold meat, or a rib of mutton out of the cupboard—eh? I suppose a famine has not set in since we were here last?"

"Intolerable!" said Mrs. Tilney, angrily, "coming in in this way without notice. This is not one of your common inns or pothouses. I am sure Mr. Grainger knows we should be glad to see him in the regular way; but——"

"Of course," said Grainger; "you understand me perfectly. Our friend here wants, I believe, to talk to Mr. Tilney about business—the business. There is a new turn in the matter, it seems, and——"

"A new turn!" said Mr. and Mrs. Tilney together. "Something unlucky, I am sure of it," added she.

"Well, what of it?" he said; "it's my own affair if it is. That infernal attorney was giving some of his impertinence, and I chose to write him a letter. He has thrown the whole thing up. Curse him, body and soul! I was setting off,

packed up, and was promising myself a week's riot in Paris on my way out, when this infernal ruffian chooses this moment to annoy me."

"O, William! William!" said Ada, "this is more of your old ways!"

"Come away, away down to the hotel," said Grainger. "When we have had something, we can come up again."

"You can do as you like," said the other, "but I shall stay. Look here!" he said, suddenly, standing up. "It comes to this. We want money to carry on with. The appeal, as they call it, comes on in a month. The long-eared judges are to sit all in a row, and hear it all over again. Those low thieving sharks of attorneys won't move a step without some money in hand, 'out-of-pocket costs,' and all their swindling jargon. Now, the long and short is, you are at the top of a bank here, and can draw cheques and make ducks and drakes of the money. You must do this for us—d'ye see?"

"I! God bless my heart, Ross," said Mr. Tilney, "how little you know! Why——"

"I think it would be the best course, Mr. Tilney," said Grainger, calmly. "It was I, in fact, advised it. I know it is done often as a compliment to the director, and very properly too. He gets his turn of a little money now and again, and no questions asked; it is his right, in fact!"

Mr. Tilney looked bewildered. "His right, in fact!" he repeated. "No, no; not in our case. I daren't."

"Daren't!" said Mrs. Tilney, turning on him. "Exactly. What did I always tell you? You never know your own position, and what you are entitled to. You put up with too much from that insolent Smiles. See, even Mr. Grainger must teach you what your rights are."

"No, no," said Mr. Tilney, hopelessly, "it couldn't be—it couldn't be done. We are not on terms. In fact, they have refused."

"Perhaps Mr. Tilney, as Mrs. Tilney says, has been too forbearing with them. These people always *will* encroach. These matters should be calmly but firmly insisted on. What sort of a fellow is he?"

"I tell you what, then," said Ross, rising suddenly, "since *he's* afraid to speak to him, suppose we go to the fellow's house? I'll

bring him to reason, I'll promise. Bullies of that kidney must be bullied themselves; it's the only way."

"No, no," said his friend, "that is *not* the way. You will get into a row. Sit down."

"Well, you can stay, if you like. I shall go up there straight; and see if I don't bring the fellow to reason."

Ada rose up and stopped him at the door, laying her hand gently on his arm. "Don't!" she said. "Why rush into this? It will only be fresh trouble. There are other ways, safer and easier, to be found, which we can talk of."

"I suppose you mean going whining and begging to your banker? *You* will write to him. No, I'll just go, as I said. Come, let me pass, and no melodramatics."

He hurried off. Grainger threw up his hands. "I suppose I had better follow," he said, "to keep him out of mischief?"

Ada looked wistfully after them. "They mistook me. That was not what I meant. Why do you not do," she said, "what I have so often said—take up that little money of mine? It is not worth keeping; and, *indeed*, if it was ten times as much, he and you are heartily welcome. Do, *do* let me ask you again!"

Mr. Tilney, embarrassed, looked into his handkerchief. "No, no, no," he said. "Good child! But better not—far better not!"

Mrs. Tilney was sniffing and moving in her chair. *She* knew all about that money pretty well. "My dear," she said, "you are getting quite heroic. Such devotion and self-sacrifice is quite delightful!"

Neither Ross nor his friend returned that night. The family waited, a little anxiously, until nearly eleven o'clock. "Drinking, I suppose," said Mrs. Tilney, with disgust, "in some of his low haunts. Come to bed, girls. Don't walk so like a horse, Augusta."

But though they sat up very late, no one came that night, and Mr. Tilney went to bed very gloomily, and with genuine sadness, saying it was getting a very blank, dismal life indeed, and that it looked very like as if he were, at his age, to begin the battle of the world all over again.

The next day passed over, and Mr. Tilney, going up to the hotel to inquire, learned that the two gentlemen had gone away by the first train. On this, he rallied, and came home to his family with the news.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Tilney. "Just what I would have thought. Everybody can trade upon our name and influence but ourselves. They have gone off, I suppose, with as much money as they can carry. I declare I admire and respect that fellow, with all his faults! He'll get through the world, never fear!"

With a sigh, Mr. Tilney went out, and, though he had latterly been on very cool terms with Mr. Smiles, he went up to the bank to learn something about Ross. But he found that the secretary had gone up to town "on business."

"Very odd!" thought Mr. Tilney. "Ah! every one can go flying up there but me! There were days when I could post up to town, and drive to the palace! All troubles everywhere!"

But troubles were not to be confined to the house of Tilney. It was a gloomy slate-coloured day, and the old cathedral, to which he had so often appealed, looked almost cold and prison-like. As he turned a corner suddenly, he saw running towards him, his white neckcloth half tied, his hair tossed, and his eyes very wild, the figure of Mr. Norbury, the canon.

Mr. Tilney stopped in astonishment, and waited for him to come up. "My God, Norbury, what is all this?"

"Tilney," said the unhappy canon, very incoherently, "I was running down to tell you. What are we to do?—tell me. Poor Jenny and the children—"

"Why, what is it?" said the other. "Good Heaven! what has happened to you?"

"We are done at last, Tilney," said he, taking off his hat, and looking vacantly under the lining. "It is as if some one had been beating me about the head. Yes, Tilney, they have done it. That wicked sneaking Topham has been biding his time, poking and prying, and picking up what he could. We thought he had forgotten it. God forgive him."

"But you don't mean to say, my dear friend, that he has deprived you—"

"—of our bread? Yes. And there's a Christian minister—a Christian dignitary, that'll be a bishop one of these days. God forgive me! I think I could go out now like one of the evicted Irish tenants, and wait for him behind a hedge. I would, and it would be no sin either, Tilney."

"No, no, my poor friend," said Mr. Tilney. "We mustn't think of those sort of things. Something will be done; something will turn up. Your friends will step in; though, indeed," he added, ruefully, "as far as I go myself, I can step in very little. But there is a Providence—"

"O, and Jenny and the children!" said the canon, putting his hand to his eyes, as if he had suddenly awoke. "What is to become of them? Tilney, Tilney, think of that! They will turn them all into the street. I tell you, only yesterday the poor girl, who has more wit than I have, and who has been at me for days, got me to sit down and write that Black Dick a letter that would have astonished you—a thing I felt degraded at doing—putting my very hands under his feet. And this morning comes the answer, turning me out of my little house. He talks of a scandal, does he? Let him take care I don't do something that may scandalise the whole place and country!"

"Hush! hush!" said Mr. Tilney, looking round in great alarm, and pointing with his stick to the cathedral, as if it might betray them. "Don't talk that way, my poor Norbury. It'll do no good. Let us think; let us put our heads together, and we'll soon knock out something; though, indeed—"

And he

thought dismally how little he was able at that moment to "knock out" anything for himself.

"What am I to do?" said the other, who was not listening to him. "I can't stay in the house. The children have found it out, somehow, and are crying about the stairs. I have been twice to the deanery. But they won't let me in there. I suppose they think I'd fall on him, and, by the Lord, perhaps they are not far out. Ah, see! There's Miss Ada coming along. Perhaps she'd go up to poor Jenny, and try and keep them quiet."

She was crossing the common, but a wave of Mr. Tilney's stick brought her to them.

"True misfortune has come on us, Miss Ada," said Mr. Norbury. "You can guess, and won't ask me to go into details. Would you mind going up to poor Jenny and the children, and talking to them and soothing them, as you know how to do. We are in a sad way, Heaven knows. But still your sweet voice will do something. It comforts me even now to look at you."

"She will go, my poor friend," said Mr. Tilney, "and be glad to do it."

She did understand perfectly, and the holy light and deep sympathy written in her soft eyes, made her face like one of the soft faces at the corbels of the cathedral.

"Dear Mr. Norbury," she said, "things will turn out better than you expect. The darkest hour is the one before day. Keep up, and hope, and we shall think of something."

"That's just what I was saying," said Mr. Tilney.

But a sort of hope came into the canon's face as he looked after her, which did not come when Mr. Tilney made the remark.

For a long time she sat with the unhappy family, listening to their griefs and lamentations, gave them the same counsel as she had done to the husband, and went away leaving comfort behind her. She got home, ran to her room, and, though usually plain in her dress, dressed herself in her best and most attractive way, with flowers even, and set off softly. The sisters above, in their rooms, with a chaos of dresses all out on the floor, choosing, cutting, tearing, saw her from their windows, and were filled with curiosity.

"What can she be at?" they said, spitefully. "Do you know, I shouldn't be surprised if she was after that young Whitaker. Just what she would do; try her demure sitting-in-the-corner tricks on him. If she does it on the dinner-day, I declare I'll get mamma to pack her out of the room at once."

Ada had no such unholy or ungenerous purpose in her head. She tripped across the Close softly, and made straight for the old substantial high-roofed building, which, within a wall, and watched over by tall gloomy trees (the curacies of innumerable rooks, passing rich on starvation stipends), was the deanery.

CHAPTER XVIII. AN ANGEL'S INTERCESSION.

Mrs. RIDLEY had been talking to him the night before about what she called "the Norbury scandal," and expressed her wishes very strongly.

She was to be of the next party to Truncheon, fixed for the following Christmas. "We must really oblige Sir Thomas in some way," she said. "They are so nice to us."

That morning the imperious lawyer doctor had been with him. "My dear dean, it can't be overlooked any longer. It's a crying scandal. I wonder that you yourself, now, a man of piety and all that, don't see it."

"Of course," said the dean, "it is very bad. But my heart bleeds for the poor wretch, who has no real vice in him, you know. Then, Topham, think of the children."

"Well, it's quite for you and the chapter. If you're content, I am. Only I give you fair warning, you may be hauled into a Spiritual Court before you can look about you. To tell you the truth, dean, I am astonished how you can be content to look on and tolerate such things." By working on this view, he gradually brought the dean round, who, with a sigh, said he supposed it must be done, but that it was a hard case for the unfortunate creature.

Mr. Dean, tall, smooth-headed, neatly black placid, was in his study, and at his study-table. The morning papers were about the room, an old room, with long narrow windows that ran to the ground, and were crossed with innumerable small divisions, and through which was a view of a sort of Queen Anne's garden, and of the trees where the curate rooks lived. He had just begun a letter to Sir Thomas or Sir William, who was such a friend of his. He had got so far as this:

"Deanery House, Thursday.

"My dear Sir Thomas. Owing to some very gross scandals, which I have hitherto not been able to reach, I have been compelled to require the resignation of one of my canons here. Hitherto he has successfully set me at defiance. But I have just discovered such convincing proofs of his behaviour, that I can delay no longer. When I was last at your house, I was greatly pleased with one of your sons, a youth, as it appeared to me, of exceedingly modest and engaging manners. Let me, my dear Sir Thomas, show my esteem for you, by—"

At this point a servant entered. "A lady, sir, to see you."

"A lady," said the dean, looking up. "Who? What lady?"

"Miss Millwood, I think she said, sir."

The dean waved her off with his pen. ("One of that Tilney set!" was passing through his mind.) "I am engaged—quite impossible."

"She was very pressing, sir, and I think she has some business."

Ada's soft voice was heard behind. "Dear Mr. Dean, if you would spare me five minutes. Forgive me for intruding on you."

The effect of Ada's appearance had wrought upon the servant, and it now wrought upon the dean.

"O, of course, Miss Millwood. Glad to see you. Come in. Sit down. Busy, you see. Letters, letters, letters. One can't be dean and shirk the duties. Well, now," said Mr. Dean,

leaning back with half-closed eyes, and neatly putting his fingers together and taking them away again—"now, what can we do for you? Come."

Then she began. He was in a high-backed, old-fashioned chair, that seemed all made of knobs strung like beads. He was buried in it. The room was gloomy, and it seemed like a Cattermole picture—a Mediæval Bishop about to hear a Confession. The pictures of Past Deans—from Clutterbuck, S. T. P., "Dec hujus Cath. Nat. 1697—ob. 1784," to the dean's predecessor, "Forsyth, S. T. P."—looked down. But as she touched the name of Morbury, the smooth, limpid smile passed from his face, and his fingers came together and parted, and came together again, and his eyes settled obliquely on Clutterbuck, S. T. P. It was hard to resist that penitent. He was a kind, courteous dignitary, and had mixed in good society. But "My dear Sir Thomas" was on the table there before him—a stern reminder.

"My dear child," he said, "it is wholly out of the question. Not to be thought of for a moment. If it were some one, now, in my own employment, say an agent, or something of that sort, we might do something of what you wish. But, alas! I am only a trustee—a trustee here." And his fingers played carelessly with "My dear Sir Thomas." How she pleaded! How she sued, in the most musical of voices and piteous of expressions! How she put forward the hopeless, helpless wife, and the crowd of children, may be conceived: The dean was really a humane man, and was a little distressed at the picture. "What can we do?" he asked, remonstratively. "The man has brought it on himself. The man has long been a scandal to the place—a drinking, billiard-playing fellow. No, indeed, no, Miss Ada; I am a trustee here." (And Sir Thomas, too, had his eye upon him.)

Rarely had she to ask and be refused. But here she was to fail. Suddenly a figure appeared at the many-paned windows—a figure with a large pink face, and large grey moustaches. It tapped musically on the panes, and tried to raise the window.

"God bless me," said the dean, looking round. "Colonel Whitaker come to call on me. I think, Miss Millwood, you may find the ladies upstairs. Very sorry to refuse you." The colonel had got the window open, and had stepped into the room.

"Running away, who's that? Miss Millwood, isn't it? Come back at once."

"You know Miss Millwood?" said the dean, in the same surprise.

"To be sure. I know every pretty girl. (I shouldn't like Mrs. Whitaker to know of that speech. Mum.) Well, and how is Tilney, and all that? He looks a little down, I think." The dean did not know of the acquaintance between the great Colonel Whitaker of the Horse Guards and Miss Millwood.

"And now," said Colonel Whitaker, sitting down, "I should just like to know—to put one question—what is the business on which I find

a pretty young lady closeted in this way with an eminent dignitary of the Church, in the prime of life, and very fair indeed as to his appearance?" The dean smiled and passed his hand fondly down his black stocking, as if *that* part of him was in the prime of life too, and deserved some praise. Something like an inspiration darted into her head.

"Shall I tell, Mr. Dean?" she said, summoning smiles and even coquetry to her aid. "O yes, you must let me, and allow Colonel Whitaker to decide between us. Do. I won't begin without your leave though, Mr. Dean."

"Which he won't refuse," said the colonel. "Let me hear it—let me be judge-advocate. By the way, I hear there is a poor devil of a singing fellow with a wife and a string of children to be drummed out of the garrison?"

"That was it!" said Ada, eagerly. "The very thing, Colonel Whitaker. The dean does not know what to do. Between duty and what he owes to the Church, and sympathy and his own kind heart, I can fancy the struggle. And it is not fair to ask him. But still, Colonel Whitaker, that poor sick woman, and all the little children!"

The dean blushed a little as his eye fell upon "My dear Sir Thomas."

"Come," said Colonel Whitaker; "to be sure! He must do anything that you—or I—ask him. Hallo!"

The door opened softly, and one of the canons put in his head, but withdrew it hastily, and with signs of terror.

"What is this?" said the dean, angrily. "Mr. Dumferline, come back here, sir. What is your business, sir? Who showed you up?"

"It was only in—I came to say—as I thought the matter urgent. But you are engaged," said the alarmed Dumferline.

"What is it? Speak out," said the dean, testily. "As you have said so much——"

"It was only old Dr. Sterne, sir," said the canon. "He was much worse last night; and the doctor said that he could not last very long——"

"You are early in the field, Mr. Dumferline," said the dean, sarcastically.

"No, indeed, sir. I was at his bedside, and he said if you could spare him a few minutes later in the day, it would be a comfort and——"

"O, of course," said the dean; "quite so. Later. In a moment. And is that your business? Of course, whatever is usual and proper, will be done. That will do."

Here was a new element. Ada, with the light of the angels from the cathedral in her face, seized on it. "O, then you will at least wait, Mr. Dean"—and her hands went up suppliantly, by a sort of instinct—"a few days only—to see how this may turn out."

"The very thing!" cried the colonel, enthusiastically. "How old is this old canon?"

"Eighty-four or five," said the dean.

"Then there you have the whole programme. Oblige me, as a favour, now. Spare this poor vagabond with the child and wives—I mean, with

the wife and tail of children. You will? I see it in your face."

The dean hesitated. He was a kind-hearted man, and thought with pity of the luckless Norbury and his family. But then there was the truculent Topham, and, worse again, Mrs. Ridley.

"Well," he said, at last, "as you say, there can be no harm in waiting. We must find some way to reconcile both duties. In the words of Holy—I mean of our Shakespeare—'The quality of mercy droppeth like the gentle dew upon the ground.' And so, we will not issue immediate execution against this man, for his wife and children's sake. But you must pray for his speedy reformation, Miss Ada. Yes, you must, indeed."

"God bless you, dean," said the colonel, warmly. "You've a good heart."

In this way was a respite obtained for the Norbury family. What jubilee there was in the small house of the Norburys when this joyful news was brought to them by the golden-haired girl, may be well conceived. Among the children of all ages who fully comprehended what had occurred, it produced a sort of tumult, and wild cries and joyous sounds of all kinds filled the air. The face of Mr. Norbury, who was even now without his coat, was suffused with a silent gratitude, and the pale face of his wife was laid close to his as she whispered: "O, Joe, won't you—won't you take care in future, for all our sakes?"

Mr. Tilney, too, was seriously delighted, for he had been in genuine trouble for his friend. He had gone about mournfully the whole day in lonely places, saying to himself: "Awful! awful! What on earth is to become of them? My! my! my! so it's come to this. What a world!" And in very great distress he wandered about most of the day. When he heard of the reprieve, he was, strange to say, affected with more gloom instead of joy, a feeling which was inflamed by the behaviour of Mrs. Tilney, who improved the occasion as if it were a text, saying, "There! Every one but us! It's long before we'd get through a difficulty of that sort. You're ready enough to help any one else, but not where we're concerned," &c.

But the next morning, just after their breakfast, a letter was brought in to Mr. Tilney.

"I declare, yes," he said, joyfully. "The seal of the bank. I know it. 'Pon my word, yes. It's from Smiles."

"Open it, open it," said she, impatiently.

"O, uncle," said the soft voice, and her hands were clasped together, "I am so afraid."

Mr. Tilney read it to himself with staring eyes, and allowed it to be twitched from him without a protest. It ran:

"Bank, 10 o'clock.

"Sir. The two persons sent by you, as they acknowledge, to try and 'bully' an officer of this society, to try and impudently extort money from him, with threats and intimidation, left me without succeeding in their purpose. I am not

to be intimidated, as perhaps you know already. But I have felt it my duty to proceed at once to town, to lay the matter before the board, who have it now under consideration whether such outrageous behaviour shall be tolerated from one occupying any position in their establishment.

"I am, sir, yours,

"JOHN SMILES."

"Heaven protect us!" said poor Mr. Tilney, quite aghast. "What will come next? One thing after another."

On his unhappy head Mrs. Tilney spent all the vials of her vexation. It was, indeed, only too favourable an opportunity. What was to become of them all, she would like to know, unless to go out into the streets with her daughters? They were a wretched, miserable family, while "you who should be working for us, like every other man, who isn't ashamed to sit with his hands before him, go about talking absurd platitudes! I knew you'd bring all this on us."

The unhappy Mr. Tilney bore all these attacks without a murmur. When the torrent had spent itself, and Mrs. Tilney had "flounced" out of the room, he strode a few paces about dismally enough, looked out of the window, made a faint attempt at whistling, and sank down dismally into a chair. "From one thing to another, one to another," he said. "Well, I suppose an end will come one of these days."

A soft voice was at his ear, a soft breath was on his cheek. The soft voice whispered comfort. "Cheer up, dearest uncle," it said; "all will be well yet. Think of those poor Norburys, how they kept up." And yet this was really practical comfort, and there was truth in this. "He is only angry," she went on, "and does not mean anything serious. You have so many friends, too——"

A light came into his face. "Good child," he said, "you have wonderful sense—wonderful; and I declare I admire you, for the way you managed the dean yesterday. I couldn't have done it. I declare to Heaven I couldn't, though I know enough of the ways of courts and palaces. I know what you mean, Ada. Dear friends, after all, are the mammon of iniquity. My poor head is so confused in these times, I don't know how to think of anything. To be sure, Tillotson will not let him touch us."

"Mr. Tillotson," she repeated. "O no, I did not think of him."

"To be sure, this low bookkeeper of a fellow, to talk to a gentleman born as if he were one of his clerks! A man of my time of life to be brought to his facings by a common creature of this sort! My God, to look to the time when it was 'Tilney, give me your arm'—and a Royal Dook's arm—when my tailor or clerk would run and prostrate themselves before us in the dust. I vow to Heaven, yes; and to think what I am come to now. Yes, dear," he added, with sudden alacrity, "I see the whole plan. You shall write a line to your friend Tillotson. You

were a pet of his. He doesn't care for an old fellow like me."

"I, uncle?" she said, excitedly. "No, no, not to be thought of. I dare not ask him."

"Daren't ask him?" repeated he, surprised. "Ah, coo, I see. I could hardly do it, dear. In fact, it is not so long since I had a—er—communication with him. It wouldn't do, you know."

"O, uncle!" she said, with deep reproach, "surely you have not——"

"One can't help these things, you know. No. Go to your little desk, my dear, and write one of your pretty notes. Tell him, in fact, how we stand altogether; that we are worried, and that the whole thing is getting into confusion. As well tell all, as tell little. Anything from you he will attend to."

"That is just the reason, uncle," she said, sadly; then added firmly, "No, it is not to be thought of. If you have already trespassed on Mr. Tillotson's kindness, it is enough; and as for my doing anything in the matter, it is wholly out of the question."

"Ah, I see," said he, bitterly. "Very well. You only do what all the world is doing. The Norburys are welcome to what you can do for them; but where poor old battered Tilney is concerned—No matter. I am very sick at heart, and this will do you as well for a beginning as anything else."

She ran to him in a second, and now got his hand in both of hers. "Dear, dear uncle, who have done so much for me, I would do anything for you but this one thing. You see, yourself, it is impossible. If I could tell you everything, you would see how impossible it is. Pity me, but don't ask me."

The poor old courtier looked into her face kindly. "I know it, I know it," he said. "But done so much for you! Dear, dear, don't say that. It is very, very little, and if you knew——"

"If you would let me show what I feel to you, dear uncle," she went on. "Surely there's that wretched little pittance of mine, to whom could it be of such use at this time? Where could it be put to such profit? and if——"

Mr. Tilney gave a sort of gasp, and turned towards the window. "My dear child," he said, "that little pittance, as you call it—I have long wanted to tell you——"

With infinite tact and delicacy she saw what was the confession he was about to make. The pang she felt was not of grief after what she had lost, but because she had nothing to offer now. "Or if," she said, "we have been obliged to use that little resource already—and indeed it must have gone a very small way—we must devise some other scheme. Cheer up, dear uncle. Only don't—will you?—ask me to do this about Mr. Tillotson? I will tell you the reason one day."

Unspeakably relieved at this view of what had long been warily laying on his mind, he could only murmur, "You're an angel of a girl." But still he did not dismiss the notion of de-

liverance that had now suggested itself, and sat down to write a long note to Mr. Tillotson, begging his protection against the machinations of Mr. Smiles. That letter was sent, but it was never read by Mr. Tillotson, who was then almost hopelessly ill, and was never answered.

ERMINIA.

I HAD met at Puerto Cabello a young Englishman whose appearance interested me. He was only in his twenty-third year, overflowing with spirits and good nature, and so very handsome that it did one good to look at him. He was six feet and one inch high, perfectly well made, and as for his strength, I have seen him lift four hundred-weight with the greatest ease. His hair was dark brown, and curled naturally; he had a pink and white complexion, a slightly aquiline nose, and dark-blue eyes with black eyelashes. The black, brown, and yellow visages of the Creoles made his face look all the handsomer from the contrast; and when one saw him in company with some of the cadaverous natives, it was impossible to help exclaiming, "What a superb fellow!" But Mr. George Hayward—for that was his name—had a weakness for which personal advantages are a very insufficient compensation. He was extremely extravagant, and, consequently, not very scrupulous in settling his liabilities, and had already spent so much money that his friends had been very glad to get him out to South America as a clerk in a commercial house, with the prospect of becoming a junior partner—in time. When I was introduced to him at Puerto Cabello, finding that he had been at Oxford, and that he was an agreeable companion, I inquired no further into his antecedents, but asked him to pay me a visit at Valencia, when I had got a little settled there. He had been some time on the coast, and spoke Spanish fluently; but he had never visited the interior, and was very glad to accept my invitation. After about a fortnight I wrote to remind him of his promise, and he returned me answer that he would come immediately, and begged me to send a fresh horse to meet him at Nágua, as he should ride the whole distance on the night of the 26th of August, so as to be at my house by sunrise.

The day begins early in South America, and although it wanted a quarter to five when I got out of bed to look out for my visitor, there were already signs that Valencia was wakening up. The bells of the cathedral and of the convents had been at work for a good hour. A group of Indian and mulatto women were coming up the Calle de la Constitucion, in which I was living. They were going to market, and were making such a merry chattering and clattering that you would have fancied a dozen pair of castanets were in motion besides their jaws. Further off, several parties of women were crossing the street into side-lanes which led down to the river, for this was the time when

modest people went to bathe. The lazy barber opposite my lodgings, cigar in mouth, was just beginning to open his shutters. Suddenly he stretched out his head, as I did, to see who it was whose approach was being heralded by a loud smacking of whips, and a noise of laughter and swearing that broke all at once upon our ears.

"It's Hayward, of course!" I exclaimed; "but what has he got in front of him? It looks as if he were driving before him a mule with a dead man on it!"

In another minute, up came Hayward and his servant, mounted on a couple of horses, driving before them a mule, on which was 'he baggage; and strapped on the top of it lay the muleteer, a negro, so drunk that even the violent jolting he had gone through had failed to rouse him. Juan undid him in a trice, and pitching him like a log on to some straw that lay in the yard, said, "There let him lie, and if the ants don't sober him before the evening, I'll pay for a first-class surprise ticket—that's all!"

Next, I myself ordered the horses at four P.M., and as I was impatient to show off my handsome visitor, and to see what sort of impression he would make on the Creole beauties, I went to him half an hour before that time, and called out, "Come along, Hayward, and make yourself as great a swell as possible. I am going to present you to some of the prettiest girls in Valencia."

"Oh! there are some pretty girls, then?" said he, looking up from a book he was reading. "I was afraid, from the specimens I saw as I rode up the street, that all the Valencianas were of the colour of the King of Dahomey's body-guard." To this comparison I objected.

The Calle de la Constitucion is one of the central streets that run from the Grau' Plaza at Valencia, as straight as a die, on and on, till the houses begin to be interpolated with gardens and orchards, and at last cease altogether, and one finds oneself in the green valley which bounds Valencia to the east. At the opposite or south-western angle of the Plaza there is another long straight street, which runs on till it merges in the road to Nágua. The houses in each of these streets near the square are large and fashionable, and they grow smaller and smaller as one approaches the outskirts of the town. It was not, however, the houses that interested us; for, indeed, nothing can be uglier or less attractive than the outside of a Venezuelan house, with its low one-story-high façade of plain brick. But at this hour every window was open, and in every window sat the ladies of the house, some lovely, all more or less good looking, for the plain and antiquated keep in the background on these occasions. "I always wonder," said I to Hayward, "what becomes of the men at this time of day at Valencia. It may be true, as I have heard said, that there are five women in the place to one man; but still, what becomes of that one? He is nowhere to be seen. Whether it is that the men are riding, or walking, or congregating to smoke, I know not;

but, whatever the reason, the fact remains that the women are left all alone, and can indulge in any amount of flirtation they like. Now mark me; the white Creoles live at this end of the street, near the Plaza; lower down we shall come to the trigueñas, or 'brunettes;' and beyond these we shall find mulattas and mestizas, and we shall finish up with some beauties of a downright black, who are not so much to be despised as you would imagine. Now mind, I am not going, like a Yankee pedlar, to keep my best wares to the last, in the hope of fixing you with a Number Two, or Three article. I mean to show you one of the prettiest girls in Valencia straight off at once. You see the large house on the right hand, with the two little maidens seated at the first window? They are the younger sisters. We will ride up and speak to them, and Erminia will be sure to show herself at the next window, with her second sister, Camila, who is almost as handsome as Erminia herself."

With these words I was turning my horse towards the window I had pointed out, when a boy, about ten years old, a brother of the girls, suddenly jumped on to the window-sill, and sat down between them without a particle of clothes on. I was not much surprised, for it is one of the peculiarities of Valencia that the boys, even of the best families, think nothing of stripping themselves and running about in puris naturalibus, so that I had often seen a naked urchin leaning out of a window between elegantly dressed women. But, somehow or other, I did not like to choose exactly that moment for introducing my friend, so we rode by, and as we passed, Erminia came to the window, bowed, and smiled. She was just eighteen, a little above the middle height, but looked taller, from her perfect symmetry; a cloud of shining black ringlets fell on her ivory shoulders. Her face was oval, her complexion fair, a little too colourless perhaps, but, in revenge, her lips were red and pouting, and disclosed, when she smiled, teeth of such dazzling whiteness that they seemed to flash like gems; but the most attractive feature of her face was her immense black eyes, fringed with long silky eyelashes.

"I have seen enough," exclaimed Hayward; "I don't want to go a step beyond that house. I don't believe there is such another beauty here or anywhere. If I can but win that girl, I am content."

"On my word," I said, "that's very well for a beginning; but I came out to show you the lionesses, so I must finish my undertaking. Turn your eyes to that next house on the right. Don Fernando, the proprietor, has ten children, and the three eldest girls, grand queen-like beauties, are already married. The fourth daughter, Olympia, the handsomest of all, sits there, as you see. She is magnificent; not so very much shorter than you are yourself, and modelled like a statue. But what is the use of looking?—she is engaged; so come along, I see Felipa Hernandez in that small house on the left. She is a dark brunette, but she is very accomplished, sings charmingly, and is the best

dancer in Valencia. She also teases most agreeably."

So saying, I presented Hayward to the *señorita* at the window, and being forthwith invited to enter the house, we spent half an hour in chatting and smoking cigarettes. We then mounted, and after talking at one or two other windows, finished our ride by a gallop outside the town. On our return, though it was nearly dark, I introduced Hayward to Erminia, who seemed more than usually shy. A few compliments passed, and we rode home to dinner.

As we sat talking after our meal, I was amused with Hayward's indirect attempts to find out all he could about Erminia, and punished him by giving the most laconic answers possible; but seeing that at last he was getting quite vexed, I told him all I knew about her.

"Her father," I said, "is a man of good family, who has always sympathised with the oligarchical party; consequently his estates, which are large, have been laid waste, and now bring in very little. Erminia's mother is dead. She was the eldest of three daughters, and inherited her father's estate, which has now passed to Erminia, who has, by-the-by, a step-mother in her mother's third sister. By this second marriage there are several children, while Erminia has no full brother or sister. It is an odd thing that Erminia does not marry, for last year she was acknowledged to be the beauty of Valencia, and she has an estate which, if properly cultivated, would bring in six thousand dollars per annum. I believe the fact to be that her mother's second sister, who is in a convent, and is a most bigoted religieuse, wishes Erminia to take the veil and bestow her property on the convent. I am told this good lady has been the means of breaking off more than one engagement into which Erminia had entered, and it is not unlikely that she will be equally successful in putting an end to any future love affair that her niece may have."

Hayward made no reply to this speech, but flung the end of his cigar rather viciously out of the window, and, by way of changing the conversation, asked if Valencia was not famous for its lace manufactory, and where the best specimens could be procured. "To-morrow," I said, "you shall see the place where the finest things are made. It is at the principal ladies' school. I have been there once already, under the guidance of a Spanish gentleman, who will be very glad to accompany us to-morrow. We can also, while we are out, pay a visit to the house of the celebrated General Paez, which I myself have not yet seen. The walls are covered with paintings of his victories. To-morrow, at eleven, we will start."

Accordingly, next day after breakfast we hoisted umbrellas with white covers as a protection against the vertical sun, and crossing the Gran Plaza, found ourselves, after passing a *cuadra* to the west of it, at the girls' school. A number of the younger pupils were playing in the veranda, which encircled the inner court.

There was a little whispering amongst them, but no noise nor embarrassment; and one came forward very politely and asked us to walk into the drawing-room. Here we found the schoolmistress, a lady about forty years of age, who was still good looking, and who, from her quiet self-possessed manner, seemed to be well fitted to rule in such an establishment. She said she had fifty pupils, and that the elder girls assisted her in teaching the younger, and that was all the aid she had in managing the school. We were shown pieces of French cambric, from which a number of threads had been drawn out, so that they looked to me like the skeletons of pocket-handkerchiefs. We were then shown how the interstices thus made were filled up with needlework, representing fruits, flowers, and other devices. Rosa produced a *mouchoir* she was finishing, which was declared to be a miracle of art, and worked at it in our presence. The stitches were so wonderfully fine that our eyes ached in attempting to follow the movements of her needle, but the schoolmistress declared that Rosa never made a false stitch. Hayward seemed very eager to possess this handkerchief, and asked the price, and when it could be got ready. He was told it would be finished in two days, and was valued at fifty dollars. On this, rather to my surprise, he produced the money. I, too, made a few purchases, and then took leave, not without a feeling of regret that so many docile, clever girls should have such scanty means of instruction.

We now walked on to the house of General Paez. I was rather annoyed by Hayward's declining to go in. I entered alone, and found I had plunged into the most talkative family I had ever encountered. In spite of the compliments of my host and hostess, who praised my Spanish, and seemed as if they were wishful to talk on for ever, I managed to effect my retreat, and got back to my house thoroughly tired. On entering, I was rather surprised to find that Hayward was not there, and still more so that he did not return ~~at~~ it was time to ride. When he came in, it struck me that something wrong had happened, for his manner was changed, and, instead of his usual good-humoured smile, he had a depressed and moody look. I told him that there was to be a party that night at *Señora Ribera's*, and that we really must show ourselves, so as to get an invitation. "Besides," I said, "*Antonia Ribera* is now quite the reigning beauty. I have not yet seen her, but I am told she has dethroned Erminia; and of course you would not like to leave Valencia without seeing her." Finding I was bent on it, Hayward consented to call. "What is the matter with the fellow?" thought I. "Is he going to have an illness, or has he got into some scrape this afternoon, while he was out by himself?" I begin to wish I had not asked him to pay me a visit."

The *Señora Ribera* was a widow, with three daughters and one son. She had been a great belle, and, though her charms had long since faded, she had still the coquettish ways of a spoiled beauty. Her children were all hand-

some, but Antonia was said to be the most beautiful woman in Venezuela. The number of suitors she had refused was endless, and a report had got about that she did not want to marry any one but a foreigner. Some think there is no better cure for a fit of the spleen than a hard gallop, and Hayward seemed to be of that opinion; for I no sooner turned off the high road on to the lake, but he started at a furious pace along a narrow winding path that led across country. In vain I shouted to him to keep a look-out ahead, and to rein in a little. He did not hear me, or would not attend, and the result was just what I expected. At a place where the path twisted a good deal amongst thick bushes, we plumped suddenly on an old fellow riding a stumpy little mule, and, in a moment, Hayward and he came together like two knights in a tournament. Down went the mule, and rolled over and over with the Creole among the bushes, while Hayward's horse made a carambole off the thicket on the other side, and so nearly dismounted Hayward that he lost both stirrups, and, had he not been a good rider, he would certainly have measured his length on the ground. As it was, he kept his seat, and went on for several hundred yards before he could stop his horse. I pulled up directly, and dismounting, went to lift up the fallen rider and catch his mule. The brute made a vicious kick at me, and I fared little better with his master. He was not much hurt, but so enraged that, if his machete had not tumbled out of its sheath when he fell, he would most likely have given me a taste of it. As it was, he struck at my proffered arm, and sputtered out a string of curses, winding up with one which was quite new to me.

"May you die of the fever," said he; "and may your wife go into a convent!"

By this time Hayward, too, had pulled up, and was coming back to join me. His humour was not much improved by the accident, and I was glad to get back to Valencia. We dressed and went to the Señora Ribera's party, arriving very early. Presently, when all the guests had assembled, the door opened, and in came a young lady, who, I saw at a glance, from her extraordinary beauty, must be Antonia. She was very unlike the other Creole ladies I had seen. Her dress and manner were rather those of an aristocratic English beauty than of a Creole. Her eyes were dark blue, her hair a rich brown, her nose Grecian, her eyebrows arched. Only her lips were fuller than is usual with English women. Her figure was slender and graceful, and her step so elastic that she seemed to glide rather than walk into the room.

"Caballero," she asked me, without the slightest preparation, "are you married?"

"Upon my word," thought I, "this is too bad." I looked about for a moment, and saw that all eyes were directed to me. I could not say I was not married, and I did not like to own that I was; so, hoping the answer would be imputed to my imperfect knowledge of Spanish, I replied, "Algunas veces"—sometimes.

People tittered, and Antonia smiled, and gave me a look which seemed to say, "I understand your dilemma."

She then said, "I want to hear about England. I have always wished to go there."

We entered into a long conversation; and the more I listened to that singular girl, the more I wondered. She talked like a bookworm, like a politician, like a diplomatist, like a savant; but so little like a señorita of eighteen years of age, that at times I almost forgot I was speaking to a girl. After a time I remembered that I had brought Hayward on purpose to introduce him to Antonia. So, making an excuse, I got up to look for him. To my annoyance, he was nowhere to be seen, and on asking Madame Ribera about him, she said he had gone away, not feeling well.

I now began to be really apprehensive about Hayward. His behaviour seemed so odd, that I felt sure there was something wrong. However, I could not have left immediately without exciting remarks, so I sat down and talked to a German lady I knew. She began to tell me about the Riberas. "You see Lucia, the elder sister of Antonia?" she said; "would not you believe her to be the gentlest creature in the world? Well, she is anything but what she seems. I suppose you have heard all about her marriage?"

"Not a word," I said.

"Well, then, I will tell you. Lucia had a cousin about her own age, who was as rich as he was ugly. He fell in love with her, and her mother was determined she should have him. You know girls are not allowed to choose husbands for themselves here. If Lopez had been her uncle instead of her cousin, she would have had to marry him all the same, for the sake of his money. She held out a long time. At last, Madame Ribera, and Lucia's brother, and her male relatives met, and fixed everything; and, in spite of her remonstrances, the marriage took place, and Lucia was carried off by Lopez to his country-house, which he had fitted up with new and elegant furniture. But when he had got her there, he could do nothing with her. She behaved like a maniac. She broke the mirrors, and cut to pieces all the beautiful curtains; and the end of it was, that he was obliged to send for her mother, and she was taken home, and insisted on calling herself Lucia Ribera, and would never acknowledge her husband at all. As for poor Lopez, he was so chagrined that he fell ill and died, and now she has been a year a widow; and report says she is to marry Diego Garcia, who has no money, and a worse temper than she has herself; and it is likely he will revenge Lopez, and punish her as she deserves."

I asked about Antonia, but my German friend declared herself quite puzzled about her, and would only say, "She is an enigma."

As soon as I could get an opportunity, I slipped away and went home. Hayward was not there, and did not come in till I was asleep. When I got up next day, I felt so vexed with

him that I determined to leave him to his own devices, and to get rid of him as soon as I could. He talked very little at breakfast, and looked gloomy, but brightened up when a small parcel was brought in to him, containing the handkerchief he had bought at the school. Soon after this he went out, saying he should dine with a friend he had met, who had also invited him to go the other day to his villa, on the borders of the lake. After he had gone out, I could not help saying to my servant Juan that I was afraid there was something the matter with my visitor.

"The matter! yes, sir," said Juan, in a very oracular voice. "It's downright certain there is. If ever I see a man whose place was booked for a passage over Jordan, as my old mother used to call it, it is Mr. Hayward. And then to see him at that house," here Juan jerked his head in the direction of Erminia's residence, a-going on with that gall—" Juan did not finish his sentence, but stalked off, leaving the rest to my imagination.

The following morning Hayward took leave of me, and went to the house of his Spanish friend, which was about twelve miles off. When he had left, as I felt curious to know what had been going on, I resolved to call on Erminia, and see how affairs stood in that quarter. I was surprised to find the shutters half closed. I entered the hall, nevertheless, which in most Venezuelan houses leads to the quadrangle round which the rooms are built, and knocked at the inner door. It was opened by one of the younger girls, who had evidently been crying. "What is the matter?" I asked. "I hope no one is ill."

"Papa is ill," she said; "but you may come in. Mamma or Erminia will speak to you."

So saying, she showed me into the drawing-room, and went to tell them, and I had to wait so long, that I began to think I had been indiscreet in calling. At last Erminia came, with the same little sister who had let me in.

"Papa is very ill," said Erminia; "we have been up all night with him."

She looked so pale and ill as she said this, that I could not help thinking she was more in need of being nursed herself than able to attend to others. After expressing my regret, and inquiring about the illness of Señor L., I said, "My English friend, Mr. Hayward, has left me. I suppose you did not see him before he started?"

Erminia's pale face flushed, and she said with a sort of reluctance "We saw him last evening. He called; that is, he was passing by the window, and he stopped to bid me—mamma I mean—good-bye."

Just then, the Señora L. herself entered the room, and Erminia went to take her place by the bedside of the invalid, so I had no further opportunity of speaking to her that day.

The illness of Señor L. continued without improvement all the time I remained at Valencia. I went daily over to inquire for him, and always saw Erminia, but never alone, except for half a minute on one occasion. I then said, "I want to talk to you about my

English friend." Her face flushed, as it had done before when I mentioned his name, and she said hurriedly, "We shall never be able to speak about that. I am never alone; I am siempre acompañada."

Meantime, I could not help being struck with the love and devotion with which Señor L. was nursed by his family. His daughters, who, when I first came, had every day been seated, radiant with smiles, and beautifully dressed, at the windows, now never left the sick-room. I had the pleasure of seeing, in this instance, that the Creole ladies, who to a superficial observer might appear bent only on coquetry, are in reality not to be surpassed in that affection which binds families together. I had before admired Erminia for her beauty: I now esteemed and respected her for her devotion to her father.

One evening, a few days before the date I had fixed upon for leaving Valencia, and about a fortnight after Hayward had left, I was sitting alone, smoking, when some one on horseback came clattering up to my door, and stopped. Presently Juan entered with a letter. With some difficulty I made out that Hayward was very ill, and that Don Pedro Raynal, at whose house he was stopping, earnestly begged me to come over at once and see him. I immediately ordered my horse, and set out on the twelve miles' ride to Don Pedro's house. My surprise was great, when, on reaching the villa (which we did about midnight), I discovered by the light which was brought to show me up the steps, that my companion was the very same old Creole who had been so rudely dismounted by Hayward, and who turned out to be one of Don Pedro's servants.

"I hope the Señor Inglis is better?" said I, as I sprang up the steps.

Don Pedro shook his head. "You have arrived too late: he is dead."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "is it possible? What was his illness?"

"He died, señor, of yellow fever."

After writing to Hayward's friends to tell them of the melancholy termination of his visit to Valencia, I went to sleep, but passed an unquiet night, disturbed by horrid dreams, and was right glad when morning broke and allowed of my return to the city. Two days afterwards I left Valencia, having seen the beautiful Erminia only once more, and then but for a few minutes.

I have since heard, with but little surprise, that her aunt's wish has been gratified, and that she has entered a convent.

WARLOCK WOODS.

THE oaks are doom'd in pleasant Warlock Woods,
Soon they'll come crashing through the hazel
copses,
Already rocking like poor wind-toss'd ships,
I see their reeling spars and wavering tops.
Shipwreck'd, indeed! The old estate is gone,
The knights have yielded to King Mammon's
lords,
Rent is the brave escutcheon, sable—gules,
Shiver'd at last are the Crusaders' swords.

How many an antler'd deer has sought the fern
 Beneath these monarchs of the leafy glade;
 How many cross-bow bolts have struck their stems,
 How many bullets whistled through their shade.

Here have bold outlaws in King Edward's time
 Strung the yew bow, and feather'd arrows red,
 While the fat haunch and wine-jug circled round,
 And near them lay the mighty buck scarce dead.

Yes, here King Harry's black-brow'd myrmidons
 Branded and bound the gipsy's sallow race,
 And here the Jacobite oft knelt in prayer
 For monarch wandering in some desert place.

And here have wounded troopers cowering hid,
 Waiting the well-known voice and pitying eyes,
 And here, with sullen psalms and gloomy prayer,
 The Ironsides have doled their prophecies.

These trees have heard the lover's parting kiss,
 The poacher's curses, and the mourner's sigh,
 The children's prattle—and it is for this
 *I hold them bound to man in sympathy.

I pity them. 'Tis hard to die in spring,
 When Nature's heart beats quick with hope and love,
 When little lilies chime their bells below,
 And nightingales' rich music thrills above.

'Twould be a dismal sight in winter time,
 When great boughs snap, and trunks are tempest cleft,
 When dead leaves drift across the rainy skies, •
 And not a wayside flower of hope is left;—

How mournful now, when sunshine fills the air,
 And drooping hyacinths grow blue and rank,
 When echoing cuckoos greet the spring again,
 And violets purple every woodside bank.

Bald, bark'd, and bare, the oak tree's giant limbs
 Soon will strew every path of trodden fern;
 Already I can hear the splintering axe,
 And see the woodman's fires that crackling burn.

The old woods pay for many a young heir's faults,
 These giants, centuries long without a fear,
 Fall headlong at one single rattling tap
 Of ivory hammer of brisk auctioneer.

TOLD BY A TRAMP.

THIS is a letter from one of the "respectable men" who slept in the Lambeth labour-shed on the same night as the "Amateur Casual." I discovered him by the simple process of advertising in the second column of the Times. We have subsequently had frequent communications with each other, and I spent a very agreeable day with my oddly-found friend not long ago. In reply to my request that he would put on paper some of the experiences he told me, he wrote as follows:

Soon after my decline into vagabondage last summer, I went into Essex; but I will just relate how the journey came to be contemplated. I had been lounging about the Parks for two days, and, as I had not commenced begging then, I was extremely hungry. In the morning, after sleeping on the benches in the Mall, another seedy-looking tramp, who had slept beside me during the night, commenced a conversation on

appearances generally, remarking that he would not have been there, only he couldn't get into a workhouse last night. Then he enumerated a few good workhouses, mentioning Mount-street as especially worthy of patronage; he told me, also, that the food was pretty good. I thought that I would go that evening and see whether I couldn't get in. I had a faint notion that Mount-street was near to Hyde Park, and after leaning on the railings in Rotten Row, watching the "rank and fashion" for some time, I lounged into South Audley-street, and at the corner of a street saw a man with a white smock on, of whom I inquired where Mount-street was? He told me, and, just as I was leaving, said, with a sharp movement of his finger, "Want the big house?" I said that the workhouse was what I wanted. "Ah, well," he said, "just you look here, I wouldn't go there. It's a dirty, starving shop." I wished to know where else I must go, seeing that I was entirely without funds. He asked me if I was hungry, and on my replying in the affirmative, took me into the Albemarle Arms near, and pulled some bread and meat out of an oven in the taproom; he also fetched a pint of beer, and while I was eating told me a little about himself. He was a farrier, but knew a better dodge than hard work. He was always about Grosvenor and Berkeley squares and held horses, opened cabs, and did a little cadging when the opportunity presented itself. The meat I was eating then, had been got from a servant down the street, and was the remains of yesterday's dinner. He said that if I was guided by him I could do a better thing than going to workhouses. I was curious to know what the "better thing" was. All the "pins," as he termed them, would be full of gentlemen's servants about nine o'clock that night, and if I told a good tale I could get plenty of cash. This I couldn't do, I said. Well, I might hold cab-horses, and be sure of a penny. I did hold a few cab-horses, but he was close by and got the pennies, which he never failed to expend at the nearest public-house. At about eight o'clock I proposed that he should see what food he could get from the servant girls he had boasted about as being his friends. The first house we went to in Hill-street made him lose heart. A liveried footman came up the area steps, and in reply to his touch of the hat said, "Didn't I tell you before, that the confectioner's man always came round for the broken meats at six o'clock?" He wouldn't go to any other house, and as I could see he was fast getting drunk, and seeing no possibility of the "better thing" yet, I left him at nine o'clock and went towards the workhouse.

They had two spare bunks at Mount-street, and the porter at the door asked me why such a chap as I wanted lodging? I was tidily dressed, and what on earth could I want there? A pauper took me up to the casual ward, and on the way said, "We allers keeps a bed or two empty, a chance the Bobbies brings a cove in. We've turned some away to-night, and you're devilish lucky to be taken in."

In the morning, while in the oakum shed, discussions arose as to the best counties for begging, and the merits of workhouses generally. One man, whose appearance I shall not soon forget, dressed in tattered garments, with a jolly round face, was the great umpire on everything. He had been tramping twenty years, he modestly said, and had just come in from a journey by Oxford into South Wales, and gave rapturous accounts of the workhouses there. As he was ill clad, he wanted to know what workhouse in London was good for a tear-up? He said he knew them all; but rules and regulations, perhaps, had altered since last he visited them.

This question gave rise to a long argument, some speakers expressing themselves in favour of one, some of another workhouse. He said, "I don't care so much about the month I'll get, if they only give me tidy togs." One man said he was going to Romford as soon as he got out, and that as much skilly as you liked was given you there. I consented to go with him, as he wanted a companion, and we got to Romford about five o'clock in the afternoon. He was a quiet sort of man, and spoke very little, and did not beg on the road. On the left-hand side, going into the town, stands the relieving officer's house, and a young man came out and gave us two tickets, scratched with a pen. We turned sharply round and up a narrow lane, and at the top sat down for a few minutes. A young woman came past, from work I should think, and my companion asked her what she had got in the basket she was carrying? She had some bread and cheese, the remains of her dinner, and gave us it willingly. The man at the gate would not admit us until six o'clock, and we lay down on the grass by the roadside, in company with several more. A man named Scottie had a dirty-looking woman with him, who was evidently used to such society. Another man, named Dick, of whom I shall have more to say, appeared to be the general friend of these two. The man who took our names at Romford workhouse was an ignorant fellow, and a very slow writer, and some of the casuals gave him extra trouble. I thought I might as well try my hand, and gave him Owen Evans as my name, taking care to pronounce it "Howing Heavens." This produced endless bother, and was only capped by the name of the town I came from, which was Llanfairfechan. He gave this latter word up, and put Barking instead. The casual ward has no bunks, but has a raised board with mattresses, blankets, and counterpanes, dirty enough. It is a very small place, and might hold seven or eight; but they managed to cram double that number in it this night. The man who takes care of this place is an old pauper, who has been at sea all his life. He had some soup and meat to sell at a penny a plateful; but I must confess the humiliating fact, that the whole of the occupants of the ward could not produce that sum, and old Daddy (they are all called Daddies) said, "Well, I niver seed anything like it! Why, last sum-

mer there allers used to be a penny or two in the place; but now! why, I can't get a farthing to scratch my nose with." One gentleman said that unfortunately he had left his money on the pianer in the doring-room; another said that he paid the whole of his money away for hincotax; while Dick said that the last time he was in quod he gave his tin to the governor for the Lancashire Distress Fund. All this "chaff" produced much laughter; and everybody went to sleep in the best humour. I should have been a little easier if I had been less crowded. In the morning you turn a crank from seven to eight, and then have breakfast, which is the thinnest of all thin skilly I ever saw. Two pailfuls were brought up among about fifteen or sixteen men, and all swallowed. One man had six or seven pints of it, and I hope he enjoyed it. I took a good share of it myself. After breakfast we did another hour at the crank, and were then free. I had previously been talking with the Dick I have mentioned, and he said he was going to Billericay that night, and to Chelmsford after, with Scottie and the woman, and as he appeared to like me, I said I would go with them. The man I had come with from London was going to Edmonton, he said, and so I left him. Scottie and the woman were going towards Yarmouth, where he had some relations; but this plan was frustrated, as will be seen. We trudged merrily away; Dick the while giving me lots of anecdotes of his life. He had originally been a bricklayer's labourer; but having robbed a man of his watch, he got nine months for it, and had been ever since alternately thieving, cadging, and in prison. He was, even with this degrading character, a kind sort of fellow, full of joke, but couldn't help stealing anything that came in his way.

In the afternoon we got to a place named Orsett, at which place was a workhouse. It was about two o'clock when we got there, and a policeman who had been enjoying a noonday nap in a stable came to us with a very sleepy air, and refused to allow us to stay, giving as a reason that we had plenty of time to get on to Billericay, which was nine miles further. We represented ourselves as footsore, and told many other lies of the same kind, but the policeman knew better, and bade us go on. Did you ever see three real tramps going along a road? If you have, you will have observed that peculiar walk they have, head hung down, and treading as if the road were paved with needles. All tramps walk so. I never saw one who had been any time in the tramping line, walk otherwise. This very afternoon I was painfully conscious of my three companions' vagabond gait and air. People stood and watched us until we were out of sight, and children ran away frightened. Very little talk went on until we had been walking some time, when we all sat down on the trunk of a tree by the roadside, and Scottie then blamed Dick for being in a hurry to get into Orsett, and thus making us do this journey. Scottie grew quite sarcastic,

but Dick took little notice, and was engaged throwing stones at a lot of geese about thirty yards down the road.

We got into Billericay at five o'clock, and went to a policeman for a ticket. This policeman was a long man, and a great bully, and made divers grand efforts to impress us with a sense of his importance; he took our names, height, colour of hair, eyes, &c., and gave us a ticket with as magnificent an air as if he was conferring upon us a pension. Billericay workhouse is a fine building with an imposing gateway. An old porter took our tickets, and having made a memorandum of them, conducted us to the casual ward, which was a small place, and smelt horribly. Some straw on a raised board was the bed, and the covering was a counterpane that might have been white once, but from long service it had grown grey or nearly black. Right opposite the bed, hung against the wall, was a figure of wood. This figure was clothed in carpet, and had the wrong or white side on one arm, one leg, and half the body, and the red or right side, on the corresponding parts. It had a notice under it, that any person tearing up clothes in Billericay workhouse would be provided with a suit of the above description, and afterwards taken before a magistrate. The appearance of a person dressed in this way must be highly ludicrous, and I was given to understand by a pauper in the house that it had the desired effect, and that the guardians were rarely troubled by a "tear-up." The figure against the wall was as large as a man, and I remember being rather startled when I awoke in the morning by its appearance. All kinds of names were written on the whitewashed walls; among them a piece of poetry, which began:

And what do you think is Billericay law?
Why, lying till eleven in the dirty straw.

I forget the rest of it, but remember that it contained about a dozen lines, and that toward the latter end it was very abusive of the master of the workhouse. It was signed, "Bow-street." Scottie assured me that this gentleman's effusions were to be seen in most workhouses in the country, and that he had the honour of the great poet's personal acquaintance. True to the rhyme of "Bow-street," we were kept until eleven, and, what is surprising, had nothing to do but lie in bed. A piece of bread at night, and a similar piece in the morning, was all the food we got.

From the time I left London to when I returned, I never begged; but Scottie and the woman did. Dick did very little begging, either. He told me he didn't come exactly to cadge, but to steal. We went on very poorly in the way of eating, and, except what we got from Scottie and the workhouses, had but little indeed, until after we left Chelmsford. We went along very fast on this morning, which was Sunday, until we came to a brook, where we all washed and wiped our faces as best we could, with the inside lining of our coats; Scottie with the girl's

dress. We got near to Chelmsford in the afternoon, when the three o'clock church bells were ringing. Profiting by the Orsett experience, we stayed a little distance outside it until a more advanced hour. It was at a sharp turn in the road, opposite a stile that led into the town, that we lay down and rolled about for full two hours. Two gentlemen came past, and offered us tracts, repeating a pious sentence that I have heard before and since. We took them. Scottie inquired if the gentlemen had any loose cash to spare? No; but plenty of tracts. At about five o'clock we went down into the town, and made towards the police-station, and got a ticket. The tickets told us that we were vagrants, and would have to do four hours' work for the food and lodgings given us; but it was not done. In going towards the workhouse, right through the town, we of course, on Sunday night, met numerous crowds of well-dressed people, and I have a painful recollection of my humiliation. The people stared hard at us, and I felt it keenly to think I had come to this. This shame got obliterated in a few months, and I could walk in a ragged state through any street with the greatest composure.

The man at the porter's lodge came out remarkably sharp, like a jack-in-the-box, and made a sharp snap at every word we said. When he had taken our names, he shouted to some one else further up the walk, and presently a gentleman was seen standing at a door in the main building, smiling and apparently on good terms with himself and everybody else. We went up to him, and he took our names and descriptions. I told him I was a compositor. "Oh, indeed! and where have you worked last?" "In the Standard office," I said, because it came soonest to my lips. "And pray, what made you tramp about like this?" This being sharp questioning, I floundered a little, and have but a faint idea what answer I gave. He took it kindly, though, and gave me some private details how a brother of his was in the same trade, and even complimented me by saying, "I was sure, soon as ever I saw you, that you was above the ordinary run of chaps wot come here." He gave us some bread, and called out to a boy (a pauper lad), "Here, Jim, take this gentleman to the ward set apart for—now then, you know—and don't stand gaping there." Jim went along at a slow march, with his chin glancing heavenward, towards the casual ward: which is a moderate-sized place, and similar to Billericay in its bedding.

We were awakened at seven in the morning, when we expected to have to do our four hours' work, but my good-tempered friend let us off, and giving us each a piece of bread, bade us good morning. Scottie and the woman accompanied us as far as the bottom of the road, and then we parted. I may as well mention, that in about a week after this, I saw this girl at one of the workhouse gates in London, disfigured with a black eye, and that she told me, that soon after they had left Chelmsford, Scottie ill treated

her shamefully, and created such a disturbance as to get into prison. He was at that time "doing" a month in the jail at Chelmsford. I never saw Scottie afterwards. Dick and I walked on, that Monday morning, until about eleven o'clock, at a pretty good pace. We then stole some potatoes from a field, and having kindled a fire with some wood by the roadside, roasted or baked them, and Dick begged some salt. After that, we walked on until about two o'clock, when a fellow coming on behind us got into conversation with us.

This man was very young and very simple, and had been doing some labouring work a few miles distant, and was on his way to London. He said he would like to accompany us, as we were going that way. We told him that, not having had much to eat that day, we would be glad if he would pay for a little. He said he had three shillings in his pocket, and didn't mind standing bread and cheese.

At the first inn the man got us the food, and Dick, having called me outside, suggested that we should "nail" the cash. The young man had a small bundle, in which were a shirt and other old rags, and Dick told him confidentially that it would be safer if he tied his money in a corner of this bundle. The young man acquiescing, gave the remainder of it, two shillings and fourpence, to Dick to wrap up. Dick tied the fourpence in a knot of one corner of the handkerchief and kept the two shillings. Having done so, he placed the bundle on the table, saying, "Now it's safe." The man feeling tired, put the bundle under his head as a pillow, and said he would "do a snooze." In a few minutes Dick gave me the signal, and we speedily put half a dozen miles between us and the man we had robbed. I often think about this incident, and what rascals we were. Dick, during the time we walked along the road, told me many incidents of his life. He had been in nearly every jail around and in London, and could tell off on his fingers the pudding and meat days. He was deeply in love with a certain lady in Flowery Dean-street, and of this damsel he was never tired of talking. I asked him, in consideration of his glowing accounts of a thieving life, would he take me as a pupil? He said, "Now, look here, yer a youngster and don't know nothin'. You would be a continual trouble to me if I took you; besides, suppose you got nabbed, wouldn't yer in your cell curse me for ever leading you on? I know yer would. The first time as ever I robbed a cove, which was at Kingston (I come from near there), was of a pinchbeck watch and six bob, and the fellow that led me to do it I have allers cursed and allers shall. You may think, by hearing me talk, that thieving is a easy game; but it ain't. I wish I knew how to get out of it easy."

By dint of hard walking we arrived at Ilford about five o'clock in the evening. This was a little over twenty miles, I understood, and we were both very tired. Under the very walls of Ilford jail we sat down to rest, and Dick called back to memory how he had come out of

that jail from "doing" nine months, and made many affecting observations on old times, and the lenient way in which the "screws" treated him. We got to Stratford at about eight o'clock, and I was nearly exhausted and very footsore. Dick knew a certain lodging-house in a bye-street, and thither we repaired. A woman came out, and called us "Sir" at every other word, and said she was glad to see Dick. After a few moments' talk she called a man, who led us up-stairs into a small room, containing one bed and a single chair. We had twopence when we got up, and with this we bought a small loaf and made quickly into town. In passing through Whitechapel, Dick had to go to a street leading out of Petticoat-lane, and I never saw him afterwards.

A FREAK ON THE VIOLIN.

SUBSEQUENT to Tubal Cain's inventions; harp and organ—the fiddle, or lyre played on with a bow, takes rank by reason of its antiquity. Its place and importance in the world of Music are of the first interest. The difficulty of handling it, which is extreme, implies the rarest delicacies of ear and of touch—the latter not to be attained to by strenuous good will; supposing apt physical organisation denied. "A hand" on the pianoforte is not a more peculiar possession than "a bow arm." On the precision of finger-positions does purity of tone depend. The human voice has little more expressive power—even with the advantage of verbal declamation to help it—than the Violin. Lastly, the instrument when mute has characteristics which give it a place of its own. Whereas every other one of its comrades is worsened the fiddle is bettered by age and use. A violin has been sold, in our time, for one hundred and forty times the money paid for it when it came from the hands of its maker. A story is told, by Messrs. Sandys and Forster, in their history of the Violin, that for an instrument by Steiner the Tyrolese (who came after the great Cremonese and Brescian makers) fifteen hundred acres of American land were ceded, at a dollar an acre, on which the thriving city of Pittsburg now stands. There is nothing analogous to this in the vicissitudes of price which "the marked catalogue" of sold statues and pictures registers.

The above being all so many indisputable facts, no one need wonder that a body of tradition and anecdote has gathered round the violin family, the same comprising four members:—besides itself, viola, violoncello, and double bass, rich and various in quality. A delightful and amusing book might be written on the subject for the delectation of those "who have music in their souls;" and, since it is unfashionable to confess to contrary organisation in these our times of changes and progress, when Music has become a pleasure, which, like the Plague of Egypt, pervades our kings' chambers and our working men's houses—a freak

on or about the violin family, their makers, their players, and the music prepared for the same, may not be altogether untimely. A compendious and well-executed little book*—one of the best, as well as most unpretending, book of its kind that I know of—has reminded me of a few old tales and truths, and encouraged me to string together a few of these in a desultory fashion.

How many centuries have passed since the world was first edified by the sounds of a fiddle? is a question for the Dryasdusts;—not to be dismissed lightly here. Old painters—how far inspired by tradition or not, who shall say?—have put it into the hands of Apollo on the hill of Parnassus; and, following their example, the other day, Mr. Leighton, in his *Picture of Music*, put it into the hands of Orpheus as the magical instrument, by which Eurydice was given back to life. Certain it is that, about the eleventh or twelfth centuries, the violin had taken its present form, and many antiquarians, the diligent and erudite Mr. William Chappell among the number, are satisfied that this form was of northern rather than southern origin. The Welsh, those dear lovers of pedigree, and who have asserted (it has been humorously said) that the primeval language spoken by Adam and Eve was theirs, have laid claim to it. One of the lozenges in the quaint painted roof of Peterborough cathedral, showing a bare-legged man dancing to his kit (date the twelfth century), has a curiously modern air, so far as the shape of the instrument is concerned; but it was not perfected till the sixteenth century, when Amati of Cremona, and Di Salo of Brescia, gave models which have been slightly varied; which such notable artificers as Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Steiner, and others, but never unmade; nor, indeed, have essentially changed. Since their day, no improvements have been effected, save in the making of the bow—a condition of things without parallel in the fabrication of musical instruments—which has been universally a story of discovery and progress. Think of a Broadwood, or an Erard Concert Grand Pianoforte, as compared with the meek and weak little clarichord, which sufficed to Sebastian Bach; think how the powers of King David's instrument, the harp, have been extended by pedals and "double-action" since the days of the bards, nay, and even of such modern celebrities as Krumpholtz, and Madame de Geulis, and Madame Spohr the first. Think of what has happened to "the German Flute" since Frederick the Great bored his court of wits and philosophers, and the ears of his patient concert-master, Herr Quanz, by playing his three nightly concertos. Think how all the mechanical appliances of the Organ, as the lightening of touch, and the easier combinations of register, have been improved during the past century and a half, since Christian Müller, the maker of the Haarlem organ. Gabelaar, and Silbermann, and Father Schmidt built their instruments, still

magnificent, in respect of their sonority, but comparatively rude in structure. No fate of the kind has befallen the violin. The best workmen are those who best imitate the men who wrought three hundred years ago. In its form, in proportion, in the addition to its means, no improvement has been made; and less so in some points of decoration which assist in the preservation of the instrument. The secret of the old varnishes, which are as essential to the well-being of a violin, as is manipulated clay of delicate quality to the texture of china, seems, if we are to believe common testimony, irrecoverably lost.

Few who see that simple-looking toy, out of which such admirable music is drawn, have an idea of its delicate complexity of structure. A well-made violin contains more than fifty different pieces of woods, the woods being three: maple, red deal, and ebony. The wood must be thoroughly seasoned, especially the red deal; and the only artist of modern times who is said to counterfeit the works of the great Italian makers, M. Vuillaume, of Paris, has done so mainly by a most careful selection of materials. Many a roof and panel from Swiss chalets have found their way into his workshop. Be the grain ever so good, the material must have undergone the slow action of time. Some have thought to supersede this by the use of acids and by artificial heat. But these expedients, I am assured, have only a short-lived success. The violins thus *forced* deteriorate steadily; whereas the good instruments become more mellow and precious in sound year by year. It seems agreed that the amount of sonority in the violin partly depends on the flatness or otherwise of its form. How it should be that no change of any importance has been made since the days of Di Salo and Amati, presents, I repeat, one of the most singular anomalies in that history of anomalies the lovely art of Music. But the Violin is nothing without its bow; and the perfected bow is an invention dating nearly two centuries later than the perfection of the instrument which it "bids to dis-cour-se." Here is a second anomaly.

A third is, that the instrument was brought to perfection before any music was produced worth performing on it (as we understand matters). Corelli and Scarlatti were not writing when Amati, and Stradivarius, and Guarnerius were producing their masterpieces, which sufficed to the Paganinis of modern times for the execution of their stupendous feats of volubility and brilliancy. In truth, till the beginning of the last century, the music written for the violin was mere child's play—the works of one wonderful man excepted—John Sebastian Bach. This great genius, who divined so much, and the value of whose experiments to the world of musical poets has only come to be appreciated within a comparatively recent period, can have encountered no one, I suspect, in the least able to present on the violin his difficult and recondite fancies. His Sonatas, Chaconnes, Variations, as good as buried till Mendelssohn disinterred them, tax a player to the amount which few players,

* *Violins and Violin Makers, &c. &c.* By Joseph Pearce, Jun. Longman and Co.

save of the calibre of a Spohr, a Joachim, and a Molique, can afford to be taxed. Perhaps, as a body, the French violinists, as represented by Leclair, inheriting Italian traditions from Lulli, were in advance of their contemporaries of other countries—but so loose is all record of Music at that period, that nothing beyond conjecture is possible.

I have tried, in the above, to touch on a few of the leading points and peculiarities of the leading instrument of the orchestra—the most singular representative of conservative and progressive life in combination that the story of Music, that most capricious among the arts, includes. It would be easy to swell these paragraphs to any extent, by offering characters of what may be called the representative men of the violin, such as Farini, Geminiani, Rode, Viotti, Lafont; but these can be found by any reader who ransacks the dictionaries; so that I shall content myself with rummaging my own peculiar stores of recollection regarding some of the great players of this nineteenth century.

Of course, the first of these to be named is Paganini; but the man whom to name, so as to give any distinct record of the impression made on me by him, is most difficult. There are people of genius who rule by disturbing, not subjugating, the spirits of those who listen to them. One of these (to cite a parallel in music) was Malibran as compared with Pasta; another, the great Genoese violinist, who convulsed Europe by his triumphs, as no instrumentalist (the Abbé Liszt not excepted) has done before or since his apparition.

One may well talk of "apparition" in Paganini's case; because the intense and eccentric personality of the man had its share in the attention his performances excited. A Vampire in an orchestra is not an every-day sight; and never did man by dress and gesture make more of a ghostly aspect than did he, neither more obviously thereby invite the fabrication of the marvellous anecdotes which Fancy makes out of nothing, for Scandal to repeat. Paganini's real life had been miserable and disorderly enough to satisfy such foolish people as think mystery and error inevitable accompaniments of genius. It was a long fever-fit of gambling, and avarice, and self-indulgence; alternating with the exercise of most startling progress in art. With most hearers, owing to the exaggeration of his expression, to which his limitless execution enabled him to give the fullest scope, Paganini passed as being fuller of passion than any instrumentalist who ever appeared. Such is not my own impression. I never could rid myself when I heard him, though I was then inexperienced and liable to be carried away by what is astonishing, of a conviction of the player's eccentricity; which gave a false pathos to his slow movements, and a regulated caprice to his brilliant effects. His execution was limitless; his tone was thin, and chargeable with a certain abuse of trembling vibration, which, for a time, became tiresomely fashionable; but the tone was unimpeachable in purity. His peculiar effects in execution, in stac-

cato and pizzicato passages, in a command of the fourth string so complete as to enable him to turn the violin into a monochord—those glassy harmonic sounds (which, however, when used to excess satiate), are now understood not to have been invented by him, but by Durand or Duranowski, a miscreant belonging to the class of vagabond geniuses, wrecked by their wasteful profligacy, whose number, happily for art, diminishes year by year. Spohr, in his Autobiography, declares that the harmonic effects had been also anticipated by the "once famous Scheller"—another violinist of great talent and disordered life, who was possibly ruined by his connexion with the unclean and profligate Count of Württemberg, and who passed out of sight in want and misery. But though Scheller may have heard Duranowski, it is improbable that the Genoese artist ever crossed Scheller's path. The harmonic feat is not worth much.

It may be added, that from the time when he rose into notoriety, Paganini took small pains to maintain his powers of execution by practice; never, it is said, taking his violin from its case betwixt exhibition and exhibition, and showing small general interest in music; the exception being the munificent present volunteered by this miserly man to M. Berlioz, as the continuer of Beethoven, which has become a historical anecdote.

Paganini's playing of classical music was in no respect remarkable. His great concert pieces composed for himself, though unequal; were excellent in point of grace, fancy, and opportunity for display. He was the original "Carnival of Venice;" and threw into the changes of that insignificant gondola-tune an amount of whim, contrast, and reckless gaiety (costume, almost, one might say), impossible to forget. To sum up, whether his strength was that of health or fever, whether his taste was always unimpeachable or the reverse, whether he was more powerful to surprise than to move, or not—as an executive artist, whose genius left his impress on his generation, Paganini stands unparagoned. For a time, the influence was not a good one. Sham Paganinis appeared by the score, and made concert-music hideous. One or two of these were meant by nature for better things; to give an example, the Norwegian virtuoso, M. Ole Bull, whose peculiarities amounted to a specimen of those close and ingenious parodies of a strange original, which perplex and cause regret in every honest observer. To have justified his choice of style, M. Ole Bull should have carried out Paganini's effects, as Paganini carried out Duranowski's. Only the feat was simply impossible.

At the antipodes to this magnificent curiosity of Genius working out its purposes, not without resource to empiricism, stands in the modern history of the Violin a man whose notable talent almost rose to genius: and whose influence on his art was wider, healthier, and will probably prove longer-lived than that of his Italian contemporary—Louis Spohr. The impetus given by him to the school of German

violin-playing cannot be over-estimated. Of all the players to be mentioned in connexion with the Violin, Spohr takes the highest rank as a composer; in fact, he is the only great violinist who succeeded in opera, in sacred, in symphonic, in chamber, and in solo concert music: and this without any peculiarity in invention or brightness of fancy. Not a single theme by Spohr has become popular. It may not be without interest to speculate how far this may be referable to the character and physical organisation of one of the most respectable, most self-engrossed, most stalwart, most diligent, and least engaging men who has figured in the annals of Music. He was a singular mixture of intelligence and bigoted loyalty to himself, as his Autobiography makes clear. He had something like universality of endowments, for, as a youth, he drew and painted portraits—his own (which is significant), and those of the girls who fell in love with him—and for a while could hardly decide by which of the sister arts he would make his fortune. Having decided, however, for Music, Spohr carried through his purposes in a truly characteristic manner. He stalked along through his life to the end of it, holding his head high, looking neither to the right nor the left; and, though honest, as remarkable for his self-esteem as for his probity. His presence was as striking as Paganini's, though in a style totally different. There was nothing of the charlatan about Spohr. He was of commanding stature, with features noble in form and serious in expression, well befitting the musician, not a bar of whose writings is chargeable with vulgarity, but whose aspect promised a refinement in the man which his social manners did not always fulfil; for to be refined is to be considerate of others, and this Spohr was not. Of all the instrumental players I recollect, he was the most stately to see, and one of the coldest to hear. Of all the mannered composers who ever wrote, (and Spohr was as mannered as the veriest Italian—to name but one, Signor Rossini, whose flimsy writings he so coolly analysed)—he was the least mannered in his playing. Not a point in it was overwrought, not a point was under-finished. "Propriety and tact," as the late George Robins said in one of his advertisements, "presided;" and there was in it such beauty as belongs to perfect order, perfect purity, perfect symmetry, perfect command, over all the legitimate resources of his craft. It was a sincere, complete exhibition—if there was ever such a thing—but one which spoke to the head, not to the heart; to the conscience, and not to the affections. The "sacred fire" was not there. I think that if Spohr had been a thin little man, and without that Jupiter port of his, his playing might have been less successful in Germany, Italy, France, and England, than as in his Autobiography he fondly tells us it was.

But make what we will of Spohr, of his strange indifference, or else false appreciation of other comrades' works—of his deficiency of fundamental knowledge, proved by his taking late in life to re-study counterpoint, when the

task in hand was an Oratorio, there is no doubt that, as a German violinist and composer for the violin, he must always hold a first place. As a professor, he knew (not always a winning or flexible man) how to quicken the intelligence, and not so much to ensure the respect as to gain the affection of his pupils. These could be named by some two score, were a contemporary catalogue the matter in hand; but two may be mentioned—the Brothers Holmes—if only because of the singular indifference of their and our native country to their great accomplishments. Rude as Spohr could be to his Cassel orchestra, calling them "swine" when they displeased him, his pupils, one and all, seem to have attached themselves to him without stint; and many an act of private forbearance and kindness, on his part, to those straitened in their means, is to be set against the impression above recorded.

Then, as to written music for the violin, whereas Paganini's efforts and effects have died out, to be reproduced in a feeble and incomplete echo by his kinsman, Signor Sivori, the violin Concertos of Spohr will not soon be laid aside, owing to the perfect knowledge of the instrument they display, the sensible orchestral combinations they conclude, and the individuality of their manner; which, be it right or wrong, is Spohr's own, and his alone. Further, his violin duets are unsurpassed as combinations of melody, suave, if not new, with harmony pleasing and luscious, if something monotonous. The rage for Spohr's music has subsided everywhere; but his influence, and that of all he wrote for his special instrument, has not subsided; nor, I fancy, may altogether subside,

Till Music shall untune the sky,

and the devices and desires of Herr Wagner shall rule the world.

One of the most delicious artists who ever took Violin in hand was De Beriot, some shortcomings in depth of feeling granted. He may be named as among the exceptions by which rules are proved. That certain qualities are "constant" (as the mathematicians say) in certain countries, I have been long convinced. The vivacious Irish, as a body of musicians, have a propensity to dragging and drawling. The English have small feeling for accent as compared with the French. There has not been one great French contralto singer. The Belgians in music are heavy rather than elegant, and are apt to substitute (as M. Vieuxtemps has shown us on the violin) elaborate pomposity for real feeling and grandeur. But De Beriot, the most elegant of violinists, was a Belgian, born at Louvain. If Paganini pairs off with Liszt, De Beriot does among pianists with Thalberg, and among singers with Madame Cinti-Damoreau. The three may be cited as irreproachable. Greater beauty of tone was never heard than theirs. Greater grace and polish without finicality than theirs cannot be attained. Had more of emotion been added by nature, the excellence might have been less equable. None of the three can be called cold; none of the

three ventured one inch deeper than the point their powers enabled them to fathom. In Spohr's Autobiography he speaks grudgingly of De Beriot (as he does of almost every violinist save himself), albeit De Beriot exercised a fascination by his playing which Spohr never commanded; more solid though Spohr's music is. And De Beriot's airs with variations, and Concertos (especially one with the rondo in the Russian style), live in recollection though not heard for many a year, as distinctly as if they had been enjoyed but yesterday. The one man who might have challenged him on his own ground was Mayseider of Vienna (whose lovely and natural and becoming compositions must not pass without a word, when the Violin and its sayings and doings are the theme); but Mayseider was not a show—otherwise a travelling player—and never, I believe, quitted the Austrian capital, and the orchestra of the Kärntner Thor Theatre there. A solo I heard from him in a hackneyed ballet to accompany a dancer on a hot autumn evening to an empty house, was enough of itself to show his sweetness, graciousness, and thorough knowledge of the best uses of the violin.

I come now to speak of a violin player in whom something of the spirits of the North and of the South were combined—the classical grandeur and repose of the one—the impassioned abandonment of the other: who was, nevertheless, in no respect an eclectic artist; neither one on whom, as in De Beriot's case, given qualities could be counted on with certainty—a player who in his best hours, in the best music, had power to move his public as none of the three professors of his instrument mentioned before him were able to do. This was Ernst; who appeared after the three great players commemorated, and who, in spite of one fatal defect, a tendency to false intonation, no more to be controlled than was the same fault in Pasta's singing, could assert himself as among the best of his order, and occasionally, as best among the best. I have never heard a man play worse than he did sometimes. I have never heard any man play so well as I have heard Ernst play: and this not in the form of showy displays, such as any glib or indefatigable person may bring himself to produce, but in the utterance of the intense, yet not over-intense, expression with which he could interpret the greatest thoughts of the greatest poets in music. His leading of Beethoven's three Russian quartets (the Razumouffsky set) may be set beside Madame Viardot's resistless presentment of Gluck's Orpheus, beside Pasta's "Son io" in Medea, beside the "Suivez moi" of Duprez in Guillaume Tell. In all the four instances cited, the case was one of fervent genius—so fervent as to make defects and disadvantages forgotten, but mastered by, not mastering, its possessor. Herr Ernst's tone on the violin had nothing of Spohr's immaculate purity, nothing of De Beriot's winning charm; but it was a tone that spoke, and that spoke, too, to the heart, and representing there the nature of as genial, and affectionate, and noble a man as ever drew breath, or drew a

bow. No matter a disadvantageous education—no matter disadvantageous surroundings—no matter a certain languor of physical temperament which made him too accessible to persuasion—there was in Ernst nothing paltry, nothing jealous, nothing to be explained away, in any artistic transaction of his life. And this, I hold (believing that every man's art will, more or less, express his nature), was to be heard and felt in Ernst's playing. There was sometimes in it a majesty, sometimes an intimate expression, by right of which he deserves to stand alone in the gallery of violinists. The same qualities are represented in his music; "the stars" having destined Ernst to be a great composer, had he been born, like Spohr, with untiring "thaws and sinews," or had been as strictly trained as was Spohr. But, he just produced in the way of composition what sufficed for his own needs and remarkable executive powers. One production of his, however, the first movement of a Concerto in C sharp minor, though overladen with technical difficulties, is full of great thoughts carried out by adequate science. This fragment may well be the despair of smaller folk who attempt the violin. When Ernst played it (on his good days) there was no feeling of difficulty, either in the music or for the player. It should be recorded that Ernst's inequality, to which allusion has been made, in some measure limited his popularity. Those who think that the presence of mind and feeling borne out by great executive power, and a style thoroughly individual, do not still atone for occasional uncertainty, dwelt on Ernst's imperfect intonation, and denied him merit.

No such question has been or can be raised against the reigning King of violinists, Herr Joachim—whose popularity is without one dissenting voice, and whose excellence as a player is without alloy. Avoiding, for the most part, what may be called *trick* music, and, till now, unsuccessful in his attempts to write that which shall satisfy a mixed audience, he has been driven, beyond any of the artists hitherto named, on the interpretation of other men's compositions. In this occupation he has been equalled by no predecessor. Whether the matter in hand be the wondrous inventions of Sebastian Bach—ancient but not old, and with all their formalities of former times, more romantic and suggestive than most of the ravings of the day, which are set forth as profound and transcendental poetry—whether it be Beethoven's loftiest inspirations (such as the Adagio in his D major trio), or Spohr's *Scena Drammatica*, or Mendelssohn's lovely Concerto, this magnificent artist leaves nothing to be desired. With a purer taste than Paganini—with more feeling than Spohr—with more earnestness than, and almost as much elegance as, De Beriot—with more certainty than Ernst, Herr Joachim presents a combination of the highest intellectual, poetical, and technical qualities. In the rendering of music he is without a peer.

I must name one more artist, never to be mentioned without respect when the Violin is

in hand. Having illustrated by parallels, I may say that what Moscheles is as composer for the pianoforte, Molique is for the Violin—not always spontaneous, but always interesting by ingenuity and distinct individuality. The concert pieces of Molique will not grow antiquated. They are quainter and less cloying than Spohr's; perhaps less advantageous in displaying the executant, but demanding, in their final movements especially, a certain humour, clear of eccentricity, which gives them a great relish, and is totally unborrowed. In Herr Molique's chamber-music there is more labour and less freedom, but everywhere traces of a sincere and thoughtful musician, which must interest those who value the thorough workmanship of an intelligent head and hand. If it be added that many a charlatan without a tithe of Herr Molique's ideas, or a fiftieth part of his skill in treating the same, has amassed a fortune, whereas his long life, now drawing towards eventide, of honourable toil, extended usefulness, and the respect due to one without a taint, jealousy, littleness, or intrigue, has been ill recompensed, the purpose of such a revelation will be easily divined—not to sadden those who love Art, but to cheer them, by giving them a chance of cheering the latter days of one to whom every sincere student of the Violin and violin-music owes a debt.

THE COUNTESS'S LOVER.

"My dear sir, you know nothing about it," said the countess.

I know it is very improper to begin a story in this fashion; but if I were to tell you, reader, how I knew the countess, and especially how the argument which she closed in this peremptory manner began, it would take us both too much time, and leave my story just as it is now; still waiting to be told.

"My dear madam," I replied, mildly.

"No, and ten times no," she interrupted, with her brightest smile; and though she was not young, oh! how bright those smiles of the French countess could be, and how they took one back to the days when those soft dark eyes of hers had made the sunshine of many a foolish heart!

"No," she said, with a little sigh; "love, a sort of love, is common enough, but adoration is rare. To my knowledge, I have been adored but once. You fancy, perhaps, it was when I was presented to Marie Antoinette and was pronounced the beauty of the day; you imagine it was later, when I appeared at the imperial court, in the full maturity of my charms, to use imperial phraseology. My dear sir, nothing of the kind. Look at that picture up there; it is my portrait by Greuze, when I was nine years of age. Well then, about the time that picture was painted I was adored."

"By whom?" asked, point blank.

She was silent awhile; then she put a question in her turn.

"How do you like that face?" she said. She looked at a portrait by Velasquez. I saw

the fair-haired semblance of a Spaniard in black velvet, with his hand on the hilt of his sword. A pale, mild face this was, yet manly and serene, with great nobleness of expression.

"You do not mean to say that you were adored by that gentleman?" I remarked, rather sceptically.

"Of course not. We were not contemporaries; but I was adored by one singularly like him, and I bought the portrait for his sake. I am fond of pictures."

She need not have told me that. The boudoir in which we sat was full of them. Some she had inherited, some she had purchased; they were all first rate. It was a pleasure to sit with this bright old lady who had been so lovely, and to look at a glorious Claude, taking you to fairyland with a hazy mysterious sunset, or to wander with Watteau's shepherds and shepherdesses in the fairest and coolest of Arcadian landscapes. These two masters were her favourites. I know she was all wrong. I know, too, that if she liked the one she ought to have detested the other; but I am not bound to justify or explain her taste. I simply state it. The countess had a ready tongue, and could find plenty to say for herself on this, and indeed on any subject.

"I like Claude," she told me once, "because I never saw any landscapes like his; and I like Watteau, because he gives me the men and women of my youth in an allegory. I do not care about nature in pictures or in books. It wearies me there, and delights me out of either."

"And you do not much care for figures," I replied. "You have no sacred or historical pictures."

"No; they crowd a room so. I hate to have faces staring at me from the walls."

"And yet you have two, my dear countess—that divine little Greuze and that noble Velasquez."

"That divine little Greuze is your humble servant," she said, with a smile; "and the Velasquez is a very fine one—A Don Juan something or other."

The Greuze was indeed divine. It showed a child's face resting on its pillow, and looking at you with beautiful dark eyes. It showed that, and no more. But what a face! How sweet, how calm, how fair! It was scarcely childish, so strange was its beauty. It was somewhat pale, for it had been taken in sickness; but, I repeat it, it was divine.

"And so you were like that when you were adored by that fine Velasquez?" I now said, wishing to lead her on.

"Yes; a pretty child, as you see," she carelessly replied.

"But, my dear madam, how did you know Velasquez, and how did Velasquez know you?"

"In the first place, his name was not Velasquez, but Pierre; in the second, you will not understand why he adored me, and how I knew it, if I do not tell you a long story."

"My dear countess," I said, confidentially, "you know you want to tell me that story, and you know I am longing to hear it."

"Very true," she replied, laughing frankly; "well, then, here it is. I am slightly lame, as you know. I was born so. The defect was held to be incurable till I was nine; then my parents heard of a man who worked wonderful cures somewhere in Normandy; and, after hesitating a long time, they sent me down to one of my aunts, who resided in the province. You must know, lest you should wonder at some of the particulars in my narrative, that in those days surgical skill was powerless over many an enemy it has since conquered, and you need not be surprised that my parents, who were wealthy and intelligent, acted as they did. My aunt lived in a dingy old town; I would rather not mention its name, even to you. It was a very picturesque and ancient place, with wooden houses that projected over the streets, and seemed to nod at each other in a friendly way. I speak of it as I saw it when I left it for ever; with the sunset rays streaming down its narrow streets, and a strip of blue sky appearing high above the dark roofs and gable ends; but very different was its first aspect to me. We arrived at night; the post-chaise rattled through silent lanes that were black as ink, the postilion wound his horn with a loud unearthly music, and if my father had not been by me I believe I should have fancied we were going straight down to some dark land of enchantment. We drew up on a narrow irregular Place. A bright moon hung in the sky above it, and lit it well. I saw a Gothic church, all carving and niches, with saints' images in them; near it a large stately building, the Palais de Justice, as I was told later; and near that, again, a gloomy stone mansion, with a few red lights burning behind its crimson curtains. This was my aunt's house. My father carried me in—I could not walk—and my aunt—she was my great-aunt in reality—stood at the head of the staircase to receive us. She was a very grave, solemn-looking lady, dressed in stiff silk brocade that spread wide around her. I felt frightened of her the moment I saw her, and that feeling of awe did not leave me whilst I remained beneath her roof. My father commended me to my aunt's care, promised in my name that I would be very, very good and obedient; and as he had an appointment at court, and could not stay with us, he took his leave at once, kissed my aunt's hand, bade me good-bye, and entered the post-chaise, which drove off with a great clatter and rattling of wheels. Again the postilion wound his horn, and again I felt as if the blast had magic in it. I was an enchanted princess, and this gloomy old house was my palace. Truly it proved so; for six months, not till my father came to take me away for ever, did I cross its threshold.

"I do not know that I was a very observant child, but some words which my father had spoken as he was leaving, and which seemed to refer to me, had struck and perplexed me. 'Never alone,' he had said very significantly; and in the same tone my aunt had replied, 'Never alone.' Her manner implied, indeed, that my father's recommendation was a very

unnecessary one; but the event proved its wisdom and also its uselessness.

"I did not like my aunt's house. It was large, cold, and gloomy. I did not like my room, with its lofty ceiling and tomb-like bed, and its three deep windows looking out on the Place, and facing the solemn Gothic church. But I dearly liked my aunt's garden. It was large, and it had tall trees, and marble vases, and white statues, and plashing fountains; and when I think of it, it seems to me that never since have I seen such a fairy place. I dare say there are plenty like it still, but yet I do not know. A garden in the heart of a crowded city is rare, and my aunt's was a green and blooming oasis in the great stone desert around it.

"My aunt's maid Marie carried me down to it the next morning. How I remember the blue sky, the young spring green on the trees, the fragrant flowers, and above all the summer-house to which Marie took me! It was built like a little circular white temple, with a flat roof, and supported by slender columns. It was a temple, I am afraid, and a heathen one; for within it, on a marble pedestal, stood a statue of Cupid bending his bow. I was placed on a couch facing the little god, and Marie said to me:

"Will you be afraid if I leave you?"

"I was not a cowardly child. I said I should not be afraid, and she went, promising to return quickly. I had been reared in a city, taken out for drives in a carriage; but I had never been in a spot like this: truly it was enchantment! Around the temple grew some old acacia trees. I saw their light waving shadow on the sunlit path; their delicious fragrance filled the air; and the grass was white with their fallen blossoms. A little further away I beheld the waters of a fountain glancing in the sun; beyond it, I caught a glimpse of a white statue; and, to make it all more delightful, a blackbird began to sing as bird surely never sang out of a fairy tale."

"My dear countess," I interrupted, "the prince is coming."

"The prince," she said, wistfully. "Ah! well, well. I had scarcely been five minutes alone when Marie came back, with a young man. I need not describe him: this Velasquez was his prototype. His dress, however, was of sober black cloth, very plain, yet deriving elegance from the carriage of the wearer. Child as I was, I could see that. I also saw that this young stranger wore no powdered wig—nothing but his own fair hair. Marie was not an amiable woman. In the shortest and most ungracious speech, she informed me that Monsieur Pierre was very clever; that it was hoped he could cure me; and that for this he must see my lame foot. I made no objection. My foot was laid bare for his inspection; he knelt on the floor to see it better, and after handling and examining it carefully, he sighed and looked up at me.

"Can you bear pain?" he asked, in a voice so sweet and low that it was like music.

"Oh no, no!" I cried, much alarmed.

"Then I cannot cure you," he resumed, "for to cure you I must make you suffer."

"I shed bitter tears; but I wanted to be cured,

to walk and run like other children, and dance like a young lady; so I consented.

"Will mademoiselle forgive me before I begin?" he asked with much humility. He was still kneeling. Our eyes met. My friend, you would never forget that look if you had once seen it. You would never forget the mixture of sorrow and shame and pride which was to be read in those dark grey eyes, so soft and yet so penetrating.

"I forgive you," I cried, very much frightened; "but ah! do not hurt me, Monsieur Pierre."

"Alas! he could not help hurting me. My shrieks filled the garden, and when he ceased and I lay on my couch, still quivering with pain, he was pale as death, and thick drops of perspiration stood on his brow. His was a mental agony, keener by far than that which I endured; but I was too childish to know that then."

"Monsieur Pierre is tender hearted," sarcastically said Marie.

"He was leaning against the white wall, his arms were folded, his eyes were downcast. He raised them and gave her a proud, sorrowful, reproachful look; but all he answered was, 'I am tender hearted, mademoiselle.'"

"Marie tightened her lips, and was mute. And now he knelt again on the floor by me, for he had to bind up my foot. He could not avoid hurting me a little as he did so, but every time I moaned with pain he looked at me so pitifully that I could not help forgiving him. I told him so after my own fashion."

"I like you all the same, Monsieur Pierre," I said.

"He looked at me with an odd sort of wonder, as if I spoke a language he did not understand; then he smiled very sweetly."

"Have you done?" harshly asked Marie.

"He mildly and gravely answered that he had, and he left the summer-house."

"Good-bye, Monsieur Pierre," I cried after him, but he did not answer me. Marie went with him. When she came back, I asked why she had left me again. She shortly replied that she had let Monsieur Pierre out by the garden door, for that his way home lay along a lane that ran at the back of my aunt's mansion. The business of the day was now over, and I was carried in to my gloomy room, where I amused myself as well as I could with a few toys and Marie's society."

"I thought I had done with Monsieur Pierre; but when at the end of a week Marie carried me down to the summer-house, I trembled with terror. The morning was lovely, the garden was more beautiful than ever; but the dread of pain was on me, and conquered every other feeling. Marie again left me alone, and again came back with Monsieur Pierre. I screamed when I saw him, and hid my face in my hands."

"Oh! you are going to hurt me—to hurt me," I cried, "Oh! do not, Monsieur Pierre."

"I shall not hurt you so much this time," answered his sad low voice.

"What need you tell mademoiselle that you shall hurt her at all?" angrily exclaimed Marie.

"I cannot lie," he said gently; "but I shall not hurt her very much."

"I withdrew my hands and looked at him. The tender pity in his face almost drove away my fears. He had said that he would not hurt me very much, and I believed him. He knelt down by me, and asked humbly if he might begin. I shook with terror, but I said Yes. He hurt me more than I had expected—more than he had expected himself, and I was angry."

"You are bad, you are cruel," I sobbed, when he had done, "and I hate you."

"He was still kneeling by me, tying up my poor wounded foot. I felt his hands tremble, and I saw his lips quiver."

"No, I do not hate you," I cried, remorsefully. "I like you, Monsieur Pierre."

"Hold your tongue," sharply said Marie.

"This settled the matter. I vowed that I loved Monsieur Pierre, who was trying to cure me. Marie was very angry; but Monsieur Pierre, who was silently tying up my foot, stooped a little as if to secure the bandage better, and in so doing touched with his lips the poor limb he had been torturing. Marie saw and guessed nothing, and you may be sure I did not tell her of the liberty my kind doctor had taken. She let him out again by the garden door, and again he left without bidding me good-bye. He came several times; each time he hurt me less than the last. His attendance upon me always took place in the summer-house in Marie's presence. It seemed that he could not enter the house; for I was once a whole fortnight without seeing him, on account of the constant rain we had then. And now, my friend, I come to the point of my story. That young man loved me. He loved me—not as I have been loved since those far days; but with a worship, an adoration, a fervent respect, no woman has a right to expect, and which no woman in a thousand, no, nor in ten thousand, ever receives. Do not tell me that a young man of his years could not love a child of mine. Love is not always born of hope. There is a love so pure that it can live on its own flame and wish for no more. This is the love before the fall, if I may venture to call it so—the love which needs not beauty to call it forth, which has no visions of wedded bliss, which is independent of age or time. Yet it is a love which, spite its perfect innocence, is wholly distinct from friendship, since it can only be felt by man for woman, or by woman for man. I was but a child to others—a pretty one, I believe, but still a child; but I was womanhood to Monsieur Pierre—and womanhood in all its dignity, I have no doubt. Memory has since told me a story I was then too young to read. I now understand the language of his reverent looks, and I can guess the meaning of his silent admiration. That he was my slave I saw even then; that I could have made him do anything I pleased, that he suffered agonies when he was obliged to hurt me, I also knew. Power is sweet, and I should have dearly liked to rule my new subject; but Marie would not allow it. When I spoke to him, she would not let him answer me; when I asked him to gather me a

flower, or help to lift me, or to render me any trifling service, she forestalled him. And he allowed her to do it, with the grave and resigned air of a man who is powerless in the hands of a cruel fate. So the summer passed, and I was almost well when my aunt fell ill. Marie was too much engaged with her mistress to attend to me. She gave me up to the care of her niece Louise; a good-natured and faithful, but very foolish handmaiden.

"The first time that Louise took me down to the summer-house, in order that Monsieur Pierre might attend upon me as usual, I discovered that she was by no means so strict as her aunt. I spoke to Monsieur Pierre, and she did not prevent him from answering, which he did briefly enough. I asked him to help me to sit up on my couch, and Louise took it as a matter of course that he should comply. Monsieur Pierre propped me up with a pillow, as I had asked, and if it had been a divinity who had required such an office from him, he could not have performed it with deeper respect. The next time he came, he was a little more familiar, and the third time—we were alone for the first and last time—Louise had dropped her work in the garden, and had gone to look for it while Monsieur Pierre was tying up my foot. She found the gardener on her way, and forgetting all about me, I suppose, stayed and chatted with him. Monsieur Pierre went on with his office and never looked at me; but I was not a shy child, and I was bent on improving the opportunity.

"Monsieur Pierre, shall I soon be well?" I asked.

"Very soon, I hope."

"And do you think I shall really be able to dance? I mean, like my elder sister, and wear a white dress and flowers?" He looked up at me. I tell you I was not a child in his eyes. I have no doubt he saw me then as my fancy had pictured myself—a maiden attired in white, with flowers in my hair.

"You will look like an angel," he murmured. Poor fellow! he must have been very far gone indeed if he could think such a little mischievous monkey as I could be like an angel. I was charmed with the compliment, however, and, as I was really grateful to him besides, I exclaimed in the ardour of my thankfulness:

"Monsieur Pierre, what shall I give you for having cured me?"

"He shook his head. He had been paid for his trouble; he wanted nothing. Now, lest you should wonder at what follows, allow me to tell you that I had been reading a story in which the heroine, a duke's daughter, having been saved from certain death by a peasant's son, embraced him in the presence of the whole ducal court. I had thought this act of condescension very charming, and, conceiving the distance between Monsieur Pierre and myself to be fully as great as that between the young peasant and the duke's daughter, I said magnanimously:

"Monsieur Pierre, I will embrace you." He was still kneeling by me, and I half got up, reclining against a heap of pillows. There was

scarcely any distance between us; I had only to stoop a little to kiss his cheek, but my lips never touched it. He looked at me for a moment, as if I had been an angel indeed coming down from heaven with a divine message of love; then he started to his feet, and exclaimed:

"Kiss me? I would die rather than let you."

"This was so unlike my story, in which the peasant's son fainted with joy at the honour conferred upon him, that I was cut to the heart. Nothing, moreover, could be more offensive than Monsieur Pierre's manner, as he stood leaning against the wall of the summer-house, his brows knit, his face stern and scornful, and his arms folded across his breast, looking much as I had seen him look on that day when Marie had taxed him with being tender hearted. I was vexed and angry, and in my mortification I cried: "You are very rude, Monsieur Pierre!" And so saying, I burst into tears.

"In a moment he was on his knees by me, begging of me to forgive him. 'Oh! wretch, miserable wretch that I am,' he said, 'is it possible that I make your tears flow! But what a wretch I should have been indeed to have let you embrace me, mademoiselle! Surely no baseness would have been equal to that!'

"I never had seen, and I never have seen, any one look as he looked when he said this. Put if you can an expression of mingled worship and sorrow on the face of that Spanish knight before us, and imagine the countenance of Monsieur Pierre as he so addressed me. It was well for me that I was but a child, else such adoration must surely have turned my head. A few years later I could not think of it without retrospective emotion; but all I said to him then was a saucy taunting:

"Why did you kiss my foot, then? For you know you did."

"He turned crimson, and answered rather bitterly:

"Even a dog could do that."

"I felt silenced. I was ashamed to have reproached him with that act of grateful humility. I was ashamed of myself altogether, and wished Louise would come back. But she did not come back. Monsieur Pierre was silent, and I spoke no more. While he went on bandaging my foot, I looked at the bright glimpse which I saw through the open door of the summer-house. The trees were turning yellow, and wore all their autumnal beauty; but the grass was green as in spring, the fountain danced merrily in the sun, and the white statue beyond it, a fleet Atalanta stooping to pick up the golden fruit of the Hesperides, was to me as a promise of life and strength. How I remember that morning and the breeze that stirred the sere foliage of the elm-trees, and the low voice of the fountain, and a silent blackbird that hopped on the grass, and Monsieur Pierre's bowed head and fair hair, as he stooped to secure the last bandage on my foot. Never more was I to see that sunlit garden; never more was I to visit that little white temple; never more was I to feel the touch of that kind and skilful hand. Providence denied that its work should be com-

pleted, and left me with that lameness which I shall carry to the grave.

"Louise had been gone about a quarter of an hour, when she at length came back to us. She looked horror-struck.

"Oh! Monsieur Pierre!" she cried, "the man they have been trying at the Palais de Justice is condemned, and must die: so says the gardener."

"He raised his head. Never shall I forget the horror in his eyes and his parted lips—never. I screamed with terror, but my voice had no power on him now; he sank back with a groan, and fainted. Louise was beside herself. She ran to the fountain, and came back with a cupful of water, which she sprinkled on his face. It revived him; but return to life only brought with it the fiercest despair. He dashed himself down on the stone floor, and uttered a prayer I have never forgotten. 'My God! he prayed, 'let me die before that man—let me die first.'

"Monsieur Pierre, you must go," cried Louise. "Make haste and go, or I shall be ruined."

"But he did not go.

"You are one of God's angels," he said, turning to me, "and your prayers will be heard in heaven. Pray that I may die before that man."

"No, no!" I cried, bursting into tears; "I cannot pray that you may die."

"Well, then," he entreated, "pray that he may live."

"I was willing enough to do that, and I said so. He grew wonderfully calm, and rose, pale as death, but composed and grave. The change in him was so marked and sudden that I have often thought, since then, he must have received some inward certainty of the deliverance that lay before him. Louise hurried him away, let him out, and came back to me, all anxiety to secure my silence concerning what had passed. I promised to be mute, but I asked to know the cause of Monsieur Pierre's distress, and I was so pertinacious that she was obliged to satisfy me. The man whom they were going to execute on the very Place beneath our windows was Monsieur Pierre's brother!

"The last execution took place a year ago," said Louise, "and then we all went to the country for the day; but madame is ill now, and cannot be removed. I suppose we shall shut up the windows and stay in the garden."

"There is a deep attraction in the horrible. I shivered with terror, and yet I longed to see that frightful sight. I wondered what it was like, and when it would be; but Louise could not, or would not, give me any information on either head, and I was left to my imagination. Heaven knows the images with which it became peopled. They took so strong a hold of me, that never since those far days have I been able to read of, or hear of, an execution. I once attempted to read about one, and was seized with a shivering fit that lasted hours; another time, a gentleman having entered on such a narrative in my presence, I fainted. The reality is surely fearful; but I doubt if it can equal the pictures my fancy drew during the three days that followed the

scene in the garden. My aunt was dying, and I was left very much alone in my gloomy chamber. Marie never came near me, and Louise was always going down to gossip in the kitchen. It rained, so I could not be taken to the garden. I lay on a couch near one of the windows, reading, or looking out on the Place. The church looked gloomy in the rain; it seemed to me that the saints must be cold in their stone niches. I was tired of seeing the great pools of water in which the rain-drops fell, plash, plash, without ever ceasing. But that was not all. An imaginary scaffold was always before me. I saw the block, and the axe, and the criminal, and the hideous executioner; and so vivid was the vision, that when I closed my eyes I saw it still. It haunted me in my dreams, and on the third night it woke me.

"A strong red light from the Place entered my room through its three windows, fell on the polished oak floor, and rose to the ceiling. It was not the light of day. A dull sound of hammering broke the silence of the night, and I knew that those were not the sounds of daily life. 'Louise!' I called, 'Louise!' But Louise had left me. I was alone. I could walk a little now. Shivering with fear, but supported by a curiosity stronger than fear, I crept out of bed and reached the window. I opened it softly, and looked out. A pale mist almost hid the church from me; behind it, above a house which stood next it, I saw some grey streaks in the sky. Dawn was breaking, but the men who worked below had torches, and it was their glare that I had seen from my bed. The men were erecting the scaffold; I knew it at once, and I looked with eager eyes that vainly strove to pierce the darkness. Something black I saw, and shapes that looked like spectres in the red glow of the torches, but nothing more. I could hear, however, and I heard one of the men swearing at another who had taken his hammer.

"Do not swear," said a voice I knew. "You do not know when you may stand in God's presence."

"One of the men suddenly moved his torch. Its light fell on the face of the speaker, and I saw him standing on the scaffold: pale, grave, but composed, giving orders which the men obeyed. How did I know that Monsieur Pierre was not the criminal's brother? How did I know the frightful duty which brought him there, and would bring him there again, till death should release him? I cannot tell you how I knew it, but I knew it; my hair seemed to stand on end, my blood turned cold with horror. I uttered a frightful shriek, and fainted.

"When I recovered consciousness, I had been ill and delirious for a whole fortnight. My aunt was dead, and my father was sitting by me. I did not remember well, and my first words were:

"Where is Monsieur Pierre?"

"Monsieur Pierre is dead," answered my father, gravely. "He did not live to cure you, but you must remember him in your prayers. I have already caused masses to be said for the repose of his soul."

"Monsieur Pierre was dead. Heaven had

heard his prayer. An hour before that appointed for the execution, he was seized with so violent a fever, that he was incapable of performing his office, and he died before another executioner could be found to end the days of the miserable criminal. All this my father told me, very briefly but very plainly, and he did well; it relieved me of the horror with which I must otherwise have remembered that unhappy young man. Death is the great absolver. Death is the great deliverer. He has the keys of liberty, and unlocks its gates.

My father was not my aunt's heir; we left her house as soon as I was able to travel, and Monsieur Pierre's name was no more mentioned in my hearing. But I did not forget him. I prayed for him. I remembered him. I blessed him for the good he had done me and had not lived to finish. Years later, I succeeded in learning the whole of his sad story. I had it from a priest, who little guessed all that Monsieur Pierre's name recalled to me. He had known him from his childhood, and spoke of him with reverence and pity.

"It had pleased God," said the abbé, "to bestow on this young man, the son of an ignoble and blood-stained race, two of his choicest gifts: a noble heart and a handsome person. How did he come by them? He was unlike either of his parents, and, neither in mind nor in person, did any of his brothers or sisters resemble him. There is a tradition in his native city that, two hundred years ago, a gentleman of good and honourable parentage was driven, by a crime he had committed, to accept the post of common executioner, and that from him this young man was descended. I have often wondered whether the nobleness, the truth, the manly gifts, I saw in him, were derived from some remote ancestor—some Bayard of ancient chivalry, who lived fearless and died stainless. There are streams which hide in the earth, which flow in darkness for miles, which then come forth again in sweet and pure waters. Is it so with man? Do certain virtues and attributes lie dormant for generations, at last to reappear? Is this why the noblest stems often bear foul fruit, and why the fairest flowers are seen to blossom from evil weeds? God knows. It is a great mystery; but, though you will scarcely believe me, madam, this young man was all I say: a Christian hero. He had been accustomed, from his youth upward, to contemplate the hard fate to which he was destined, and he made no effort to avoid it. He was poor, and burdened with his father's children by a second marriage. Society was closed against him, and escape by concealment was impossible to one of such integrity that he could not deceive, nor tell a lie. He was deeply religious, and resolved to stay where Providence had placed him. He tried to regard himself as the blameless instrument of human justice, innocent as the axe he was to wield; but though his was a nature of great strength, he overestimated its powers.

His father had been dead a year, when he was first called upon to exercise his office. He lived in such seclusion, that he did not even know that a criminal was under trial for his life, until he learned that sentence of death had been recorded against that criminal. It proved a double sentence. On the morning appointed for the execution, the unhappy young man was taken ill; and he died three days later, resigned, nay, happy."

"And now, my friend," said the countess, with a smile, "you know why I bought that Velasquez, and why I like it. The original of that portrait was a gentleman of noble birth and noble life, who fought bravely for his country, and died in her cause. His name is kept in her records, his bones rest in one of her Moorish cathedrals, and ancient banners, taken from her foes, hang over his marble effigy. To crown all, a great painter left this semblance of him. It has passed through famous collections, has been catalogued, described, and engraved, again and again. The whole world knows that pale and manly face, that look of incomparable dignity; but something which the world does not know, I do. I know that one who bore this Spanish soldier's likeness, also possessed his virtues. I know that he lived in infamy, and died in sorrow, and I knew that he loved me as I have never since been loved. My husband was very fond of me, to be sure; but he did not adore me. When I became a young and childless widow, I had plenty of suitors; but adoration I never won again. There is nothing so rare as the pure, lofty, deep worship of one human being for another."

I protest, reader, that I had never disputed this proposition in the least. However, I let the dear countess have her way—the only wise plan with a woman—and I merely said:

"My dear madam, I cannot tell you how much I have been interested in this romantic episode of your youth." (I could not say less, you know, reader.) "But allow me to put a question to you: how came your parents to trust you to the skill of that same unhappy Monsieur Pierre?"

"Ah, to be sure! I forgot to tell you that. You must know that in those dark times there existed a strongly rooted belief in the surgical skill of an executioner. He was held to possess it 'in virtue of his office.' I am bound to say that some of those men were really skilful. Monsieur Pierre, though so young, was celebrated throughout all France, and deserved his fame. People flocked to him; but if he had given up his post, he would have been deserted, and he knew it. Superstition itself combined against him, and kept him chained to his hard destiny, until Death came and set the captive free."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read in Manchester on Thursday evening April 26th; in Liverpool on Friday evening April 27th, and Saturday afternoon April 28th; and in London, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday May 1st; and at the CRYSTAL PALACE on Wednesday the 2nd.

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[PRICE 2d.]

THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIX. MR. TILNEY'S LAST STAKE.

WHEN our Mr. Tilney had taken any step to free himself from a difficulty, no matter how unpromising it looked, he became at once relieved and cheerful, as though it had already succeeded perfectly—always provided he had a little "breathing time" allowed him, as he called it. So now he went busily to work on his high festival, mapping out his dinner again and again. Once, indeed, already "the girls" had gone up to tea to the Whitakers', had met the young Whitakers, and, it was announced, had made a very favourable impression. But Ada Millwood had gone with them, as was indeed almost insisted upon, by Colonel Whitaker; and it was more than likely that she, too, had attracted the stranger youth. "The girls," however, accepted his attentions. As for themselves, they brought home golden-coloured accounts, and altogether everything seemed to be proceeding with the happiest auspices. He himself had indeed been a little alarmed by a remark of Colonel Whitaker's, viz. as to Mrs. Whitaker being a "very high woman, and, my dear fellow, would faint if she got within wind of any one that was in debt or difficulties. And between you and me, Tilney, as to a fellow that can't pay his way, and is at peddling shifts to keep his nose above water, doing dirty tricks, and struggling to keep going, you know—I don't think she is *very* far wrong. All that soiling one's fingers with bills and renewals, and that sort of thing. It's so infernal low; and there was poor Bob Cowes, they said—but I wouldn't believe it—was tapped on the shoulder by a bailiff when he came to see us, poor devil. She *wouldn't* speak to him—had the place scented with rose-water, to take off the plague, as she said. And she's never let him in since."

"Dick Tilney" laughed very heartily at this picture.

It came on very close to the day of his feast. The number of guests had increased; he had even asked Dr. Topham, who, though not pleased with him latterly, on account of his

intimacy with the Norburys, had graciously overlooked the past, on account of the favour with which he was regarded by the Whitakers. He had asked a country magnate, with an "honourable" hanging on the shoulder of his name like an epaulette. It began to be talked of, to Mr. Tilney's alarm; but, with a feeling like desperation, he determined to go through with it.

The night itself would redeem all—would pay for all. The youth had been marked down for slaughter; was not to leave the room alive; that is, unpledged. Every one in the house girded himself up for this last cast. He had faint hopes even that something would turn up before, and he especially relied on his "letter to Tillotson;" but day after day went by, and no answer came—a week, ten days, a fortnight even.

"I was mistaken in that man," he said, bitterly; "as, indeed, I have been in everybody I have met. I took him by the hand when he came here; set him on his legs. Look at the result! Bank firmly established and flourishing, money pouring in—and this is my return!"

However, difficulties and dangers seemed to have lulled. Within these few days, it was recollected that the duns had ceased from troubling, and the weary debtor had found a temporary repose. He had contrived to provide for everything, happily through an ingenious suggestion of his guest. He was complaining to the colonel of the poor quality of things they got in the provincial corner—wine, fish, and the like.

"My goodness," said his friend, "I tell you what. Let me give you a note to my people in London. The very thing, and nothing they would like better. A man like you, with a trained taste and palate, and at the head of a bank, with lots of money, is just the thing for them. Do. There's my fish fellow, and my wine fellow; and Jacocks, my butcher, who, I solemnly declare to you—and it's no exaggeration—gives me the finest meat in the United Kingdom. Such flavour! Just get a saddle from him as a trial, and see if it doesn't melt into juice under your teeth."

Was there ever such a Providence? For long Mr. Tilney had been thinking with awe and trembling of the outraged Waterman, his private purveyor, now actually grown passive and silent from the sheer hopelessness of importunity.

He had left him for the last month, not daring to approach him, and hoping that some interposition, which, however, would be all but miraculous, would come and save him. Here it had come. Nothing could be more suitable. With apparent reluctance, and, as it were, doing a favour to his friend, he with silent gratitude sent orders to the tradesman for wine, prime meat and fish, the whole to be carefully packed and sent down by mid-day train. The order was executed with alacrity, and especially "a noble turbot," as it was described by Mr. Tilney with admiration, came in a basket by itself of the shape of itself, and lay at the station an object of speculation, the night before Mr. Tilney's party.

Now it came to pass that Mr. Waterman had been to a market in a neighbouring town, had missed some good "beasts," and was cening home in rather an ill humour. He had to wait a moment in the parcel-office to get some of his own property, and, while he waited, noticed the turbot-shaped basket and other hampers. From a mere curiosity of idleness he looked at the labels. They were, "—Tilney, Esq." "—Tilney, Esq." "—Tilney, Esq."

"Indeed," he said.

This direction was written. In printed letters, however, was,

FROM GEO. JACOBS,

Purveyor to

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE
AND THE COURT.

The wine, too, attracted him. He had heard, as everybody had heard, of the coming feast; but the "beasts" and the fair had prevented his attending to it.

"Very good," said Mr. Waterman, flaming like one of his own prime joints. "Very good."

Ah, the wine and fish might have passed by, but getting *his* line of food from a London establishment—that was the unpardonable sin.

CHAPTER XX. "HUNTED LIKE A HARE."

THE morning had come. It was a busy day. The "noble turbot" was lying in state by himself out in an improvised ice-house. The "saddle" in truth, equally noble—yet somehow not so recommended by outward personal beauty—was "hanging" in a thorough draught. What mysteries were going on all morning, and all noon, and all evening, up in the ladies' rooms, from the time that the cathedral clock struck seven!

Below, Mr. Tilney was very busy, and in surprising spirits. He had said, that if they could "get in" to that day he would be "all safe." The faithful yellow-haired Ada helped him quietly but effectively.

"Flowers, flowers, my dear child, as many flowers as you can get. Flowers give the true style. I declare this brings me back to the old days again. That was my strength, you know. They all said it. His Royal Highness the Duke

used to say himself, no man could design a dinner better than that fellow Tilney—his very words, my dear. Still, I don't know," said Tilney, with a sort of wistfulness, "is it the sort of life, after all, a man to be *designing* dinners and hanging about courts all day long? Perhaps if they had put me to the Bar, or into the Church, it might have been better. It might indeed."

She almost soothed him in this despondency. "You have done very well, dear uncle. All will do very well yet. We must only all keep up our spirits."

The old equerrie had been well trained in the arts of social foraging, and with wonderful skill could "manage" where the whole country would seem to be—for him, at least—quite barren. And already in the little parlour—whence, with its windows open, and its green Venetian blinds all down, seemed a little cool hermitage—was the round table "laid"—a snowy "ronde point," bright, dazzling, glittering with crystal (to some of the glass he had given a final polish in an amateur fashion), and with a perfect "bosquet" of choice flowers in the centre.

"My dear boy," he had said to many a young man, "it is simpler to give a dinner than you think; but it is a simplicity you only find out after years of study. Some go on their silver; some, like the marquis over there, on their gold plate. I don't like to have my knife and fork squeaking and scraping on metal. No, no; a few flowers and some decent china, and a lady's touch, and you have all that's wanted."

Here certainly *was* all that was wanted. There was champagne below, in ice, with its sisters, sherry and claret; and there was a small but choice dinner getting ready.

Thus that afternoon passed by. It got on to the evening, when the sun had gone down and the blinds were drawn—for they were to dine by daylight, as it was to be a charming summer's evening. The window, too, looked out across the cool common to the great yellow rock of the cathedral, which, by the time the sun was setting in rich effulgence about the middle of the descent, would have its tower glowing and steeped in a ruby flame like red-hot glass; by which time, too, Mr. Tilney—sitting up stiff in a clean starched neckerchief, and a dark blue coat with gilt buttons—we may be sure, would have pointed to the "noble pile" that so picturesquely lifted its tall head, &c., &c., as repeatedly mentioned in the guide-books, and perhaps have alluded with pathetic longing to the little corner he had marked out there for his final "going to bed in." For he would by that time be back to his old self again.

Now it came to pass that about four o'clock of this day Mr. Waterman had received, by the mid-day post, an account of the embarrassment, if not failure, of a large provisioning house in a neighbouring town with which he had had considerable transactions. This disturbed his temper—always inflamed by the peculiar nature of trade in which he was engaged—and,

after-relieving his vexation by venting some of it on Mrs. Waterman, he went out hastily to see his lawyer, who lived up in the Close. As he was passing up in this direction, he saw a pastrycook's boy with a large tray upon his head covered with delicacies, and, above all, with an extinguisher-shaped Italian cake, which nodded solemnly as its bearer walked along and sang.

"Some of those fat canons," said Mr. Waterman, who was a dissenter. "They think more of feasting their bodies than of looking after other people's souls." And, stopping at the turn to see at which of the "fat canons" the boy left his delicacies, "It's Boxer," he thought, "or Wilcox. No. By—" he added, as the boy gaily turned into the green gate.

There were trees in the way, and he got behind one of these, and he saw the door cautiously open, and Mr. Tilney, in a dressing-gown, take them in himself. Then he drew near, very cautiously, and peeped in. The window was open, and disclosed an interior of surprising freshness and coolness. There was almost an air of ice and of shade, as if this was a tropical country. Mr. Tilney had carefully kept the blinds down all day. Out of the shade Mr. Waterman could see the rich colours of the flowers—the green and the crimson—the cloth that all but glistened, the glass that sparkled. Perhaps it was the inviting nature of the whole sight that inflamed Mr. Waterman. Losses of late—that "miss" of the prime beasts at the fair, purchased by a rival at an enormous advantage—the loss about which he was now going to his attorney—above all, the detection of the unhappy baskets at the railway (always considered in the trade a sneaking and unworthy device)—set him in the worst possible humour.

"I'll not be put on by an old swindling jockey of that sort. I'm a poor man, and not to be paying for his high feeds." And when he had done his business with his lawyer, he asked for a certain bill of sale over certain property, furniture, &c., which had been given to him as a security.

"As pretty a little table as was ever laid out," said Mr. Tilney, standing at the door in great admiration. "A touch does it—a light, trained hand, Ada, dear. Just look! Now, isn't it time to get ready, good child? Somehow I have not found you out before so much as I ought, but now I will try and know you better; it isn't too late yet. Go and make yourself as beautiful as ever you can. Why shouldn't you have *your* chance? And, indeed," he added, reflectively, "with that lovely hair of yours—"

She went up gaily as she was told, and dressed in white, as was her usual habit. She was not long, and was, as might be expected, down the first. The three—mother and two daughters—had begun with the morning, and were even now terribly pressed for time. Their feet were heard pattering overhead, and the

bedroom doors were clapped to like minute-guns.

Ada was below, fitting about softly, busy with some final matters. She passed from the parlour to the drawing-room, thought of something that had been forgotten, and passed in again. As she opened the door to cross the hall on the last of these little missions, she became conscious of dark shadows, as if the door had been shut, and started back as she found that two rough, ungainly men, with sticks, were standing there. She had never known, never seen, never read of even, the marks and tokens of the calling which these men pursued; yet, as she looked at their almost theatrically-countryman-air, her heart grew cold within her, and it was in a faint trembling voice that she asked them whom they wanted.

They were dazzled by her snowy dress, her brilliant face, and answered, with as much confusion as they were ever subject to, that it was Mr. Tilney they wanted, and would she get him down.

"What *can* you want with him?" said she, clasping her hands. "O, go away, do! Not to-night; come again in the morning—do!"

They shook their heads.

"That couldn't be, miss," they said. "We must have him, according to orders."

Trembling, almost fainting, she caught at the banister and stared at these dreadful ministers. Ministers—one in a white coat, another with a dash of vermillion about his neck. In these country districts they keep up the traditional costume. She stood looking at them, afraid to move, to speak. They were smoothing down their hair uncomfortably. Suddenly a head and chest were put over the stairs. Mr. Tilney—poor old courtier! often he had said he had been "hunted like a hare," but the end of the hunt was now at hand—had got as far as his waistcoat and high white neckcloth, when he heard the voices. He hastily slipped into the blue coat with the gilt buttons, and hurried down.

"Is that the ice?" he said, over the stairs. "Should have been here before;" then began to come down. As he turned the corner he came in view of the group, and he stopped, stiff and rigid—more rigid than the white neckerchief he wore. That fatal costume told him the story at once. "What's this?" he said, in a thick choking voice. "What do you want?"

They made a step forward. She ran to him, and put her arms upon his shoulders and her face to his.

"O, don't mind," she said, for with terror she saw his stiffening eyes—"don't take it to heart; it will all be well again."

"Hush!" he said, in the same thick tone, and coming down slowly and with difficulty. "Go away to your room. Leave me to talk with these gentlemen. Good, kind child," he added, pressing her hand, "go."

As he turned to enter the room, his feet seemed to give way, and he slid down quite gently off the ground. She thought he had

tripped and fallen; but the rigid eye and the unconscious expression told what had happened. One of the men stooped down to loose that stiff white neckerchief tied but a few minutes before, and with a half suppressed cry Ada fell on her knees beside him.

At the sound—and, indeed, that curious hum of confusion had mounted up stairs, and caused some speculation in the bedrooms—the women came out on the stairs. Augusta, with a shawl about her, was half down, and the shrill sharp voice of Mrs. Tilney pierced down to her, desiring to know “what was the matter?” No one heeded her, though she reiterated the same shrewish cry to her daughters, and at last came herself.

A scene of horrible tragedy in that little hall. They were all on their knees about prostrate Mr. Tilney. Some one had gone wildly for a doctor. The long Quixote figure seemed longer and thinner as it lay out there, the ruddy Roman nose had turned pale, and there was a gathering of foam on his lips. The dreadful men stood by, looking on, and one of them said dolefully, with a shake of the head, that it “were a stroke.”

Already were the dean and the dean's brother up in their bedrooms in the deanery, getting ready, putting on aprons and white ties; so was it with the Whitakers, the elder of whom was busy, not putting on a tie, but coiling a sort of white boa round his throat. And while the dean was waiting in the drawing-room, word came how Mr. Tilney had been suddenly taken ill, and how the little party had, with great regret, to be put off.

We may conceive what an evening it was for *them*, behind the green Venetian blinds of the open windows. The snowy round table and bright polished glass were there, just as he had left them; the cool finger-glasses ranged on the sideboard; and the flowers. Up-stairs, Mr. Tilney was lying on his back suffering bleedings and scorplings, and the customary violences to force back life into him. The local doctor was busy with his work; the stricken women stood round and watched; but during this visit Mrs. Tilney had the old sagacity to hurry away the men in the dreadfully significant dress below somewhere. And they, with no sensitiveness, but with perfect good humour, complied with her wishes.

In all these horrors which had come on so suddenly, the golden-haired girl alone had preserved her calmness and presence of mind. It was she who, when they were all standing stupified or shrieking about the poor stricken Quixote on his back in the hall, had fluttered away across the common to fetch the doctor; it was she who had thought of the guests who would pour in presently, and had sent to turn them off; and it was she who, when they were round the poor equerry's bed, watching the doctor at the scorching, and blistering, and cooling (some of the ice for the feast was laid at the back of his head), that had laid over at the window looking out on the transient evening.

with her hand resting on her golden hair, thinking painfully, and who finally, when the doctor had uttered some words of hope, had stolen up-stairs, hurriedly paced up and down the room with her hands to her face, deeply thinking, and then with a sudden start had come to a resolution.

She hurriedly put a few things into a bag, called a faithful maid into her confidence, ran to a little store where she kept her slender hoard, hurried on her bonnet and shawl, and stole down again. She called to the more sensible of the two sisters, and told her her secret. She was out of the house in a moment, taking the confidential maid with her. She hurried, half running, along the Close, up the street, looking at the clocks she met now and again, and at last, by five minutes to six, panting and exhausted, was entering the railway station. She stole in furtively, and with good reason furtively, for there was another train coming in, and canons and others who had been away on journeys to stations about six and ten miles away, were returning home. That train started at eight o'clock, and would be in town at half-past ten or close upon eleven. A minor canon passing her close thought he knew the figure, but he was in a hurry to get home to his tea, and passed on. Her veil was thick, and she was lucky enough to get into a carriage where there was a husband with his wife and family, who had come a long way from beyond St. Alans. Then her weary journey began.

Fast as the express went, her very heart seemed to shoot out yet faster, with eagerness, and then to sink and collapse with a hopeless impatience which would be unendurable, and utterly overwhelmed her before the end of those two weary long hours and a half. The dull burr of the train flying past was in her ears. The husband had covered up his shining head with a handkerchief, and swung to and fro with infinite regularity as he slept; a stout wife lay back in the corner; but the little child, enjoying the whole thing, made beds and affected going to bed and going to sleep with elaborate preparation. Gradually, however, the real heaviness of sleep came upon the little eyes, and then Ada was the only wakeful one there. It seemed ages. A dull aching had come into her heart. That blue chamber seemed to be peopled with those horrid spectres she had left behind in the hall of their house. Suddenly the train grew slower, and yet slower still; finally stopped, but at no station; and she heard the distant clink of hammering afar off up at the engine, and the voice of a far-off guard, sitting along with a lantern, told a passenger there was something wrong with the engine.

It took half an hour to tinker up, and then they went on again. At about eleven the lights were getting more frequent, flashing past in numbers as the engine, getting as it were into the avenue, was bounding forward screaming to make up for lost time. And here was London, the bright white station and the flood of light,

and the porters running, and the long files of cabs waiting.

CHAPTER XXI. A NIGHT VISIT.

THAT was the very eve of Mr. Tillotson's marriage. A busy day had ended for the young girl, but a very happy one. The sad, sober face of the elder Miss Diamond had softened with pleasure, and she had been very busy too. It had been settled that, at first, there was to be no "foreign parts," nor lengthened travel, but a short trip down to a quiet Welsh corner, within easy reach of London. Then, when the dreaded winter drew on, and if that little cough—which had held fast to the young girl ever since the night of her expedition—did not sensibly abate, they were to set out for some sheltered place at Nice or Mentone. That night he was almost calmly happy. Mr. Bowater had congratulated him in a way of his own. "Most sensible thing of you, Tillotson," he said. "Tell you the truth, did not think you had it in you."

Captain Diamond had come out with some marvellous presents to the young bride, which, considering even the full pay of the Royal Veteran Battalion, seemed incomprehensible. He had given his official presents, as it were: watch and chain, bracelets, earrings. Stepping confidently into a great Bond-street house crowded with ladies, he had been a little bewildered at first, and a kind of shopman exquisite, reading off his shovel hat and satin stock into something that required only a "ten-and-sixpenny" business, had, with a sort of abstracted pity, said something about trying lower down. "Afraid we can't do anything for you here!"

The captain took fire. "You're confoundedly impudent, sir, and don't know your place. I'll bring you to book, sir; where's the Head of this establishment? Send him here."

A grave gentleman, like a cabinet minister, had heard a portion of this little scene, and, with a look that cowed his subordinate, made many quiet apologies to the captain, who was presently quite confused with the help he received and the attentions with which he was loaded. Would he like one of their gentlemen to wait on him in the morning at his residence, and—as the sense seemed to run to the captain—who would carry up bodily the whole contents of the shop?

"Egad, I was quite ashamed, my dear," he said afterwards, describing the scene; "and they had all the airs and bearing of gentlemen. I expected to hear something about a glass of wine next."

These civilities were, however, well repaid by the handsome purchases which the captain made.

Mr. Tillotson, late that night, when the two ladies had gone up to bed, came to consult the captain on some sudden little difficulty. He found him just lighting his pipe. He always took "a few whiffs" before going to bed; but looked very guilty.

"I do this very little," he said, "so as not to make the room smell. I like going to bed with the taste of it in my mouth. We were talking of you not an hour ago. Little Alice—curious little baggage she is—putting all sorts of questions to me. She's taken it into her head that there is a mystery—like a playhouse thing, you know—over your early life. I laughed at the little woman. But she says she knows, and is so sure she knows, that she is determined to find it out."

Mr. Tillotson's face darkened a little, and he was silent a moment. "My dear friend," he said, "you are a man of the world, and know how much happiness depends on trifles. As a favour, I beg you—even implore you—to ask your niece not to think of these things. It will only fret and worry me, and I should not like to visit any of *that* on her. You would wish to keep it all for myself, would you not? Oblige me in this. Say it to her to-morrow morning—gently, you know."

"God bless me! yes, the first thing," said the captain. "I never thought—that is, it is my fault (*she* meant it for fun, I know). But Tom will be putting his old heel in it. Well, well. She thought there was some little bit of a secret."

"Don't—now don't, my dear captain," said the other, almost imploringly.

"I beg your pardon, my dear fellow. Well, Martha?"

"There's a woman—or a lady, she says—below, wants Mr. Tillotson. She's followed him from his place."

"Followed me here! Who? What is she?" said Mr. Tillotson, starting.

"Ye must ask her all those questions yourself, sir," said Martha, showing her dislike of him in every tone.

"Go down to her, my dear fellow," said the captain, eagerly, "or bring her up here, and see her comfortably in this room. I'll bundle away to bed."

Mr. Tillotson did not hear him. "A young lady, did you say?"

"Can't say, indeed," said Martha. "Looks youngish."

"Good God!" said Mr. Tillotson, in great agitation. "What does all this mean? I'll go down to her. You stay here."

"Yes, sir, *you'd* better stay here," said Martha, grimly and with meaning, to Captain Diamond.

Tillotson hurried down. He knew that figure, although veiled and muffled. The light of the hall-lamp glinted on the golden hair. He forgot the grim Martha on the stairs, or the possibility of other ears listening, but ran to her and cried:

"O, Miss Millwood, you here?"

Ada began in a moment, and rushed into her story in a hurried voice. "We are in dreadful grief. A horrid blow has come upon him—money—ah! you will understand. They have seized on our house. Poor, poor uncle—I left him behind, half insensible. No one to turn to."

I thought of you. Will you be generous enough to forget what is past, and let me——"

"This is too much joy," he said, in a transport. "What shall we do? What would you have me do? Speak!" (All the while the grim Martha listened.)

"If you could spare a few hours and come with me——"

"I am ready," he said, eagerly. "Hours, days, if you will. Let us see about the train. Where——"

"O, I know," she said, hurriedly. "I asked. There is one in half an hour. But how could I be so selfish?"

"Selfish!" he said. "It is real pleasure to me. You have done me a favour—your uncle has. Alas! I am not skilful to do much for him, but everything else shall be set right. Depend upon me. You shall be happy. We shall all be happy. No! I forget!" And he stopped suddenly in the midst of all his preparation. "Ah! why didn't *you* come to me before?"

"It is not too late," she said, in agony.

"Not for you—no. But for me. Yes, yes—I have always been too late. No matter; let us go now."

Wondering at these mysterious words, she turned to go.

"A moment," he said; and rushed up-stairs, where he passed the grim Martha, and met the captain limping out with a face of wonder. "I must go," he said, hurriedly; "friends in deep distress. But I shall be back in time—plenty of time. Say something to *them* and explain."

"What!" said the captain, gravely, "going away with that young lady?"

"I cannot help it," said the other, passionately. "I tell you I will explain it all to you in the morning. I *must* go. I really must."

CHAPTER XXII. A MARRIAGE.

HE hurried down. Martha Malcolm let him pass without a word. Outside he found the maid that had come with Ada. They drove away with speed to the railway station, for it was now close upon the stroke of twelve, and the return train set off at that hour.

She hardly spoke at the station. There were very few passengers, and as they walked up the platform, their feet echoed as in a vast illuminated wilderness. The three got into a carriage, and it presently set off.

He had a hundred things to say to her which he could not say, for her maid was with them; and, indeed, he now felt that it must be simply a stern sense of duty, and no more, that must lead him all through the work of this night. She, too, was not inclined to say much, thinking of the scene to which she was fast hurrying. As they drew nearer and nearer, he felt the sudden surprise which had led him into this step pass away, and the late feeling of injury to which he had trained himself, return. "I am at least useful in a difficulty," he thought, bitterly, and looked over at her. The small lamp played on the hair, as golden as it was of old;

the eyes were as devotional, but more restless; yet the eternal softness, the old Angelico picture, was there still. He grew ashamed of himself.

Towards three o'clock they arrived at the station, that was fast asleep, or at least nodding, with no cabs near, and only a single porter. The moon was out as they walked away from it into the silent sleeping cathedral town, where the dean and all the canons were fast locked in slumber; the dean dreaming that he had been promised the next bishopric by a courteous gentleman with a star; the canons dreaming sweetly that they were deans. Here was the little Close, a sheet of moonlight, and the grand cathedral, which poor Mr. Tilney had found such a favourite text. And there was the small house, with a light or two in the window.

"There it is," she whispered, and he felt her arm tremble on his. "O, my poor friend!"

He gave her comfort. In another minute they had stolen into the house, and passed by the open door of the parlour, where were the flowers for the dinner-table, and the glittering glass set out, as they had been by the now stiff fingers of the poor old equerry.

Though Mr. Tillotson felt that Mr. Tilney himself was the first object, there was one he thought of before that. When with soft eyes she came to him and said, "Will you come to him now?" he said as quietly, "In one moment;" and went away to find those who, while they stayed, were almost a contagion in the house. A couple of minutes, and those dreadful familiars were sauntering quietly away across the Close. From the window, she saw their figures clear and sharp in the moonlight, and the terrible scarlet of the muffler well revealed. Everything was so bright, that they looked like clumsy pilgrims in a clear starry painting.

She shrank away, and flew down joyfully to him. The tenderness, the delicacy of this act, went to her heart, and as she met him at the foot of the stairs, she could have bent down and kissed his hands.

"Now we can breathe freely," he said. "Let us go and see about poor Mr. Tilney. They tell me he is better."

They entered softly. Already all the fiery remedies had been put in force—the blisterings, and savage burnings, and what not—and with good effect. The miserable women, still in portions of their finery, were gathered about him, waiting for some result. Just as Mr. Tillotson and Ada entered the room, consciousness was returning, and it must be said they were not wholly such worldlings as not to forget every other dismal association in the house, and think only of the unhappy parent that was before them. The doctor was giving them hope, much pleased at the result of his desperate assaults with fire and steel, when their eyes fell on Mr. Tillotson. With the quickness of women, they knew in a second that he stood there for aid, protection, comfort, and salvation, and from Mrs. Tilney's lips escaped a cry of joy.

The train that was to take him back to town went at five. There was but little time to spare.

Down in the parlour, with the grey of morning stealing in through the diamond panes, and mixing curiously with the faint light of the evening's wax-candles, taken from the dinner-table, he talked with her for some time alone. She had brought him in there, and softly closed the door.

"What am I to say," she said—"what am I to do? O, good, noble, and generous," she went on, in a sort of sad monotone, "I shall never forget this night! If you would let me go down on my knees before you—if there was any way in the wide world by which I could show, and by which I could atone—but now, indeed, my eyes are opened, and I see what I foolishly ought to have seen before."

The little clock in the hall struck half-past four. He started. "What do you mean?" he said, hurriedly. "What am I to understand?"

"I am unworthy," she went on as hurriedly—"I feel it now—utterly unworthy of one like you. I feel myself insignificant near you. I feel ashamed to think how I could ever have—"

"Hush!" he said, gently; "you will only awaken an old dream, which I have long struggled to forget, and which now—ah yes!—*must* be forgotten." He put his hand to his forehead. "I have been in a dream all this night. I must go now, and hear no more."

"One moment," she said. "It is only right that this should come from me. If you should ever again think me worthy of what you proposed that last night I saw you—if you should, I say, I should not answer as I did then, but only think myself proud and happy to spend my life with one who is so generous and noble."

He had gone to the door, and came back slowly. "Why," he said, hastily, "what is this? You are promised to him."

"No, no, no," she answered. "Never! never!"

"O," he said, with a sort of wail of agony, "I see now. This also has come too late. *Too late!*"

"Too late!" she said, in wonder.

"There has been some fatal mistake. Why did you not tell me? They told me you were to marry him. And I—good God!—I am to marry another this very morning." The little clock now struck the quarter. "There!" he said, starting, "I must hurry to the place. She saved me from death. She thinks she loves me. I had come to think that you only despised, or at most pitied me. No, no. I must go. I dare not draw back. Honour—everything—it would kill her."

"No, no," he said, "you must not think of that. It is as much a grief for me as for you. It is my fault, too, and I shall expiate it. But my prayers, wishes, regard, everything, goes with—"

The hand of the little clock was travelling on slowly.

"Yes, I *must* go," he said, despairingly. "What *am* I to do? They wait. And all I suffered for this." He paused a moment. "Yes, there is only one course." He took her hand, pressed his lips on it, and rushed away.

In that cold frosty morning he took a last

look at the great cathedral, with which seemed associated that dream of all his past hopes and fears. He could not bring himself to look on it now. It seemed a sort of cruel, insensible, destroying monster.

At the station were the crowd of fresh, eager people who had slept well all night and were eager to begin the day—agricultural people, commercial men, travellers—but none with so heavy and despairing a heart as the pale gentleman who had been up all the night, and was hurrying back to town for "the merry marriage bells."

Raw and rueful that breaking day seemed to him as they travelled. The fresh fields, the almost joyful alacrity of the early day, the stout rustics staring from the hedges, thinking it would be soon time for breakfast—all these things jarred on him. Gradually, however, with the sense of action, the feeling of stern duty came back upon him. He grew at last calmly to face his situation, and only to look back at intervals, as to a dreadful nightmare that made him shudder. Duty, honour, everything, asserted their old claim on that fine nature.

In town by eight, he had hurried away to his rooms. There he went through some last preparations for the task that was before him, trained himself, as well as the time would allow, to a little cheerfulness, or at least to composure, tried to eat something, and then set off to see Captain Diamond.

That honest gentleman came down to him in the parlour, and closed the door with some solemnity.

"What is all this, Tillotson?" he said, gravely. "We have been hearing strange things."

"For mercy's sake," said Mr. Tillotson, excitedly, "not now—not now, my dear friend! I have gone through a great deal. I could tell you everything, and should tell you—for I would trust you indeed before all the world—but do not ask me now. I am ready, and will carry out what I shall undertake to-day with all faith and sincerity, and even love, at all risks—even that of life itself! There! And let me swear this to you, Captain Diamond. It will give me strength for the struggle. But you know me to be a man of honour."

To Captain Diamond there was something wild in all this. Still he had such true faith in his friend that his brow cleared at once, and he said not a word.

"I know you, Tillotson," he said, squeezing his hand, "and can understand a little, and admire you for this all the time."

The grim Martha, though, flitted past him with a deadly and suspicious look. Then he went away. The captain, with radiant face, and splendid in a new coat specially ordered for the occasion, came to his elder niece in the drawing-room.

"He is a noble fellow," he said; "true as steel. I declare to Heaven we can't come near him, or even understand him. She'll be a happy girl indeed. Not a word, ye see, to her. Ah! there's my pet herself."

And there she was, like a fairy queen out of

a pantomime, as airy and light and fragile as the lace and flowers which floated about her, and with a joy and brightness that transcended any joy or radiance cast by footlights in her face. She knew nothing of the troubled night the others had spent.

Now the hour was at hand, and the carriage waiting. It was time. With pride the captain led down his treasure.

"He is a noble fellow," he said to her. "Even something I have heard to-day of him."

"You will be very happy, my child."

"Ah, the little secret! He has told you that—"

"No, no," said uncle Diamond, gravely; "something else, and not nearly so trifling as that."

"Then I shall make it out myself. It will be an amusement," she said, gaily.

"Hush! my child," said the captain, looking round in alarm. "On no account—not by any means. Take old Tom's advice. Keep the closet door shut, my pet, and start a new life."

"But Martha says I ought to know, and—"

"Martha says more than her prayers, dear. Ah! here's the church." And the captain settled his flowers and moved up the curls of his wig.

Then the old ceremony was repeated in a not very cheerful church, which, from all the oak partitioning, had the air of a large banquet-hall; and, at a very highly-polished balustrade that shut in the clergyman carefully, the ceremony was "performed impressively," as every ceremony of the sort luckily is, and Mr. Tillotson was married. There were no graven images about the place—not so much as a patch of glowing stained glass which could have furnished a sacred picture or memorial. All was rigid, cold, and barren. (The church was, in fact, decaying fast.) But Mr. Tillotson's eyes were lifted up to the roof, where they seemed to seek the direction of something that was holy, and he repeated his declaration with fervent lips that, with help from above, he would never let his soul stray back to the past, and do his utmost, even if the struggle cost him his life, to be loyal in heart, soul, mind, and truth, to the young maiden who now stood beside him as his wife.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

SMALL ARMS.

ENFIELD and Enfield Chase, Enfield Wash and Enfield Highway, Enfield Station and Enfield Lock, form rather a numerous family, very much scattered, and so little warlike in appearance, that one marvels how the government manufactory of small arms (rifles, pistols, and so forth) came to be pitched in such a district. Enfield Lock, where this fine establishment is situated, is a veritable end of the world in one respect; for it butts up against the river Lea, on the other side of which are the uninhabited and nearly

uninhabitable Essex marshes. Some years ago there was a small establishment here, a kind of satellite to the government powder-works, at Waltham Abbey; and when it was resolved that John Bull should make his own rifles in his own workshop, this satellite was raised to the dignity of a superior planet.

There is a tolerably pleasant road from the railway to the works, bare of people and of houses at first, but becoming more bustling as we advance. We meet with rows of houses which have been constructed for the work-people by speculative builders, and others built by the government on government ground. The hostels of the Ordnance Arms and the Small Arms Hotel have a smell of gunpowder about their names. There is a Mechanics' Institute, and there is a dining-hall; and it is in this hall, if we remember rightly, that a military ball was held last autumn. There are shops in which the multifarious wants of workmen's families can be supplied; and there is a sort of impromptu market-place, where—especially at pay-hour on Saturdays—itinerant dealers in all sorts of comestibles are in great force, to the immense delight of the children. At that pay-hour of which we speak, a clerk can pay a thousand men or more in less than half an hour, each man having his packet of wages ready for him at the instant he passes an open window of the pay-office; and thus there is no loitering about at public-houses, wasting time and muddling with drink. At one o'clock there may be, say, sixteen hundred men and boys with pockets nearly empty; at a few minutes after one there may be sixteen hundred pockets containing money for the week's services. The men wend home with their money, some to the neighbouring rows of houses, some to Waltham or Enfield town, some to Edmonton or Ponders End, some elsewhere. The impromptu market-place outside the works, and the pay-office inside the works, are near each other—a deep bit of philosophy on the part of the itinerant market-people. Crossing a bridge commanded by a superb policeman, the representative of royalty, we enter a remarkably clean-looking central quadrangle, having a canal-basin to accommodate barges which bring stores by means of the Lea navigation; and on all sides of this quadrangle are well-constructed and well-kept buildings. Most of the doors have numbers painted on them, to denote particular shops and stores, and to facilitate the strict system of management observed throughout the establishment. Colonel Dixon and his trusty staff could almost trace the biography of every bit of wood and iron brought into the place, until it finally departs as a component part of an Enfield rifle.

What a wonderful trade this is of murderous weapons! Birmingham is the workshop of England for muskets, whether rifled or smooth-bore; and there is no reason to expect that the leadership will be taken from her. During the great war against Napoleon, the number of muskets made was almost incredible. Between eighteen hundred and four and the end of the

great war, Birmingham made three million muskets for the government, besides one million for the East India Company—something like a thousand muskets every day for twelve years. In the busiest of these years the product was *a musket a minute!* All the barrels were made at Birmingham; but some of the muskets were made up in London and other places. During the recent struggle in America, the gun-trade at Birmingham underwent many singular fluctuations. As soon as the United States had determined to wage resolute war with the Confederates, three or four persons appeared at Birmingham on one day, all, unknown to each other, bent on purchasing arms for America, either for the government or for speculators; between them they cleared out the existing stock, and gave orders for more. When the troubles about the Trent affair commenced, an embargo was placed on the export of arms from England; but when the clearing up of difficulties allowed the embargo to be removed, Birmingham set to work more vigorously than ever. Whether “Feds” or “Confeds,” it was all one to her; she sold muskets to whomsoever wanted them, and would pay for them. No less than forty thousand muskets were shipped off by one steamer from Southampton. During part of the time, Birmingham worked faster than at any former period in her history, making and proving two thousand barrels per day. From first to last, from the firing of the first shot at Fort Sumter to the surrender of Lee’s army, England sent more than a million of muskets to America, two-thirds of which came from Birmingham. At the present day there are six hundred gun-manufacturers in this town, great and small, or, at least, makers of the various parts of guns, employing more than seven thousand hands. According to Mr. Goodman, who read a paper on this subject at the last meeting of the British Association, there are seven hundred making gun-barrels, twelve hundred making gunlocks, five hundred making bayonets, one thousand making and fitting the wooden stocks, one thousand screwing up or putting the muskets together, one thousand finishing the arms when made up, and nearly two thousand engaged in various subsidiary employments. A mighty army this, all engaged in making weapons intended to slaughter either men or birds. No wonder that Birmingham could take the principal part in making the six million small arms which England has turned out in six years.

The beautiful establishment at Enfield would in all probability not have existed had “Brown Bess” continued to reign. The extreme accuracy requisite for a rifled musket, as compared with a smooth-bore, entailed a necessity for improved tools and machines; and these improvements offered a temptation for the founding of a government establishment. The theory of a rifled barrel, to give accuracy of flight to the bullet, is some centuries old; but it was not till modern times that new forms of bullet to fill the rifled grooves were successfully devised. There was Sir Home Popham’s elongated spherocylindrical

bullet; and Captain Beaufoy’s elongated bullet, with a hemispherical cavity at the end; and Joseph Manton’s bullet, with a wooden cup at the end; and Captain Delvigne’s expanded chamber behind the bullet; and Mr. Greener’s expanding bullet; and Mr. Pritchett’s cylindrical plug; and Captain Minié’s furrowed bullet; and Mr. Lancaster’s oval bore; and Mr. Whitworth’s hexagonal bore: these and numerous others were various modes of rendering the spiral grooves of a rifle more efficacious. What is called the long Enfield was not the invention of any one person; it was a kind of eclectic combination of good qualities from various quarters. And the same may be said of the short Enfield more recently introduced. Minié liked a bore rather under three-quarters of an inch; Mr. Whitworth, one less than half an inch; while the Enfield has settled down to a calibre just about half way between the two.

Enfield, we have said, owes its beautiful factory mainly to the introduction of machinery into the gun trade. This resulted from a visit, directed by the government, made by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Whitworth to the New York Industrial Exhibition. These two eminent engineers examined the machines invented by Colonel Colt, Mr. Blanshard, and others, for making rifles and pistols in America; and the superior accuracy, rapidity, and cheapness of the system, attracted the attention of our government. Mr. Anderson, visiting Birmingham after his return from America, commented on the harum-scarum way in which the hand method was conducted. “In visiting Birmingham, any stranger must be much struck with the number of persons, men and women, boys and girls, that he meets in the streets, carrying parts of muskets on their shoulders and in other ways, and with the great waste that necessarily goes on under such an arrangement, carrying the parts from one place to another. Of course the wages that are thus paid come into the price of the gun. I am quite sure that if we had a map of Birmingham, with all the walks through the highways and byways of the town that the several parts of a musket have to travel, it would do far more than anything I could say to advocate the proposed plan—to have everything connected with the musket passing consecutively from one stage to another, never passing over the same ground twice. The rude materials, entering the factory at one end, should come out a finished musket at the other.”

And so it was decided that the Enfield Small Arms Factory should be established, partly from the necessity of furnishing the army with rifles instead of smooth bores, and partly for the purpose of introducing machinery into this very elaborate branch of manufacture. Selecting the small works already existing, making firm foundations in the marshy ground, building large and fine workshops and engine-houses on the ground, and stocking them with some of the finest machinery ever seen in this country, the government have spent on this spot something like two hundred thousand pounds in the last twelve

years. The place is a kind of cosmopolis. No one patent, no one manufacturer, is favoured in particular: any machine is accepted from anywhere, provided it will render the required amount of service.

There are few things more marvellous in mechanical art than the shaping of the various parts of an Enfield rifle by machinery. Take the stock, for instance. Walnut-wood is imported from Italy, and is roughly sawn into pieces approximately resembling the stock, with a broad part at one end for the butt. These pieces are placed in a series of machines, one after another; they are made to rotate rapidly, and self-acting cutting-tools shape them with wonderful quickness and accuracy. The curvatures of the stock, as every one knows, are very varying and intricate, yet they are all effected by the machines; and so are the sockets and recesses which receive the barrel, the ramrod, the bayonet, the lock, the plates, the screws, the sight. It follows, too, from the unerring accuracy of the machines, that every stock is exactly like every other, inasmuch that a lock or a barrel that will fit any of them will fit all.

Look at the lock again. Pieces of white-hot steel are stamped, punched, and swaged in such a way as to assume the rough forms of the several pieces of a rifle-lock; and then each piece is brought under the action of exquisite machines, which, passing in succession over every minute hundredth or thousandth of an inch of surface, give the proper size, shape, and polish to everything. Then the barrel. Pieces of the finest iron that can be made, called skelps, are brought to the factory. Each skelp, about thirteen inches by five, and rather more than half an inch thick, is heated in a forge, passed between rollers, bent round to a cylinder, heated again, elongated by drawing, and made into a rough sort of barrel. This barrel is turned or bored on the inside, and turned on the outside. Woe betide the barrel-borer who thinks a thousandth of an inch an insignificant trifle! If he deviates more than this minute quantity from the formula, "nought decimal five seven eight," he loses his labour, and is perhaps fined in the bargain. The barrel-inspector is a keen-eyed man; nothing escapes him; he is provided with steel plugs or gauges, some of which must, while others must not, pass through the finished barrel; and then, by looking through the barrel at a window, he can detect the smallest irregularity in the interior. If it is the long Enfield that is being made, the barrel must be three feet and a quarter long, must have three spiral grooves three-sixteenths of an inch in width, and the spiral must make just half a turn in the whole length. If it is the short Enfield, to carry a sword-bayonet, some of these numbers undergo modification. If it is the Whitworth rifle, the six grooves must twist round much more sharply than in the Enfield.

The putting together affords a proof of the wonderful accuracy with which all the separate parts are shaped. There are sixty or seventy pieces altogether in an Enfield rifle.

cluding screws, which have required several hundred distinct and successive processes to form; these are reduced to about twenty, by joining some of the smaller pieces together; and the twenty are handed to the screwer-up or putter-together. Fastening a stock in a vice, he takes a barrel from one heap, a lock from another, a butt-plate from another, a belt-swivel from another, a bayonet-ring from another, and so forth; and in *four minutes* he builds up the complete rifle, all firm, smooth, and well fitted. There is no niggling, chipping off a bit here and a bit there, to make them fit; everything is known beforehand to be correct to a hundredth of an inch, and in some instances to a thousandth.

There is certainly much to be proud of in the place. One magnificent room contains several hundred machines, to effect the greater part of the shaping-operations; and we get a little amazed at the quantity of soap and water used to lubricate these machines while in action. Then there is the smithery, with its forest of cupola forge-fires, and its mechanism for forging, stamping, and otherwise shaping the various pieces of iron. There is the foundry, for casting such articles of brass, copper, or gun-metal as there may be in a rifle. There is the bayonet-shop, where the toughest of all steel is made into one of the most provoking of all weapons. There is the annealing and tempering-shop, where the metal is brought to a great nicety of hardness without brittleness. There is the grinding-room, with a stock of monster Derbyshire grindstones, which wear away under the ordeal to which they are exposed. There is the polishing-room, where the last finish is given to various parts of the rifle. There is the pattern and model department—the type and symbol of the wonderful precision which pertains to the several machines. These and many other rooms and shops give employment to a number of men varying from twelve hundred to two thousand, according to the briskness of the operations. With the exception of a few labourers, all are paid piece-work; and this gives a notable sharpness and energy to the men, since the amount of each one's earnings is intimately dependent on his steady application to the bench. Many of the men are in some sense small masters or contractors, taking more of a particular kind of work than they can do with their own hands, and paying others to help them. Enfield says that she can make government rifles cheaper than Birmingham.

Enfield is just now very busy preparing for a process of transformation. The grand battle of breech-loaders ~~versus~~ muzzle-loaders is, it appears, decided in favour of the former; and the government are about to see what can be done in utilising the rifled muskets already manufactured on the last-named principle. A year or two ago, the War Office invited gunmakers to submit plans for converting the Enfield rifle into a breech-loader. The conditions were, that the cost of alteration should not exceed one pound per rifle, and that the shooting-qualities should in no sense be impaired. The gunsmiths set to

work, and sent in no fewer than fifty different plans; or rather, gunsmiths and others, for this is a very favourite subject with many persons not immediately connected with the trade. The War Office entrusted the examination of these plans to the Ordnance Select Committee, by whom all were rejected except eight; and these eight were handed over to a sub-committee for detailed experiment. Five of these plans are breech-loading systems in which the charge is ignited by cap and nipple in the ordinary way, while the other three are adapted for cartridges carrying their own means of ignition. Each competitor was furnished with six Enfield rifles chosen by Colonel Dickson, and well tested for soundness and accuracy at five hundred yards' distance (greater distance seldom being wanted for troops of the line, whatever they may be for skirmishers and sharpshooters). The gunmakers set to work, and returned the rifles to the War Office, with a thousand rounds of such ammunition as each competitor might deem most useful.

To describe the metamorphosis which each Enfield rifle underwent would be the work of a gunmaker or an artillery officer; and to such persons only, indeed, would the description itself be intelligible. There is a good deal said about chambers, thimbles, rings, bolts, hammers, nipples, breech-stoppers, plungers, hooks, cases, wads, plugs, locks, levers, cylinders, pistons, hinges, and other delicate bits of apparatus, all belonging to the rear end of an Enfield rifle, when converted from a muzzle-loader to a breech-loader. In one system of transformation, nothing is left of the veritable Enfield but the stock; in another, the barrel is lengthened to admit the new apparatus; but in most of them the barrel is shortened two or three inches for this purpose. The sub-committee caused the altered rifles to be fired off a great number of times, in order to apply various tests to them. As concerns rapidity of firing, one and all beat the Enfield hollow, generally two to one, showing that breech-loading is better than muzzle-loading in this particular. They were next tried as to accuracy of flight, at a target five hundred yards off. The unchanged Enfield here beat its competitors, though all were wonderfully near the mark. When every one of the rifles had been fired two hundred and seventy times without cleaning, they were taken to pieces at Enfield. All the breech arrangements were sound; but some of the stocks told of hard wear, having been too much cut away in the converting. Then the rifles were pitted against each other for range, penetration, initial velocity, and recoil; or, rather, two rifles on each system having been compared in regard to rapidity, accuracy, and fouling, four more on each system were compared with reference to the other qualities just named. The penetration was measured by the number of half-inch elm boards, well wetted and placed in a frame half an inch apart, that a bullet could go through at thirty yards. These several experiments occupied many weeks of last spring to perform, and the results were tabulated

by the committee with the same care as a school inspector or competitive examiner tabulates his "marks." Thus, the rifle shots averaged about half a yard lateral deviation at five hundred yards, and four feet at eight hundred yards; one shot penetrated seventeen wetted elm planks; another took the lead in many of the conditions of general efficiency; while a third was the best of those which carry their own means of ignition in the charge (papier-mâché cartridge, with a brass cap at the base carrying the detonating compound, and lubricated for passing into the rifle with wax and tallow), and fired more rapidly than the others.

The upshot of all this is, that the machines at Enfield are, many of them, undergoing such alteration as will fit them for the manufacture of breech-loading rifles. There is a sort of interregnum in the place, King Muzzle having been dethroned in favour of another claimant to supremacy. It seems pretty well agreed that the Enfield rifle, for the general service of the army, is ultimately to be a breech-loader. May it pierce any imaginable number of elm planks, at any conceivable distance!

QUESTIONS TO THE CUCKOO.

I.

Was it not some lover
Taught you that one name
(Two syllables repeated
Year by year the same)?
Changeless bird, and faithful,
From the Afric sands
Once more come to greet us,
In these greener lands.

II.

Was it not magician
(Some dark wizard man)
Changed thee from a Pharaoh
By a talisman,
Till in English meadow
One should learn the spell
That would break the prison
Lute which you fell?

III.

Pyramids, their builders,
Cuckoo, tell me now?
Zebra-bird so quaintly
Flitting bough to bough!
Did Jugurtha's horses
So outstrip the wind?
Tell me now the secret
Ishmael's race to bind.

IV.

Didst thou see when Carthage,
In a fire simoom,
Fell before the Roman
With his brow in gloom?
Wert thou in near palm-tree,
When proud Egypt's Queen
Bared the fairest bosom
Eyes had ever seen,

V.
Till the asp bit fiercer?—
Cuckoo, speak to me;
Lovest thou this island
Girdled by the sea?
Still that name repeating,
In a tongue unknown—
Hence, thou bird ungrateful,
Or beware this stone.

"OLD MURDER."

I.

"THERE goes Old Murder," said Mr. Miller, the manager of the Old County Bank, as he stood at his window, with his nose resting on the top of the wire blind.

"Old Murder" was the nickname given to Doctor Thatcher by the inhabitants of Crossford. It was a sarcastic nickname, but used in all good nature; for the old doctor, though somewhat penurious and brusque, was a worthy man who had done his duty and combated death with success and profit for forty years.

Crossford is a pleasant compact town, and as the doctor drove up the High-street every one saw him. The butcher, among his sheep, pinked with white slashes, took off his hat as he jointed a loin of mutton on his enormous sacrificial crimsoned block. The bookbinder standing at his press, torturing a volume in his vice, saw him through his window, and, with some seraps of gold leaf in his hair, opened his glass door to watch him. They saw him over the little buttery door at the post-office, and the young men at the draper's discussed him as they unrolled carpets and uncoiled ribbons.

Dr. Thatcher was bound on a visit to his old friend the rector, at Woodcot, a suburb of Crossford; wrapped up in a coarse, threadbare, brown great-coat, with a comforter hiding all but his nose, he drove on in his rickety pony-chaise, his old blind white mare never exceeding her usual pace for any possible provocation. He drove brooding as he went over old times; old men can only look back, the future has little pleasure for them. With his thick rough grey eyebrows, furrowed frosty face, and big grey whiskers, Dr. Thatcher looked the very type of elderly sagacity.

It was a bright November morning, and the sunshine, like the presence of one we love, shed hope, joy, and comfort on the meanest and humblest object.

The doctor was in high spirits, and ripe for gossip. As he rang at the door, a portly, comfortable butler presented himself, and called a page-boy to hold the doctor's horse.

"How are you, Roberts?" said the doctor, with gruff kindness. "How's the gout? Take less ale; that's my prescription."

The rector's study was a delightful den, walled with sound old books and hung with exquisite water-colour sketches by Cox, Copley Fielding, Turner, and Prout—rainy moors, sunny cliffs bathed in pure blue air, enchanted mountains, magic sunsets, and crumbling gable-topped

Norman houses. There were rare hothouse flowers on the table, a Venetian glass, and rare photographs, old editions of the Elizabethan poets, ivory elephants, little palanquins, and Japanese fans. It was the den of a man of refinement, travel, sense, and taste. The windows looked out on a broad sweep of soft green lawn, and a fine cedar-tree spread out its vast dark ledges of boughs in eternal benediction. A bright lively fire rose in a waving pyramid from the grate, that shone as bright as a Life Guardsman's breastplate. The doctor, growling at the delay, was turning over some photographs of Cornwall, the granite cliffs reproduced with every crack, cleft, and splinter, when there came a cheery tap at the window. It was the rector, cheerful as ever, and rejoicing to see his old friend. As the doctor opened the glass door that led out to the lawn, the rector stepped in and shook him by the hands.

"We want you to see George; his throat's bad, doctor," said the rector.

"Very well, then—here I am. Mind, no gratis advice; down in the bill. I earned my experience hard, and I don't mean to part with it gratis."

"No one asked you, doctor," said the rector, who knew his old friend's manner. He rang the bell, and the frightened page-boy entered.

"Page-boy!" growled the doctor. "In my time they were called only boys. Get a silver spoon."

The boy went and returned in a moment with a spoon.

"Now open your mouth. I'm not going to cut your tongue off. Open it wider, sir."

The doctor held back the boy's tongue with the bowl of the spoon and looked in.

"Bah!" he said. "Mere inflammation. I'll send you a gargle, boy. If it gets worse, why, I can snip off the end of the uvula. There, that'll do, page-boy. When I was young, Buller," said the doctor, as the door closed, and he threw himself back roughly in a sloping arm-chair, "I made this my golden rule—always, if possible, to get my fee when the patient was still in pain. It made the fee larger, and it was paid quicker. I never pretended to refuse fees, and then took them. I only wish I could get my Jack into better ways about these things. Delicacy is thrown away on people; every one is for himself."

The rector laughed, poked the fire, and rubbed his hands. He enjoyed the doctor in his dry, splenetic moods.

"I've come to ask you to dine with the Prices and one or two more, to-night at seven: plain mutton and a bit of fish, hare soup, and a pudding—no fuss. I don't ask you for show, or to wipe off a debt; but because I like you. Rubber afterwards. Your old flame, my sister, will be there, and Letty, of course, or Jack won't hear of it."

"How is your adopted son, doctor?"

"How is he? What, Harkness? Why, strong as a lion, of course; riding, shooting, singing better than any other young man in Surrey. This morning the dear boy insisted on

driving tandem—only fancy driving tandem to see patients! Ha, ha! But these are harmless follies. Oh, he'll ferment clear as your dry sherry. How's Mary?"

"Pretty well, thank you. Gone out with the children. Excuse me, doctor, as a great admirer of old jewellery, asking you to let me see that key-ring of yours again off your finger. I always admire it so much—it is really worthy of Cellini."

The doctor was propitiated; his old grey eyes brightened under his white eyebrows. "Only take it off for very old friends. That is the key of my case-book, which my poor dear wife gave me on our wedding-day forty years ago next spring."

It was a curious ring, of old Italian workmanship. It had originally been the key of the jewel-chest of some nobleman of the house of Medici, for it bore the arms, the three pills, of that dangerous family.

"I should leave you that key when I go under the grass, Buller, but I've promised it to that dear boy, for he'll have all my business, and there's nothing like secrecy with a case-book. Buller, you must walk more—you're getting too stout. How's that eye of yours, by-the-by?" He put the ring on again as he spoke, and rubbed it affectionately with his coat cuff.

"The conjunctiva is still inflamed, and the iris wants expanding."

The doctor darted a crafty look from under his thick eyebrows, then began to hum Paddy Carey—"tum tiddle ti-ti.—But what do you know about irises?"

"Will you come into the conservatory, doctor, and see my Neptunias—you are in no hurry?"

"How do you know? I'm just off to see my sister. Jack is attending her; but she writes me to come and see her too, without his knowing it, for fear he might be offended. Am I ever idle?"

"She'll leave all her money to Jack, I suppose?" said the rector.

"Every penny; but he won't get it for a dozen years, I hope. Do you know, Buller, I am planning something to keep the boy quiet and prudent; for he is rather inclined to be wild. I tell him he shan't marry Letty till he has made two hundred a year by half fees. He'll do it, I'll be bound, in the first year. I pretend to be inexorable. I examine his accounts. I pay no debts. I keep him hard at it—and what is the result? A better boy doesn't breathe in all Surrey. He won't drink spirits—he won't touch cards; yet all the time I'm negotiating for a small estate to give him when he marries; but it kills me parting with hard-earned money."

By this time the doctor and the rector had reached the conservatory, a cheerful room, gay with flowers, with vines trellised over the sloping glass roof, and Chinese caricatures over the fireplace.

"More waste money," grumbled the testy man with the soft heart under the bear's skin; "you'll be having a pinery next."

"Well, and you doctors are paid to cure us, and half the money you get is for putting us to a lingering and expensive death—but! Ah, it's six of one to half a dozen of the other. I brought you here, doctor, to say something disagreeable, but true—will you hear it?"

"Will I hear it? What did I say when Sir Astley told me once I must have my leg off, after that accident, riding?—'You'll find a saw,' I said, pointing, 'in that third left-hand drawer.' You're a good old friend; come, say away."

The old doctor's manner was, nevertheless, somewhat restless, and a little belied the energy and resolution implied in his words. He twisted his key-ring round anxiously.

The rector's eyes were clear, cold, and fixed; his mouth closed, as if he felt some inward pain. He was silent for a moment, then he spoke:

"My dear old friend," he said, "it seems cruel to tell you the truth when you are so happy in your ignorance; but I must use the lancet and wound to heal—you know what profession uses that motto. I feel, from what Roberts tells me, and other people who know Crossford well, that the adopted son you love so much and trust so entirely, deceives you. He is not going on respectably; he drinks, he gambles, he likes low company, he is going bad; take my word for it; he is better away from Crossford for a time; he is going bad, I am sure he is. He is idle, he is quarrelsome, he runs into debt, he is going fast down hill; he has been too much indulged—"

As a skilful surgeon stays his knife to see if the patient is bearing up or sinking, so the rector stopped to watch his old friend, who had sunk on a chair; at first pale, tremulous, and faint, then angry, restless.

"No, no," he said; "I cannot and will not believe it. It is lies—lies! What, my boy, Jack? No, he is full of spirit; he is fond of humour; they call that being quarrelsome and liking low society. Gamble? He won't play even a rubber with me. Idle? Why, he is a slave at business. He is by this time fourteen miles from here—out Ashstead way. Pshaw! I ought to know him."

The rector shook his head. "It is an ungrateful task to convey bitter truths. How can we expect a man to sip medicine as if it were wine? Doctor, what I tell you is too true; every one but you knows it. That adopted son of yours is at the King's Arms this very moment, I am sure, for Roberts told me he saw him there, at billiards, when he took some books of mine, an hour ago, to Collingwood's to be bound. He is there every day. He goes to no patient, unless there is a pretty face in the house, or good ale to discuss and smoke over."

The doctor's back was turned as Mr. Buller said this; all at once he turned, with nervous petulance:

"It's lies, lies, lies!" he said, flame springing from his eyes. "You kill me by repeating them. You want to bring on a fit, and get

your legacy sooner. Tell me again, and kill me at once. I'll go—I'll go at once, myself, and I'll prove it is a lie. The boy's good and honest; he deceives no one. But I see he has enemies, and he must be warned and guarded; and *he shall be, he shall be.*"

When a man repeats an assertion twice, be sure it is a doubtful assertion. Pure truth is simple, humble, unconscious. The doctor's earnestness showed some dawning suspicion of danger, now first taking palpable shape. He was about to leave the conservatory abruptly, but he turned suddenly and pressed his friend's hand:

"I'm not angry with you, Buller, for repeating these scandals. It may be right for me to hear them, to prove they're lies—for I would have Jack's honour pure as ermine—but I say you have given me greater pain than if you had flung unslaked lime into an ophthalmic man's eyes—your surgery has been somewhat rough. You shouldn't listen to those ass-fool servants—fat, ignorant, tattling——"

"Miss Paget," cried the page-boy's voice at this moment; and a young lady came running down the passage to the conservatory. Such a tall, graceful girl, with the frank high spirit and manner of her class; her bright face radiant with innocence, luminous with swift changing expression. In her pretty neat costume, a round black hat, plumed with a grebe's wing, and a silver-grey mohair dress, she looked a very type of English girlhood.

"Good morning, Mr. Buller," she said, offering her hand; "and good morning, uncle Edward. Oh, I'm so glad to find you here. Aunt Fanny is not nearly so well this morning; the medicine doesn't agree with her. Another bottle's come, but cousin Jack hasn't been, though he promised us to come by this. Oh, do come, uncle, and see her. I knew I should find you here."

"Very well, child. What symptoms?"

"Sickness, pain in the throat, sleepiness."

"I'll be there, Letty, in half an hour. I suppose Jack has been detained at Ashstead. You run on, child. I can't take you on, I've got to call at the King's Arms; or stop, I'll take you to the corner of Church-street. Come, quick. Good-bye, Buller; I must take Letty from you. Come, Letty, this is—this is serious about aunt."

II.

The billiard-room at the King's Arms was the haunt of every sot, scamp, and swindler in Crossford.

There they all were when the doctor drew hastily up to the door. The pale, sodden, mean, crafty, ignoble faces stared over the dirty blind to see who it was. A cue paused in its stroke; a player stopped as he seized a piece of chalk; the marker stayed as he moved the score-peg; a fat-faced man with large whiskers held his glass of smoking-*rum*-and-water midway in the air. Then broke forth a dozen voices.

"Harkness! Jack! Here's the governor—"

here's Old Murder—it's your governor come to look for you. Run into the smoking-room, and if he comes here we'll cheek it out for you. Get out of that, my boy."

A bold, indolent looking young fellow, with large glossy black whiskers, who was playing, instantly took the alarm, caught up his coat, for he was in his shirt-sleeves, ran into the inner room and slammed the green-baize door behind him, amidst a shout of half-tipsy laughter.

The next moment the front bell rang, and the doctor's voice could be heard.

"Is Mr. Harkness in the billiard-room?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure; I'll see, sir."

"No, I'll see for myself. I want to leave my chaise here while I go to the library. Let some one hold my horse."

Immediately afterwards the old doctor pushed roughly open the swing door of the billiard-room, and glanced round the place with a contemptuous curiosity. "Morning, gentlemen. Is my son Jack here? Ha! How d'ye do, Travers?"

"No, sir, we've not seen Mr. Harkness here," said the fat man, as he made a cannon.

"Don't patronise this sort of thing," said a drunken gauger, who was smoking, with his head leaning on a bag of pyramid balls.

The doctor gave a grunt of relief, and his face brightened as he walked round the room with a sarcastic smile at the beguiling green cloth. As he passed each man he touched his chest, or looked with ironical friendliness into his eyes.

"You've a fatty heart, Travers," he said. "Take care—less brandy. One lung gone, Davies, you know. Early hours—no night air. Liver enlarged, Marker—not so much smoking. Jones, don't be alarmed, but you look as if you'd have a fit, if you don't mind. Harris, you've dropsy coming on—less ale."

The old doctor left the rascals miserable and dejected, as he wished to leave them.

As he mounted his chaise once more, he sang *Lilibulero* for very joy.

"I knew," he said, "Buller was wrong—idle tattle. Jack wouldn't associate with dregs like that. Jack is a gentleman, and a young man of honour and right feeling. Who should know Jack, if I don't? Who should I trust, if I don't trust Jack?"

Then he drove straight to his sister's, as much relieved as if a mountain had been lifted off him, and pleased at his own energy and triumph.

III.

The doctor was in high spirits. The haunch of mutton had been hung to a day. Buller had praised his wine. He had won two rubbers, and Letty had sung him his favourite old Cavalier song—that manly, vigorous, triumphant outburst of mistaken and self-deceived loyalty—"The King shall enjoy his Own again." As coffee came in at the end of the second game, he discoursed, and told some of his best old stories. One thing only troubled him, and that was his adopted son's absence. "Detained by business, dear boy, no doubt," said the doctor, in an important way.

The rector looked mistrustfully at Miss Paget, but she only looked down at the music.

"Uncle," she said, "shall I play your favourite—'My Mother bids me bind my Hair'?"

"Do, dear," said the doctor, as he shuffled the cards for a fresh deal. "Mrs. Price, it is your lead."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Price, as the rubber closed, "you know my niece Mary had the measles while she was stopping with the Campbells in Argyllshire. She is coming to us next week."

The doctor darted a shrewd humorous glance at the speaker from the ambush of his grey eyebrows.

"On your honour, tell me, now. Confess. Was it really the measles? You know our Northern friends are rather subject to epidermic attacks, and it may be the *haut ton* in Argyllshire to give it that name."

Mrs. Price laughed good naturedly as she cut the cards to the doctor, and assured him it was really the measles from which her niece had suffered.

"Doctor," said the rector, "you are very prejudiced. It was the fashion, when you were young, to dislike the Scotch; but it is not so now. They are a fine, sturdy, clannish, persevering, well-educated, religious people."

"Pshaw! grinders and screwers, nippers and pinchers, ain't they, Kesteven? Ugh! I don't like 'em."

"How did I play that, doctor?" said his partner, one of the Prices, a young Indian officer.

"When old Judge Barrow was once asked how he liked a pudding at my father's house, he replied, 'It's a good pudding, Thatcher, but not a *very* good pudding.' You played a good game, but not a very good game. Sir, you lost us two tricks by trumping my thirteenth club. And, sir, may I ask what possible benefit can you derive from constantly repeating Hindostanee phrases? If they are oaths, the custom is ungentleman-like, however you disguise it. If they mean nothing, the custom is ridiculous. Sir, what prevents me from exclaiming 'Chavash,' 'Pukrao,' 'Balderdash,' or any such gibberish, and calling it Chinese or Hebrew?"

The young officer coloured, for he felt the rebuke. The doctor could be at times terribly Johnsonian, and his satire fell on luckless offenders like blows of the knout.

"Quite right," said Mrs. Price. "It is an old affectation of Charles's. We've told him it was in bad taste before. Doctor, I think we must be going. Charles, please to ring for the carriage."

"I let no one go, Mrs. Price, till we have some mulled claret, and Letty has played 'Good Night, and Joy be with you All.' I wonder what can detain that boy? Farmer Bennet must be very ill. How I have missed my dear old sister too. She does play such an excellent game. Doesn't she, Buller?"

It was past one before the guests retired.

The doctor paced the room anxiously. He was perturbed. He longed for the return of his adopted son; he scarcely knew why, but he also dreaded it. He took up a book; he could not read. Gradually, as he sat before the fire, he fell into a restless doze. The sound of a door opening, and the door-chain rattling, awoke him. He rose, and took the lamp into the hall. There was his nephew, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face was flushed, his hat was crushed, his coat torn.

"Why, Jack," said the doctor, reproachfully, "you've tired yourself in your rounds, and then taken too much wine. You shouldn't let those farmers tempt you. I used to find it hard."

"There, that'll do," said Harkness, sullenly. "I've been with no farmer. I drank because I'd lost at cards, I tell you, and your cursed stinginess never leaves me a shilling to try my luck with. I'll be kept under no longer. I'm over head and ears in debt, and money I'll have. If Aunt Fanny won't stump up, you must. I'll get money somewhere, and I'll pay you out for keeping me without a penny. No. I won't go to bed—go to bed yourself. I want brandy. Give me brandy!"

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness threw himself on a sofa, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunken sleep.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralysed with sorrow and surprise. Could Buller's rumours then be true?

"No," he thought to himself; "no, I will not believe it. This is a mere youthful folly. The poor boy has been led away by some of those farmers, who think they show no hospitality unless they make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning. I shall lock him in now, that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out, and then lecture him well. Poor boy!"

In the morning, when Dr. Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open, and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and ordered the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy," said the doctor, "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his breakfast, dear boy. Won't dare to see his Aunt Fanny to-day, I'll be bound. Of course he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a cheque for him. Ha! I was bad enough at his age."

An hour or two later found the rough but worthy doctor driving at a sober pace towards the bank.

"There goes Old Murder," cried the port chemist's assistant to a groom of the Prices', who was talking to him at the door of the shop in the High-street.

"Yes. There goes old four miles an hour. Did you hear of young Harkness, and how he carried on last night at the billiard-room? Swore he'd

been cheated, got noisy drunk, and fought three of the men there with the butt-end of a billiard-cue. Oh, he's going the whole hog, he is! How he flashes his money, to be sure."

"Well, Thatcher," said the manager of the bank, as the doctor alighted from his chaise, "what can we do for you?"

"I want this cheque, Miller, for one hundred and fifty pounds, cashed, and I want to look at my book."

"Certainly. Edward, get Dr. Thatcher's book from the parlour."

"I am going to the post-office, and will call in a minute or two. Pshaw! how cold it is. Seen my son to-day?"

"Drove by, doctor, about half an hour ago, down Church-street."

"Always at work. That's the way. Early bird picks up the worm."

"Thought he looked ill, sir. Works too hard."

"Yes, it is a dog of a life, ours. One gets old before one has leisure to enjoy what one has earned."

The manager smiled deprecatingly, as much as to say, "Rich people will have their joke."

The doctor came to the post-office.

"Any letters, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, doctor. There's one for you."

"Hand it out."

The doctor sat in the chaise and read it. It was from a hospital in London, a consumption hospital, to which he annually subscribed twenty pounds. The secretary wrote to tell him that two years' subscriptions were due.

"Stuff about due!" growled the doctor. "Sent Jack to pay it into their bank a month ago. He never forgets anything."

"Here is your book," said the manager, handing the small parchment-covered book to the doctor as he entered the bank, where a farmer was scooping up a salmon-coloured bag of sovereigns.

"No, it is not entered," said the doctor, in a startled way. "Did not my boy Jack pay in twenty pounds the end of last month for Drummond's? Surely? The last cheque he paid in. I've not sent since to you for anything."

"No, Dr. Thatcher, but he called last week for the hundred pounds for you."

"The hundred pounds?"

"Yes, didn't he, Edward?"

"Oh yes, sir, and the week before for the fifty pounds."

"For the fifty pounds?" the doctor stammered. "Let me see the cheques, Mr. Miller." The doctor spoke quite calmly, but his voice trembled. "Will you allow me to sit down for a moment in your back parlour till this gentleman has gone? There has been some mistake about a subscription; a quiet minute or so will set it right."

"Certainly, sir. Edward, show Dr. Thatcher in and give him a chair. There, sir, are the cheques. Edward, put on a bit of coal, the fire's low."

The doctor, as the door closed behind the

manager, looked closely at the cheques, turned the signatures up and down; then he rested his head on his hands and burst into tears. The signatures were forgeries.

"I see it all," he murmured. "Oh, that unhappy boy! and this, I fear, is not the worst. O Absalom, my son, my son!"

"There's something up," said the clerk to the manager, as he took a hasty peep over the green curtain of the glass door. "Why, good gracious, Mr. Miller, the doctor's fainted!"

IV.

"Good morning, Mr. Miller," said the doctor, when he had recovered, and retaken his seat once more in the chaise; "there is no blunder, after all. I see where the mistake lay. I have taken all the cheques up to yesterday. Continue the draught. Young man, be kind enough to turn the chaise. Thank you."

The Spartan boy kept the wolf hid till it gnawed into his heart. Dr. Thatcher had a secret whose teeth were sharper than even the wolf. In that half hour he had suffered the pangs of death itself.

He drove straight to his sister's, Mrs. Thatcher's, whose neat little cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the town, and near the old parish church. As the doctor's chaise drove up, Miss Paget ran out, looking very pale and anxious.

"Well, Letty, how's Aunt Fanny?"

"Very, very ill, dear uncle. No appetite, very weak, no sleep."

"That won't do; and has Jack been?"

"Yes, and orders the same medicine, only larger doses; but I'm sure—I'm sure it does not agree with her. Do give your advice, uncle."

"I promised Jack, only two days ago, never to interfere with his patients; but this once I will. Send some one, Letty, to take the mare round to the stables."

Mrs. Thatcher, the doctor's sister, was sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. Her handsome features were sharpened by illness, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes pale and anxious.

"Well, Fanny, and how is it with you?"

"Bad, bad, John; perpetual pain, nausea, no sleep, no appetite."

The doctor's face changed, a ghastly pallor came upon his lips.

"Let me see the medicine, Letty."

Miss Paget brought it. The doctor looked at it eagerly, then tasted it. The next moment he had flung the bottle on the fire. A dew of nervous excitement broke out upon his forehead.

"Uncle?"

"Brother?"

"The medicine is much too powerful for you in this weak state. Jack is a clever fellow, but he does not know your constitution as I do. You must not, however, pain him by telling him you have not taken his stuff, so I will send you some tonic that resembles it in colour, but less violent. This was too much for you. Jack was right—

he was right, but he has not taken into account your age, Fanny."

"I could not take it yesterday, and Jack was very angry."

"You take the medicine I shall send you when I return directly it comes; take it every two hours till the sickness abates. Now, come, lie back, Fanny; you are very weak."

The pale worn face turned towards him and smiled on him, then the head sank back on the pillow, and the weary eyelids closed.

"I cannot shake off this stupor, John. Good-bye, and bless you, dear John."

The doctor signed to Letty to leave the room. When she had done so, and the door closed, he sat down by his sister's bedside, sorrow-stricken and thoughtful; in that silence, broken only by the tick of the watch at the bed head, and the deep breathing of the sleeper, he fell on his knees, and prayed for help and guidance from the Giver of all Good. Then he took out his repeater and waited till the minute-hand reached the half hour. It was three o'clock that had struck when Letty closed the door. Then he took his sister's hand and woke her.

"What, John, are you here still? How good of you! I thought I was alone. I feel better now. It was that dreadful medicine that hurt me."

"Fanny," said the doctor, with all a woman's tenderness, "when you made your will in the summer, you told me you left all your money to Jack on his marriage with Letty. Now, I want you to do me a kindness."

"I left it all to dear Jack; I told him so. What kindness can I show you, brother, a poor dying old woman like myself?"

"Alter the will this evening, and leave me the money during my lifetime. It will be a check on Jack, if he grows extravagant or wild."

"Oh, he won't, dear boy. Yet, as you will, John. You have always some kind and good object in what you do."

"I will bring a lawyer and witness in half an hour. It might ruin even a well-intentioned lad, and make him idle. Later in life it will perhaps come better."

In the room below the doctor found Letty, anxious and apprehensive of some evil, but she scarcely knew what.

"Oh, uncle, uncle," she said, in tears, "auntie is not in danger, is she? Oh, do say she is not in danger."

"By God's help, Letty, she will be out of danger in a few hours. It is well I came. Letty, you love me, and you love my son Jack?"

"I do! I do! you know how I do, dearly, uncle."

"If you love us both, you will then do as I tell you, and not deviate a single iota, for much depends on what I am now going to say. But first let your man George ride quick into town and get this prescription made up."

What the doctor's instructions were, must not at present be revealed.

v.

Three hours later the doctor was in his surgery, examining a drawer of dangerous drugs that was generally kept locked. He had just closed it, and was musing with one elbow on his desk and his head on his hand, when there came a step behind him. He looked round; it was John.

"John," he said, and he said no more. But there was an infinite depth of reproachful sadness in that one word.

"Dear father," said his adopted son, "I deeply regret the events of last night. I was tempted to stay at a farmer's harvest-home, and I talked nonsense (did I not?) about debt and wanting money. It was all wandering. Forget it all—it meant nothing. It was foolish, wrong of me. I'm sorry for it."

"Let it be the last time, Jack," said the doctor; "it is harder to come up hill one step, than to go down twenty. Do not break my heart by becoming a bad man. By-the-by, have you sent Aunt Fanny the medicine, and how is she?"

"Oh, pulling through all right. She's as tough as nails."

"What prescription are you using?"

"This," and John Harkness held up a bottle of simple tonic drops. "The old lady wants strength. Oh, she'll do, if she can only get stronger."

The doctor sighed, and said, "The tonic is right." At that moment the surgery door opened, and an old farmer presented himself.

"Why, Farmer Whitehead, how are you?"

"Ailing, doctor, thank ye, with the finzy. Uncommon bad, to be sure; and so is my missus."

"Ah, I thought Jack here had been attending you for months; you are down in our books. How is this, Jack?"

The young man's colour rose. "It is a mistake of mine. I'm a regular duffer for memory; it was Robinson at Woodcot I meant. I'll put it all right."

"Just see to Farmer Whitehead then, now. Give him a diaphoretic and ipecacuanha to keep the pores open. I'll go and dress for dinner."

"Steeped in lies," the doctor muttered, as he shut the surgery door behind him: "I fed this serpent, and now he stings me; but still no one shall know his shame, for I may still, by God's help, save him from crime, and leave him time and opportunities for repentance. Heaven have mercy upon him! Yes, still—still I may save the boy I once loved so much."

Dinner was over. The doctor had been cheerful, as usual, and had made no further reference to the unhappy events of the night before. John Harkness had grown boisterous and social as ever, seeing the doctor satisfied with so brief an apology.

"Jack," said the doctor, warming to the conversation, "go and get a bottle of that thirty-two port; I feel to day as if I wanted a specially good bottle."

John Harkness went, and returned in a few minutes with the bottle, carrying it carefully, with the chalk mark uppermost.

"That's right, Jack. Don't do like the country butler, who, when his master said, 'John, have you shaken that wine?' replied, 'No, sir; but I will,' and then shook it up like a draught. Ha, ha! I'll decant it; I like doing it."

The doctor rose to decant the wine, standing at the buffet to do it facing a mirror, and with his back to the table, where the young man had again sullenly seated himself. In the round shining surface of the mirror the room was repeated in sharp clear miniature. The bottle was still gurgling out its crimson stores into the broad silver wine-strainer, when the doctor, casting his eyes upon the mirror, observed John draw swiftly from his breast-pocket a little flat black phial and pour a dozen drops of some thick fluid into the half-full glass which stood beside his uncle's plate.

He took no notice of what he had seen, nor did he look round, but merely said:

"John, I'm sorry to trouble you, but we shall want some brown sherry; there is hardly enough for to-day. Get it before we sit down to the real business of the evening."

The moment John Harkness left the room, the doctor, with the quickness of youth, sipped the wine, recognised the taste of laudanum, threw open the door leading into the surgery, dashed the wine down a sink, then shut the door, and refilled the glass to exactly the same height.

"Here is the sherry, governor. Come, take your wine."

The doctor tossed it off.

"I feel sleepy," he said—"strangely sleepy."

"Oh, it is the weather. Go into that green chair and have a ten minutes' nap."

The doctor did so. In a moment or two he fell back, assuming with consummate skill all the external symptoms of deep sleep. A deep apoplectic snoring breathing convinced the doctor's adopted that the laudanum had taken effect.

A moment that hardened man stood watching the sleeper's face; then, falling on his knees, he slipped from the old doctor's finger his massive seal-key.

The instant he turned to run to a cabinet where the doctor's case-book was kept, the old man's stern eyes opened upon him with the swiftest curiosity; but the old man did not move a limb nor a muscle, remaining fixed like a figure of stone.

"He's safe," said the coarse, unfeeling voice; "and now for the case-book, to fix it against him if anything goes wrong."

As he said this, the lost man opened the case-book and made an entry. He then locked the book, replaced it in the cabinet, and slipped the key-ring once more on the doctor's finger. Then he rose and rang the bell softly. The old servant came to the door.

"The governor's taken rather too much wine," he said, blowing out the candles; "awake him about twelve, and tell him I'm gone to bed. You say I'm out, if you dare; and mind and have the trap ready to-morrow at half-past nine. I'm to be at Mrs. Thatcher's."

When the door closed upon the hopeless profligate, the doctor rose and wrung his hands. "Lost, lost!" he said; "but I will still hide his shame. He shall have time still to repent. I cannot—cannot forget how I once loved him."

Sternly the doctor set himself to that task of self-devotion—stern as a soldier chosen for a forlorn hope. "To-morrow," he said, "I will confront him, and try if I can touch that hard heart."

When the servant came at twelve, the doctor pretended to awake. "Joe," he said, "get my chaise ready to-morrow at a quarter to ten; mind, to the moment. Where's Mr. John?"

"Gone to bed, sir. Good night."

"He makes them all liars like himself," said the old man, as he slammed his bedroom door.

VI.

"How is your missus?" said the young doctor, as, driving fast through Crossford the next morning, he suddenly espied Mrs. Thatcher's servant standing at the post-office window.

The old coachman shook his head.

"Very bad, sir; sinking fast."

John Harkness made no reply, but lashed his horse and drove fiercely off in the direction of the sick woman's house.

"It all goes well," he said, half aloud. "I had half a mind to stop the thing yesterday when I saw her; but these fellows press so with their bills, and the governor's so cursed stingy. I really must press it on. It's no crime. What is it? Only sending an old woman two or three days sooner to the heaven she is always whining for. Yet she was fond of me, and it's rather a shame; but what can a fellow do that's so badgered?"

So reasoned this fallen man, steeped in the sophistries which sin uses as narcotics to stupefy its victims.

Arrived at the door, he threw down the reins, tossed back the apron, and leaped out. He was excited and desperate with the brandy he had already found time to take. All at once, as he passed his fingers in a vain way through his whiskers and shook his white great-coat into its natural folds, he glanced upward at the windows. To his surprise, but by no means violent regret, he saw that the blinds were all down.

"By the Lord Harry!" he muttered, "if the old cat hasn't already kicked the bucket! Vogue la galère, that'll do. Now then for regret, lamentation, and a white cambric handkerchief."

He pulled at the bell softly. In a moment or two the door was opened by a servant, whose eyes were red with crying. At the same instant Miss Paget stepped from a room opening into the hall. She had a handkerchief to her face.

"Oh, John, John," she sobbed; "my dear, dear aunt."

"Then she's really gone," said Harkness, with well-feigned regret. "Here, Letty, come into

the back parlour and tell me about it. Why, I didn't think the old lady was going so soon."

"Not there, John, not there," said Letty, as she stood before the door.

"I'll go up and see her at once."

"No, no, John, you must not. Not yet."

"Why, what's all this fuss about, Letty?" said Harkness, angrily. "One would think no one had ever died before. Of course it's a bad job, and we're all very sorry; but what must be, must be. It is as bad as crying over spilt milk."

"Oh, John, you never spoke like this before. You never looked like this before. John, you do not really love me." And she burst into a passionate and almost hysterical weeping.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Letty; you know I do. We can marry now, now she's left me her money. I've got rather into a mess lately about tin. It's that old woman who lies up-stairs, and my stingy hard old governor, who kept us so long from marrying and being happy. We will marry in a month or two now, let who will say nay. By George! if there isn't the bureau where she used to keep her papers. The will must be there. There is no harm in having a look at it. Where are the keys, Letty? Go and get them from her room. She's no use, I suppose, for them now? She kept them tight enough while she was alive. Come, hurry off, Letty; this is a turning-point with me."

Letty threw herself before the old bureau, the tears rolling from her eyes. "Oh, John, John," she said, "do not be so cruel and hard hearted. What evil spirit of greed possesses you? You were not so once. I cannot get the keys. Wait. Have you no love for the dead?"

"Stuff and nonsense. I want no whining sentiments. I thought you were a girl of more pluck and sense. Get away from that bureau. I'll soon prise it open. It's all mine now. Mind, I'm queer this morning. Things haven't gone smooth with me lately at all. Get away."

He pushed the weeping girl from the desk, and, thrusting in the blade of a large knife, wrenched open the front of the bureau. A will fell out. As he stooped to snatch it up the door opened, and the old doctor stood before him. There were tears in his eyes as he motioned Letty from the room. She gave one long look back, and the door was locked behind her. There was a terrible stern gravity in the old man's pale face, and his mouth was clenched as if fixed with the pang of some mortal agony.

John Harkness stepped back and clutched hold of the shattered bureau, or he would have fallen.

"John," said the old man, "you have deceived me. I loved you, loved you Heaven only knows how tenderly. There was a time when I would have bled to death to save you an hour's pain. There was a time when I thought more of your smallest disappointment than I should have done for the loss of one of my own limbs. I fostered you; I took you from a bad father, and brought you up as my own son. I have been foolishly indulgent, and now, like Absalom, you

have taught me bitterly my folly. You have forged—you have lied. Yes, don't dare to speak, sir. You have lied. Blacker and blacker your heart became as you gave yourself to self-indulgence and sin. Further and further you erred from the narrow path; faster and faster you drove down hill, till at last, forsaken by the good angels, and urged forward by the devil, the great temptation came, and you fell into CRIME. Not a word, sir; you see I know all. Old as I am, 'twas love for you made me subtle. I found out your forgeries. I discovered your false entries of patients' names. I traced you out in all your follies and vices, and finally I saw you, when you thought me asleep, take the key-ring from my finger, and make those entries in a forged hand in my case-book, that might, but for God's infinite mercy, have led to my being now in prison as a *murderer*. You may start; but even a horrible cold-blooded crime did not appal you. It is fear, and not repentance, that even now makes you turn pale. The sin of Cain is upon you. Even now, eager faces are looking up from the lowest abysses of hell, waiting for your coming; while, from the nearest heaven, the pale sad face of one who loved you as a mother, regards you with sorrow and with pity."

"Father, father!" cried the unhappy and conscience-stricken wretch, and held out his hands like one waiting for the death-blow from the executioner. "Have mercy. Spare me. I did not kill her. She would have died, anyhow. I am young; give me time to repent."

"John, I will not deceive you as you have deceived me. My sister still lives. I discovered your intended crime, and gave her antidotes. She may yet recover, if it seems good to the all-merciful Father; still you had murdered her but for me. Tell me not of repentance. Time will show that. I shall never hear in this world whether or not your repentance is true or false. Here is one hundred pounds. That will start you in another hemisphere for good or for evil. I wish, for the honour of our family, to conceal your shame, and the last spark of love that is left, urges me to conceal your intended crime. Letty you will see no more. I, too, am dead to you for ever. It is now one hour to the next train. Spend that time in preparing for your journey. At the nearest seaport write to me, and I will forward all that belongs to you. Your debts shall be paid. I shall tell people that a sudden spirit of adventure made you leave me and start for Australia."

"But Letty—one word," groaned the discovered criminal. "I love her—one word, I forgot her for a time in my cruel selfishness; but I love her now—mercy—one—"

"Not one word. She is ignorant of your crime, but she knows that you are unworthy of her love. Mind, one struggle, one word of opposition, and I throw you into prison as a forger, and a man who had planned a murder. Go; when that door closes on you, it is as if the earth of the grave had closed over my eyes. We shall meet no more. Go. Speak to no one; and

remember, that the will you held in your hand leaves not a single farthing to yourself. Go. We part for ever. If you write, I burn the letters unopened. Go."

The young man stood for a moment as soldiers are sometimes said to do when a bullet has pierced their hearts. His face was the face of a corpse, but no tears came. The blood was frozen at its source. Then he stooped forward, kissed the old man on the forehead, and rushed from the house.

In five minutes afterwards the door softly opened, and Letty entered. The doctor took her hand. They knelt.

"Let us pray for him," he said, solemnly. "Letty, his fault you shall never know, but you must henceforward consider him as dead. Those who love me will never mention his name. Let us pray for him, my child, and may God's spirit soften that hard and rebellious heart, for nothing else will. My hope and joy is gone. There is nothing left me now but to prepare myself humbly for death. Come, Letty, let us pray, for prayer availeth much."

"My dear old friend," said the rector, as one spring morning, many months after, they sat together, "I am glad to see that deep heart-wound of yours yielding somewhat to time's balsam."

He took the white thin hands of his friend as he spoke.

"Pshaw! Buller," said the doctor, looking up sorrowfully; "don't try to comfort me. Death has the only anodyne for that wound; but Letty cheers me, dear girl, and if I live to see her happy and married well, I shall die content."

The doctor had made an idol of that ungrateful son; and the idol had, for a time, blotted out his view of heaven. The idol removed, he saw where his trust should have been; he remembered God in the days of his sorrow, and bowed beneath the rod.

VII.

One July afternoon, thirteen years later, a handsome burly black-bearded man, in a fur cap and rough Australian coat, drove up to the door of the King's Arms, seated beside an older man, even burlier and more bearded than himself. He alighted and ordered lunch; as he lunched, he talked to the waiter about Crossford and old times. He had once known Crossford, he said.

"Has Travers not got this house now?"

"No, sir, he died three years ago, and his widow became bankrupt."

"Where's Jones, the veterinary surgeon?"

"Dead, sir—died in a fit four years ago."

"Is Harris, the fat saddler, to the fore?"

"No, sir; died last year of dropsy, and his son's dead too."

The stranger sighed, and drank down a glass of ale at a gulp.

"Waiter, get me some brandy, hot." He hesitated for a moment, then he said, fiercely,

"Is old Mrs. Thatcher still alive?"

"What, old Mrs. Thatcher at the Lawn?"

Oh, she died seven years ago, and left all her money to her brother, the doctor. There was an adopted son who would have had it, but he turned out a scamp."

"Oh, indeed! This is shocking bad brandy. And the old doctor—is he still alive?"

"Oh, Lord, no, sir. Dead six years since. Why, sir, you seem to remember the people well."

The stranger rested his head on his hand, and thought for a moment; then he said:

"And Miss Paget, Mrs. Thatcher's niece, is she living—married, I suppose?"

"Living, yes, sir. Look, sir; why, there is her carriage standing at the bank door opposite; wait, and you'll see her come out. She married a Lieutenant Price, of the Bombay army."

At that moment, as the stranger looked out of the window, a lady stepped into the carriage; three pretty children—two boys and a girl—leaped in, laughing, after her. It was Letty, still beautiful even as a matron, her face wearing the old sweet amiable expression. The skittish ponies rebelled, but darted off amicably at a touch of their mistress's whip.

"What, in the dumps, old chum?" said the second stranger, going up to his friend, who still stood with his face fixed to the window. "Come, more liquor—I'll shout this time; it's our last day in old England."

"Curse old England, and all that are in it!" said the other man, turning round fiercely. "Come, let's catch the 11 20, and get back to Liverpool. If I once get to the old tracks in Australia—once on the back of a buck-jumper and after the kangaroos, I'll never set foot again in the old country. Here's your money, waiter. Come, Murray, let's be off."

Was that man's heart changed then? No. Yet it was changed before his death a year after, but through what purgatories of suffering had it not to traverse before it found peace?

DOUBTFULLY DIVINE MISSIONS.

ALL the popular delusions and religious impostures of which we have any record, from the earliest times down to the present era of so-called Spiritualism, have had features in common. Their claim to credence has been founded upon the world-wide acceptance of the divine mission of Christ, his supernatural birth, his divine life, his marvellous works, his miraculous rising from the dead; and while all, in their main features, are copies of the Christian mystery, they bear, in many respects, a close resemblance to each other.

At the present time, when you assail the pretensions of the Spiritualists, you are told that many persons of high intellectual attainments, men of learning, professors well versed in the sciences, pious divines, and others, are disciples of the new revelation. Who are *you*, that you should dare to scoff at what these eminent men believe? But Dr. Samuel Johnson was an eminent man, intellectual, learned, pious, and

for a time believed in the Cock-lane Ghost. Does anybody believe in the Cock-lane Ghost now? I will not venture to say that there are not some believers still left; for it is an ascertained fact that in the year 1851 there were several congregations who met to worship God in the name of Joanna Southcott. It is quite possible, therefore, that some of the disciples of Mr. Home may believe that the Cock-lane rappings were produced by the spirit of the "murdered Fanny."

As the spirit-rapping delusion is still rampant, and as men of "high intellectual attainments" continue to believe in it, and not only to believe in but to teach it to the people as a sacred truth, it may be of some service, as a warning to the credulous who have not yet wholly surrendered their reason and their common sense to this egregious folly, if we devote a few pages to a review of some of the religious impostures which have run their course and been exploded in times past.

But before repeating this twice-told tale, we will advert for a moment to some angry denunciations which have been levelled against an article entitled "At Home with the Spirits," which recently appeared in this journal. In that article it was stated that Mr. Home had sent a circular to his friends begging them to support his lecture, as "much of his *fortune* must depend upon the issue of the experiment." It is complained, in the first place, that it was a violation of the rules of privacy to publish a private circular, and in the second that the writer substituted "fortune" for "future." Now, as to the first point, it could be no violation of the rules of privacy to publish what had already appeared in a daily paper; and as to the second, the word "fortune" was simply a misprint of the journal from which the passage was copied. Let us see how the appeal stands in the authentic circular which has been sent to us for our correction and reproof:

"Much indeed of my own *future* must depend upon the issue of this experiment."

At the end of this appeal there is a notification that tickets for the lecture, price half a guinea and five shillings, may be obtained either from Mr. Home or his agent. Now, what is the meaning of "future" here? Do Mr. Home's friends pretend that he meant his state in the world to come? Scarcely, I think; for the purchase of his tickets could not affect that, unless his object was to obtain money to pay for masses for his soul. Then it must be his future in this world. And what do we all understand when a man talks about his "future"? Do we not understand him to mean his prospects in life, his means of existence—in point of fact, his "fortune"—money? Where, then, is the essential difference between "fortune" and "future"? Our statement that Mr. Home distributed bills among the audience is denied with an amount of indignation which it is difficult to account for. It is a matter of no importance whatever whether he did or did not distribute bills. We can only suppose that

the point has been laid hold of in order, if possible, to convict the writer of a wilful misstatement that might prove him unworthy of credit as to all the rest. It is, however, a most unfortunate circumstance for the denial that several persons can testify that Mr. Home handed about among his friends pieces of paper. Perhaps they were not, strictly speaking, "bills." As to Mr. Home's repudiation of mercenary motives, we may simply state that he himself has admitted that he received twenty-five pounds for his services on the occasion.

In the history of impostures and popular delusions it will be found that objections have invariably been answered by the same kind of quibbling. Trifling matters, not essential to the inquiry, have been substituted for the true issue, and exposure has been met with the most impudent denials.

As showing how certain forms of imposture repeat themselves, we will go back a century, to the Cock-lane Ghost. At the present time, a "quantity" of people are running after mediums who pretend to receive communications from departed spirits by means of knocks on tables. A hundred and four years ago, the credulous were beguiled by an imposture of the very same nature. It was spirit-rapping then; it is spirit-rapping now.

At the beginning of the year 1760, there resided in Cock-lane, near West Smithfield, in the house of one Parsons, the parish clerk of St. Sepulchre's, a stockbroker named Kent. The wife of Kent had died in childbirth during the previous year, and his sister-in-law, Fanny, had arrived from Norfolk, to keep his house for him. Kent and his sister-in-law conceived a mutual attachment of what is called "a tender nature," and each made a will in the other's favour. They lived together for some months in the house of Parsons, who, being a needy man, borrowed money of his lodger. Some difference arose between them, and Kent left the house and instituted legal proceedings against Parsons for the recovery of his money. While the matter was pending, Miss Fanny was taken ill of the small-pox, and, after a few days' illness, died. She was buried in a vault under Clerkenwell Church. Parsons began to hint that poor Fanny had come by her death unfairly, and that Mr. Kent was accessory to it from his too great eagerness to obtain her money. Meantime, Parsons had been sued by Mr. Kent for the borrowed money, and had been made to pay. Shortly after the termination of the action, a story was spread about the neighbourhood of Cock-lane that the house of Parsons was haunted by the ghost of poor Fanny, and that the daughter of Parsons, a girl about twelve years of age, had, several times seen and conversed with the spirit, who had informed her that she had not died of the small-pox, as was currently reported, but of poison administered by Mr. Kent. In answer to inquiries, Parsons declared that his house, ever since the death of Fanny, had been troubled by a mysterious knocking at the doors and in the walls. In

order to prove his words, he invited a gentleman of some standing in the parish to witness a manifestation. The gentleman, on visiting the house, found the daughter of Parsons (to whom the spirit alone appeared, and whom alone it answered) trembling violently, having, as she declared, just seen the ghost, and been again informed that she had died from poison. A loud knocking was heard from every part of the room, which so mystified the visitor that he departed, afraid to doubt, and ashamed to believe, but with a promise to bring the clergyman of the parish and several other gentlemen on the following day, to witness and report upon the mystery.

On the following night he returned, bringing with him three clergymen and about twenty other persons, who resolved, if need be, to sit up the whole night, and await the ghost's arrival. Parsons began the séance by explaining the *modus operandi*. He said that, though the ghost would never render itself visible to anybody but his daughter, it had no objection to answer questions, and that it expressed an affirmative by one knock and a negative by two knocks, and its displeasure by a kind of scratching. (This is precisely the formula of the spirit-rappers of the present time.) The child was then put into the bed along with her sister, and the clergymen examined the bed and the bed-clothes to satisfy themselves that there was no deception. They were satisfied. After some hours, during which they all waited with exemplary patience, a knocking was heard in the wall, and the child declared that she saw the ghost of Fanny. The following questions were then gravely put through the medium of Mary Frazer, Parsons's servant, to whom it was said the deceased Fanny had been much attached.

Q. Do you make this disturbance on account of the ill usage you received from Mr. Kent?

A. One knock—yes.

Q. Were you brought to an untimely end by poison?

A. Yes.

Q. How was the poison administered, in beer or purl?

A. In purl. (That is to say, there were two knocks for beer, and one knock for purl.)

Q. How long was that before your death?

A. About three hours.

Q. Are you Kent's wife's sister?

A. Yes.

Q. Were you married to Kent after your sister's death?

A. No.

Q. Can you, if you like, appear visible to any one?

A. Yes.

Q. Will you do so?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you get out of this house?

A. Yes.

Q. Is it your intention to follow the child about everywhere?

A. Yes.

Q. Are you pleased at being asked these questions?

A. Yes.

Q. Does it ease your troubled soul?

A. Yes.

(Here there was heard a mysterious noise, which a person present compared to the fluttering of wings.)

Q. If Mr. Kent is arrested for this murder, will he confess?

A. Yes.

Q. Would your soul be at rest if he were hanged for it?

A. Yes.

Q. Will he be hanged?

A. Yes.

The fame of these wonderful manifestations spread over London, and day after day for some weeks Cock-lane was rendered impassable by the crowds who assembled round the house of the parish clerk, in expectation of either seeing the ghost or hearing the mysterious knocks. Mr. Parsons, of course, disavowed all mercenary motives; but he found it necessary, so clamorous were the people for admission to his house, to admit only those who paid a fee. This went on for a long time, the ghost playing its tricks nightly, and Mr. Parsons making a good thing of it. The ghost of Cock-lane was the talk of every circle, and was the theme of innumerable pamphlets and articles in the newspapers. Mr. Prior, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, gives the copy of a receipt, dated 5th of March, 1762, for three guineas, as paid by Newbury to Goldsmith for a pamphlet respecting the Cock-lane Ghost. With regard to Dr. Johnson's credulity in the matter, Macaulay says: "He had been weak enough to pay serious attention to a story about a ghost which haunted a house in Cock-lane, and had actually gone himself, with some of his friends, at one in the morning, in the hope of receiving a communication from the perturbed spirit. But the spirit, though adjured with all solemnity, remained obstinately silent; and it soon appeared that a naughty girl of eleven had been amusing herself by making fools of so many philosophers." Unhappily, however, for the "future" of the parish clerk, the ghost was induced to make some promises which were the means of wholly destroying its reputation. It promised, in answer to the question of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, that it would not only follow little Miss Parsons wherever she went, but would also attend him or any other gentleman into the vault under St. John's church, where the body of the murdered woman was deposited, and would there give notice of its presence by a distinct knock upon the coffin. As a preliminary, the girl was conveyed to the house of Mr. Aldrich, near the church, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen, eminent for their acquirements, their rank, and their wealth, had assembled. About ten o'clock at night the girl was put to bed at Mr. Aldrich's by several ladies, a strict examination having previously been made of the bed and bed-clothes. While the gentlemen, in an adjoining chamber, were deliberating whether they should proceed in a body to the vault, they

were summoned into the bedroom by the ladies, who declared, in great alarm, that the ghost was come, and that they heard the knocks and scratches. The gentlemen entered the room, determined to put the matter to the test of the strictest inquiry. The girl was asked to put her hands out of bed, and they being held by some of the ladies, the ghost was summoned to announce itself in the usual manner. There was no reply. It was asked to render itself visible, but it did not appear. After a long pause, one of the clergymen went down-stairs to interrogate the father of the girl. He positively denied that there had been any deception, and even went so far as to declare that he himself upon one occasion had seen and conversed with the ghost. This having been communicated to the company, it was unanimously resolved to give the ghost another trial. A clergyman called out in a loud voice to the spirit that the gentleman to whom it had promised to appear in the vault was about to repair to that place, where he claimed the fulfilment of its promise. Shortly after midnight they all proceeded to the church, and two gentlemen entered the vault, and took up their position by the side of Fanny's coffin. The ghost was summoned to appear, to knock, to scratch, or to give any other indication of its presence; but it made no sign. Nothing was seen, nothing was heard, and the two gentlemen retired from the vault, perfectly satisfied that the whole business was a deception practised by Parsons and his daughter. There were others, however, who did not jump so hastily to a conclusion; and it was suggested that they were, perhaps, trifling with this awful being, which, being offended with them for their presumption, would not condescend to answer them. This is precisely what the spirit-rapping mediums allege when their dodgery is circumvented by the watchfulness of their sceptical visitors. They say that there is an evil influence in the room, or that the spirit is offended.

So many people had by this time openly expressed belief in the reality of the visitation, and identified themselves with it, that Parsons and his family were not the only persons interested in the continuance of the delusion. There were many who would not be convinced by any evidence whatever—as there are now with regard to Spiritualism—and it was said that the ghost had not appeared in the vault because Mr. Kent had taken care beforehand to have the coffin of Fanny removed. That gentleman immediately procured credible witnesses, in whose presence the coffin of Fanny was opened. Their depositions were published, and Mr. Kent indicted Parsons, his wife, his daughter, Mary Frazer, their servant, the Rev. Mr. Moor, and a tradesman, two of the most prominent supporters of the deception, for a conspiracy. The case was tried by Lord Mansfield, and the whole of the conspirators were found guilty. The Rev. Mr. Moor and his friend were severely reprimanded in open court. Parsons was sentenced to stand in the pillory and to be imprisoned for

two years, his wife for one year, and his servant for six months in Bridewell. A printer, who had been employed by them to publish an account of the proceedings for their profit, was fined fifty pounds. And thus ended one of the silliest and clumsiest impostures ever practised upon the credulity of mankind. The spirit-rapping of the present day only differs from the Cock-lane imposture in being more skilfully performed. But Mr. Parsons himself was only an imitator; for a rapping ghost had previously made a great noise in Poland.

Let us glance now at the pretensions of Joanna Southcott. Joanna was originally a domestic servant, and at the age of forty she set up as a prophetess. She wrote and dictated rhymed prophecies, announcing herself as the woman spoken of in the twelfth chapter of Revelation. In a very short time her followers numbered upwards of a hundred thousand persons. When she was sixty years of age she gave out that she was to be delivered of the second Shiloh on the 19th of October, 1814. Her followers and disciples stood watching round her door day and night until the 19th passed away; but Shiloh did not come, and it was announced to the multitude that the prophetess had fallen into a trance. She died the following year, of dropsy.

One of the most ardent believers in the pretensions of Joanna Southcott was no less a person than William Sharp, the celebrated engraver. He invited her to London, paid all her expenses, and entertained her at his own house. Many other persons of "high intellectual attainments" believed in her. In the British Museum there are several volumes of tracts containing her prophecies; they are, for the most part, doggerel rhymes and "copies of letters sent to the clergy and inserted in the newspapers." Joanna, like many others, repudiated mercenary motives; but she obtained considerable sums of money by the sale of seals or sealed packets, which were warranted to secure the salvation of those who purchased them. On her telling her followers that she was about to be delivered of the Prince of Peace, they subscribed for the purchase of an expensive cradle and rich clothes for the expected second Shiloh. In a pamphlet, illustrated by a rough woodcut showing the dissection of the deceased prophetess's body, an elaborate account is given of an operation performed by the surgeons in their search for traces of the Shiloh who did not make his appearance. There was nothing to justify the expectations of Joanna, except an enlargement of the intestines produced by flatulency, and a chronic disposition to dropsy. The pamphlet concludes with these words: "Thus has finished a delusion which would have disgraced the most barbarous times; but we hope that the recorded failure of the bold and blasphemous predictions of knaves and idiots may be the means of preventing daring attempts of a similar description in future." Vain hope! A score of bold and blasphemous impostures have arisen since then; and they will never

cease to arise while there are rogues, madmen, and fools left in the world.

The census returns of 1851 show that four congregations of persons still believing in Joanna Southcott attended four places of worship on Sunday, March 30. In the morning sixty-eight, and in the afternoon one hundred and ninety-eight persons attended.

Let us glance next at the imposture of Mary Toft, the rabbit-breeder. This woman, the wife of a poor journeyman, pretended that she had given birth to a number of rabbits, and there were eminent surgeons and medical men who believed her. What guarantee is there in the highest intellect and learning against the influence of the silliest of impostures, when experienced physiologists can give credence for a moment to such a monstrously impossible thing as this? The case of Mary Toft was first made known to the faculty by Mr. John Howard, surgeon, at Guildford, in Surrey, a man of known probity, character, and capacity in his profession, who had practised midwifery for thirty years. Mr. Howard attested that he had delivered Mary Toft of fifteen rabbits. Several surgeons went down to Guildford to examine the woman, and they were all so far impressed with the evidence of Mr. Howard, that the King instructed the surgeon to his household to institute further inquiry. This eminent authority was fully convinced of the truth of the story, declaring that he himself assisted at the delivery of the sixteenth rabbit, which he brought to town with him. Mary Toft herself was brought to London, and was examined by Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Richard Manningham, Sir Thomas Clarges, Mr. St. André, and other celebrated practitioners. Sir Richard Manningham, Fellow of the Royal Society and of the College of Physicians, and Mr. St. André, anatomist to the court, both publicly declared their belief in the phenomenon. The opinion of two such eminent men induced others to believe, and so great was the public horror of rabbits that the rent of warrens sunk to nothing: no one would eat a rabbit on any account. Mary Toft was driven at last to confess the imposture, and the eminent practitioners found to their deep chagrin that they had been taken in by a clumsy piece of jugglery. Sir Richard Manningham and Mr. St. André never held up their heads afterwards. The latter continued to hold the appointment of anatomist to the royal household; but his advice was never again asked for, and he refused to draw the salary. For the rest of his life he could not bear the sight of a rabbit. Mary Toft, while being exhibited as a phenomenon, received considerable sums of money; and, in order to perpetuate her fame, had her portrait painted by

Laguerre. On the discovery of her imposture, she returned to Godalming, and, falling into felonious ways, was committed to Guildford jail for receiving stolen goods. She died in January, 1763.

Even this vulgar imposture was declared to be a divine manifestation. The Rev. Dr. Whiston, the deputy and successor of Newton as professor of mathematics at the University of Cambridge, believed the story of Mary Toft, and wrote a pamphlet to prove that the monstrous conception was the exact fulfilment of a prophecy in Esdras. Thus at various times have the wisest and most learned of men been befooled by the grossest and most contemptible impostures, foisted upon them by the clumsy arts of the ignorant and the vulgar.

At the beginning of the present century the country was ringing with the fame of Ann Moore, of Tutbury, who was said to have lived for five years without food or drink. In this case, also, medical men were employed to test the truth of the phenomenon, and their report confirmed all that had been alleged. From this time the Fasting Woman continued to attract visitors from all parts of the country, who witnessed her condition with a sort of religious awe, and who, in commiseration of her sufferings, or to reward her devotedness, presented her with money and other gifts. This old humbug, who lay in bed, with a large Bible before her, to receive her visitors, turned the exhibition of her person to such good account as to be able to place a sum of four hundred pounds in the funds. She submitted to one test of sixteen days' watching, but refused to submit to a second. But the astonishing thing is, not that Ann Moore should submit to be watched, when she made so much money by it, but that there should have been people idle enough, silly enough, and credulous enough to watch her.

As to the idle, silly, and credulous persons who are now abasing their intellects under the feet of that grossest of all the impostures—Spiritualism—we wish them no worse than that they may live long enough to see their names blazoned in the next edition of the "History of Popular Delusions," and that they may come to have as great a horror of rapping-tables as the learned Mr. St. André had of rabbits.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Greenwich on Friday evening the 4th of May; at Clifton on Wednesday and Friday the 9th and 11th; at Bristol on Thursday the 10th; at St. James's Hall on Monday the 14th; at Aberdeen on Wednesday 16th; at Glasgow on Friday 18th; and at Edinburgh on Saturday morning the 19th of May.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I. AT THE FERRY HOTEL.

Now the air clears, and the skies brighten marvellously, and the earth rolls away up and down into deep green rich folds, into sheltered valley and sunny hill, into a quiet corner of the island, where the clatter of the workshop is not heard, and where the tall chimney does not rise, and red inflammation of the factories has not broken out.

In short, to that corner of valleys round which the sheet of placid silver creeps, where there are the tranquil straits, and the lacework bridge is carelessly cast across, and seems to unite two rich and flowery bosquets, and to where the wooded banks steal down to the water's edge, and where the old Ferry Hotel, now glorified into modern magnificence, "entreats" the guest who would be quiet and retired.

For from this spot, the town and the screaming train—that only shows itself a second in the open air at the station, and then runs burrowing into the mountains—is very far away; and the town-worn stranger, and, above all, the newly married, steal down quietly to this retreat, where only few curious eyes can follow. At the old Ferry Hotel had been staying the pale gentleman and the girlish wife, who had been known in the books as "Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson."

Those in the house had remarked the grave gentleman's eager solicitude and affection to the little girl who was so happy and affectionate. There were not ten years between them. Still, she looked "absurdly" childish, said some of the unmarried ladies, to be the wife of that grave-looking man.

They went through the invariable programme—the driving, the boating, the walking, the exploring—and seemed always very cheerful and very happy. When he was alone, the pale gentleman's face grew abstracted, and sad, and weary, and the unmarried ladies looked at him with the interest that always waited on him, and said, what seemed to be always destined to be said of him, "There must be some strange mystery associated with his early life."

Every day the omnibus went down and came up, taking away guests and bringing fresh ones, until at last the season began to draw to an end. Then the company dropped away, and Mr. Tillotson and his girlish wife had fixed the morrow for departure. Nobly, more than amply, had he kept to the undertaking he had made in the old church, when his eyes wandered up to the bald cobwebbed roof. And not for a moment had his purpose faltered. It was only this morning that she had told him "what a delightful time they had spent."

Still the old wound was there, the old spectre was behind the curtain, and he had only to look in that direction, and it would step forth and seize on him.

A few mornings before their departure for town, Mr. Tillotson, at breakfast, was turning over the letters that had come in, when he said, "Ah, there is your suit coming on. It is set down for appeal again before the Exchequer Chamber, as they call it."

"O! And I hope we shall win," said she, gaily. "The nasty odious plaintiff. I shall never forgive him for putting me to all that trouble and anxiety. For, O!" she said, reflectively, "you cannot imagine how it lay on my heart, and how I worried myself with it. I used to think of it night and day, even lie awake whole nights. And even when I *did* sleep, I was dreaming of it. But *now*, somehow," she added, smoothing her hair pensively, "I don't think of it nearly so much. Isn't it odd?"

And she went away in great spirits to take a little walk in the garden, to make herself strong, which she was very anxious to do. Yet somehow she did not get strong so fast as Sir Duncan Dennison would have wished. The cough lay in ambush, and burst out, of cold days, with great insubordination. Still the soft air of the place—did not one of the hotel-keepers of the place call it "The Malaga of Wales"?—would eventually be of benefit.

That night Mr. Tillotson was slowly pacing the garden and walks about the Ferry Hotel. It was on a green slope, and the walks went down actually to the water's edge, where the pleasure-boats lay moored at a little pier. He wandered round to the front of the house where were the little bow-windows, diamond-paned, and with

old wooden sashes, precisely as they were in the old-fashioned days of the Ferry, a hundred and fifty years before. The bow-windows were surrounded with ivy and creeping plants, and now a red curtain being drawn, and there being light in the old-fashioned bar behind the red curtain, it looked as warm and glowing and comforting as a real Maypole Inn taken out of fiction. Most comforting, too, it must have looked to the people in the omnibus, which Mr. Tillotson now saw coming down the avenue. He waited to see it draw up and the guests arrive, a proceeding of interest to many resident guests of the place, who stood about smoking their after-dinner cigars. It was a full omnibus, and many got down. Mr. Tillotson watched it mechanically and without much interest, but, as he stood, was attracted by a loud and angry voice giving orders about some of his "things," which could not be found at once. The voice was arrogant, and with a sense of injury in it. It complained and abused at the same time. He made such a noise that the landlady herself came out.

"Always the way at these infernal places," he went on. "You knock things about as if they were of iron. Much you care what becomes of them, so as you get your money out of us."

The light was on his face—a very hot one, seen under a grey hat—and Mr. Tillotson recognised Ross.

He had long since forgotten that strange letter from Ireland, and, in fact, was glad to see him; for he always looked on him as more wild than vicious, and now thought this meeting very fortunate. He went up to him.

"Mr. Ross," he began.

"Why, who the devil!" said the other, starting back, and shading his eyes for a good view. "So this is you, is it, Mr. Tillotson? Ah! there it is, stupids. If there's a thing damaged in it, I'll make the hotel pay, by Heavens I will. So you're here, Mr. T.—eh?"

"I am glad we have met," said Mr. Tillotson, "as I have something particular to say to you."

"O, you have, have you?" said the other, suspiciously. "Well, I can't hear it now. I suppose you'll let a fellow dine—eh, Mr. T.? A man that has been half-over Ireland, and across from Kingstown, must be hungry. I suppose your particular business will let me eat—eh?"

After his dinner, he went out into the little garden under the window to have his cigar. He found Mr. Tillotson there.

"Here you are again!" he said. "Now, look here," he went on. "What game are you at now? Why did you follow me here, sneaking after me in this way? Why——"

"Do listen to me," said Mr. Tillotson, "and dismiss all these delusions. I did not follow you here, as you will see, if you reflect. I have been here for weeks. But I am very glad to have met you."

The other laughed. "That's very good," he

said. "How would you like to meet me down at St. Alans—at old Tilney's—eh? Not so much, I think. I say," he said, changing his tone, "I hope you have given up that infernal sneaking game down there—if you haven't, by——"

"Stop," said Mr. Tillotson, calmly; "this way of speaking has no effect on me, not in the least. A little quiet reasoning would have much more. I have seen too much of the world to care for threats or menaces."

This tone sobered Mr. Ross a little.

"Never mind," he said; "you always hated me, and still do, and try to interfere with me in every way. But never mind—wait until I get my money next week. The judges must give it to me."

"That is just what I wanted to speak to you about," said Mr. Tillotson, eagerly. "Why go on with the matter? She is quite willing to come to some arrangement with you. Her condition is changed now—she does not care for law. It will be the most sensible course for all parties."

Strange to say, Mr. Ross listened to this proposal with more toleration. Mr. Tillotson had got him on his weak side when he said,

"I have always had your interest at heart, though I never could get you to believe it. You have some unreasonably hatred to me; for what, I cannot make out."

"Unreasonable, of course," said the other, grumbling. "Ah, that's very well. What took you down to St. Alans—eh? Unless——"

"I have done with St. Alans for ever," said Mr. Tillotson, hastily, "and with all that are in it. But think this all over, Ross. Begin by believing that I am not such a deadly enemy as you would suppose, and then see how this suit may be adjusted."

Mr. Tillotson told Mrs. Tillotson that night that he thought it was all settled. In the morning he came down to the garden a little before breakfast. He was walking there absently, when Ross came towards him, having leaped out of the coffee-room window, which opened on the ground.

"Well, have you thought over the matter?" he said.

The other was in one of his furies. "I have, I have. You're a nice person to trust—a nice jockey. Lucky I know how to keep my eyes open. Infernally, scoundrelly taken in."

"What is this now?" said Mr. Tillotson.

"What is this now? Why, that I have found out your game. And it is close and clever enough. But I am up to you. I found you out. So you wished to make up the suit for her. You had no interest in it. No. Luckily I just asked the waiter last night."

"Surely you must have known," said Mr. Tillotson, beginning to understand him, "that I was married."

"That's very well now, Mr. Tillotson. If you put your eyes on sticks, I'll not settle—not for one sixpence."

A little figure came tripping round the corner, and bounded up to Mr. Tillotson. Ross started back, and kept scowling at her.

"So this is the defendant, eh?" he said, scoffingly indeed. "My name is Ross," he cried—"Ross and Davis." I only found out by an accident, last night, that you were married to this Tillotson here. *He* didn't tell me, for reasons of his own."

"It is hopeless," said Mr. Tillotson, calmly; "this is always your resource—secret insinuation. I give it up."

The young wife was looking with wonder from one to the other. She could not understand this scene.

"Secret insinuation," he said, contemptuously. "I shall insinuate what I like. But this, I give you open warning, Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson both, and Mrs. Tillotson particularly—don't be sending to me in any huggermuggering way to settle or arrange. I'll do neither, if I were to go to a jail, and rot, and die there."

Her eyes opened. "I never sent any one to you," she said.

"Well, then, he came himself last night—indeed it's more likely. He's very clever, our friend here, as you'll find out, Mrs. T. And he had very nearly taken me in. And so he is married to the defendant in the great action. I dare say he thinks it a good speculation. But it's the worst thing that could have happened to *you*, Mrs. Tillotson; for I might have come to terms with *you*, before they send me to Gib., and I am getting rather tired, but with *him* I'll fight to the end."

"You have a bad, wicked soul, I am afraid, Ross," said Mr. Tillotson, quite calmly; "nothing will teach you."

"And what was this I heard," said Ross, bursting into a sudden fury, as some recollection came to him, "of his sneaking down to St. Alans in the night to see that girl? So you've not done with those tricks yet, married as you are? Take care, take care, Tillotson; I'll have to give you a lesson, and, by Heavens, I may come back from Gibraltar and shoot you—I would—"

"What *does* he mean?" said the young wife, looking at her husband in terror. "What does he say about a girl at St. Alans?"

Mr. Tillotson's pale face grew paler. "Don't heed him, dear," he said. "He has some strange dislike to me. God knows I have never done anything to deserve it—except—" And he stopped.

Ross's hand went up to his cheek instinctively. "Ah, you are thinking of *that*," he said. "How generous! How noble!"

"No, no," said the other, eagerly. "I never intended—never."

"Didn't you? But I am glad it's there, very glad, Tillotson. It's a good memorandum, Tillotson. Never mind—all in good time. And when I get back from Gib. with lots of money, then, Mr. Tillotson—There's the omnibus. I'm

going on up to London for the hearing. So good-bye to you, and to you, Mrs. Tillotson."

He raised his hat, and walked away. He left doubt and confusion.

"What does all this mean?" she said, time-rously. "I never heard anything about this. What did you say to him last night? Why did you not tell me? And what did he mean by the lady down at St. Alans? Was he telling stories?"

Mr. Tillotson had often turned over in his mind whether he had not better tell out plainly the whole of this past passage in his life. But he had considered that this would worry this fragile and rather unreasoning heart, who would be sure to take hold of it wrongly. So he turned it off now, lightly. "We must not mind this man's speeches. He says everything wildly and frantically, and is indeed not accountable."

She made no answer to this, and went to her room to finish her packing; but she took all she heard away with her, thought it over and over until her head grew weary, fed herself on that dawning of suspicion, and determined, as soon as she got home, to lay it all before Martha Malcolm, of whose gloomy sense she had a high opinion.

Two hours later their trunks were on the top of the Ferry Hotel omnibus, and they were travelling away up and down the steep hills to the station. That night they were at home again; that is, at a new handsome house, which had been taken before they left, and to the appointments of which the captain had looked with singular care.

CHAPTER II. FIRST DOUBTS.

BACK in town again, in this pleasant, bright, compact house, in a street as cheerful and compact, Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson began their new life. That is to say, he was seen again at the Fancier Bank, and was commended heartily by the chairman of that great concern. "A very proper step indeed, Tillotson," said Mr. Rowater. "I never was anything till I married."

Of the new establishment both Miss Diamond and the grim Martha Malcolm were members. The young mistress had begged this almost as a favour, for Mr. Tillotson had old-fashioned doubts as to the policy of introducing a wife's relations. Personally, he had no objection to either of those people; in fact, was wholly indifferent. As she begged so hard, and made such a point of it, he said, "Of course, yes," and with a little surprise.

The captain remained on at his old lodgings, bound under solemn penalties to come for his dinner on at least every Sunday and holiday, though, and on as many more secular festivals as might possibly arise. And it was very pleasant, about five o'clock of these days, to see him proceeding with a stiff steady limp, robed in his night cloak, and leaning on a strong red Malacca cane, which he was accustomed to call his "third leg." To these

little meetings Mr. Tillotson began to look with great eagerness, for he had really come to know and admire every day more and more the thorough unselfishness and genial sympathy of this fine nature. And at these Sunday meals the captain told the incidents of the week, drawn from his lodging life, as he enjoyed "a remarkably fine saddle," which was his favourite dish. There was a humorous simplicity in all his relations, very entertaining, though he was accustomed to check himself very often, saying, "Now I am getting into one of my old stories," and would have to be pressed hard to go on. After dinner, too, it was a matter of great delight with the young mistress to get "nunkey" to read out some new fiction, to which the brave old officer applied himself at once with the gallantry that always characterised him where there was a lady's wish in the case. And while the two ladies worked (Mr. Tillotson was below with business), the captain, with his book held firmly before him, and a pair of tortoiseshell glasses on his Roman nose, read on, with extraordinary seriousness, through many pages of the most diverting of modern works of humour. For his mind was so concentrated on the one aim—that of seeing and pronouncing his words—that he was unable to spare any attention to the sense, and read on steadily, as though it was his family Prayer-book. And sometimes at an exciting part, where the hero was about to put a question on which much happiness was to depend, the captain, on hearing the clock strike ten, would take down his glasses with great satisfaction, and close his book, saying, "I think now we have left them all very comfortably settled together. Really, an exceedingly well-written book."

All this time, however, he was watching the new ménage with much careful interest. He had been a little disturbed by the incidents of the wedding-day; but every hour's progress only pleased him the more, and made him say again and again to himself, that "that Tillotson was a prince of a fellow, a noble creature, and behaving like a true gentleman to the little girl." It had turned out, he said, the best thing in the world. But with all the captain's observation and warm approbation, he could not see what was passing in the heart of that "little girl," now grown infinitely more serious and thoughtful than she ever was before, which, however, was to be explained by the little responsibilities of her new position. Her health had been greatly improved by the Welsh air, and there seemed no necessity indeed for that foreign journey.

The Tilneys were no longer at St. Alans. They were very much "shaken" by that dreadful blow. Mr. Tilney had, however, rallied considerably, and went about very much as he had done before, having a far deeper religious tone in his conversation, especially whenever he alluded to what he called his "illness." "The doctors ordered me away from that place, sir," he said. "It was not the place for a gentleman with a

family to reside at. Only that it suited the health of my children, I would not have stayed an hour. Cathedral is very well in its way—lifts up the mind. But, after all, take Westminster, sir—the devotional serenity of that old pile! Often and often, as I pass it by in a Hansom, it stirs me—it stirs me *here*."

The fact was, General Whitaker and others of his friends, a little shocked at what had taken place, had come together, and said to each other that "something must be done for that poor old Tilney." After about six months, an old friend of his, who had long lost sight of him, and who had never said anything about "something must be done for poor old Tilney," stepped on the scene, and got him some little "berth" near London—something to do with Hampton Court Palace. Lord Chinnery also, a distant relation of his, but with very strong opinions on the morality of "self-help," particularly in the case of relations, had some pittance literally wrung from him. And with these aids Mr. Tilney gradually rallied into his old alacrity and his old diffuseness, and pursued his secular and religious commentary on life.

On the very first Sunday after their return, the captain came limping up about half an hour before dinner, thus inaugurating the custom. Mr. Tillotson was out, and he found the little lady of the house waiting in the drawing-room. He noticed a sort of anxious look in her face.

"Well, how are you?" he said, gaily. "That's right; give me the hand. Good child. Where's Tillotson?"

She was very glad to see him.

"He has not come in from his walk. He likes these long solitary walks. I suppose he wishes to have full opportunity for thinking over—"

"Over you, you mean," said the captain, pinching her cheek. "You rogue."

The little lady's eyes wandered round the room anxiously.

"Not at all," she said. Then laughed. "Ah, nunkey, I found it out. I always told you, remember, he had a mystery, and you wouldn't tell me. But I made it out for myself."

Much troubled, the captain looked at her to see what she meant. One more skilled in the little trickeries and shifts of a sensitive breast would have seen under this false acting. He was a little sorry. As he always thought, "Best let bygones be bygones."

"And there was no mystery, after all," he said. "Why, did Tillotson take you into confidence? Or, I dare say, you little rogue, you coaxed it all out of him?"

"Yes, yes," she said, "I found it out. About that Miss Tilney, you know, down at St. Alans—eh?"

This she said so wistfully, and with such an eager inquiry written so *painfully* on her face, that the captain saw in a second what was the true state of the case. "I could have bit my tongue off," he said to himself afterwards. "But Tom always was a regular old Gamahoe"—the

captain had picked up this odd word in some Irish regiment, and was fond of it—"and always will be one." He saw that this little woman knew nothing of the business.

"What Tilney," he said, "my dear? What has he to do with them?"

"Ah!" she said, excitedly, "you must tell me more now, uncle. I will know. What is this about this Miss Tilney? It was not right to conceal it from me."

"I declare to Heaven," said the captain, fervently, "as I hope to be saved hereafter, I don't know what you're talking of, my dear."

"O, you are deceiving me, uncle, and it's not fair, indeed it's not; and I suspected it all along, and you should have told me, you should indeed."

"Ah, you foolish little pet, listen to me. Will you attend to me? As I am alive, and if there was a Bible convenient I'd take an affidavit on it, somebody has been deceiving you. He's had nothing to do with any Tilneys at all. May I drop down on this rug if it's not the truth. Now believe me, my child, somebody's been fummung—that's it."

"But what did he mean—a Mr. Ross, that we met—when he said that he'd come down and saved one of these Miss Tilneys?"

"God knows. But I know this much; if you only saw those Tilney girls, as I did the other day—regular troopers of young women. So now put it out of your little head, and don't be worrying yourself, and take the colour out of your cheeks. Ah! here he is himself."

The captain was so fervent and earnest in this disclaimer, that he all but convinced the little lady.

So, during dinner, she had got up her spirits again. But in her room that night, where she was attended on by the stern Martha, she took up the confidences almost where they had then left off.

"Ah," she said, "Martha, you were a little wrong in what you said. I have found it all out from the captain."

Martha at first did not understand. Then she said:

"Ah, the captain—a good-natured and a well-meaning gentleman."

"So he is, Martha, and one of the kindest friends I have."

"So he is, so he is," said the other, gloomily.

"And a pity it always is when we can't stay content with those that knows and likes us, instead of wanting new ones. Of course the captain likes you, and wouldn't like you to be troubled."

"But he would tell the truth, Martha, wouldn't he?"

"Of course, miss, what he knew, he would."

"Well, then, Martha, he vowed before heaven and earth, and asked me even for a Bible to take his oath upon, that all this little story about a Miss Tilney was absurd. So you must have

been mistaken, and some one must have misled you."

"Maybe so, maybe so," said she, grimly. "So we'll let it be. If others are content, I am. I only do my duty to the family that reared me, and was kind to me. I haven't married into a new family, miss, and ain't obliged to take to the Tillotsons."

"I know that, Martha; but what do you think? Do tell me. Set my mind at rest. I shan't sleep to-night, I know I shan't. Do not be cruel, Martha."

"Well, miss, we'll see—we'll see—in the morning."

It is evident from this little dialogue in what a cloud of troubled suspicion the young mistress of the new house was living in. Mr. Tillotson, with a weight of his own in his breast, was growing accustomed to his new life, and more and more absorbed in business. He was very kind to her—"gave her every indulgence," said his friends—but had not time to study or understand the suspicions and doubts of the little lady. He used to ask her at times, plainly, had she any little grief to complain of, and beg of her to confide it to him; but on this subject she was always cold, and reserved, and aggrieved. So, a little wearied, he gave it up, and went more and more to his business as to the best distraction in the world.

STATISTICS OF VIRTUE.

SMALL presents, it has been shrewdly said, prevent the flame of friendship from dying out. A Stilton cheese, a bouquet of forced flowers, a maiden copy of a "just-published" book, a *pâté de foie gras*, a basket of fruit that *will* keep a day or two, a salmon in spring, or a fresh-killed hare in autumn—anything that answers, as a feed of corn or a bait of hay to one's own private hobby-horse—very rarely indeed gives offence.

Be the influence such offerings exert ever so small, it is attractive rather than repulsive in its tendency. They are silken fibres which draw people together, almost without their knowing it; and although the strength of any single one may be slight, by multiplication they acquire appreciable power. Even if they come from evidently interested motives, they are a tribute which flatters the receiver's self-esteem, for they are an unmistakable proof that he is *worth* being courted. They are a mutual tie which bind friendly connections into a firmer bundle of sticks than they were before. The giver even likes the person given to all the better for having bestowed gifts upon him. There may exist no thought or intention to lay him under an obligation; but there always must, and properly may, arise the hope of increasing his good will and attachment. It is clear that, when it is desirable that kindly relations should exist between persons, any honourable means of promoting such relations

are not only expedient but laudable. One stone of an arch may fit its fellow-stones perfectly, but a little cement does their union no harm.

As there is a reciprocal social attraction between individuals of respectability and worth, so also there ought to be a gravitation of every individual towards certain excellences of character and conduct. And here likewise small inducements, trifling bribes, minor temptations, help to increase the force of the tendency. Virtue is, and ought to be, its own reward; still, an additional bonus of extraneous recompense cannot but help the moral progress of mankind. It sounds like a truism to say that a motive is useful as a mover to the performance of any act or course of action. The fact is implied by the meaning of the word itself. If good deeds can be rendered more frequent by increasing the motives to their practice, the world in general will be all the better and the happier for that increase.

The problem in ethics to be solved is, simply, how men and women may be most easily led to behave like very good boys and girls. We urge children to do their best by rewards of merit. Why should not the minds of adults be stimulated by similar persuasive forces? Nor can worldly motives, if pulling in the same direction as moral and religious motives, be productive of anything but good. And we want motives to excite the good to become still more persistently and exemplarily good, all the more that terror of punishment is unfortunately insufficient to make the bad abstain from deeds of wickedness.

With this view, a philanthropic Frenchman, M. de Montyon, founded in 1819 annual prizes for acts of benevolence and devotedness, which, besides addressing our higher feelings, appeal to two strong passions, interest and vanity. And why should integrity pass unrewarded? Why should bright conduct be hid under a bushel? In a darksome night, how far the little candle throws his beams! So ought to shine a good deed in a naughty world. Most undoubtedly, to do good by stealth is highly praiseworthy; but there is no reason why the blush which arises on finding it fame should necessarily be a painful blush. Far better that it should be a glow of pleasure.

More than forty years have now elapsed since these prizes for virtue were instituted, during which period more than seven hundred persons have received the reward of their exemplary conduct. The French Academy, which distributes the prizes, has decided (doing violence to the modesty of the recipients) to publish their good deeds to the world. After the announcement of their awards, a livret or list in the form of a pamphlet is issued, recounting each specific case with the same simplicity with which it was performed. These lists are spread throughout all France and further, in the belief that the more widely meritorious actions are known, the greater chance there is of their being imitated.

The awards made by the French Academy up to the present day to virtuous actions give an average of about eighteen per annum. These eighteen annual "crowns" have been competed for by more than seventy memorials coming from every point of France, mostly without the knowledge of the persons interested. In short, since the foundation of the prizes, the Academy has had to read several thousand memorials.

To Monsieur V. P. Demay (Secretary and Chef des Bureaux of the Mairie of the 18th Arrondissement of Paris) the idea occurred of collecting the whole of these livrets into a volume, so as to furnish an analytical summary of the distribution of the prizes throughout the empire, and of appending to it flowers of philanthropic eloquence culled from the speeches made at the Academic meetings. The result is a book entitled "*Les Fastes de la Vertu Pauvre en France*," "*Annals of the Virtuous Poor in France*."

No one, before M. Demay, thought of undertaking the Statistics of Virtue. The subject has not found a place on any scientific programme, French or international; whether through forgetfulness or not, the fact remains indisputable. And be it remarked that the seven hundred and thirty-two laureats to whom rewards have been decreed, represent only a fraction of the number of highly deserving persons. In all their reports ever since 1820, the French Academy has declared that it had only the embarrassment of choosing between the candidates while awarding the prizes, so equally meritorious were their acts. Therefore, to the seven hundred and thirty-two nominees ought to be added the two thousand four hundred and forty competitors whose cases were considered during that period, making altogether a total of three thousand one hundred and seventy-two instances of conduct worthy of imitation which had been brought to light by the agency of the prizes.

The book, not more amusing than other statistics, is nevertheless highly suggestive. Serious thought is the consequence of opening its pages. It is a touching book, and goes to the heart, as the acts it records came from the heart. After reading it, many will feel prompted to go and do likewise by some effort of generosity or self-denial. In any case, it cannot be other than a moralising work to bring to light so many instances of devotion, and to set them forth as public examples.

In some of his speculations our author, perhaps, may be considered as just a little too sanguine. Certainly, if there are tribunals for the infliction of punishment, there is no reason why tribunals should not exist for the conferring of recompenses. How far they are likely to become general, is a question for consideration. Also, it is true that newspapers give the fullest details of horrid crimes, while they are brief in their usual mention of meritorious actions. But before M. Demay, somebody said, "Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water;" and it is to be feared he is somewhat too bright-visioned a

seer, when he hopes that, through Napoleon the Third's and Baron Haussmann's educational measures, coupled with the influence of the Montyon prizes, "at no very distant day, the words penitentiary, prison, &c., will exist only in the state of souvenirs—painful as regards the past, but consolatory for the future."

To give the details of such a multitude of virtuous acts is simply impossible. M. Demay can only rapidly group those which present the most striking features, and which have appeared still more extraordinary—for that is the proper word—than the others, conferring on their honoured actors surnames recognised throughout whole districts. It is the Table of Honour of Virtuous Poverty, crowned by the verdict of popular opinion. Among these latter are (the parentheses contain the name of their department): the Mussets, husband and wife, salt manufacturers, at Château Salins (Meurthe), surnamed the Second Providence of the Poor; Suzanne Géral, wife of the keeper of the lock-up house, at Florac (Lozère), surnamed the Prison Angel; David Lacroix, fisherman, at Dieppe (Seine-Inférieure), surnamed the *Sauveur*, the Saviour, instead of the *Sauveteur*, the Rescuer, after having pulled one hundred and seventeen people out of fire and water—he has the Cross of the Legion of Honour; Marie Philippe; Widow Gambon, vine-dresser, at Nanterre (Seine), surnamed la Mère de bon Secours, or Goody Helpful; Madame Langier, at Orgon (Bouche-du-Rhône), surnamed la Quêteuse, the Collector of Alms.

In the spring of 1839 almost the whole canton of Ax (Ariège) was visited by the yellow fever, which raged for ten months, and carried off a sixth of the population. It was especially malignant at Prades. Terror was at its height; those whom the scourge had spared were prevented by their fears from assisting their sick neighbours, menaced with almost certain death. Nevertheless, a young girl, Madeleine Fort, who had been brought up in the practice of good works, exerted herself to the utmost in all directions. During the course of those ten disastrous months she visited, consoled, and nursed more than five hundred unfortunates; and if she could not save them from the grave, she followed them, alone, to their final resting-place. Two Sisters of Charity were sent to help her; one was soon carried off, and the second fell ill. The curé died, and was replaced by another. The latter, finding himself smitten, sent for Madeleine. One of the flock had to tend the pastor. Those disastrous days have long since disappeared; but if the traveller, halting at Prades, asks for Madeleine Fort's dwelling, he will be answered, "Ah! you mean our Sister of Charity?"

Suzanne Bichon is only a servant. Her master and mistress were completely ruined by the negro insurrection in St. Domingo; but the worthy woman would not desert them—she worked for them all, and took care of the children. On being offered a better place, that is, a more lucrative engagement, she refused it

with the words, "You will easily find another person, but can my master and mistress get another servant?" The Academy gave their recompense for fifteen years of this devoted service. Her mistress wanted to go and take a place herself; she would not hear of it, making them believe that she had means at her command, and expectations. But all her means lay in her capacity for work, while her expectations were—Providence. It is not to be wondered at that she was known as Good Suzette.

Such attachments as these on the part of servants are a delightful contrast to what we commonly see in the course of our household experience. They can hardly be looked for under the combined régime of register-offices, a month's wages or a month's warning, no followers, Sundays out, and crinoline.

We look for virtue amongst the clergy. The devotion, self-denial, and resignation often witnessed amongst them are matters of notoriety. Nevertheless, it is right that one of its members should find a place on a list like the present. In 1834, the Abbé Bertran was appointed curé of Peyriac (Aude). He was obliged, so to speak, to conquer the country of which he was soon to be the benefactor. For two years he had to struggle with the obstinate resistance which his parishioners opposed to him. His evangelical gentleness succeeded in vanquishing every obstacle; henceforth he was master of the ground, and could march onwards with a firm step. At once he consecrated his patrimony to the restoration of the church and the presbytery. He bought a field, turned architect, and soon there arose a vast building which united the two extremes of life—old age and infancy. He then opened simultaneously a girls' school, an infant school, and a foundling hospital. He sought out the orphans belonging to the canton, and supplied a home to old people of either sex. To effect these objects the good pastor expended seventy thousand francs (nearly three thousand pounds), the whole of his property: he left himself without a sou. But he had sown his seed in good ground, and it promised to produce a hundred-fold. Rich in his poverty, his place is marked beside Vincent de Paul and Charles Borromeo.

Goodness may even indulge in its caprices and still remain good. Marguerite Monnier, surnamed *la Mayon* (a popular term of affection in Lorraine), seems to have selected a curious speciality for the indulgence of her charitable propensities. It is requisite to be infirm or idiotic to be entitled to receive her benevolent attentions. When quite a child, she selects as her friend a poor blind beggar, whom she visits every day in her wretched hovel. She makes her bed, lights her fire, and cooks her food. While going to school, she remarks a poor old woman scarcely able to drag herself along, but, nevertheless, crawling to the neighbouring wood to pick up a few dry sticks. She follows her thither, helps her to gather them, and brings back the load on her own shoulders. Grown to

womanhood, and married, Marguerite successively gives hospitality to an idiot, a crazy person, a cretin, several paralytic patients, orphans, strangers without resources, and even drunkards (one would wish to see in their failing an infirmity merely). Every creature unable to take care of itself finds in her a ready protector. Such are her lodgers, her clients, her customers! Ever cheerful, she amuses them by discourse suited to their comprehension. All around her is in continued jubilation, and Marguerite herself seems to be more entertained than anybody else. It may be said, perhaps, that a person must be born with a natural disposition for this kind of devotedness. Granted; but his claim to public gratitude is not a whit the less for that.

Catherine Vernet, of Saint-Germain (Puy-de-Dôme), is a simple lacemaker, who, after devoting herself to her family, has for thirty years devoted herself to those who have no one to take care of them. Her savings having amounted to a sufficient sum for the purchase of a small house, she converted it into a sort of hospital with eight beds always occupied. Situated amongst the mountains of Auvergne, this hospital is a certain refuge for *perdus*, travellers who have lost their way. It is an imitation of the Saint Bernard; and if it has not attained its celebrity, it emanates from the same source, charity.

In looking through the lists and comparing the several departments of France, it would be hard to say that one department is better than another; because their population, and other important influential circumstances, vary immensely between themselves. But what strikes one immediately, is the great preponderance of good women—rewarded as such—over good men. Thus, to dip into the list at hazard, we have—Meuse, one man, five women; Seine, thirty-one men, ninety-eight women; Loire, two men, six women; Côte-d'Or, three men, eleven women; and so on. The nature of the acts rewarded—also taken by chance—are these: reconciliation of families in *vendetta* (Corsica); maintenance of deserted children; rescues from fire and water; faithfulness to master and mistress for sixteen years; adoption of seven orphans for fifteen years; maintenance of master and mistress fallen into poverty; devotion to the aged; nursing the sick poor; killing a mad dog who inflicted fourteen bites. When "inexhaustible charity" and "succour to the indigent" are mentioned, one would like to know whether they consisted in mere alms-giving. Probably not; because by "charity" Montyon understood, not the momentary impulse which causes us to help a suffering fellow-creature, and then dies away, but the constant, durable affection which regards him as another self, and whose device is "Privation, Sacrifice."

In the period, then, between 1819 and 1864 seven hundred and seventy-six persons received Montyon rewards, two hundred and eleven of whom were men, and five hundred and sixty-five women. In M. Demay's opinion, the dis-

proportion ought to surprise nobody; for if Man is gifted with virile courage, which is capable of being suddenly inflamed, and is liable to be similarly extinguished, Woman only is endowed with the boundless, incessant, silent devotion, which is found in the mother, the wife, the daughter, the sister. This dear companion, given by God to man, is conscious of the noble mission allotted her to fulfil on earth. We behold the results in her acts, and in what daily occurs in families. Abnegation, with her, is a natural instinct. "She may prove weak, no doubt; she may even go astray: but, be assured, she always retains the divine spark of charity, which only awaits an opportunity to burst forth into a brilliant flame. Let us abstain, therefore, from casting a stone at temporary error; let us pardon, and forget. Our charity will lead her back to duty more efficaciously than all the moral stigmas we could possibly inflict."

The years most fruitful in acts of devotion appear to have been 1851, 1852, and 1857, in which twenty-seven and twenty-eight prizes were awarded. Their cause is, that previously the Academy received memorials from the authorities only. But after making an appeal to witnesses of every class and grade, virtue, if the expression may be allowed, overflowed in all directions. Lives of heroism and charity, hidden in the secrets of the heart, were suddenly brought to the light of day, to the great surprise of their heroes and heroines. During the same period there was distributed, in money, three hundred and sixty-four thousand francs (sixteen thousand pounds); in medals, four hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred and fifty francs (sixteen thousand seven hundred and forty-two pounds); total, seven hundred and eighty two thousand five hundred and fifty francs (thirty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-two pounds). The Montyon prizes are worth having, and not an insult to the persons to whom they are offered. The sums of money given range as high as one, two, three, and even four thousand francs; the medals vary in value from five and six hundred to a thousand francs: but even a five-hundred franc or twenty-pound medal is a respectable token of approbation and esteem. In some few cases, both money and a medal are bestowed.

It may be said that the persons to whom these prizes are given would have done the same deeds without any reward. True; and therein lies their merit. And ought money to be given to recompense virtuous acts? Yes, most decidedly; because it will confer on its recipients their greatest possible recompense—the power of doing still more good. Money gifts are not to be depreciated so long as there are orphans to sustain, sick poor to nurse, and infirm old age to keep from starvation.

Finally, is charity the growth of one period of life rather than of another? On inspecting the lists, we find children, six, twelve, thirteen years of age, and close to them octogenarians, one nonagenarian, one centenarian! If noble

courage does not wait for fulness of years, it would appear not to take its flight on their arrival.

A DASH INTO YORKSHIRE.

ONE day lately, I felt myself to be very stupid. I will not be guilty of the modest affectation of saying, "though, by the way, that is nothing unusual;" for, however true that may be, no one believes it when he says it, and such modesty is nothing but a hypocritical pretence. I own, without any reservation whatever, that, on the occasion I refer to, I *was* stupid. Plodding day after day, and week after week, in the same beaten track, round and round like a mill-horse, I was getting into a dazed mechanical state, and I felt that if I did not bolt and kick up my heels I should become idiotic. I tried to think coherently, and I couldn't. I tried to speak coherently about the most common-place matters, and I couldn't. When any one challenged me to express my views with regard to that easiest of topics, the weather, I found that I was incapable of going straight to the point. I was unable to say, in so many words, that it was very wet weather when it was raining cats and dogs. Or if the sun shone, I found it equally difficult to declare that it was fine. My sentences came out wrong end first. I had no ideas upon any subject whatever, or if I had I was quite unable to express them in intelligible words. I was beginning to have a vague sense that my brain was gone, and that there was nothing left in my skull for my senses to act upon.

When I was in this state, gravely doubting whether I should ever have the use of my faculties any more, I suddenly formed my resolution. I am generally a well-ordered person, and, as a rule, never do anything without due consideration. There is nothing flighty or capricious in my character. Yet on this occasion my conduct was flighty and capricious in the last degree. At nine o'clock in the morning I had no idea of leaving London for many weeks; but at nine o'clock that night I was more than two hundred miles away from London, in a town where I did not know a single soul, and in which I had no business whatever. When I formed my resolution, I was in the street, proceeding to my mill. Suddenly I turned on my heel, retraced my steps to my chambers, and packed a little carpet-bag with a change of clothes. In ten minutes I was in the street again, with the carpet-bag in my hand. In what direction should I bend my steps? I had no idea on the subject. I scarcely knew for what purpose I was carrying the carpet-bag. Walking on and on, I found myself in the Marylebone-road. I was at a station of the underground railway. I did not fancy that. Presently I came in sight of the Ionic portico of the London and North-Western. I never liked that severe portico. It did not invite me. By-and-by the clock of the Great Northern peeped down upon me over

the tops of the houses. It was like the face of an old friend. In times gone I had looked up at that clock, when my heart beat high with thoughts of home far away among the northern hills.

Through the gate underneath, I had many times passed on to happiness. I knew that I could not go home now; but I would be on the road; my face would be towards it. I might beguile myself with the idea that I was going the old hopeful journey to the end. The big round face of the clock seemed to smile upon me; the hands seemed to beckon me. I entered the terminus, and, without any idea as to my destination, or the times when trains started, presented myself at the ticket-office.

I merely said to the clerk, "A ticket."

"Where for?" he asked.

I thought for a moment, and answered "Yorkshire," it having, in that moment of reflection, come into my head that I had heard and read much of that famous county, and had never been in it, except to set foot upon the platform at York in passing through to the far north.

"Where in Yorkshire?" the clerk asked, looking at me very hard.

While he was asking the question my eye fell upon the word "Leeds," on the panel of his box.

"Leeds," I said, mechanically.

He handed me a ticket, and in five minutes' time I was in a comfortable first-class carriage rattling away for a place that I had never visited in my life, and in which I did not know a single soul.

Awaking to a sense of being in for an unusual enterprise, I suddenly began to find my brains and my coherence of speech. A fellow-passenger challenged me on the abstruse subject of cultivation by steam, and I found that I knew a good deal about it, and could deliver myself quite fluently. My mental vacuity was dispelled, as a toothache is sometimes cured by the sight of the dentist's brass plate. At the dentist's door you can turn back; but when you put yourself into an express train at King's Cross, there is no turning back until you reach Peterborough. I thought I would turn back at Peterborough; but when I got to Peterborough, my blood was up, that is to say, it was in an active state of circulation, and I was ready for anything. I determined to go on to Leeds, though what I was going to do when I got there I had not the slightest idea.

Thinking about Yorkshire, I become deeply interested in that county and its inhabitants. I recal all that I have read of the characteristics of the people, their quaint sayings, the Yorkshiremen I have seen in pieces at the theatres, wearing red waistcoats, saying "dom it," and talking about pints of "yell" and going "whoam." Old scenes in novels come back to me, scenes in which Yorkshiremen made a display of their honesty and their appetites in an athletic sort of a way, as if honesty and eating were feats of strength with them. Wakefield conjured up the good old vicar, and Moses buying the

green spectacles, though of course it was not their Wakefield. I thought, too, of Mr. Squeers, and John Brewdie, and Yorkshire pies and puddings, and hams, and all the good and bad things with which the name of the county is associated. And so I worked myself up into a state of hot enthusiasm about Yorkshire, and pursued my journey with as much eager expectancy as was ever manifested by a Mahomedan going to Mecca.

If anybody with ordinary powers of observation and description will go anywhere and relate what he sees and hears faithfully, he can scarcely fail to interest those who listen to him. It is when people write all out of their own heads that they are dull and incomprehensible. Human nature is always interesting to human nature. I feel confident, therefore, that I shall not bore the intelligent reader by relating faithfully what I saw, heard, and observed, in my scamper through the county of York. If you put yourself in my place, which, being an imaginative reader, you will have no difficulty in doing, you will feel it quite a new sensation to be walking into a strange town with a little carpet-bag in your hand, but with no purpose in your mind, seeking adventures, and trusting to the chapter of accidents.

So this is Leeds! "Great seat of the woollen trade," my geography-book used to tell me, though I had vague notions about that word "seat," and was apt to wonder how the woollen trade sat down upon it. I cannot tell how I came to entertain the notion that Leeds was rather an elegant sort of a town, for a seat of commerce, but I approached Leeds with that impression. Perhaps it was owing to something that I had read in a geography-book at school, aided by a general idea that a seat of the woollen trade would naturally be soft. But the first glimpse I had of a forest of tall chimneys lifting their heads above a canopy of black smoke, was so strangely out of harmony with my ideal, that I began to think I had got into the wrong carriage, and been carried to Manchester. But no, it was Leeds. They didn't expect me, evidently; for there was no fly waiting to convey me in triumph through the town. Three flies were in attendance truly, but they were engaged beforehand; but there were none for chance travellers. I felt it to be entirely my own fault. I ought to have given the good people notice. I cannot remember ever before this occasion emerging from a railway station with a carpet-bag in my hand without being surrounded by a mob of boys competing for the honour and profit of carrying my luggage. But here not a boy appeared. Not a single soul was on the look-out for any chance whatever. Good sign, I thought. All employed in the wool trade. Plenty of work, good wages, no idle people. So I trudged along with my carpet-bag until it began to rain water, soot, powdered bricks, and grit, when I turned into the first hotel I came to. I went straight to the smoking-room, to calm my feelings with a cigar. The room was full of smokers. They were mostly enormously big men with large long heads and high cheek-

bones, and they all wore brown leggings and had whips. They were smoking long pipes—of a length to match themselves—in silence, when I went in; but presently they began to talk. What is the matter with me? Have I relapsed? Has my comprehension left me? I do not understand a single word they say. Ah, I see now; it is the dialect. Having had long experience of it on the stage, I couldn't have believed that real Yorkshiremen would speak it so ill. I listened very attentively, but I could make nothing of the conversation. If they had only mentioned the word "yell," or said "dom it," I might have felt that I was in Yorkshire; but they never said anything so intelligible, and I didn't feel that I was in Yorkshire. I spoke to my next neighbour in real Yorkshire, which I learned from a celebrated comedian, and the ignorant yokel did not understand a word I said. I observed too, with disappointment, that their hair was not flaxen, and didn't curl; and that not a man in the room slapped his waistcoat. One man had so far outraged his county and the well-known habits of its people as to come out without a waistcoat. And without a flaxen wig that curls all over his head, and a waistcoat to slap when he says "dom it," how can a man be a Yorkshireman?

I went in search of new adventures, and wandering about for some time among high gaunt red-brick woollen warehouses—unrelieved by a single bright shop or cheerful dwelling—I met with an adventure. I was getting very depressed, and thinking of going back to London by the very next train, when I heard somebody cry "Hoy!" I turned round and saw a stout sturdy ruddy-faced gentleman standing at a green gate about twenty yards off. He cried "Hoy!" again, and seeing that the signal was intended for me, I went towards him. He seized me by the hand, shook it heartily, and said he was glad to see me.

"How was I?"

I said I was quite well. How was he?

"First rate."

"And how were all friends in London?"

I ventured to say that all friends in London were in a satisfactory condition.

"And now come in," he said; "dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

Now, the reader can believe me or not, just as he likes; but I can honestly assure him that I had never seen this gentleman before in my life; but in looking at him, and listening to his voice during the above brief colloquy, I came to have a notion that I had known him for a long time, that he had been expecting me, and that I should find everything prepared for my reception. Nothing occurred to dispel that notion, but everything to confirm it. My host introduced me to his wife. She shook hands with me, and said she was glad to see me. Would I take a glass of wine after my long journey? If I wished to change my clothes, I would find my room—right-hand door on the first landing. The cloth was already laid, and it was laid for three.

"We expected you at two," the lady said;

"but as you did not come, I put the dinner back."

"It was very kind of you, I'm sure," I said.

"Oh, not at all," she protested. "Would I take my pudding before my meat or after? Yorkshire fashion was to take it before the meat."

"I said I would take it Yorkshire fashion, for I loved the Yorkshire fashions."

"Had I seen Polson lately?" my host asked.

"Yes, I had seen him last week."

"Still at the old shop, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, "he was still at the old shop."

"And what was he doing. Still at the old game?"

"Yes," I said, "still at the old game."

And so the dinner passed pleasantly away. When we were sitting over our wine, my host said: "I have invited a few friends to meet you this evening. All people that you know. Marsh and his wife, Dawson and his wife, Partridge and his wife. Old Cockle is coming, too—you remember old Cockle, of course?"

I said that it was very kind of him, that I should be very glad to meet so many persons that I knew, and that I particularly remembered old Cockle. I firmly believed at the moment that I did know all these people, and when they came I recognised them all on the instant. Looking round the table, at the "tea fight" (which was a pleasant Yorkshire meal of tea, coffee, fish, roast fowls, and buttered cakes), every face that I saw was familiar to me, so was every voice I heard. Shutting my eyes, I knew them all by their speech. I heard old Cockle incidentally mention that he had never been in London. Until this day I had never been in Leeds. Yet I knew old Cockle, and old Cockle knew me. This is not a story that begins with an indigestion and ends with that most unsatisfactory disillusioning device, "a wild and troubled dream." It is a simple fact that I am relating. For two days I found myself in a strange town, which I had never visited before, in the midst of familiar faces and old friends, who entertained me hospitably, and paid me every attention. First, one old friend and then another old friend conducted me over the town to view the lions of Leeds. They are not many, and they are not imposing. They roar a good deal like sucking doves. It is a dingy sombre town, marred by the workhouse order of architecture and ugly-coloured bricks. It struck me as strange that a town which produces such fine soft glossy cloth, should be itself so rusty and threadbare. The town-hall is a magnificent building, perhaps the handsomest town-hall in the kingdom; but it is too fine for the town. It stands like an exquisite marble statue in the midst of a builder's lumber-yard. Briggate, the principal commercial street, is a sort of two-storied Tottenham-court-road. The woollen mills give you the wild idea of houses suffering from jaundice. All the goods sold in the shops seem to be soft goods. I wanted a penknife, and searched three streets in vain for a cutler's. I entered, at last, a shop

that had a slight look of hardware, and when I asked for a penknife, they tried to put me off with a woollen comforter. In the end, the shop-boy was sent out to procure the article I wanted, and he was so long absent that I think he must have gone to Sheffield for it.

I was much struck with the paucity of public-houses—good phrase that "paucity of public-houses"—in Leeds. I congratulated my guide on the pleasing fact, as being a testimony to the temperate habits of the people. I regret to say that he could not accept my congratulations. He let me into a secret. The public-houses in Leeds are mostly situated up courts. There is no sign of them in the main streets; but if you go up the courts, there you find them. And every street was pierced with these sly little courts, like rabbit-holes in a sand-bank.

The young ladies in Leeds are all in the fashion; but they overdo the thing a little. Their chignons are nearly as big as their heads, so that they appear when in the streets to have two heads, one with a hat and one without.

I found at a public office an old friend—whom I had never seen before in my life—who had made arrangements to conduct me over a woollen mill. One proprietor refused to admit me, having a strong suspicion that it was my design to take the pattern of his new machinery. Another made me welcome, and showed me everything. The history of a yard of doeskin would fill a volume, so I cannot even attempt to summarise it. From the sheep's back to the final rolling of it up in a bale, it goes through a score of elaborate processes, and changes its appearance every time. It is always going into a machine, or a tub, or a boiler, and coming out—like a comic entertainer—in a new form. It is torn to pieces by the "devil," and spun and twisted, and teazled, and boiled, and dyed, and pummelled, and shaved, and hot pressed, and I don't know what all. The adventures of a pair of sixteen-shilling trousers would beat the exploits of the seven-leagued boots all to nothing.

A word as to shoddy. I thought it was a term of reproach, a thing to be ashamed of, a sly dodge of the duffer. But Leeds is not ashamed of shoddy, it talks about it openly, uses it openly. What is shoddy?

I was not quite clear on this point before I went to Leeds, but I know all about it now, and will give others the benefit of my newly-acquired useful knowledge. Shoddy is old wool made as good as new. Every manufacturer keeps a devil, a ravenous beast with a fearful set of iron teeth, and an insatiable appetite for old coats and old trousers, old anything that is made of wool. Toss him an old garment, and he will tear it to pieces in no time. The spun and woven threads are converted into wool again, and are worked up into new threads to be woven once more into a piece of cloth. Cloth so made—with a mixture of new wool—looks very well and wears very well. I defy you to tell which is shoddy cloth and which is not. We all wear shoddy without knowing it. For light wear, shoddy cloth will serve every purpose;

but it will not stand strain and exertion. You must not venture to practise gymnastics in a pair of shoddy trousers. Here is the weakness of shoddy—the shortness of the staple. You know now—if you did not know before—why the old clothesman is so eager and anxious to buy any garment, however ragged, which is composed entirely of wool. The old suit goes to the mill and comes back to you in a new shape. Your trousers to-day may be your waistcoat to-morrow. Such is the economy of modern trade.

The cloth-hall at Leeds is a huge shed, a quarter of a mile long; the area of which is divided into streets of stalls, at which, on market-days, the manufacturers exhibit specimens of their goods. It is a curious place, well worth seeing. Let me impart to the reader a secret I picked up here. How to tell if there is cotton in a piece of cloth. Take a small piece and tear it both ways, against the warp and against the woof. The wool in tearing makes a dull soft sound; the cotton rends with a crackling noise. Do this when your tailor swears "it is all wool," and see how foolish he will look when he hears the rattle of the cotton threads. The price of broadcloth ranges from a shilling a yard to twenty shillings! At wholesale prices you can get cloth enough to make a suit, for five shillings.

Having seen Leeds at work, I was curious to see it at play. With this purpose I made the round of its night amusements. I went to a theatre. It was poorly attended, as it deserved to be; for though the house was large and capable of being made bright and attractive, it was in an inconceivably dirty state, and the performance on the stage was dreary in the last degree. When will provincial managers be brought to understand that people do not go to the theatre as a duty, but to be made cheerful and to be amused? Why should any one come away from anywhere to sit in this dingy den, and be witness to a performance which, in point of art and skill, is below the mark of the busker who executes a clog dance on the cellar-flap in the street?

I visited a music-hall. It had evidently been a floor-cloth factory, or something of that kind; but, with bright lights and a lively band of musicians, it was infinitely more cheerful than the theatre. This Leeds music-hall has its peculiarities. The people are admitted to the body of the building gratis, paying for their entertainment in the price of the beer they drink. The charge for admission to the galleries is sixpence, and there is a sort of pew at the end of the hall set apart for mothers with children in arms. The entertainment was of the usual character. Awkward young ladies in dingy evening costume, showing a lanky length of red arm, came on with pieces of music—of which they could not read a note—and sang sentimental ballads in shrill notes, which set your teeth on edge. Then the all-pervading irrepressible comic man, with the brimless hat and the long-tailed coat, treated us to Slap-bang and Kaffozlum and Um-doo-gle-day, and always when he failed to make an

effect, knocked his hat over his eyes, and by that triumphant stroke of humour invariably brought down the house. It was not exactly an elevating entertainment; but it admitted of great variety, and the audience seemed amused. It was at least a lively place, and well ordered of its kind, which the theatre was not.

In the course of three hours I pretty well exhausted the night's entertainments of Leeds. They included an organ performance at the town-hall, a concert, and a reading at the Mechanics' Institution.

They are a musical people in Leeds. From almost every court leading to the public-houses tuneful voices reached the street, and in some of the houses fiddles were going. In the bar of a little beer-shop, which I was curious enough to visit, I found a handsome piano jammed up against the beer engine, and a man playing it for the delectation of half a dozen yokels, who were drinking their beer at the counter. It was a mean shabby little beer-shop; but the piano was in a fine rosewood case, and the performer played remarkably well. There was nothing to pay for the music. I had half a pint and a grand fantasia for twopence. Nay, more: a gentleman at the bar did a little double-shuffle for the entertainment of the customers generally. It seemed to me that the piano was a pleasant mitigation of the mere drinking and getting drunk purposes of the ordinary public-house bar; and I have observed that where music, singing, dancing, and other amusements are dispensed with liquor, they have the effect of keeping people sober.

My kind host offered, if I would step over to Wakefield with him, to show me a curiosity: the said curiosity being the whole of the original manuscript of the Pickwick Papers, which, I was assured, is in the possession of a printer there. Perhaps this will be news to the conductor of this journal. I was informed, too, that a Yorkshire schoolmaster advertises himself as the proprietor of the real original Dotheboys' Hall, which is now conducted on principles of the most boundless liberality. My new old friend in Leeds—whose hearty hospitality and kindness I shall never forget—pressed me to stay a day or two longer; but as I was cured of my vacuity, I was anxious—selfish person that I am—to get back to town. I took Hull in my way, though it was a good deal out of my way, and took a glance at the lions there. I had shared in the impression, which, I believe, is the popular one, that Hull was in the last degree a dull, smoky, dreary town. I had heard it associated with another place whose name begins with H and ends with two l's. But I found that Hull had been much belied and shamefully traduced. The Humber, if it were not normally of the colour of pea-soup, is as fine a river as any in the kingdom. As to the town, I prefer it to Leeds. The bricks are of a better colour, the streets are busy and bustling, and the surrounding country is really charming. Hull has a statue, a marvellous statue. It is situated in the market-street, in the midst of oyster-stalls

and fish-barrows, and it represents William the Third on horseback; William and the horse being both gilt all over. The golden man and horse have a curious effect prancing among the trucks and booths. And here, for the first time in Yorkshire, I was gratified by hearing somebody say "dom'd." I asked a native why Hull had erected a statue to William the Third; and he said he was "dom'd if he know." I believe William did Hull the honour of landing on its shores, when he was obliging enough to come over from Holland to govern England. It was there that first he showed his lampblack face.

Hull is maritime, and has docks, and ships, and sailors, and is all the more lively in consequence. It has two theatres, a circus, and several music-halls. One of the theatres (the Royal) is an example of what may be done, even in the provinces, by enterprise and liberal management. It is a handsome roomy building, elegantly decorated and luxuriously furnished, and the pieces are dressed and mounted in first-rate style. The result is, that the better classes go to the stalls and boxes, and that the local shareholders find their account in a well-filled treasury. Hull, too, has a pretty park, with pleasant walks, and flower-beds, and ornamental waters; and the roads leading to the country are studded with bright little villas, where you may hold house comfortably and elegantly for thirty pounds a year. So never believe any one who says that there is only the difference of a letter between Hull and the infernal regions.

LOOK UPWARD.

They build too low, who build beneath the stars.

Thou didst help me across the brooklet
And over the marshy fen,
All through the tangled thicket,
And up the rocky glen;

But when we came to the torrent
That dash'd and foam'd along,
A stouter heart I needed,
A grasp more firm and strong.

Thou didst lead me through the twilight,
Mid shadows gaunt and drear,
And with thine arm around me
I felt no doubt nor fear.

But when the grim deep darkness
Set in on every side,
My faint heart sank within me,
I craved a safer guide.

Thou didst comfort me in seasons
Of sadness, toil, and pain,
But when death stood between us
I look'd to thee in vain. •

In rain, and wind, and tempest,
How constant was thy hold!
But when earth quaked beneath us,
I felt thy touch grow cold.

O, strength so dearly trusted,
O, clasp of human love,
Fragrant we fondly lean on,
How feeble dost thou prove!

O, silence dead, unbroken
By friendship's tenderest tone,
Dark ways that must be trodden,
Dark waters stemmed alone!
A surer faith, unshaken,
The failing heart demands,
A voice from higher regions,
A grasp from unseen hands.

LAZARUS, LOTUS-EATING.

NINE o'clock on Saturday evening, the place Cornhill, and the wait a policeman. Wonderfully quiet and still is the Exchange yonder, for the bears have left their accustomed pit for the night, and the bulls are lowing over club mangers, or the family cribs at home. Curiously quiet, too, is the vast thoroughfare we are in. Shops and warehouses, banks and offices, are closed; and though here and there a blaze of light tells you how to telegraph to India, or glimmers out of one of the upper windows of the closely-shuttered houses you pass, the great street is wonderfully free from the feverish traffic of the day. Lazarus starts up out of the shadows which fantastically combine together on the pavement under the illuminated clock to the left, and having yielded to his prayer for pence, you and I look out anxiously for a policeman to aid us in tracing him home. Perhaps we carry with us a mysterious talisman which will at once enlist the sympathies and ensure the co-operation of the force; perhaps we rely on our powers of personal persuasion; perhaps we have justice on our side, and claim its officers as allies; perhaps we wish to test the truthfulness of the pitiful story he has told us; or perhaps we are merely animated by a holy hatred of beggars, and a wish to prosecute Lazarus to the death. Let us look at him again. Shabby canvas trousers, a loose and ragged blue jacket, high check-bones, small sunken eyes, a bare shaven face, and an untidy pigtail—such is Lazarus. He is one of the poor wretched Chinamen who shiver and cower and whine at our street-corners, and are mean and dirty, squalid and contemptible, even beyond beggars generally. See how he slinks and shambles along; and note the astonishment of the policeman we meet at last, when we tell him we wish to trace the abject wretch home. We have been through Cornhill and Leadenhall-street, past the corner where a waterman is pottering about with a lantern, a modern Diogenes, who, in the absence of the bulls and bears, is looking in vain for an honest man, and are close by Aldgate pump, and in the full glare of the huge clothing establishment at the Minorities' corner, before we come upon our policeman. New-court, Palmer's Folly, Bluegate-fields, that is where the Chinese opium-smoking house is, and that is where Lazarus is bound for.

"I know them Chinamen well," adds Mr. Policeman, sententiously; "they'll beg, and duff, and dodge about the West-end—we won't have 'em here—and never spend nothin' of what they makes, till night. They don't care for no

drink, and seem to live without eating, so far as I know. It's their opium at night they likes, and you'll find half a dozen on 'em in one bed at Yahoe's a-smoking and sleeping away, like so many dormice! No, sir, it wouldn't be at all safe for you to venture up New-court alone. It ain't the Chinamen, nor yet the Lascars, nor yet the Bengalees as would hurt you; but there is an uncommon rough crew of English hangin' in and about there, and it would be better for you to have a constable with you—much better; and if you go to Leman-street the inspector will put you in the way." This was all the information I needed from the policeman.

Lazarus has shambled out of sight during our colloquy, and so, hastily following him down Butcher-row, Whitechapel, and resisting the fascinating blandishments of its butchers, who press upon us "prime and nobby jintes for to-morrow's dinner at nine-a-half, and no bone to speak of," reach Leman-street and its police-station in due course. A poster outside one of the butchers' shops causes me annoyance and regret, for it announces a forthcoming meeting at which the difficulties besetting the trade are to be discussed in solemn conclave at Butchers' Hall, and inspires me with an abortive desire to assist in the deliberations. To hear the rinderpest spoken on by the astute professors who have made money by it, and to learn the causes assigned by salesmen for the present price of meat, would be both instructive and profitable; but, alas! some parochial guardians, with whom I am at issue on the propriety of stifling and otherwise maltreating paupers, meet on the same evening, and for their sake I give up the butchers with a sigh. Pushing through the small crowd outside the station, crossing a long flagged court, and ascending a few steps to the right, we present our credentials to the inspector on duty. A one-eyed gentleman is in the dock, and oscillates up and down on the iron railing round it, like an inane puppet whose wires are broken. He is an Irishman, whose impulsive nature has led him to savagely bite and scratch the landlord of a public-house near, for having dared to pronounce him drunk, and for refusing him a further supply of stimulants. The landlord prefers the charge, and shows a bleeding forefinger, from which the nail has been torn. Irishman protests that he is a poor workin' man, who doesn't like to be insulted; tipsy friends of Irishman noisily proffer themselves as witnesses to his general virtue and the extreme meekness of his disposition; and then retire, grumbling, at "ten o'clock on Monday, before the magistrate, will be the time for all that," being the answer given them. Inspector, methodically and with much neatness, enters name and address of both biter and bitten, and a few other details, in the charge-sheet, and the man is removed. The landlord binds up his bleeding hand, and the next business (a shrieking lady, with dishevelled hair) is preceded with. Bluegate-fields is not in this police district, but the

inspector will send a constable with me to a station which is only five minutes' walk from the place I want. Arriving here, the wail of a feeble fatuous old Booby, who has been in improper company, and is now crying over the loss of his purse, is the first thing I hear. "Yes, sir; a bo'sun is right, sir; and I only left my ship to-night. Seven pound thirteen and a silver medal. O Lord! O Lord! Felt it in my pocket five minutes before I left the house. Has a constable gone? Deary, deary me!—seven pound, too, and me only left my ship this blessed night!"

This with a profusion of tears, and much maudlin affection for the officers of the law. A few minutes' delay, during which Booby is gruffly and fruitlessly recommended to "give up blathering, as that won't give him his money back," and told what he ought to expect goin' along with such cattle as that; then a slight bustle at the door, and a hideous negress is brought in. From the window of the inspector's little room we look down upon the dock, see the sergeant beyond, who, pen in hand, is entering particulars in his charge-sheet, while the ridiculous old prosecutor on the one hand, and the vile and obscene bird of prey on the other, mouth and gibber at each other, and bandy compliments of fullest flavour. "One of the worst characters about here; used to be always up for robbing sailors and that, but has been much better lately, and hasn't been here, oh not for more than a month." The hideous creature of whom this is said now adds her "blather" to that of the old man, and her protestations are the noisier of the two. Wonderful to relate, these protestations are for once well founded; for at a sign from the inspector, the sergeant again cross-examines the fleeced boatswain as to where he felt his purse last, and the possibility of its being on his person still. In the midst of solemnly incoherent asseverations that the negress has it, the sergeant's hand falls carelessly into the boatswain's outside coat pocket, and lo! the missing purse is held up aloft between the sergeant's forefinger and thumb. Its contents are counted and found right, the negress declaring vehemently against "the old wretch," and, with a shrewd eye to future difficulties, declaring, "It's always so with poor me; people is always swearin' agin me, and accusin' of me wrongfully." The old man looks more foolish than ever, and the inspector and I start on our mission, leaving the sergeant and constables in the midst of warnings and admonitions.

The time spent at the two stations has not been lost, for it is now only half-past ten, and the opium revels are seldom at their height before eleven. There is no limit to the variety of nationalities patronising the wretched hovel we are about to visit. From every quarter of the globe, and more immediately from every district in London, men come to old Yahoe: the sole bond between them being "a love of opium and a partiality for Yahoe's brand." Sailors, stewards, shopmen, mountebanks, beggars, out-

casts, and thieves, meet on perfect equality in New-court, and there smoke themselves into dreamy pleasant stupefaction.

There is a little colony of Orientals in the centre of Bluegate-fields, and in the centre of this colony is the opium divan. We reach it by a narrow passage leading up a narrow court, and easily gain admission on presenting ourselves at its door. Yabec is of great age, is never free from the influence of opium, but sings, tells stories, eats, drinks, cooks, and quarrels, and goes through the routine of his simple life, without ever rousing from the semi-comatose state you see him in now. The curious dry burning odour, which is making your eyelids quiver painfully, which is giving your temples the throbbing which so often predicates a severe headache, and which is tickling your gullet as if with a feather and fine dust, is opium. Its fumes are curling overhead; the air is laden with them, and the bed-clothes and the rags hanging on the string above are all steeped through and through with the fascinating drug. The livid, cadaverous, corpse-like visage of Yabec, the wild excited glare of the young Lascar who opens the door, the stolid sheep-like ruminations of Lazarus and the other Chiramen coiled together on the floor, the incoherent anecdotes of the Bengalee squatted on the bed, the fiery gesticulations of the mulatto and the Manilla-man who are in conversation by the fire, the semi-idiotic jabber of the negroes huddled up behind Yabec, are all due to the same fumes. As soon as we are sufficiently acclimated to peer through the smoke, and after the bearded Oriental who makes faces and passes jibes at, and for the company, has lighted a small candle in our honour, we see a sorry little apartment, which is almost filled by the French bedstead, on which half a dozen coloured men are coiled long-wise across its breadth, and in the centre of which is a common japan tray and opium lamp. Turn which way you will, you see or touch opium smokers. The cramped little chamber is one large opium-pipe, and inhaling its atmosphere partially brings you under the pipe's influence. Swarthy sombre faces loom out of dark corners, until the whole place seems alive with humanity; and turning to your guides you ask, with strange puzzlement, who Yabec's customers are, where they live, and how they obtain the wherewithal for the expensive luxury of opium smoking? But Booboo on the bed there is too quick for you, and, starting up, shouts out, with a volubility which is astounding, considering his half-dead condition a few seconds before, full particulars concerning himself, his past, his future, and the grievance he unjustly labours under now. First, though, of the drug he smokes. "You see, sar, this much opium, dam him, smoke two minutes, sar—no more. Him cost four pennies—him dam dear, but him dam good. No get opium at de Home, sar (the Home for Asiatics); so come to Yabec for small drunk, den go again to Home and sleep him, sar. Yes, me live at de Home, sar—me ship's steward—Bengalee—no get opium

good as dis, except to Yabec, sar. Four pennies, you und'stand, make smoke two minutes, no more; but him make better drunk as tree, four, five glasses rum—you Inglessee like rum drunk, me Bengalee like opium drunk, you und'stand—try him, sar; he much good."

Thus Booboo, who is a well-dressed Asiatic, in a clean shirt, and with a watch chain of great strength and massiveness. He has been with-out a ship for five months; has just engaged to go on board one on Monday; shows me the owner's note for four pounds, and complains bitterly that they won't change it at the Home, or give him up his box. "Me owe them very leetle, sar, very small pice; me there five months, and pay long time, and now they say you give us money, and we no give you change." Booboo looks a little dangerous as he brandishes his opium-pipe; and old Yabec, who is lying on his back, with his eyes closed and his mouth open, growls out an incoherent warning to be calm. Mother Abdallah, who has just looked in from next door, interprets for us, and we exchange compliments and condolences with Booboo. Mother Abdallah is a London lady, who, from long association with Orientals, has mastered their habits and acquired their tongue. Cheeny (China) Emma and Lascar Sal, her neighbours, are both from home this evening, but Mother Abdallah does the honours for her male friends with much grace and propriety—a pallid wrinkled woman of forty, who prepares and sells opium in another of the two-roomed hovels in the court—she confesses to smoking it, too, for company's sake, or if a friend asks her to, as yer may say—and stoutly maintains the healthiness of the habit. "Vy, look at this 'ere court when the fever was so bad. Who 'ad it? Not them as took opium; not one of 'em, which well you knows, Mr. Cox," turning to the handsome, bluff sergeant of police, who has joined the inspector and myself; "but every one else, and look at the old gen'elman, there; vy, he's more nor eighty year old, and 'ardly ever goes to sleep, bless yer, he don't, indeed; he sings and tells stories the whole blessed night through, and is wonderful 'ealthy and clean. There ain't a cleaner old man than Mr. Yabec, not in Bluegate-fields, and if you could see him in the morning a-scrubbin' and washin' his 'ouse out, and a-rinsing his clothes, it 'ad do your 'art good. Does everythin' for hisself, buys his own bits o' fish, and rice, and vegetables, and cooks and prepares them in the way they like it, don't he, Chin Chin?" Chin Chin is a Chinaman, whose face is well known at the West-end, and who lives by selling tracts and song-books in the streets. He boards with Yabec, and pays one shilling a day. Chin Chin proves more sardonic than communicative, and Mrs. Abdallah resumes: "The old gen'elman has lived here these twenty year, and has looked just the same, and allers done what he's a-doin' of now, made up the opium as they like it, and had a few of 'em lodging with 'im. I don't pretend to make it as well as he does, but I've lived here these dozen year, and naturally have got into many

of their ways. He ain't asleep, bless ye, sir; he'll lay like that for hours. Look! he's wakin' up now to light his pipe agin, and then when it's later he'll begin to sing, and 'll keep on singing right through the night. That there young Bengalee, asleep in the corner, is another of his lodgers; he's a ship's cook, he is, only he can't get a ship. They treat 'em shameful, just because they're darkies, that they do, only allowing 'em a pound a month, and sometimes ten shillins, and they have to find they're own 'bacca out o' that. These men come from all parts o' London to smoke Yahce's opium. Some on 'em sweep crossins; some has situations in tea-shops; some hawks; some cadges; some begs; some is well off, some is ill off; but they all likes opium, and they all knows there's no opium like Yahce's. No; there ain't no difference in the quality, but you can't smoke it as you buy it, you see, and Yahce has his own way o' preparin' it, which he won't tell nobody. That tumbler with the light in the middle has the opium, and that thick stuff like treacle is it. They just take it up with a pin this way, and roll it round and round, you see, and then when it's like a little pea, so, they smoke away until it's done. Tell the gen'lman how much you smoke, Jack. They call 'im Chow Chee John Potter, sir, because he's been christened; but he's not right in his head, and his own country-people don't understand him." Chow Chee is of an affectionate disposition, and the effect of opium is to make him put both hands on my knee, and, after advancing his smiling black face to within a few inches of my nose, to wink solemnly, and to say he "smoke as much as him get, sometimes all day and all night, if Christians peoples good to Chow Chee."

On a suggestion being made that the opium smoking should be supplemented by some other stimulant, gin was chosen by such of the company as were not too stupified to speak. Yahce, I should mention, never lifted his head after he had once silently welcomed our little party. Coiled up on the bed, in trousers and shirt, and with his shoeless feet tucked under him, he looked like a singularly tough trussed fowl, and only turned to the light at his side as his pipe was refilled. Save in answer to our questions, there was little talking. Chow Chee John Potter occasionally attempted original remarks, but they were, as a rule, failures, and were so branded by his friends. It was a sheer opium debauch—not noisy, not turbulent, not quarrelsome, but fervent, all-engrossing, and keenly enjoyable to those engaged in it. As the evening wore on, several fresh arrivals came in at the narrow door; among others, two Malays, a Lascar, and the Chinaman many of us have seen performing the knife-trick for the delectation of the British public. This last worthy started back on seeing the police-sergeant, and in very vigorous English asked what that particular reptile wanted here. In vain was it attempted to soothe him with the assurance that it was all right, and that he would come to no harm. In vain did Mrs. Abdallah and some other ladies,

who had by this time joined her in the doorway, protest to the fastidious knife-thrower that we were "on the square;" it was all useless, and with a growl of baffled hate at the sergeant, and a malignant scowl at the rest of the party, he disappeared down the dark passage of the court, and was no more seen during our stay. I learnt, subsequently, that he had just come out of prison after a sojourn there of eighteen months, through the sergeant having convicted him of offences too hideous to describe. He was the only very black sheep we saw. The others are decent men in their way, whose principal weakness is devotion to opium, and who rarely give trouble to the police. Old Yahce himself has, as mother Abdallah stated, lived for more than twenty years in the same hovel, for which he pays three shillings a week rent; and has spent the whole of that time in preparing opium for such smoking-parties as we see now, and in making provision for his boarders. Yahce is a consistent misogynist, and allows no woman to interfere in his domestic arrangements. The chopsticks and the plates for breakfast and supper are washed by himself; his two rooms are cleaned and swept, and every meal is prepared in the same independent way. Such of his customers as desire other society than that of the choice spirits assembled to smoke, must seek it elsewhere than at Yahce's. He scorns to offer adventitious attractions, and is content to rest his popularity on his favourite drug.

I have now had the pleasure of visiting him four times, have invariably heard the same stories of his cleanliness and quietness, have always found him in a stupor, and his establishment steeped in opium fumes. His sunken eyes, fallen cheeks, cadaverous parchment-like skin, and deathly whiteness, make him resemble a hideous and long-forgotten mummy; while his immobility, and the serene indifference with which he smokes on, whoever may be by, suggest a piece of mechanism, or a cataleptic trance. How he manages his little household, how he guards against imposition, how his receipts and disbursements are regulated, what check he has over the consumption of opium by his customers, are mysteries. Yet Mrs. Abdallah, the sergeant, the inspector, Booboo, Lazarus, and Chow Chin, are unanimous in saying that Yahce is a good manager, a shrewd dealer, and, in his way, a reputable host. To lie on your back and smoke opium with your eyes shut until after midnight, and then to commence fantastic anecdotes and still more fantastic songs, the offspring of your morbidly excited brain, to continue these songs and stories until morning, and to then go out marketing for bits of fish and rice—this seems a trying mode of life for an octogenarian. Yet Yahce does this, and seems to thrive; that is to say, he is not less like life than when I was first shocked at seeing him nearly three years ago. All the other opium smokers here are young men; but the wrinkles of their host, his sunken eyes, and falling under-jaw, make the great age he is credited with probable enough.

Lazarus yonder is no longer the contemptible wretch he was when we threw him a penny on Cornhill two hours ago. His frame has expanded, his countenance has brightened, his mien has become bright and buoyant. Who knows the rapturous visions passing through his brain, or the blissfulness which prompts that half-expressed smile? The smallest footed houris, the most toothsome birds' nests and stewed dogs, nay, the yellow mandarin's button itself, are Lazarus's now. What cares he for policemen, for the cuffs and kicks, the slurs and sneers, of the barbarians from whom he has to beg? Yahce's shabby stifling little room is his glory and delight. To it he looks forward through the long and weary day; by its pleasures he is compensated for the pains and penalties of his weary life. Booboo, too, has already forgotten the grievance he recounted half an hour ago, and with eyes raised to the ceiling, is in a rapturous half-trance. The visions this miserable little hole has seen; the sweet and solemn strains of music; the mighty feasts; the terrible dramas; the weird romances; the fierce love; the strange fantastic worship; the mad dreams; the gorgeous processions; the brilliant crowds; the mystic shadows which have occupied it—would fill a volume. Mr. Inspector Roberts, a friend to whom I have been indebted for much interesting information, tells me that before meals the strange people lodging with Yahce are seen to kneel down, and, looking up to the ceiling, jabber something to themselves—a description which, I have little doubt, a Malay or Chinese policeman would have little difficulty in applying to the prayers of the English or other barbarians. But the strange interest of the little place is centred, not in the food or worship, not in the variety of skins, and their range from drab and mahogany to ebony and jet, but in the strange unholy pleasures enjoyed in it, and the glimpse it gives you of barbaric life.

Old Yahce is as exceptional an instance of opium eating and smoking being pursued with impunity, as any tremulous dotard who is seen tossing off his dram, and it would be as ridiculous to quote the one as the other, as a fair example of the influence of a degrading habit. Booboo and the rest are full of grievances; complain they cannot get ships, or shall never see father or mother, brother or sister, again—a handsome young Malay was especially lachrymose on this last point—but the plain truth is they are all such slaves to the drug of which Yahce is high priest, that when they once fall out of the groove of labour to which they have been accustomed, recovery is impossible. Like the dreamer in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's beautiful story, the day is less to them than the night; their Heaven may be purchased by the few pence they beg of passers-by; and those who remember the agonies undergone by Coleridge and De Quincey when struggling to emancipate themselves from the service of the opium-demon, will not wonder at the utter self-abandonment of poor Lazarus and his tribe. Mother Abdallah, Lascar Sal, Cheeny Emma,

and the rest, are the only Englishwomen he has known; and his existence is divided between a misery which is very real, and a happiness which is as fictitious and evanescent as that of the moth killing itself at the candle's flame. I saw Lazarus last, cowering on the pavement near Waterloo Bridge; there is not a day in which he may not be found, dazed and dreary, ragged, wan, and wretched, in one or other of our West-end streets. He gave a ghastly smile when I reminded him of our evening at Yahce's; and lifting up his lustre eyes, and cringing more than ever, held out his tracts and mutely asked for alms. His manner made a fine and suggestive contrast to the contemptuous air with which I had seen him wave the same bundle of sorry literature at the opium-feast; and in this contrast I, in my dim way, fancied I discerned the moral of Lazarus's life.

CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR.

A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER. "What is the Thames Embankment to be called?" you ask.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, no name has, as yet, been decided on for the new river-side thoroughfare which is just now in course of construction. It is very important that a good one should be fixed upon. The Thames Embankment seems to be looked upon by every one as an opportunity afforded to the London authorities of showing their regret for past short-comings, and their desire to improve during the time to come. It is like a new chance of amending his life afforded to a profligate or an habitual idler, and it is desirable that we should avail ourselves of it to the very fullest extent. If we duly repent of Trafalgar-square, and of other metropolitan misdeeds, let us by all means show that we do so now, when we have the chance. A piece of ground containing several acres of clear space has—so to speak—turned up unexpectedly in the very centre of our metropolis; it is much to be desired that we should deal discreetly with it in every way, and, above all, that we should decide rightly what name is to be bestowed upon this important strip of reclaimed land.

What is the Thames Embankment to be called? It is a grave question. In giving names to our streets and public places, there are various principles on which it is possible for us to act. We may act on a commemorative principle, calling our street after some illustrious person, or giving it a name which shall recall some weighty episode in the national history, as a victory, or some political event of a critical sort. This is one principle on which it is good and legitimate to act, and in adhering to which we are not likely to go wrong. Again, we may bestow a name indicated by the nature of the street itself, the place to, or from, which it leads, or the nature of the ground over which the thoroughfare passes. Lastly, we may act altogether arbitrarily, or on the *lucus à non*

lucendo principle, bestowing a name indicated by no especial reason, calling a street Gloucester-row which has nothing whatever to do with Gloucester, or Guildford-place when it has no connexion of any sort or kind with the capital of Surrey.

The impropriety of acting upon this last principle, or want of principle, need not be dwelt on. In these days it is not likely that public opinion would suffer the bestowal, on this river-side road, of a name chosen arbitrarily, or because of its having a euphonious sound, or suggesting aristocratic associations. That a large class of English people would willingly assent to the selection of a name, recommended only by its power of appealing to that flunky element which exists in the breast of so many free-born Britons, cannot be doubted. A stroll in the suburbs of London, where private houses—and sometimes very small ones—are called by such names as "Balmoral House," or "Osborne Lodge," or "Lordship Villa," will convince any sceptic that there are a great many people, residing in London and its neighbourhood, who would be very well pleased if a name could be bestowed on the new street, which would remind them in some way, nearly or remotely, of the Court Circular. But this class, though a large one, is not influential in matters of this kind; and we need hardly distress ourselves with apprehensions lest the Thames Embankment should have its prospects blighted by any allusion, on its corner houses, either to Royal personages themselves or to their places of abode. It will certainly not be called Balmoral-terrace, or Osborne-esplanade, much as Clapham and Hackney might like it. As to the places of abode of Royalty, then, we need be under no alarm. Are we equally secure that the authorities in giving a name to this very important roadway will abstain from consulting the Court Circular at all in its past or present developments?

It is necessary to speak plainly in this matter. We are constructing a street which will, in all human probability, be, now and for ages to come, one of the great streets of the world. We are not much given, as a nation, to foresight or precaution, but it does not require a large amount of the gift of prophecy to enable one to predict that this new thoroughfare will pay an important part in the world's history between the time of this, its first construction, and the period when, yielding to the universal law, it decays and becomes a heap of ruins. Now, the name which we bestow upon this street, once given, is given for ever, so that we ought really to be very careful in our selection; and surely, being duly impressed with the importance of what we are doing, we may at least arrive at one conclusion, that—with the example of Regent-street before our eyes—we ought to be very wary of Royal titles, and should be justified in resolving that at all events, and come what may, we will keep clear of the Court Circular, and the *Almanach de Gotha*, in naming the Thames Embankment.

To call a street or public place, in an arbitrary manner, by any name that sounds well, or is recommended only by its court circularity, is distinctly bad. What principles then remain for our street godfathers to act upon? Two principles mentioned just now. First, we may name our new street either after some great man, or in commemoration of some great historical event, or, secondly, in allusion to some local characteristic peculiar to the thoroughfare in question, and obviously distinguishing it from all others.

As to the first of these, it has been acted upon already to some small extent in this country, and in France much more. We have, among others, a Wellington-street, tolerably conspicuous, and a Milton-street, somewhat obscure; and taking more modern instances, we find a Cromwell-road, a Cromwell-place, and a Garrick-street among our newer thoroughfares. Our language, perhaps, lends itself less aptly to this arrangement than does the French. Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau sounds better than Sir Isaac Newton-street, and Quai Voltaire than Bacon's-quay; but in spite of that, it is certain that we should do right to call some of our new streets after our great men, and that our James Watts, our Brunels, our Jenners, and the rest, may fitly be commemorated by having their names inscribed on our corner houses. Whether in the case of this particular street or road, called at present the Thames Embankment, we should act wisely in proceeding on this principle, is another question.

Much, again, might be said that would be favourable to a name commemorative of some great event in our history. And here it may be premised that such event need not, by any means, be one of those victories which we are so fond—perhaps too fond—of calling to mind. This boasting and bragging about our victories is, after all, rather a barbarous business, not like the age we live in, probably still less like those ages that are to come. The Indian, with his scalp trophies suspended from his girdle, after all, acts much as we do when we call a bridge after the battle of Waterloo, or name our principal square in commemoration of Trafalgar.

The issue of a war is generally the establishment of peace; is it good to sully such peace by for ever harping on the quarrel which preceded it? How would this answer in private life? When Jack Noakes has quarrelled with his neighbour Tom Styles, about a trespass or a question of boundaries, and, having got the best of it, has made the quarrel up again, does he immediately call his house Boundary Villa, or is the name of his spare bed-chamber altered from "the Blue Room" to Styles's Trespass? There is no more reason why a nation should brag of its victories than an individual, and it is perhaps more dignified, as it is certainly more graceful, to be silent about such deeds of prowess. As to names given in commemoration of those political and other events which have tended to make us what we are—victories

over ourselves, national struggles which have been productive of great results—these may be used with great propriety, and it is somewhat remarkable that they have hitherto been so little employed. We have, indeed, a Constitution-hill, but the name is hardly ever used. It is a good one, and might very well be transferred to a neighbouring thoroughfare now in course of reconstruction, and which is at present named after the original proprietor of the ground over which the thoroughfare in question passes. A name of this sort would not be ill suited to our new river-side street, and no doubt a few events in our national history which are worthy of commemoration might still be found if we looked for them—Magna Charta, the Commonwealth, or the Reformation, to wit.

But perhaps after all, in considering this question, the most hopeful manner of proceeding would be to examine, carefully, what this new road is, what are its peculiar characteristics, local and otherwise, and to make some endeavours to find a name for it which might indicate what sort of a street it is, and which, at the same time, should have enough of dignity about it to make it worthy of association with so important a thoroughfare.

In most of those cases in which the name given to a street—at home or abroad—has been bestowed because of some peculiarity in the street itself, the result has been satisfactory. "Under the Lindens," the translated name of a well-known German street; the Montagne de la Cour, at Brussels; the Boulevard, at Paris, with its many secondary designations, or the Lung' Arno at Florence—these are all instances of streets, rejoicing in very good names, given in every case because of some distinctive characteristic belonging to the individual thoroughfare. Nay, in our own town we have similar examples, and we are none of us disposed to quarrel with such street names as Pall-Mall, the Strand, Long Acre, or Wood-street.

Designations that mean something always have a peculiar attractiveness. "Central Avenue" and "Broadway"—especially conspicuous in a country where the practice of numbering the streets obtains—are both good names for streets. So with our own Parliament-street, or Abchurch-lane, or even with our South-streets and North-streets, which at least mean something, if only that the streets in question run in certain northerly or southerly directions.

Acting upon this principle of—if possible—finding for the new thoroughfare a name with a meaning in it, it becomes necessary, above all things, to examine exactly what this Thames Embankment is. It is a piece of ground artificially made, and reclaimed at the expense of much money and labour from the Thames mud. It is a piece of ground which links the eastern to the western extremity of our town; it forms the immediate bank of the river Thames, and follows its course closely. It is entirely central, running through the very heart of the metropolis, and it will in all probability, at

once, on its completion, take the first place among our business streets. Turning from what the street is to be, to what it is *not* to be, we may safely affirm that it is not to be a pleasure thoroughfare, or a fashionable lounge, or a mere river-side promenade. Lastly, it is not to be a *street*, at least not in the usual acceptation of the term, but rather a road or way. It remains now to consider what this road or way, when it is completed, shall be called.

First of all then, as being a piece of reclaimed ground artificially made, it would be natural to call the new thoroughfare by the name already in use, and to which we are accustomed—Thames Embankment. Or if this is too long, "the Embankment" alone might be sufficient; or we might take a name already bestowed on a row of small houses near Chelsea, and call it "Thames Bank." Secondly, and because this piece of ground follows the exact course of the river, it would be legitimate to call it "River-way," or "Thames-way," this last a designation for which something has, I believe, already been said, and which is excellent. On the same principle the whole line of thoroughfare might with propriety be called "the Quays," these again being subdivided (as in Paris) into "Westminster Quay," "the Temple Quay," "Blackfriars Quay," et cætera; retaining some of the old names, and adding others. Of course, were it not that the name is already appropriated, it would be natural to call this new line of road "the Strand," which it actually is. This, however, would necessitate the conferring of a new name on the original Strand, and might lead to some degree of confusion. Perhaps the best way, if this name came to be adopted, would be to call the Thames Embankment "the New Strand," and to give the name of "the Old Strand" to the existing street of that name. This would be a rational and simple proceeding enough.

One other consideration might be worth a thought. The central nature of the new thoroughfare might perhaps properly influence our judgment in selecting a name for it. There are some people who, it is likely, might wish to confer on it a designation indicative of its situation in the very heart of the town, and of the enormous amount of traffic which seems likely to fall to its share. Such names as "Central-way," or "Middle-way," "Traffic-street," "London-way," or some modification of these, or approximations to them, might, by some, be thought worth considering, always bearing in mind, however, that this is a case in which it will not do to be too fanciful. Were this a less important street than it is likely to be, it would be very easy to give it a name; but when one reflects how continually that name, whatever it may ultimately be, will be in everybody's mouth, it is impossible not to feel that the choice of a fit designation for it is almost a momentous question. It must be short, capable of being "spoken trippingly on the tongue," must be

easy to shout out of a cab window. It should be familiar, but by no means vulgar; intelligible, and not wanting in dignity.

Whether any of these names given above, or any in turn suggested by them, meet all or any of these numerous requirements, it is not for me to say. They are but "random arrows from the brain," and may, at least, even if the bull's-eye has been missed, serve to show in what direction the target lies, for the benefit of other archers.

You see, my dear father, what a protracted disquisition I have been betrayed into by that simple question of yours, "What is the Thames Embankment to be called?" I am half afraid that some of the remarks which your inquiry has called forth will not be entirely to your liking. I am acquainted with your high Tory sentiments, and I shrewdly suspect that you have not the keen dread of the introduction of the Court Circular into a matter of this kind by which I am actuated. Believe me, sir, it wouldn't do. No individual name, however illustrious, should be attached to this, the work of a nineteenth-century public. It is a work likely to last as long as the town of which it is to be so important a feature. Let it have a name belonging to all time, which change cannot render obsolete or unfit, and which shall commend itself to posterity as at least meaning and rational. Let that common sense which, as we hope, is a distinguishing characteristic of our age, come into play here, and let this great road, which connects the two extremities of our town together, be simply called by the name which best indicates its use and nature.

P. CHESTERFIELD, JUNIOR.

GHOSTS IN COURT.

WHETHER or not the defective ventilation of our courts of law be inimical to the subtle fluid of which phantoms are composed, or whether these sensitive essences, oppressed with the absurdities of forensic costume and manners, take fright at the first glimmer of a counsellor's wig, or at the titter that follows a counsellor's joke, there can be no question of the extreme difficulty that has always been experienced in bringing a spectre fairly to judicial book.

So long as the proceedings retain an extra judicial character, no gentleman on the extensive roll of attorneys could devote his time and abilities more zealously to the getting up of a case than has your unfee'd filin. Not content with fulfilling the office of detective, the indefatigable phantom has suggested needful testimony, indicated lines of prosecution, collected witnesses, and—all being ready—marched, so to speak, up to the very door of the judgment-hall. There, however, for one of the reasons above stated, or for some other, the spectre has invariably come to a stand. An objection to be sworn, in that im-

pressive manner so familiar to the frequenters of English courts of justice, may have something to do with it. The prospect of a cross-examination by a sceptical person in horse-hair, whose incredulity goes the length of doubting one's very existence, and whose questions, in any case, must look one's substance through and through, may be sufficiently alarming. Still, it is clear that such coquetting with the forms of legal procedure is, as Dogberry observes, most tolerable, and not to be endured. We need not, therefore, be surprised that a tacit understanding has been arrived at to eliminate the accusing shade altogether. If flesh and blood, that can speak well up to a jury, and stand bullying, cannot convict a man, shall a skulking shadow have that power? No. The ghost's word—appraised by the Prince of Denmark at "a thousand pound"—is now, in the eye of the law, literally not worth one dump.

Respect, however, for the fallen. It is one of the evil results of the "Spiritualism," which has spread like a rabies through society, that, in dealing with those wizards who are medium one day and conjuror the next, according to the amount of detection brought to bear on them, or to the tone of the opinion-market, we are apt to acquire a habit of speaking with over-familiarity of things that lie beyond the hitherto-ascertained limit of natural laws. This is surely a mistake. Nothing, in this educated age, astonishes one more than the extreme narrowness of that district which separates absolute scepticism from blind belief. So close are these neighbours, that, without risk of offending one or the other, the reasonable mind has scarcely space to stir. With the former, the mere act of inquiry seems to involve a sort of abandonment of principle; with the latter, the most superficial examination suffices.

Without in the least challenging the wisdom of that arrangement which has outlawed the ghost, it is singular to trace the manner in which, within the memory of this generation, what must be called, for fault of other phrase, supernatural interference, has, to all appearance, contributed to the ends of justice.

Thus, in the case of a notorious murder near Brighton some thirty years ago, a dream, and a dream alone, led to the discovery of the crime, and of the victim's remains.

A curious instance of what, in Scotland, would have been termed second-sight, occurred, within the writer's recollection, in a midland county, and, though of course suppressed at the trial, was (an unusual circumstance) attested upon oath at the preceding inquest. A market-gardener, known, from his fine presence, as "Nobb Eden," was murdered while at work in the fields at a long distance from his dwelling. His wife, ironing at a dresser by the kitchen window, saw him run swiftly past, pursued by another man, who brandished a stone hammer, as if threatening to strike. Aware that it was a spectral illusion, and impressed with an idea that some evil had befallen her husband,

Mrs. Eden caused instant search to be made at the spot to which he had intended to proceed, when the body was discovered, cold and stiff—the murderous weapon, a stone-hammer, lying beside him.

Another example of this species of warning attracted some attention in the “burking” times at Edinburgh—the voice of one of the victims, recognised under circumstances irreconcilable with any known law of nature, having led to the suspecting, and thence to the conviction, of the assassins.

A gentleman, lately living, used to relate that while resident near Fort George, N. B., the disappearance of an old woman, who, from her strict and sober habits, was employed by the whole neighbourhood as a messenger, created much excitement. Nothing could be discovered respecting her. The search, at the instance of her husband, was at length discontinued. One evening Mr. H. was sitting reading in his arbour, when the missing woman suddenly thrust her head through the leafy shield! There was a broad crimson streak round her neck, and, without her uttering a word, an impression seemed to be conveyed to Mr. H.’s mind that she had been murdered, and that her body lay concealed, under stable refuse, in a distant byre. Search was made there, the corpse was found, and the husband was subsequently executed, on his own confession of the crime.

In the French courts, questions of ghost, or no ghost—and, if the former, what might be the worth of the ghost’s testimony—seem to have been permitted a wider range. Counsel has been freely heard on either part. In a case that, many years ago, stirred up the whole philosophy of the subject, so much curious matter was elicited as to make the record worth preserving. It is an illustration of the familiar manner in which a not distant generation dealt with the subject.

Honoré Mirabel, a poor labourer on the estate of a family named Gay, near Marseilles, invoked the protection of the law under the following extraordinary circumstances:

He declared that, while lying under an almond-tree, late one night, striving to sleep, he suddenly noticed a man of remarkable appearance standing, in the full moonlight, at the window of a neighbouring house. Knowing the house to be unoccupied, he rose to question the intruder, when the latter disappeared. A ladder being at hand, Mirabel mounted to the window, and, on entering, found no one. Struck with a feeling of terror, he descended the ladder with all speed, and had barely touched the ground, when a voice at his back accosted him:

“Pertuisan” (he was of Pertuis), “there is a large treasure buried close at hand. Dig, and it is yours.”

A small stone was dropped on the terrace, as if to mark the spot alluded to.

For reasons not explained, the favoured Mirabel shrank from pursuing the adventure alone, but communicated with a friend, one

Bernard, a labourer in the employ of the farmeress Paret. This lady being admitted to their confidence, the three assembled next night at the place indicated by the spectre, and, after digging to a considerable depth, came upon a large parcel wrapped in many folds of linen. Struck with the pickaxe, it returned, unmistakably, the melodious sound of coin; but the filthy, and, as Paret suggested, plague-stricken appearance of the covering, checked their eager curiosity, until, having been conveyed home and well soaked in wine, the parcel was opened, and revealed to their delighted gaze more than a thousand large gold pieces, subsequently ascertained to be Portuguese.

It was remarkable, yet so it was, that Mirabel was allowed to retain the whole of the treasure. Perhaps his friends felt some scruple in interfering with the manifest intentions of the ghost. But Mirabel was not much the happier for it. He feared for the safety of his wealth—he feared for his own life. Moreover, the prevailing laws respecting “treasure-trove” were peculiarly explicit, and it was questionable how far the decision of the ghost might be held to override them.

In France, of treasure found in the highway, half belonged to the king, half to the finder. If in any other public place, half to the high-judiciary, half to the finder. If discovered by magical arts, the whole to the king, with a penalty upon the finder. If, when discovered, the treasure were concealed from the proprietor of the ground, the finder forfeited his share. To these existing claims the phantom had made no allusion. In his perplexity, honest Mirabel bethought him of another friend, one Auguier, a substantial tradesman of Marseilles.

The advice of this gentleman was, that the secret should be rigorously confined to those who already knew it, while he himself (Auguier) was prepared to devote himself, heart and soul, to his friend’s best interests, lend him any cash he needed (so as to obviate the necessity of changing the foreign money), attend him whithersoever he went, and, in fine, become his perpetual solace, monitor, and guard.

To prevent the possibility of his motives being misinterpreted, the worthy Auguier took occasion to exhibit to his friend a casket, in which was visible much gold and silver coin, besides a jewel or two of some value.

The friendship thus happily inaugurated grew and strengthened, until Mirabel came to the prudent resolution of entrusting the whole treasure to the custody of his friend, and appointed a place and time for that purpose.

On the way to the rendezvous, Mirabel met with an acquaintance, Gaspard Delenil, whom—Auguier being already in sight—Mirabel requested to wait for him at the side of a thicket; then, going forward, he handed to the trusty Auguier two sealed bags, one of them secured with a red ribbon, the other with a blue, and received in return an instrument conceived in the following satisfactory terms:

"I acknowledge myself indebted to Honoré Mirabel twenty thousand livres, which I promise to pay on demand, acquitting him, moreover, of forty livres which he owes me. Done at Marseilles, this seventh of September.

(Signed) "LOUIS AUGUIER."

This little matter settled, Mirabel rejoined Deleuil, and, next day, departed for his native village. After starring it there for a few weeks, the man of wealth revisited Marseilles, and, having passed a jovial evening with his friend and banker, Auguier, was on his way home, when, at a dark part of the road, he was set upon by a powerful ruffian, who dealt him several blows with some sharp weapon, flung him to the ground, and escaped. Fortunately, the wounds proved superficial.

This incident begat a certain suspicion in the mind of Mirabel. As soon as he was able, he repaired to Marseilles, and demanded of Auguier the return of his money, or liquidation of the bond. His friend expressed his extreme surprise. What an extraordinary application was here! Money! What money? He indignantly denied the whole transaction. Mirabel must be mad.

To establish his sanity, and, at the same time, refresh the memory of his friend, Mirabel, without further ceremony, appealed to the law, and, in due course, the Lieutenant-Criminal, with his officer, made his appearance at the house of Auguier, to conduct the perquisition. Search being made on the premises, no money was found; but there were discovered two bags and a red ribbon, which were identified by Mirabel as those which he had delivered to his friend.

The account given by the latter differed, in some material particulars, from that of Mirabel. He had enjoyed, indeed, some casual acquaintance with that gentleman. They had dined together, once, at his (Auguier's) house. He had accepted the hospitality of Mons. Mirabel, as often, at a tavern. He had advanced that gentleman a crown. Mirabel had spoken of a ghost and money, and had talked of placing the latter in his charge. At present, he had, however, limited his confidence to the deposit of two empty bags and a red ribbon. All the other allegations he indignantly denied.

Deeply impressed with the marvellous history, the Lieutenant-Criminal decided that the matter should be sifted to the bottom. The process continued.

Magdalene Paret deposed that Mirabel had called on her one day, looking pale and agitated, and declared that he had been holding converse with an apparition, which had revealed to him the situation of some buried treasure. She was present when the parcel, apparently containing money, was found; and she remembered Mirabel stating, subsequently, that he had placed it for safety in the hands of Auguier.

Gaspard Deleuil repeated the narrative told by Mirabel of the ghost and the gold, adding, that he had met him, on the seventh of Septem-

ber, near the Porte des Fainéants (Idlers'-gate), carrying two bags; that he saw him hand them over to a man who appeared to be waiting for him, and saw him receive in return a piece of paper; and that, on rejoining him, Mirabel stated that he had entrusted to Auguier some newly-found treasure, taking his acknowledgment for the same.

François Fournière, the third witness, confirmed the relation of the spectre and the money by Mirabel, who appeared deeply stricken by the extraordinary favour shown him in this supernatural visitation. On his pressing for a sight of the treasure, Mirabel took the witness to his chamber, and, removing some bricks from the chimney, displayed a large bag filled with gold coin. Having afterwards heard of Auguier's alleged dishonesty, the witness reproached him with it: when he became deadly pale, and entreated that the subject might be dropped.

Other witnesses deposed to the sudden intimacy, more noticeable on account of their difference of station, that had sprung up between Mirabel and Auguier, dating from the period of the discovery of the gold. Sundry experts bore testimony to the resemblance of the writing of the receipt, signed "Louis Auguier," to the autograph of the latter.

The ghost and Mirabel carried the day. In fact, it was a mere walk over the course. The Lieutenant-Criminal, entirely with them, decreed that Auguier should be arrested, and submitted to the "question."

Appeal, however, was made to the parliament of Aix, and the matter began to excite considerable notice. Persons were found to censure the ready credence given by the Lieutenant-Criminal to the story of the ghost, and, the case coming to hearing, an able advocate of the day buckled on his armour to do battle with the shade.

Is it credible (he asked) that a spirit should quit the repose of another world expressly to inform Mons. de Mirabel, a gentleman with whose existence it seems to have had no previous acquaintance, of the hiding-place of this treasure? How officious must be the nature of that ghost which should select, in a caprice, a man it did not personally know, to enrich him with a treasure, for the due enjoyment of which his social position made him so unfit? How slight must be the prescience of a spirit that could not foresee that Mirabel would be deprived of his treasure by the first knave he had the misfortune to trust! There could be no such spirit, be assured.

If there were no spectre, there was, according to all human probability, no gold; and, if no gold, no ground for the accusation of Auguier.

Descending to earthly reasoning, was it likely that Mirabel should entrust to Auguier a treasure of whose actual value he knew nothing, or that he should take in return a receipt he had not seen the giver write? How was it, pray, that the woman Paret and Gaspard Deleuil demanded no share in the treasure so

discovered? Were these excellent persons superior to the common weaknesses of humanity—curiosity, and the lust of gain? The witness Paret certainly saw the discovery of a parcel; but the rest of her evidence was hearsay. The witness Deleuil saw the exchange of bags and paper; but all the rest—spectre included—was hearsay. And when the witness Fournière declared that Auguier, being taxed with robbery, turned deadly pale, Auguier frankly—nay, proudly—confessed it, stricken as that honourable burgher was with horror at a charge so foul and unexpected! The climax of injustice was surely reached when this respected, estimable, substantial merchant of France's proudest seaport, was, on the uncorroborated word of a ghost (for to this it must be traced), submitted to the torture. In criminal, even more than in civil, cases, that which seems repugnant to probability is reputed false. Let a hundred witnesses testify to that which is contrary to nature and the light of reason, their evidence is worthless and vain. Take, as example, the famous tradition which gives an additional interest to the noble house of Lusignan, and say that certain persons swore that the fairy Melusina, who had the tail of a serpent, and bathed every Saturday in a marble cellar, had revealed a treasure to some weak idiot, who was immediately robbed of it by another. What would be thought of a judge who should, on such testimony, condemn the accused? Is it on such a fairy fable that Auguier, the just, the respected family-father, the loyal patriot, must be adjudged guilty? Never! Such justice might be found at Cathay, might prevail among the yet undiscovered islands of the Eastern Archipelago, but in France—no. There remained, in short, but one manifest duty to the court, namely, to acquit, with all honour, this much-abused man, and to render him such noble compensation as the injuries he had suffered deserved.

It was now, however, the phantom's innings. Turning on the court the night side of nature, the spectre's advocate pointed out that the gist of Auguier's defence consisted of a narrow and senseless satire upon supernatural visitations, involving a most unauthorised assumption that such things did never occur. Was it intended to contradict Holy Writ? To deny a truth attested by Scripture, by the Fathers of the Church, by very wide experience and testimony, finally, by the Faculty of Theology of Paris? The speaker here adduced the appearance of the prophet Samuel at Endor (of which Le Brun remarked that it was, past question, a work commenced by the power of evil, but taken from his hand and completed by a stronger than he); that of the bodies of buried saints after our Lord's resurrection; and that of Saint Felix, who, according to Saint Augustine, appeared to the besieged inhabitants of Nola. But, say that any doubts could rationally exist, were they not completely set at rest by a recent decision of the Faculty of Theology? "Desiring," says this enlightened decree, "to satisfy pious scruples, we have, after a very careful

consideration of the subject, resolved that the spirits of the departed may and do, by supernatural power and divine licence, reappear unto the living." And this opinion was in conformity with that pronounced at Sorbonne two centuries before.

However; it was not dogmatically affirmed that the spirit which had evinced this interest in Mirabel was the ghost of any departed person. It might have been a spirit, whether good or evil, of another kind. That such a spirit can assume the human form few will deny, when they recall that the apostles held that belief, mistaking their Lord, walking on the waves of Galilee, for such an one. The weight of probability, nevertheless, inclines to the side of this singular apparition being, as was first suggested, the spirit of one deceased—perhaps, a remote ancestor of Mirabel—perhaps, one who, in this life, sympathised with honest endeavour, and sought to endow the struggling toiling peasant with the means of rest and ease. And, with regard to this reappearance, a striking modern instance seemed pertinent to the question at issue. The Marquis de Rambouillet and the Sieur de Prècy, aged respectively twenty-five and thirty, were intimate friends. Speaking one day of the prospect of a future state of being, their conversation ended with a mutual compact that the first who died should reveal himself to the survivor. Three months afterwards the marquis went to the war in Flanders, while De Prècy, sick with fever, remained in Paris. One night, the latter, while in bed, heard the curtains move, and, turning, recognised his friend, in buff-coat and riding-boots, standing by the bed. Starting up, he attempted to embrace the visitor, but the latter, evading him, drew apart, and, in a solemn tone, informed him that such greetings were no longer fitting, that he had been slain the previous night in a skirmish, that he had come to redeem his promise, and to announce to his friend that all that had been spoken of a world to come was most certainly true, and that it behoved him (De Prècy) to amend his life without delay, as he would himself be slain within a very brief period. Finding his hearer still incredulous, the marquis exhibited a deadly wound below the breast, and immediately disappeared. The arrival of a post from Flanders confirmed the vision. The marquis had been slain in the manner mentioned. De Prècy himself fell in the civil war, then impending.

(The speaker here cited a number of kindred examples belonging to the period, such as, in later days, have found parallels in the well-known stories of Lord Tyrone and Lady Betty Cobb, Lord Lyttelton and M. P. Andrews, Prince Dolgorouki and Apraxin, the ex-queen of Etruria and Chipanti, with a long list of similar cases, and then addressed himself to the terrestrial facts.)

It was proved by Magdalene Paret that the treasure was actually found. By the witness, Deleuil, it was traced into the possession of Auguier. By other witnesses, it was shown

that Auguier had made use of many artifices to obtain the custody of the gold, cultivating a romantic attachment for this humble labourer, and seeking to inspire him with fears for his personal safety, so long as he retained possession of so large a sum. Upon the whole, unless it had been practicable to secure the attendance and oral testimony of the very phantom itself, the claim of Mirabel could hardly address itself more forcibly to the favourable judgment of the court.

It may be that this little deficiency in the chain of evidence weighed more than was expected with the parliament of Aix. At all events, they demanded further proof; and the peasant, Bernard, was brought forward, and underwent a very rigid examination.

He stated that, on a certain day in May, Mirabel informed him that a ghost had revealed to him the existence of some secreted treasure. That, on the following morning, they proceeded together to the spot indicated by the apparition, but found no money. That he laughed at Mirabel, snapped his fingers at the story, and went away. That he nevertheless agreed to a further search—the witness, Magdalene Paret, being present—but again found nothing. That, subsequently, Mirabel declared he had discovered eighteen pieces of gold, then twelve, finally, thirty-five, but displayed none of them. That Mirabel had, however, sent by him twenty sols to a priest, to say masses for the soul of the departed, to whom he owed so much; and that he had spoken of handing over the treasure to Auguier, and taking the latter's receipt, which certainly seemed to be the same now produced, signed "Louis Auguier."

The matter was obscure and puzzling. There was, by this time, no question that this large sum of money had, somehow, come into the possession of Mirabel. He could not, by skill or labour, have realised the hundredth part of it. No one had been robbed, for the notoriety of the case would at once have produced the loser. If Mirabel had found it (and there were the witnesses who proved the discovery many feet below the surface, in an undisturbed corner of the terrace), who revealed the precious deposit to this poor simple clown? The scale was inclining, slowly and steadily, to the spectral side, when some new and startling evidence appeared.

Auguier proved that *subsequently* to the alleged delivery of the treasure into his hands, Mirabel had declared that it was still concealed in the ground, and had invited his two brothers-in-law from Pertuis to see it. Placing them at a little distance from the haunted spot, he made pretence of digging, but, suddenly raising a white shirt, which he had attached to sticks placed crosswise, he rushed towards them, crying out, "The ghost! the ghost!" One of these un-

lucky persons died from the impressions engendered by this piece of pleasantry. The survivor delivered this testimony.

The case now began to look less favourable for the spectre. It was hardly probable that Mirabel should take so unwarrantable a liberty with an apparition in which he believed, as to represent him, and that for no explainable purpose, by an old white shirt! Was it barely possible that Mirabel was, after all, a humbug, and that the whole story was a pure fabrication, for the purpose of obtaining damages from the well-to-do Auguier?

It does not appear to what astute judicial intellect this not wholly impossible idea presented itself. At all events, a new process was decreed, the great object of which was to discover, in the first instance, how and whence came the money into Mirabel's possession?

Under the pressure of this inquiry, the witness Paret was, at length, brought to confess: first, that she had never actually beheld one coin belonging to the supposed treasure; secondly, that she did not credit one word of Mirabel's story; thirdly, that, if she had already deposed otherwise, it was at the earnest entreaty of Mirabel himself.

Two experts were then examined as to the alleged receipt. These differed in opinion as to its being in the handwriting of Auguier; but a third being added to the consultation, all three finally agreed that it was a well-executed forgery.

This, after twenty months, three processes, and the examination of fifty-two witnesses, was fatal to the ghost. He was put out of court.

The final decree acquitted Auguier, and condemned Mirabel to the galleys for life, he having been previously submitted to the question. Under the torture, Mirabel confessed that one Etienne Barthélemy, a declared enemy of Auguier's, had devised the spectral fable, as a ground for the intended accusation, and, to substantiate the latter, had lent him (for exhibition) the sum of twenty thousand livres. By an after process, Barthélemy was sentenced to the galleys for life, and the witnesses Deleuil and Fournière to be hung up by the armpits, in some public place, as false witnesses.

So far as records go, this singular case was the last in which, in French law-courts, the question of ghost, or no ghost, was made the subject of legal argument and sworn testimony.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Clifton on Wednesday and Friday the 9th and 11th; at Birmingham on Thursday the 10th; at St. James's Hall on Monday the 14th; at Aberdeen on Wednesday 16th; at Glasgow on Friday 18th; at Edinburgh on Saturday morning the 19th; and at St. James's Hall on Tuesday the 22nd of May.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER III. THE COURT OF APPEAL.

THE case of "Ross and Davis," from the St. Alans Assizes, had been on the list for argument, and its turn had now come round. The judges were in—the Chief Justice (Bagshawe), the Lord Chief Baron (Ryder), Barons Ridley and Mossop, Justices Bond, Woodcock, Cox, &c. They sat in a long row, in their robes, like the Roman Conscript Fathers waiting for the Gauls in the Capitol. The counsel were "in" also, dabbling among their papers, the great unemployed waiting behind, cutting the benches, occasionally whispering, and thus learning the great profession to which they belonged. Before the case began, there was a good deal of light gossip on mundane points of interest.

The court then "sat," and Mr. Bagstock, rising, began to "open the exceptions" to their "P'dships," in a low, dreamy, and almost confidential manner.

The Conscript Fathers, not yet comfortable in their places, drew in their chairs, whispered, and smiled to each other, looked abstractedly at the ceiling, all except a little dried old judge, with a glass, who kept his eye warily on the counsel, as though he had been told off specially for this duty, while the rest took their little délasséments. He had a printed book open before him, up and down which his sharp eyes travelled quickly, darting a look at the counsel every now and again, to see that he was not engaged in some elaborate scheme for deceiving the court, or in performing some *hocus-pocus* with his authorities. That professional gentleman, however, went on calmly with his duty, as if he were reading aloud to himself privately in his own study, and not at all affected by this universal inattention. At last, after some twenty minutes or so, when the counsel was beginning to warm to his monotony, the Chief Justice began to look down at his book, asked his neighbour a question, who laid his finger on a paragraph; and presently, from a remote judge in the corner, who was getting interested, or who had misapprehended

the learned gentleman, came a question, like the first gun before the engagement.

Mr. Tillotson was there, behind his own attorney, who whispered him, "Did you try again at a compromise? I see they have got Bidder. He leads the Queen's Bench by the nose. Can do what he pleases with the Chief."

"But," said Mr. Tillotson, "where are our men?" He saw only a void in the front bench, and a smart junior of no more than two-and-twenty, scribbling away, but looking every now and again a little nervously at the door.

"O, by-and-by," said the attorney. "Mr. Cobham is always late. But I wish we could have got Bidder. I was only a day too late for him."

Yet it did not seem how Bidder—an old man, a kind of legal fossil, too, who was with difficulty spitting out his facts, who had a dreadfully mouldy air, and whose high collars were worn fearfully at the edges, like a saw—could be such an acquisition on either side. But Mr. Tillotson very soon saw what quiet power and superiority was in his dry, unflagging monotony. Sometimes a too eager junior judge struck in:

"As it seems to me, Mr. Bidder, your view goes so far as this: *A*. writes to *B*. on family matters, and among other things says, 'he may never know what flaws may be discovered in our title.' Surely you would not contend that *that* amounted to a declaration *post lis mota*."

Other judges nodded, as if to convey that that view was pressing on their minds, and the Chief Justice added, "I think my brother judge has furnished us with a *reductio ad absurdum*."

Not noticing this interruption, Mr. Bidder said he was coming to that, and would merely call their P'dships' attention to the case of Doe against Rubber, reported in—the—(looking at the back of the book)—Sixth Common Bench, in which the point was raised, and I will read a passage from Lord Bendigo's judgment, which, I think, bears strongly on the case put by Mr. Justice Igoo.

This modest statement was more than borne out by Mr. Bidder. It seemed exactly "in point"—and utterly silenced Mr. Justice Igoo. Then Mr. Bidder went on the even tenor of his way, always at the same dead level, neither rising nor falling, keeping to his straight barren high road of monotony. He gave cases—Common Bench—Vesey, junior—Text-books—dicta—everything

—and when he sat down, alarm was in the opposite attorney's face, and he had begun to look anxiously for his counsel.

Mr. Tillotson also had been troubled at the absence of Mr. Cobham. The tender junior was in a sort of fever. Their lordships had adjourned for ten minutes, and clerks were going in all directions looking for Mr. Cobham. But a messenger from his house had come to the court, and gave to the solicitor a note, and that gentleman, in a flutter of annoyance, put it into Mr. Tillotson's hands, with a "There, we're done!" Mr. Cobham had been taken ill in the night with an inflammation, was something better now, but daren't get out of bed for a week or more.

The state of the tender junior was pitiable. "What can I do?" he said. "I never made an argument in my life. I have only been called two years. The whole thing is in a muddle."

"Just try and ask them to put it off. He won't, I know, but—"

"Now, Mr.—er"—the Chief Justice was saying, looking about, "the other—er—side."

The falling tones of the tender junior were then heard, stating his leader's misfortune, the serious character of the case, and bleating a request that their lordships would be so kind and indulgent as to, &c.

"Ah! that we *never* do," said his lordship, with a smile, "except in extreme cases. You know our practice here. If *all* the counsel were ill, or something like what is known to the Law as the act of God, had interposed, it would be a different thing!"

"But, my lord," implored the junior—

"We must go on," said his lordship. "We have you here, Mr.—er"—and his lordship paused a second, in the view that some one would supply him with the name, which, however, no one knew. "I have no doubt you will be able to assist the court very materially."

Thus was this tender junior launched. How the unhappy legal babe—for he was no more—hobbled and staggered, and floundered, and went back again, and got into the marshes and morasses of a hopeless country—how he was helped out, all wet and bemired, by a charitable judge, who gave him his hand, thus: "As I take it, Mr.—er"—with the best intentions, he had to pause a second also—"what you are contending for is this," putting a view the junior never dreamed of, nor could understand, but which he assented to with a wild eagerness, and then floundered back into his bog. How the Chief Justice, losing patience, became sarcastic, and when the junior said it was laid down in "Taylor" that secondary evidence of a letter, which was in existence, could not be received, and that he would presently find the passage for their lordships, he averred that so far the court was with him—all this and much more may be conceived.

The other counsel was not called upon after "Mr. Bidder's exhaustive argument." The Chief

Justice said it was not necessary, and the court adjourned to give judgment on a future day.

"We're done," said the solicitor to Mr. Tillotson, as he got up his papers—"smashed." The miserable junior went home thinking of suicide, passed a wretched night, saying to himself he was ruined for ever, and could never show his face, took refuge in desperate study, got another chance, and ten years later was that efficient junior, Mr. Mounsey, whose name we meet with so often in the reports in the familiar parenthesis ("with him Mounsey").

On the future day the court met to give judgment, "polishing off a lot of cases together," as an irreverent barrister said. The court was, however, divided on the question. The charitable judge had been at the pains of "making up" the whole case for himself, *without* the aid of the junior, a few of the other judges had views of their own, and the Samaritan judge delivered an elaborate judgment in favour of the appellant. Some of the judges were absent, not having heard the whole argument, but the Chief Justice, who held that Bidder, a class fellow of his own at college, was bound up with the constitutional law of the country, gave his judgment last, and for "the respondent Ross." Even then the colour was made to rush violently to the cheeks of the miserable junior (several times during the past few nights on the point of getting up to look for his razors), by the Chief Justice saying that "the court, by an unhappy fatality, had not been assisted as much as it might have been, and the case, he might so say, had been overweighted on one side." At which pleasant conceit a flutter of obsequious hilarity ran round the barristerial amphitheatre. By a narrow majority of two the appeal was dismissed. Still, this did not finally dispose of the matter, for, as the Chief Justice remarked, the appellant could still take his case to a yet higher court, where it would no doubt receive all the consideration it merited at the hands of that high tribunal; and where, if there was anything faulty in their decision, it would no doubt be set right. Then, with an air of relief, each judge put away the papers in the now defunct case, and the crier called a new one very lustily.

CHAPTER IV. FURTHER DOUBTS.

DURING the days between argument and judgment, little Mrs. Tillotson had been observed to grow very anxious and troubled, and the curious wistful look in her face intensified. Mr. Tillotson, who every day was finding himself more and more incapable of understanding or following her curious moods, was grieved to see this, as he always understood that she was perfectly indifferent to the result of the suit. Now she was almost pettishly anxious. But he could give her no comfort. The faithful captain saw this also, and was greatly mystified by it. But he was not at a loss for comfort. "Why, the other side hasn't a leg to stand on, my dear. A very experienced counsel that I know told me so. I know I wish I was as sure of my salvation. I

wonder," added the captain, wistfully, "if they would let us manage things in the sensible way they do in France? I am afraid you can hardly go to the judge and offer anything of *that* kind" (his hand was on the steel purse). "Hardly, I think. He's too tip-top. But I know, when I and Colonel Cameron went over to Paris after the peace, we got into some foolish 'footy' row" (another favourite word of the captain's), "and knocked down a tradesman fellow, and was taken up and brought before a *Shoes de Pay*. And, egad, a very nice Frenchman, that took us about and dined with us—as gentlemanly a young fellow as ever stepped—put me up to it; and faith, we both went together and called on the *Shoes de Pay*, quite a nobleman, my dear, and before we went he took three napoleons of mine, and wasn't the least offended. Wasn't it odd? No, we could hardly do *that* to the judge."

It has been mentioned that she was of an excitable and spasmodic turn of mind, taking hold of new things, and especially of matters which were likely to be withheld from her, with an eagerness proportioned to the denial. She began to fret and chafe about the decision of the court. She confounded Mr. Tillotson by saying, one evening, that it was the only thing she had to look to, for if it failed she would be a beggar.

"A beggar!" he said, in astonishment. "My dear child, surely we have a sufficient fortune?"

"*Ah! you have,*" she said, with great energy.

He shook his head, and could not understand her. That very day, at their dinner, she suddenly, as it were coming to a resolution, said very nervously, "You know those Miss Tilneys?"

He looked up. "Yes," he said, "a little—a very little."

"A very little," repeated young Mrs. Tillotson, colouring, and with something like scorn. "And why don't you see them now? I thought you were quite intimate."

"You know," he answered, quietly, "they live away from town. But would you like to know—"

"*Ah! I dare say,*" said she, trembling. "It would be a nice arrangement! Suppose we asked one of these Miss Tilneys on a visit?"

"Miss Tilney on a visit!" he repeated, wondering; then gave a sigh. This wearied him. "Why should we do that? You would not care for them, or like them. I have never spoken ten words to them in all my life."

He said this so firmly and truthfully that she became silent, and saw that she was mistaken. She puzzled and mystified over it, and consulted with the grim Martha.

"*Ah! that is what Mr. Tillotson says.* Of course *he* would like to tell you everything. Why should you know the secrets of his life before marriage?"

"But I believe him, Martha," she said, firmly.

"*Ah! of course you do,*" said that cold waiting-woman. "If I had only time. No matter."

She hardly slept the night before the judgment, and it was her pressing importunity and eagerness that forced Mr. Tillotson to give up business and take her down to the court. She sat there, working herself into a fever, and with her hands clasped, listening to the judges as if they were bishops and clergymen. But she could not understand or follow them, and it was long before she could see that she was the being alluded to as "the appellant," or follow the mysterious advantages or losses which fell to her side under that description. With a little pencil she checked off "her judges" and his judges. And it was with the most mournful hopeless face in the world that she struck the balance. She never said anything, but rose to go. Mr. Tillotson pressed her arm.

"Don't lose hope, dear. We may win yet. Everything was a little against us."

As they passed out, the first person they met was Mr. Tilney, who came from the body of the court, and who seemed a little anxious to escape observation. He was the old Mr. Tilney wonderfully recruited, and with the old stick which he had carried away from St. Alans.

"My dear Tillotson," he said, "and Mrs.—Am I right? Ah, yes. This is very painful, my dear Tillotson, and I am really concerned, I am indeed. And though I wish our wild friend well, naturally, you will allow, still you know what I must feel to you, Tillotson, who have stood by me shoulder to shoulder, as I may say. Goodness, goodness! when I look back! But still, our friend's victory, so far, is a mere stage—a stage. It may topple over like a pack of cards. By the way, they are waiting here, in the cab. Ross has run away, to speak to his attorney."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Tillotson, deeply feeling for his wife. "We must go now. Another time."

"But they will want to see you, my dear friend. We *never* see you. And there—do you see your old friend, Ada Millwood, in the window? Ah, sir, sir! She will never forget that night. A noble girl, sir, that deserves to be well settled in life."

The eyes of young Mrs. Tillotson were literally devouring the devotional face, with the heavy golden hair, set in a tiny bonnet, that was looking from the window. "Ada Millwood!" she repeated, as her breath came and went very fast.

"Yes," said Mr. Tilney; "this way. Of course she will like to know *you*, Mrs. Tillotson—a sort of curiosity, you know."

Mr. Tillotson knew not what to do. Those restless little eyes were wandering from his face to Ada's, and he became a little confused. A sudden light came into Mrs. Tillotson's eyes, and she read off the solution to what had been puzzling her for so long.

It was his first meeting with Ada since that night, and no man had ever more firmly and loyally carried out what he had proposed to himself. With this confidence in his heart, he went up straight to the cab where the Angelico face was, as it were, unworthily framed. That Angelico

face brightened as he drew near. He took Mrs. Tillotson's little hand, as he said, "Miss Millwood, this is my wife." The young Mrs. Tillotson was still looking at her with restless eager eyes, almost dazzled by the sight. She only answered in some strange confused words, for her heart was beating with anxiety and anger.

Ada received her with a smile, and the very light of interest and welcome in her soft tranquil eyes. "I don't know what to say," she said; "but *indeed* I feel for you. We have been accustomed so to think of our side, and wish for his victory."

The little lady tried hard to answer coldly and with dignity that "she was very good and kind."

"But," Ada went on to Mr. Tillotson, "I have thought of something. Ross is ordered away to Gibraltar—is going in the morning—and, somehow, is in a better vein. Leave it to me. He has his good points, and can be generous when he chooses. It is very miserable to go on thus way, and for *her* sake."

This she spoke in a sort of semi-confidence to him. The light of the old St. Alans days and nights came into his face. He forgot the succession of events, the revolution almost, that lay between, and said, gazing into that gentle face, "Always kind and thoughtful."

Mrs. Tillotson felt herself a poor insignificant cipher here. At that moment the gentleman she had seen at Bangor came up hastily. He was in great good humour. "Well, Tillotson, I saw you in the court. I have beaten you again this time, and I can sail to-morrow with comfort."

Deep reproach and anger was in the eyes of the fair-haired girl. "This is Mrs. Tillotson," she said. "Don't you see?"

He coloured a little. "Well, perhaps I do. O, I beg your pardon," he added, awkwardly "I did *not* see you. Well, you can't expect me to say I am sorry, and that sort of thing. Confound hypocrisy! But still, I wish it was some one else that was 'appellant,' as they call it."

Ada smiled. "Ah! that is better!" she said. "We must go now. They are waiting for us. Good-bye!" she added, almost fondly, to Mrs. Tillotson. "I am so glad to have seen you; and don't be cast down. Something may come about to put all right again, and for all parties. I shall let you know," she said, "Mr. Tillotson."

They separated. Mr. Tillotson, as they went home, found himself unconsciously dreaming away back to St. Alans, to the shadow of the old cathedral, even to that Sunday when the music was playing, and he had heard Fugle sing and the dean preach.

CHAPTER V. THE VISION OF AN ANGEL.

MRS. TILLOTSON, with a sort of fury tearing at her little heart, looked at him now and again with a strange inquiry. But she spoke scarcely at all, and then only very shortly. When they got home, with an effort he had finally put away far from him the luxury of that dreaming, and had frozen back to the cold material of business.

She had flown to her room. There the grim

Martha came to her, with something evidently on her austere mind. "You were asking me," she said, "about those Tilneys the other day. I think what I said was not received with pleasure—certainly not believed. Well, I have now found means to make out the whole truth."

"And so have I, so have I, Martha," said the unhappy little lady, almost sobbing. "I see it all now, and the meaning of their solemn denials. Even nunkey to deceive me! But he kept to the letter of the truth."

"And didn't I warn you?" said Martha; "do me that justice. I knew what men of that sort, gloomy and mysterious, must come to. A pity young creatures will not be said and led."

"Yes, yes, Martha," she said. "And O, she is so lovely, Martha, no man born could resist her. I am like a low common creature near her."

Mr. Tillotson, for the rest of this day, got absorbed with the business world. By night, the glowing colours of that old picture had grown cold, and faded out. Duty had shut up the camera, and thrown wide open the shutters. The dinner went by in the old routine. He fell into his weary toleration, for he saw there was a grievance, and, after the dinner, went back to the study and to the business.

As he sat there, towards nine o'clock he heard a cab drive up, and presently a servant came to tell him a lady wished to see him. An instinct told him who this was. Other ears, too, heard the unusual stoppage of the wheels at the door, had heard the subdued voices in the hall, and the shutting of the study door.

Presently Mr. Tillotson was in the drawing-room where his wife was sitting, the small lips compressed together, and her cheeks flushed. He entered hastily.

"She is an angel!" he said, eagerly; "she has done what she said. Come down to her and thank her."

"Who?" said she, with a trembling voice. "Who am I to thank?"

"Ada Millwood," he answered; "come. She is sitting in the study. She has been at that Ross the whole day, pleading your cause. She has prevailed, as such an angel's temper *must* prevail always, and he has agreed, even now on the eve of his departure, to enter into some sort of compromise. He has some generous instincts after all."

She looked at him with the same restless and eager eyes. She knew that she could not find the proper words, and that she could not trust herself to speak. Suddenly she got up. "Let us go down to her," she said, "and thank her at least."

They went down. Ada ran to her, and repeated her good news. "There," said Mr. Tillotson, with glistening eyes, "see what good friends God has given us. To-day everything was against us, and this kind angel has changed the face of all things. All is well now."

"Hush!" said Ada, softly. "You make too much of it. You know what I owe to you! *Indeed*, I would do more if I could."

"I dare say," said the young wife, with forced

coldness; "and I do thank you for your good offices, but I do not require them; I should prefer that this matter went on to the end."

"Went on to the end!" he said, in astonishment. "What *can* you mean, dear?"

"That I should wish to see it go on. I don't want to have it settled. And, as far as I am concerned, never *shall* settle. Of course, if you choose to assert the power the law gives you——"

They both looked at her in astonishment.

"But you know," he said, calmly, "only this day you said you were longing that it could be arranged. That was even before it was decided. How much more, now? Consider it calmly; especially after Miss Millwood has taken all this trouble."

"Did I ask her?" said Mrs. Tillotson, with a trembling; "was it my request? You might have settled it with her. But, of course, arrange it as you will. I have merely said what is *my* wish. As long as I live, I shall never agree. There!"

"That is decisive," said he, calmly. "There has been some misapprehension, evidently. I am deeply grieved Miss Millwood should have had all her trouble for nothing, and it only remains for me to thank her most cordially for her goodness."

"I am sorry, too," she said, sadly. "I think it would be the best for all. But no matter now. You will forgive me, I am sure?" she said to Mrs. Tillotson.

The other answered her coldly, and turned to go, as if she could not trust herself to stay.

"You do not want me," she said, in the same voice, looking from one to the other, "any more, do you?"

The golden-haired looked at her anxiously and sorrowfully, Mr. Tillotson with wonder.

"Well," he said, "it can't be helped. It must take its course, then."

Mrs. Tillotson, flushed and excited, said good-bye, and went up-stairs again. A few moments afterwards the cab rolled away.

Then Mr. Tillotson went to his young wife, and very quietly expostulated with her. "I am sorry you did not tell me this," he said, "before: it would have saved a world of inconvenience. Of course you know what is best for your own interest, and if you would listen to me, there is yet time. My dear child, be advised. Besides, to Miss Millwood, who has been so kind and generous, it is scarcely fair, and——"

Flaming in her cheeks, flashing in her eyes, the little lady burst out: "Ah, that is it, it seems! We have given *her* trouble! That is the offence. Ah, I am beginning to know—I am beginning to see—how I have been deceived."

"Deceived!" repeated he, gravely.

"Yes, deceived; but no matter. I know why you are so anxious to settle this business, and the scheme is—I have friends still who will tell me, and find out everything for me."

"You are angry now," he said, still in the same grave tone, "and foolish. But I can make every allowance. I am sure, my poor child, you cannot mean what you say, and if you will take

my advice, you will not listen to these friends, as you call them."

"Ah, I dare say," she answered, eagerly, "that would suit very well. But I shall not give everything up without a struggle. O, I have heard, and shall hear more still. And it was unkind and cruel, and *not fair* to conceal from me all that went on down at that place at St. Alans. I know all that! I do! Now, what do you say?"

He shook his head sadly. "If you only knew or could appreciate why it was everything was not told to you! But no matter now."

"O, they were good reasons, no doubt," she went on. "But I was kept in the dark purposely; yes, you know I was" (she was on the verge of sobbing now); "and about other things, too, as well, for which, of course, you had your reasons."

Mr. Tillotson drew a deep sigh, and covered his face with his hands. "We will never understand each other, I fear. What is all this about?"

"Why should you not have told me everything?" she went on. "I am not a child. It was unfair. And all these mysteries! I ought to know; I am entitled to it. What does it mean?" she added, her excitement increasing. "There should have been confidence. I ought to have been told everything—*everything*. Really, this gloom and all. Who knows, as they say, what has been done, or——"

"Stop, stop!" he said, almost imploringly; "don't speak about that, or in that way." And a strange expression of physical pain came into his face. She did not see it, and went on:

"I ought to know, and they tell me that I ought. I am entitled to it. Why should I have married into a heap of mysteries? Why should there be these secrets, unless there is something wicked concealed, or something one has done that one is ashamed of, or has on their conscience?"

"Stop, stop!" he said again, and in the same suffering voice. "Don't touch on *that*! Go away; leave me quickly. This is very cruel, and should not have come from you."

There was some one standing at the door who had heard the voices from above, and came down. Miss Diamond was looking on with amazement. "Hush!" she said; "come away. This should not have happened. See, he is ill and suffering."

He did, indeed, seem overwhelmed, and in a sort of agony. His face was bent down to his desk. She was a little scared, and ran up to him. "You are not ill?" she asked, anxiously. "I did not mean it, indeed—no. But they have worried me so lately, and this disappointment to-day and all, and I am a *little* miserable; I am indeed."

He looked up kindly. "Perhaps you did not mean it," he said. "I am sure not. But don't harass me. I tell you solemnly there is nothing in my sad history that you can be repaid by knowing. Anything that is right or necessary that you should know, I have always told you. You are very young, and have yet to learn how dangerous it is to touch on things which had

best be left untouched. But it is very late to find all this out—too late, perhaps."

Miss Diamond took her away, a little awed, and perhaps a little scared. When she was out of his sight, the old grievances came back, and she poured them all out to her companion, who soothed and tranquillised her. But from that night the vision of the golden-haired haunted her like a spirit, fretting her into a fever, inflaming her into little furies. From that night, too, arose the sense of what he had called a fatal mistake; and from that night, too, a chill and thick cloud settled down between the husband and his young wife.

PONIES.

Of all the sights of London in the month of June, there are few prettier than Rotten Row at that hour in the morning when grave judges, merchants of mighty name in the City, and the hard-worked of her Majesty's Cabinet and her Majesty's Opposition begin to ride away to their daily never-ending duties, while the Park is alive with little mobs of boys and girls galloping, trotting, and walking as little as possible, with papa or mamma, or sister Aune, or mostly with some stout and faithful Ruggles, panting and toiling after his precious charges. How bright they look, how happy with innocent excitement glowing on their rosy faces! No thought of heavy acceptances or of doubtful parliamentary contests, or of ungrateful minister of state, checks their ringing laughter, or their cheerful and childish talk. And then what pluck the little creatures have, and how gravely they imitate their seniors, in handling ponies a little bigger than Southdown rams!

In those admirably planned and picturesquely arranged rides in the wood, provided by the Emperor of the French for the inhabitants of his capital, the splendour of the equipages on a great fête day—a Gladiateur day—leaves nothing to be desired. Our Ladies' Mile is left in the shade by the splendour of a series of four-horse postilioned barouches, with liveries of every brilliant shade of velvet and satin, from the brightest canary to the richest ruby, beside hosts of grand steppers in Broughams, and other triumphs of Carriage-building art well copied from the London style. Horsemen are there, too, in very fair numbers, to whom a critical eye would most probably object that the horses are too good for their work, and that the men ride too well, too correctly, too seriously for pleasure—that they are perfectly taught, but are not to the manner born. Yes, the wealth of modern Paris rivals London in everything that is gorgeous for grown-up people. But when it comes to the little people and ponies, Paris is a blank.

Pony-boy-ship, not horse-man-ship, is the growing glory of these equestrian islands. The word pony is feebly represented in other languages by two words implying little horse or dwarf horse, and the French have been

obliged to borrow the term without being able to borrow the thing. In the brilliant horse show at Paris the other day, there was only one pony. In the horse show at the Agricultural Hall, the ponies were as numerous and as much admired as the thorough-breds. There are small horses in many countries, but it is only in this among civilised nations that the let-alone system of education allows the family pony to develop into an institution. Good horses and horsemen are not confined to England. The Chasseurs d'Afrique, on their little wiry hardy Arabs, the Hungarian Hussars, the Polish Lancers, the Cossacks of the Russian Guard, may claim to rank with any light cavalry; Russian and Austrian coachmen drive fast and well, three or four abreast, in their own peculiar style; so, too, there are foreign artists who know well how to draw the single Arab, the war-horse of Job, or a whole charge of cavalry, but it is only in England (meaning the three English-speaking kingdoms) that John Leech could have found his immortal boys on pony back; above all, that genuine Master George on his Shetlander, his soul on fire speaking in his eyes, and eager for the hunt streaming away on the other side the brook, answering the piteous "Hold hard!" of the much-enduring Ruggles, "it's too wide and very deep," with the happiest self-confidence, "All right, we can both swim." Master George did not mean to be saucy to the old coachman, or to be witty, like those royal and imperial boys who make such wonderful *bon-mots*—he only meant, in the language of the Ring "business," that there was a brook to be done, and dry or wet Master George meant to do it.

The family pony, ridden at all hours, with and without saddle, along bridle-roads, over the moors, in the hay-field, and through the wood, up hill and down dale, teaches the boy to go alone, to defend himself, to tumble cleverly, and to get up again without making a noise at a bump or two. As far as teaching the art of horsemanship goes, perhaps the completest plan with boys, as well as girls, is to allow no riding until they are eight or nine years old, and then to commence with first principles. Still, habits of independence are of more importance than perfect horsemanship, therefore fathers living in the country with a stable as well as a library, if wise, will not neglect the pony-branch of education, but will let the boy, as soon as he likes, go wandering about the park; the farm, the village, learning how to take care of himself and his steed. With girls it is different. A girl can no more learn to ride gracefully than to dance gracefully without being carefully taught from the first lesson to the last.

Real ponies, not dwarf horses, bred without care on waste moors and mountains, are more sound than horses of pedigree; perhaps because, like Indians, only those of stout constitutions survive the hardships of infancy or foalhood, and also because only the best are sent for sale out of their native district.

The common defect of ponies is straight thick shoulders and want of a proper place for the saddle. This is general among the pure mountain breed; probably hereditary grazing and exposure to the weather are not favourable to perfection of shape. Welsh ponies have a well-deserved reputation, but it can scarcely be said that they are of any particular breed. Since civilisation spread into Wales in the shape of rich squires and thorough-bred sires, the owners of mountain herds have freely availed themselves of Arab and racing crosses. The best ponies are always found in places where the hilly nature of the country creates a demand for small horses, and where wastes on which full-sized horses would starve, offer room for them as well as for small cattle and mountain sheep.

Somersetshire and Devonshire, like North and South Wales, are famous for excellent ponies, because in hilly regions small horses do all the work of the country better than the full-sized animals, which Yorkshiremen seek to breed and London dealers try to buy. In the great horse-breeding counties, no one intentionally breeds a pony, or even a small hack. These dwarfs come by accident in the course of attempts to breed tall hunters and taller carriage-horses.

In Wales and North Devon, a well-shaped pony is the best hack, and what would be called a pony in the pasture counties—say fourteen to fifteen hands—the best hunter. Throughout North Devon and Somersetshire, and wherever ponies are famed, the Exmoor breed have a great reputation; not without reason, for they are not only hardy and sure-footed—from their earliest years the foals follow their dams at a gallop down the “crees” of loose stones on the steep moorland sides—but they are extraordinarily active and courageous. The writer once saw an Exmoor, only forty-four inches high, jump out of a pound five feet six inches high, just touching the top bar with his hind feet. But Exmoor ponies are an example of the inevitable effects of food and climate. The late Mr. Knight, the father of the present owner of Exmoor, expended a fortune in trying to raise a breed of horses and larger ponies of these wastes. Thorough-breeds, Arabs, and even the rare Dongola horse, imported at a cost of thousands, were used; but, after all, in order to breed a race capable of living through Exmoor winters, it has been found necessary to fall back on pure pony breeds, and be satisfied with an average height of a little over forty-eight inches. Among these, while all are excellent for harness, occasionally specimens occur which reproduce the blood and the symmetry of noble ancestors.

The Shetlanders are undoubtedly of a Norwegian stock, but, according to a doubtful tradition, owe their thorough-bred look and parti-colours to crosses with sires saved from the wreck of the Spanish Armada. At any rate, from selection, or some other cause, Shetlanders are to be found, much more thorough-bred than the dun cobs of Norway. Some of the

finest specimens of the blood ponies ever seen in this country were from Sardinia, presented by the present King of Italy to our Queen. They were Arabs in miniature, from ten to twelve hands high, of a better shape than Arabs usually are, with that “quality” and “courage” which are the cardinal merits of the African blood-horse.

In choosing a pony on which your boys are to learn to ride, take one as much like a good hack in shape, and as little like a donkey, as possible. In a large woodcut by John Leech, of the First Meet of the Season, there is a serious drawing, not a caricature, of a perfect blood pony arching his neck proudly, and champ-ing his bit. A donkey is a very useful animal, but he is the worst possible tutor for future horsemen, because he has no mouth, or rather a mouth of leather, which never objects to being pulled.

A boy's pony should be narrow, so that his little legs can have some real grasp. The fat round barrels of the cob-model are very well for carrying baskets or side saddle-pads; but a boy, when eight or nine years old, and that is early enough to begin to ride, should be able to sit in as good form as when, in later years, he bestrides a hunter. Some teach without stirrups; but as in this civilised country every one rides with stirrups, the advantage is doubtful, the danger of serious injury is considerable, and the effect is to give an awkward seat; but if boys do ride without stirrups, it should be either bare-backed or with a cloth and surcingle. A saddle without stirrups is very dangerous.

Nothing is more absurd than the usual course of instruction in riding. In every other art, the tutors begin with the elements, and with those one at a time; but the riding-school teacher generally begins by encumbering a pupil who does not know how to sit, with double reins and a whip.

Teach the boy to sit first. Fasten the pony's head into the right place with a pair of reins buckled to the flaps of the saddle, and a standing martingale if necessary. Then put the boy into the saddle carefully, fit the stirrups to his legs, tell him to keep his shoulders back, his back *slack*, his heels down, and cross his arms across his chest. Then, repeating the cabalistic words “Heels down, back slack” over and over again, lead the pony about at a walk for a day or two until the boy gets his balance, or what the French happily call “son assiette.” Then give him a single pair of reins, and explain that in riding the hands are always to be kept lower than the elbows, and generally as low as the hips. Impress on him, “If you raise your hands you are lost,” and that the bridle is not a safety handle to hold on with, but a pair of lines for steering: “If you want to turn to the right, pull the right rein; if you want to turn to the left, pull the left rein.” These were the maxims of George D., the once celebrated steeple-chase rider. He spent hours in instilling them into his children, and with marvellous success. At ten years old, his boy and girl rode

thorough-bred horses, hunting in as perfect form as the most celebrated horsemen. He had an iron-grey pony, forty inches high, a miniature weight-carrying hunter, with a blood head, which, galloping at speed, would clear a hurdle nine inches higher than his own shoulders, and which actually cleared a hedge and ditch fifteen feet across. To see little D. ride this hot little brute at the hurdle, touch the pony's croup with his own shoulders as he leaped, and rise to his right seat as he landed, a dozen times in succession, was a sight which old steeple-chase jockeys and colonels of crack cavalry regiments wondered at and enjoyed.

The great point in teaching riding, is, that the pupil should never learn a bad habit. Old Chifney, according to one of his biographers, began his lessons in the art in which his sons became so famous, by teaching them how to hold the bridle of a wooden horse. "Good hands," to use a term familiar among horsemen, give and take; bad hands hold as if the mouth were iron and the reins to be gripped like the rounds of a dangerous ladder.

Therefore, as soon as a boy is old enough to understand the reason why, and has acquired a right seat and an instinctive grip of the saddle, put him on a pony or horse of good temper, but courage, with a light and delicate mouth; then he must "give and take"—a great art in life—and he will have to govern by skill, and not rely on strength alone.

There are boys and men who learn to ride, and ride well, by instinct, imitation, and practice, especially if they have good models before their eyes, and are not spoiled early by flattering toadies; but there are many men who never ride with any sense at all, although they ride all their lives. Some people seem to think that falling off does boys good. That is not the writer's opinion. A boy should, as a matter of course, learn not to make a fuss about a fall, or any other hurt or accident; and he who is not afraid will fall the most cleverly; but the first point of good horsemanship is not to fall until your horse falls; the next is so to guide and hold him that he shall fall as seldom as possible.

Many a fine boy has been cowed and spoiled as a horseman by being put on ponies too restive or spirited for his strength and immature seat. But there is a mistake in the other direction. Teaching is wasted unless principles are followed by practice, and unless what has been learned in the home park or the school is practised on rough ground and across country, up and down steep hills, across moors, and through woodland. For this purpose there is nothing better than an occasional day with the harriers; boys and horses both learn to be quick to turn, to stop, and to start again. No horseman or horsewoman is safe who has not learned to leap real fences, ditches, banks, and hurdles; for the quietest horse will buck sometimes, and the slowest ride end in an inevitable short cut.

Some people, stout of constitution and thick of skin, dwell fondly on the happiness of their school days, but that is a kind of enjoyment

like a taste for bathing in the depth of winter, or for whole bottles of port at one sitting; it is more than every constitution can bear. For the writer's own part, while his school-days have ever been the subject of his most frightful dreams, in which sometimes a schoolmaster, and sometimes a tyrant senior, has been his nightmare, he turns to his pony-riding days with fond delight, not extinguished or diminished by the memory of many an exciting gallop in the best counties with flying hounds on horses good enough for any one of his weight, at an age when vanity and excitement were stronger than prudence.

No black care sits behind the boy who can ride, who loves to read, and has just entered on the world of poetry and romance. When well mounted, he takes his way alone, or with a party of young companions, galloping fast over the turf, walking slowly through broad woodland or over wild moors, excited, charmed, amused, full of wild, absurd thoughts realising a thousand romantic fancies, charging at Flodden or flying with Lochinvar. Our earliest horsey recollections go back to bare-legged days, when, for our health's sake, two or three times a week a tall dragoon (he seemed a very giant) called to take us a ride on a black hog-maned cross-eared pony twice a week. He used to walk beside us, holding us for safety by the leg. It was an ugly flat country, and our way was almost always by the side of a canal for an hour or so, up to a lock, where there used to be a long talk between the military tutor and the lock-keeper's daughter. To us he seldom addressed a word. We often longed to go some other way; the canal caused us undefined terrors, but we never ventured to complain either to the dragoon or nurse. We don't think we enjoyed these rides, for the pony was spiteful and did not encourage any delicate attentions; and our chief pleasure arose from the loud admiration we excited among ragged boys of our own age. When are we too young or too old to be beyond vanity?

In course of time we were promoted to ride alone on an ugly safe and stupid pony by the side of our parents in a gig, without, however, turning off the main roads. But the true glories of horsemanship were opened to us when, by great good fortune, at about twelve years old we caught the measles at school, and were sent to a farm-house to recruit. Close to the farm was one of the finest deer parks in England and a hall, then for more than twenty years deserted by a great personage, the owner, for some mysterious reason, an exile on the Continent. Nothing was kept up except the deer, the game, and as much of the kitchen-gardens as it suited the head gardener to cultivate. The pleasure-grounds were a wilderness; but to my eyes, coming from a damp flat mining country, they were a perfect garden of Eden. There, glorious flowering shrubs flourished among weeds and long grass; and hares, rabbits, and feathered game sprang from the most unexpected places.

The king of the place was the head game-

keeper—a tall thin one-eyed white-haired old man, who had been a soldier, and who, whether he walked or rode, was always accompanied by an orange-coloured ape from South America. He had a grown-up son, whom he treated like a child, and it was this son's duty to kill the deer sent away for venison.

Our only companion was the parson's son, a boy of our own age. He had a famous pony, and our farmer soon found one for us. It was there we learned to ride, in a way that all the schools of Europe could never have taught us. Under the patronage of the gamekeeper, we two boys were made useful in helping to ride down and out off from the herd, the deer that he picked out to shoot. It was a wild park, full of old timber, with varieties of hill and dale, all in a state of nature, as unlike the trim parks of the midland counties as Kensington Gardens resemble a Derbyshire moor. No colonel of cavalry was ever better obeyed than the old gamekeeper, as, glass in hand, he took his place on a convenient eminence and gave his orders. We were to keep our eyes on the buck, and never think about a fall. And we didn't. We raced up and down hill, twirled through trees, jumped ditches, and rolled over unexpected trunks of fallen trees, ponies and all, and then up and at it again! Never were boys more happy. Besides these deer hunts, we had slow rides through the woods, over hundreds of acres of grass-grown rides, alive with pheasants and rabbits. In the evenings we read Robinson Crusoe, Pope's Homer, and Walter Scott's Poems, and made ourselves the heroes of our reading. Only pony-riding romantic boys could have so enjoyed the sights and sounds of those deserted gardens and park.

As a final word, we would again say to fathers to whose purses the stable-door is open, in the course of education don't neglect the pony. Remember that your boy can never be a horse-man until he has learned to gallop up and down dale with slight hand, all rules forgotten, and keeping his seat by instinct.

WOLFISH HUMANITY.

EVERY superstition must have had a material beginning—some natural cause out of which it has grown like a gnarled and crooked tree from a shapely seed; there being no such thing possible to humanity, say the philosophers, as an original lie—lies being only exaggerations, distortions, or mistakes. A superstition, puzzling enough as it stands, is that which believes in the power of men to turn themselves into wolves and other wild beasts; what the Greeks used to call lycanthropy, and the Germans the wehr-wolf; what was the loup-garou in French and the vargr in Norse—the last word meaning a wolf or a godless man, at pleasure. It seems strange how such a superstition could have arisen at all; how, by what process of exaggeration or mistake, it could be said that men had actually been seen to transform themselves into howling beasts of prey, and then to run off

into the woods to slay and devour according to their kind. But here is a book* which, if it does not pretend to exhaust the subject from beginning to end, at least has gathered together some of its chief legends and most striking tales; beside giving a few rational hints and explanations, which help to make a trifle plainer and more intelligible one of the most obscure subjects we possess.

The world has always believed in what, for the convenience of a generic term, we will call lycanthropy; that is, the power of certain godless men and women to change their form for that of a wild beast—the kind selected at pleasure and according to the laws of physical geography—as wolves where wolves abound, bears where there are bears, dogs, cats, snakes, or hares, just as the country people are best accustomed or have been most annoyed. The Greeks believed in this power; so did the Romans; in the East, it has always been a popular creed; the northern and midland countries of Europe have been overrun with were-wolves seeking their prey, but not exactly from heaven. Norway and Iceland were the haunts of this dreaded power. The expression there for men who were lycanthropists was *eigi einhamir*—"not of one skin"—a graphic and pictorial touch, like much in that terse old northern tongue. When a man changed himself into a beast, he doubled or quadrupled his powers, having acquired the strength and capabilities of the beast into whose body he had travelled, in addition to the strength and capabilities of his natural and human state. He could do all that man or beast could do. If a fish he could swim, if a bird he could fly, if a wolf he could rend and tear and flee; always preserving the powers belonging to his human condition. Entirely bestial as to his form, he was nevertheless to be recognised by his eyes, which, let his transformation be as complete as it might, always remained human. If, as it has been suggested, the were-wolf were oftentimes an outlaw living in fastnesses, and clothed in the skin of a beast for his disguise (*vargr* meant outlaw, fiend, and wolf indiscriminately), that would account for the human expression of the eyes, the only feature which could not be concealed.

The story of Björn and Bera—perhaps of Beauty and the Beast—is to be so interpreted. Hring, the old king of Norway, being a widower, sent out his messengers to seek him a second wife. After a little wandering they found one, a bad and beautiful woman called Hvít, whom they brought home to King Hring to be made his queen and wedded wife; as came about in due course. Now Hring had a young son called Björn, a fine and comely lad well skilled in all manly sports and exercises, and growing daily in fame and strength. Björn's great friend and playfellow was Bera, the only daughter of a carle who owned a farm not far from the king's house; and Björn, the king's

* The Book of Were-Wolves, by Sabine Baring Gould.

son, and Bera, the earl's daughter, were wont as children to play together, and they loved each other well. King Hring was often absent from his kingdom, harrying foreign shores according to the manners of his time, and Hvit remained at home and governed the land. She was not liked of the people, nor of Björn, though she was always very pleasant with him, and spoke him fair and friendly. For all that, he could not answer her in like manner, for he had no love for her. King Hring once went abroad, leaving Hvit to govern the land as usual; but leaving his son this time as well, telling him that he was to rule the land with the queen. Björn remonstrated and protested, saying that he had no love for the queen, and that he disliked the plan; but the old king was inflexible, and left the land with a great following. Björn walked home after his conversation with the king, and went up to his place ill pleased and as red as blood. The queen came to speak with him and to cheer him, and spoke friendly with him, but he bade her be off. She obeyed him this time. She often came to talk with him, and said how much pleasanter it was for them to be together than to have an old fellow like Hring in the house. Björn resented this speech, and struck her a box on the ear, and he bade her depart, and he turned her from him. She taunted him with his love for Bera; then striking him with a wolf-skin glove, she said that he should become a rabid and grim wild bear, eating only her father's sheep, which he should slay for his food. After this, Björn disappeared, and men sought but found him not. In the mean time much havoc was wrought among the king's flocks, and it was all the work of a grey bear, both huge and grimly. One evening it chanced that Bera, the earl's daughter, saw this savage bear coming towards her, looking tenderly at her, and she fancied that she recognised the eyes of Björn, the king's son, so she made a slight attempt at escape. The bear retreated; she following, until he reached a cave, and when she entered the cave, there stood before her a man, who greeted Bera, the earl's daughter; and she recognised him, for he was Björn, the king's son. So she stayed with him in the cave; and by day he was a beast, and by night a man. When Hring returned from his harrying he was told these two bits of news, how that Björn had disappeared, and how that a grey bear, huge and grimly, was devouring his herds and flocks. And after a time he gathered together his men and dogs; and the dogs and the king's men came upon Björn in the shape of a bear and slew him; and poor Bera was made to eat of his (bear's) flesh, to her anguish and torture and despair.

Another saga, telling how Katla, Odd's mother, is able to hoodwink, and blind by her glamour the pursuers of her son, is also very curious. When first Arnkill and Thorarinn, with their companions, enter Katla's dwelling to slay Odd, whom they intend to slay for his misdeeds, all they see is Katla spinning yarn from her distaff. They search the house, but find no Odd, so they depart. But when they had

gone a little way from the garth, Arnkill stood still and said: "How know we but that Katla has hoodwinked us, and that the distaff in her hand was nothing but Odd?" "Not impossible," said Thorarinn; "let us turn back." They did so; and when they came to the door they found Katla in the porch stroking her goat and smoothing its hair and wool. Her distaff lay against the bench; so they thought it could not have been Odd; and they went away.

Then Arnkill stopped again, and said: "Think you not that Odd may have been in the goat's form?" "There is no saying," replied Thorarinn. So they turned back to try their luck again, sure that Katla could not deceive them this time. But all they saw now was a huge pig lying on the ash-heap; and though they chopped up the distaff, yet they found not Odd. But when they got the help of the old troll Geirrid and her blue cloak, then was Katla unable to throw glamour over their eyes again. "She started up from the place and lifted the cushion off the seat, and there was a hole and a cavity beneath; into this she thrust Odd, clapped the cushion over him, and sat down, saying she felt sick at heart. Now when they came into the room, there were small greetings; Geirrid cast off her cloak and went up to Katla, and took the sealskin bag which she had in her hand, and drew it over the head of Katla. Then Geirrid bade them break up the seat. They did so, and found Odd. Him they took and carried to Berland's head, where they hanged him; but Katla they stoned to death under the headland."

Of course all this time the distaff was Odd, and the goat in the porch was Odd, and the pig lying on the ash-heap was Odd; Katla bewitching the eyes of the searchers so that they believed they saw such forms as she desired—an achievement like those of Gilpin Horner's in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when

Seemed to the boy some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

And again, or rather before, when

He lifted up the living corse
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beads of the warders all;
And each did after swear and say,
There only passed a wain of hay.

This was the kind of thing that Katla did with her guilty son Odd, when Arnkill and Thorarinn were to be hoodwinked and deceived.

The berserkir, of whom every one has heard, are assumed to have been men who wore bear or wolf skins over their mailed coats. "The word berserkir, used of a man possessed of superhuman powers, and subject to accessions of diabolical fury, was originally applied to one of those doughty champions who went about in bear-sarks, or habits made of bear skins over their armour." A wolf or bear skin would make a warm and comfortable dress for a man out in all weathers, and ramping about in all

seasons; it would be also useful in deadening the effect of the hard knocks; and by its grimness, ferocity, and ugliness, would help to intimidate the foe, sure to be superstitious though by no means sure to be cowardly, and easy to be awed if difficult to be terrified. Wherefore the berserkir or bear-clothed guerillas of olden times may have done something towards the establishment of the were-wolf theory, which madness, and outlawry, and diseased appetites, consolidated into a positive and undeniable fact. The berserkir used to work themselves up into a state of frenzy, in which they had a superhuman force and a diabolical ferocity. "As insensible to pain as the convulsionists of St. Medard, no sword would wound them, no fire would burn them, a club alone could destroy them by breaking their bones or crushing in their skulls. Their eyes glared as though a flame burned in the sockets, they ground their teeth, and frothed at the mouth; they gnawed at their shield-rims, and are said to have sometimes bitten them through, and as they rushed into conflict they yelped as dogs or howled as wolves."

It being in the mind of the priests that this berserkir rage was demoniacal possession, it was given out that baptism extinguished it; and as Christianity advanced, the number of the berserkir decreased; which was something gained, however done; for a more uncomfortable set of gentlemen than these berserkir, when their fits of rage were on them, could not well be. They slew all they came near, friend and foe indiscriminately; and the sight of a stalwart broad-shouldered Norseman, clad in his bear-skin, yelping like a dog or howling like a wolf, while he flung himself upon every living thing that came in his way, must have been appalling even to the strongest nerves. No wonder if the poor maniacs came to be regarded as either "possessed," or as men-wolves who changed their skins and their natures when the mania came upon them, and who were man, beast, and demon, all in one.

The strangest thing in this, as in all other branches of that odd delusion called witchcraft, is the glibness at confession of the poor wretches themselves, and the unaccountable romances they make up. Over and over again we come upon men and boys gravely confessing to the were-wolf superstition, telling how they changed their skin at will, then roamed over the country as ravaging wolves, slaying and eating children wherever found. In almost all cases they have previously made a compact with the Evil One, either personally or by the mediumship of one of his emissaries; and they give particulars of the time and place of meeting, which are, of course, known to be all hallucination, but which, as circumstantial evidence detailed on oath, would hang the most innocent man in England. For the most part people of low and brutish intellect were these self-confessed were-wolves, retaining the power of dreaming dreams, but not that of distinguishing between dreams and realities. The confession of Pierre Bourgot, or Peter the Great as he was called, is one of

these singular bits of delusion. Peter tells how he was grieving over his flock scattered and lost through a terrible tempest, when up came three black horsemen; and after some conversation one of them persuaded Peter to forswear God, our Lady, and all saints and dwellers in Paradise, and to give in his allegiance to the Evil One. Peter did as he was bid, and kissed the stranger's left hand in token of submission, and his hand became black, and ice-cold as that of a corpse. He then obtained some salve, with which he smeared himself, and then he was in the form of a wolf. "I was at first somewhat horrified at my four wolf's feet, and the fur with which I was covered all at once," says Peter; but finding that he could travel with the speed of the wind, he accepted the fur and the feet as disagreeable conditions inherent to the situation, and became one of the most notorious and dreaded were-wolves of the time.

Another gentleman of the same habits, one Gilles Garnier, called the Hermit of St. Bonnot, because of his remote dwelling and secluded habits—not because of his sanctity, be sure—seems to have been a murderous cannibal, and no more. Perhaps he disguised himself at times in a wild beast's skin, for the better concealment of his identity when out on his horrid expeditions; but he was not so much insane—though confessing to having been a were-wolf—as he was hungry, poor, and cruel, and so satisfied his craving for food on human flesh, that being the easiest to be had. Jean Grenier, the boy-were-wolf of thirteen, was evidently a ferocious idiot—a thing more beast than human from the beginning. "His hair was of a tawny red and thickly matted, falling over his shoulders and completely covering his narrow brow. His small pale grey eyes twinkled with an expression of horrible ferocity and cunning from deep sunken hollows. The complexion was of a dark olive colour; the teeth were strong and white, and the canine teeth protruded over the lower lip when the mouth was closed. The boy's hands were large and powerful, the nails black and pointed like birds' talons. He was ill clothed, and seemed to be in the most abject poverty. The few garments he had on him were in tatters, and through the rents the emaciation of his limbs was plainly visible." He was a were-wolf according to his own confession, to whom one Pierre Labourant, who seems to have been none other than Auld Hornie himself, gave a wolf-skin cape which transformed him at sunset into the beast it represented; and in this state he used to attack, kill, and partially eat such unfortunate little ones as fell in his way—his were-wolfism, poor wretch, being just poverty, ferocity, and imbecility combined.

There are more of these child-eating men in Mr. Baring Gould's book; and there is no need to doubt this part of the confessions made by the wretched criminals, however much we may shake our heads at the wolf's paws and the fur growing inward. If they were, as is most probable, maniacs or idiots, it was not at all an unlikely form of madness; if they were

simply hungry, poor, and cruel, like the Hermit of St. Bonnot, it was not at all an impossible way of supplying their wants; for cannibalism, though infinitely revolting, is by no means out of course, as we all know. Brutalised by poverty and ignorance, almost out of all physical likeness to men, certainly out of all moral resemblance, we cannot wonder what the starving human animals of lone neglected districts will do. As well wonder at the instincts of lions and tigers, snakes and monkeys! For what is man without reason and education but a wild animal like the rest? The only marvel is, the active imagination of these degraded wretches, and how they were able to make up such connected stories, and give their falsehoods such an air of reality. All that can be said is, that superstitions are like diseases—epidemic and infectious; and that wild ideas once uttered, propagate themselves like measles or small-pox.

Then there is the instinct of cruelty to be considered, and how some people, else sane enough, have a morbid desire to inflict pain and witness agony. Horrible stories to this effect are given in the Book of Were-Wolves, specially the well-known story of Maréchal de Retz; and that other still more ghastly, because not so intensely mad and exaggerated, telling how Andreas Bichel was wont to entice young women to his house on pretence of showing them their future husbands in a magic mirror, simply for the pleasure of killing them and watching their dying agonies. The details of this demon's pleasures are unspeakably revolting. The case of Dumollard and his wife, which must be fresh in the memory of the readers of All the Year Round, is another case in point: though here, the miserable small gain to be had from the clothes and little savings of the poor victims, may be put forth as an incentive of equal force with that of mere cruelty. The story of the Hungarian lady who killed and tortured, sometimes with her own hand, young women, that she might bathe in their blood, and so make herself beautiful for ever, is also one of composite motives—sanity here sharing with cruelty. But the awful story of Gilles de Laval, Maréchal de Retz, before alluded to, reveals nothing but the frenzy of madness, and the demoniacal power of evil passions unrestrained.

The Gallician beggar Swietek, murderer and cannibal, would have figured as a were-wolf if he had lived a few centuries ago. Popular superstition and terror and disgust would have found expression in the belief that so much cruelty and crime could only belong to a man sold to the Evil One, and who had exchanged his human nature, with his form, for that of a ravening beast. He is horrible enough for any amount of after-exaggeration to gather round his name, and crystallise it into an enduring word of reproach and dread; while the name of M. Bertrand, a French gentleman and an officer of singularly amiable disposition and gentle manners, which found expression in his delight at digging up dead bodies and hewing and hacking them to pieces, was simply a

case of partial insanity—a form of diseased brain, which medicines and regimen might have cured, and ultimately did cure. These creatures, and several others mentioned in this book, were monsters in the psychological sense of the word; but they were not man-wolves—they were not "as big as a calf, with tongues hanging out, and eyes glaring like marsh-fires," as said the terrified inhabitants of the French hamlet, when the young Englishman proposed to walk across the swampy flats after sunset, and they tried to dissuade him by frightful pictures of the loup-garoux about. They were criminals, more or less fearful and disgusting according to the nature of their crimes, and the amount of moral responsibility still retained; but they were not lycanthropists of the old school—they had not the paws, and hair, and muzzle of a wolf, and they walked on two legs, not on four.

Witches had the power of transforming into animals not only themselves at pleasure, but any one of their enemies whom they wished to punish or disgrace. As asses bridled and saddled and carried to market—as ugly monsters, like the dear old Beast in the nursery tale—the enemies of a witch had a bad time of it, and many and grave were the troubles besetting them and the pitfalls dug for their ruin. "According to a Polish story, if a witch lays a girdle of human skin on the threshold of a house in which a marriage is being celebrated, the bride and bridegroom, and bridesmaids and groomsmen, should they step across it, are transformed into wolves. After three years, however, the witch will cover them with skins with the hair turned outward; immediately they will receive their natural form. On one occasion a witch cast a skin of too scanty dimensions over the bridegroom, so that his tail was left uncovered: he resumed his human form, but retained his lupine caudal appendage." A belt of human skin about three fingers broad was a powerful engine of witchcraft in most places, and the Hand of Glory was a lantern by no means confined to the English gallows.

The Russians call the were-wolf *Oborot*, or "one transformed," and a man can make himself into an *Oborot* by very simple and inexpensive means. All he has to do, is, to find in the forest a tree that has been felled, stab it with a small copper knife, and walk round it, repeating an incantation, which, being long and rather pointless and stupid, need not be quoted here. Then he springs thrice over the tree, and runs into the forest transformed into a wolf. In East Friesland it is still believed that when seven sisters succeed each other in one family, with never a break and never a boy, one of the seven is of necessity a wolf-maiden: wherefore young men are slow in seeking one of seven sisters in marriage; as the were-wolf may be his wife, to the general discomfort of his household. And even as his sister-in-law, it would not be a very desirable relationship, all things considered. The Serbs believe that the power to become a were-wolf is obtained by drinking the water which settles in a footprint left in the clay

by a wolf. With them the vampire and the were-wolf are in close connexion, if not identical; at all events, they are called by the same name, "vloslak." These creatures rage chiefly in winter, when they have their annual assemblies; at which each vloslak strips off his wolf-skin, and hangs it up on the trees around—the meetings naturally taking place in the forest. If any one gets possession of that skin and burns it, the vloslak is disenchanted, and his were-wolfism is at an end.

The Greek were-wolf, or brucolacas, is also closely related to the vampire; and the "modern Greeks call any savage-looking man with dark complexion, and with distorted misshapen limbs, a brucolacas, and suppose him to be invested with the power of running in wolf-form." The white Russians hold the were-wolf to be a man who has incurred the wrath of the devil, whereby, in punishment, he is transformed into a wolf and sent among his relations, "who recognise and feed him well. He is a most amiably disposed were-wolf, for he does no mischief, and testifies his affection for his kindred by licking their hands." But he is very restless, and always roving about from place to place; and we are not told if he ever recovers his human likeness.

These and many such little odds and ends of information on the subject of were-wolves and their kindred, are to be found in Mr. Baring Gould's book; by which we may learn how the superstition first sprung up and then grew strong; and how perilously near to wolves and other beasts, can evil passions, neglected education, and defective organisation, bring humanity.

HOLDING UP THE CRACKED MIRROR.

A GOOD many of us have recently been celebrating the three hundred and second birthday of our great national dramatic poet, William Shakespeare. At various festivals in town and country we drank to his memory in solemn silence, gave cheers for his glorious fame, and made speeches in praise of his genius. We said that he was not for an age but for all time, that none but himself could be his parallel, that his works were the most ennobling works that ever were written, and that the man himself, though dead and turned to clay long, long ago, still lived in the hearts and memories of all lovers of the British drama. And may the British drama flourish, we said, with a hip, hip, hurrah! and one cheer more for the great British dramatist, who had been an exemplar to all British dramatists up to the present time, and would be an exemplar to all British dramatists through generations yet unborn, while the English language continued to be spoken, and until the great globe itself should dissolve, &c., &c., &c.

It is wonderful how enthusiastic we become over a topic of this kind at the dinner-table, how firmly we believe in all the lofty sentiments inspired by the theme—and the wine. We

rave in the same way about Magna Charta; declare that it is our proudest boast, the bulwark of our constitution, the agis of our liberties, and all that sort of thing; and not ten in a hundred of us, if we were catechised on the subject, would be able to say precisely what Magna Charta is, or how our rights and liberties are affected by it. In this way a name, or a sentence of speech, becomes a watchword and an article of faith with us, when sometimes the actual thing to which it refers has no existence. It is quite impossible that any man in his sober senses could speak with enthusiasm of Magna Charta, because at this time of day there is really nothing in that crumpled bit of parchment that any one but a lawyer or a statesman could directly connect with our present condition of existence. So we should find it very hard to speak with enthusiasm of the present state of the British drama, if we would only approach the subject with a full knowledge of its condition, and in a state of mind and tongue to talk sober reason. It appears to me that we never venture to talk about the British drama until we have had a few glasses of champagne. Let us see what can be said about it with the stimulus of a cheering but not inebriating cup of tea.

On that very day when we were celebrating the birth of our great national dramatist, and talking with glowing enthusiasm of the British drama, only one theatre in London was doing homage to Shakespeare's genius by performing his works, while the majority of the dramas then being played in our British theatres, in town and country, were not British, but were translations, or adaptations, from the French, dramatic pictures of a state of society and a condition of morality which are very far from being British, and with which British feeling has no natural sympathy.

No stress need be laid upon the fact that only one London theatre presented a play of Shakespeare's on the last anniversary of the bard's birthday. We cannot always be going to see Shakespeare, and perhaps, on the whole, we pay him as much homage, in the way of performing his plays, as could reasonably be expected. But how is it, with all our admiration of Shakespeare (which is undoubtedly genuine), with such a model of power and consummate art to testify to the dramatic ability of England, and teach us what is good and worthy to be admired,—how is it that we can tolerate the weak, colourless, distorted pictures of perverted nature which are held up to us in second-hand mirrors imported from France?

Is the true answer to the question this? The drama of our day is becoming less and less a high art, and in proportion as it has lowered its pretensions in this respect, the people, who have been steadily advancing in intelligence and culture, have become indifferent to it. The dramatic art has fallen behind in the race, among the other arts—so far behind that we do not expect it ever to come to the front again, and so we tolerate it, rather in pity than in anger, out of our old love for what it was.

We do not expect a cripple to run fast. When we can get nothing better to amuse us than a rattle, one rattle is as good as another. It is not worth while seriously to criticise the construction of a toy.

Glance at the other arts, and see if they have not greatly outrun the art of the drama. Take literature. We have among us, poets, historians, novelists, political and social essayists, whose works are equal, nay, in some cases, and in many respects, superior, to the best works of any past age of glory to which the optimist can point. Placed as we are at a disadvantage in a late period of time, when the mines of original thought are nearly, if not wholly, exhausted, the art of giving expression to true sentiments and sound thought, in good strong nervous English, has been cultivated in our day to the highest state of perfection. Essays that would have made a writer of the last century famous for all time, are lavished day after day, and week after week, upon newspapers and reviews, which are tossed aside the moment they are read. The great and rapid advance of every-day literature during the last ten years is one of the most marked features of our time.

This healthy growth and rapid development of the literary art is in part to be traced to the removal of an unnatural and vexatious restriction, that restriction being the paper duty. Since that impost was removed, readers have largely multiplied, and writers have multiplied. General literature has improved, because it has been relieved from trammels, and has been permitted to develop itself in a natural way.

Take, in the next place, the art of the painter. Amid much that is eccentric and experimental, we see an amount of general excellence which we look for in vain in past times. At the beginning of the present century, nay, even so late as the time of the Reform Bill, the walls of the Royal Academy were covered with daubs which would not now be honoured with a place on the stairs. There were a few men, about as many as you could count on the fingers of one hand, who were known to the public as great painters, and who had earned a title to be so regarded. The ruck were mere daubsters, who could neither draw nor paint. But now in the present day we have many painters who are worthy to be called great, while the common run of the craft has reached a high level of excellence, both in drawing and colouring. When we criticise the pictures in the Royal Academy now-a-days, we do so from the highest standpoint. Among the hundreds of pictures which adorn the walls, there are not, perhaps, twenty which fall short in the primary requirements of art. Imagination, poetical feeling, power, may be wanting; but the art of the draughtsman and the colourist is there at a hundred fingers' ends.

And here, again, the causes are the absence of all restriction; entire freedom to take advantage of the progress of the age; the opportunities afforded to bring art to the doors of the people. Most of the great pictures of the present era

have been exhibited to the people in all parts of the country. In this way some taste for true art has been spread abroad even among the humblest in the land; and the result is, that while rich persons give orders for paintings, the poor indulge a like taste, so far as their means will allow, with the best woodcuts and engravings. In this way artists are stimulated to put forth their best efforts, and the great demand for their works bears its natural fruit in a liberal reward. What may be called the art of science, has made, and is still making, marvellous progress among us, and this is due to the force of knowledge and inquiry, stimulated by the urgent requirements of a people becoming day by day more intellectual, more refined, and more prosperous: consequently less and less disposed to tolerate anything that is rude, clumsy, and inadequate to its purpose.

Every art is making progress, except the dramatic art. If we buy a book or a newspaper, it is because it is good of its kind. If we buy a picture, it is because it is a good picture, or because it pleases us; and we give more or less money for it, according as we estimate its value or its power to please. If we buy a chair, we want something more than a rude construction of wood to sit down upon; we want also shape, elegance of design, colour, ornament. It is only when we go to the theatre that we take any drama that is offered to us and pay the same price for it, whether it be good or bad. In every other department of art we must have something near perfection; but in the drama we are content with a makeshift.

In the course of twenty years, while the population has been rapidly increasing, while the means of communication have been extending in all directions, bringing many thousands of persons into London every day, while books and papers have been multiplying by millions, while wealth has been accumulating, and while the necessity for recreation has become more urgent, in consequence of the stress of labour which busy times impose upon the population, not a single new theatre has been built in London! At the west end of the town, the number of theatres is the same to-day as it was thirty years ago. Churches, schools, libraries, institutions, museums, music-halls, have multiplied. The theatre alone remains in statu quo. Naturally, this state of things has afforded no new scope for the dramatist; and the managers of theatres, accoutred in what is practically a monopoly, make the public take what they please to give them. Hence translations from the French, which cost little or nothing for authorship. The mischief which has been done by this fleeing from our neighbours is infinite. By lowering the price paid for dramatic work to the mere wages of a translator, it has driven capable English authors out of the dramatic field; it has accustomed the translators, whom we regard as our dramatic authors (or who, at any rate, regard themselves in that light), to believe, or to proceed upon the belief, that the English have no talent for dramatic construction, and that it is

useless to attempt original pieces. It has made the public familiar with pictures of life which mainly depend for their interest and piquancy upon unhealthy passion. As to the first point—the small sums paid for dramatic work. Managers have so long been accustomed to pay 'translators' wages, that they will give no more for original pieces. Indeed, they are disposed to argue that they ought to give less; for, say they, the French piece has been tried and has succeeded, whereas your original drama has yet to be tested. The rewards of dramatic authors, who are not themselves actors and managers, are incredibly small. The authors who write for the east-end and transpontine theatres rarely get twenty pounds for a piece. A more common price is ten pounds, and instances could be mentioned where authors have written three-act pieces for a pound an act. For an original piece which lately achieved a great success, ran upwards of a hundred nights, and brought the management several thousand pounds, the author received forty pounds. At the west-end of the town the highest price for a piece is fifty pounds an act. If an author had a comedy as good as the *School for Scandal*, or a drama as good as the *Lady of Lyons*, he would not be able, in the ordinary way, to obtain more than two hundred pounds for it. Farces and short pieces do not fetch more than fifty pounds at the utmost, while the average price is about twenty pounds.

In this state of the market, it is not surprising that capable writers should shun the theatre and turn to other branches of literature where the reward is more liberal, and where employment is more regular and constant. The newspapers and magazines afford, all things considered, a much higher rate of pay than the theatres. When an author contributes a three-act drama to a theatre, he furnishes the principal part of the entertainment, and any success that may ensue is mainly owing to his work; but a man who writes a single article for a newspaper or magazine assists only in a small degree, with many other contributors, to produce the work which the public require and pay for. And yet there are many anonymous journalists earning at the rate of a thousand a year, while scores of general writers for the press make very fair incomes, according to their ability. Suppose an author could write three plays in a year—which, if they were original, would be very good work—and could get them produced, what would be his gain? At the most, six hundred pounds. There are girls who earn more money by writing love-stories. In this country, dramatic writing is not a profession at all; it is a sort of amateur jobbing, which authors devote themselves to, more for the love than the profit of the thing. In France it is a profession, and those who follow it make large sums of money and live by their dramatic works, because in that country authors are paid at a rate in proportion to the success of their plays. When an author stands a chance of making a fortune out of a single

drama, it is worth his while to expend time and trouble in making it a good drama; but when his reward is limited to a hundred or two, as it is in this country, he cannot afford to give more time and trouble than that amount will pay for. Some English dramatic authors, who are also actors, have been able to dispose of their pieces according to the French system, and the arrangement has resulted to the advantage of all parties. Pains have been taken, good pieces have been written, and the result has been a large reward both to manager and author.

The idea that the English intellect has no capacity for dramatic construction ought surely to be sufficiently disposed of by a simple reference to the long list of brilliant dramatic works which figure in our standard literature. The very best literature which the modern world has produced is to be found in the English drama—in the works of Shakespeare. And if we come to our immediate day, we may point to the fact that the most successful dramas of recent years have been original, or adaptations of English stories written by Englishmen, and depicting English life and manners. The ingenious French plots which the translators admire so much, rarely succeed in keeping the stage. Scores of these—mere conjuring tricks with artificial incidents, made to fit into each other like the pieces of a fantastic puzzle—have been transferred to the English stage, and scarcely one of them has survived the year of its production. The only reason why these pieces succeed in any degree, short as they are of all that renders them acceptable to French audiences, is that they are produced at theatres to which the public must necessarily resort, if they go to the theatre. There is little choice: play-goers must accept these makeshifts or stay away. And it is a fact that the grown-up male population does stay away. The whole race of pit critics has died out.

And can many people doubt that the taste for the drama is lowered, and that the drama itself is degraded by the representation of plays which, losing their original interest, are not true pictures of French life, and, being incapable of receiving a new direction, are in no way pictures of English life? They are, for the most part, pictures of nothing. They might be described as diagrams of a mechanical dramatic puzzle, in which figures, made of wood, are arranged to execute certain manœuvres, like the toy men and women that dance in front of a street organ.

This state of things is in great part the result of a restricted field of action. Monopoly can sell what it pleases, and ask what price it pleases for selling it. London wants more theatres—not music-halls combining the drama with drink and tobacco, for that conjunction is simply impossible, and would never attract the respectable classes, if it could be effected; but theatres in the proper acceptance of the term. The limited number of theatres in proportion to the population, and the length of the run of suc-

cessful pieces, combine to deprive thousands of play-goers of any theatrical entertainment for weeks and months in succession. Free trade means a wider field of competition, and, in the case of the drama, competition means, not necessarily lower prices, but a higher article.

ALL IN THE CLOUDS.

I SEEK a goddess in the clouds. The goddess I seek, is Hope; but there is a perpetual cloud upon her fair forehead. That cloud, in fact, is all I ever see of my deity. I am so far like Ixion, that I seek a divinity, and I only find a cloud.

Not to be enphuistic, in plain words, I am blowing a cloud, and the cloud I blow is blown from a cigar, a real fragrant Havannah (an "Intimidada," to use the sonorous Spanish of the modern tobaccoconist). Of all the regions of cloudland, the region I prefer is the untrodden suburb, the last exhalation just risen, on which no castles in the air, no "chateaux in Spain," have yet been built by dreamers.

It used to be believed, some twenty years ago, that cigars were introduced into England during the Peninsular war. It was supposed that they came into use, with us, about the time when guitar-playing became fashionable, contemporaneously with those long blue cloaks for which the Duke of Wellington became remarkable, and by which old writing-masters at, say, Turnham-green academies are now chiefly distinguished. Before the date of that successful war, the young antiquary could find no traces of anything but an age of white churchwarden pipes and secret smoking. The clay pipe was a common homely thing, and under the ban of good society. Here and there a rough country gentleman might perhaps sink to the level of the churchwarden, but as for open smoking in the streets or public places, it was simply unknown, it was thought, until the cigar came from Spain, and the meerschaum pipe from Germany.

Now, the truth is, cigars are as old as pipes—perhaps older. To roll up a leaf and smoke it, was an easier thing to invent than to chop up a leaf, place it in a bowl, and smoke it through a tube. Fifty years after Columbus landed at San Salvador, a certain Girolamo Benzoni, who wrote a History of the New World, mentions the herb, called in the Mexican language "tabacco," and describes the smoking of cigars with all the disgust of a Solomon James the First. When the leaves were in season, says the offended Milanese, they picked them, tied them in bundles, and dried them near the fire. They then took maize-leaves, rolled them full of tobacco, and lighted them at one end, putting the other in their mouths. They drew the smoke up into their throats and heads, finding a pleasure in retaining the smoke until they lost their reason. Some would take so much of it that they would fall down as if dead, remaining many hours insensible. Wiser men only in-

haled enough of this smoke to make themselves giddy. "See," says Benzoni, "what a pestiferous and wicked poison from the devil this must be!"

Yet here I am, some centuries later, sitting on my lawn at Chalkerton under a beech-tree, whose clear bark is mottled with sunshine, and whose half transparent leaves are like fragmentary Venetian blinds between me and the shafts of Phœbus. Girolamo Benzoni has preached his unheeded sermon, but he sleeps his sleep, and the world smokes on. Millions of cigars are at this moment being lighted as morning incense to the blessed Genius of Summer Idleness, and I, too, burn my little fragrant torch in his honour.

Did smoking come into Europe by way of Spain, or had the Indian weed struck an earlier root in the sleepy East, where fever and lethargy alternately torment mankind? Many learned men have argued that there is in humanity an innate craving to smoke, and that even before tobacco came from America, Europeans smoked herbs. There is a floating tradition that somewhere in Ireland (Cashel or Kilkenny, I think) there is a tomb, and that on that tomb there is the recumbent statue of an early Irish king, and that in the lace that binds the helmet of that king there is stuck a small pipe, exactly resembling the little low-bred dudheen that an Irishman usually wears stuck in his limp rusty hat-brim. If this be so, then European smoking did not begin with the arrival of tobacco; and tobacco merely superseded all other herbs, conquering and driving them from the field by its superior flavour, aroma, and potency.

As a great man, to develop his greatness, requires not only genius but an age suitable to develop his capacities, and contemporaries wanting what he has to give them, so an invention, when it appears, must meet with a congenial age. If it meet with a century indifferent or opposed to it, it perishes, passes again into oblivion, or lies dormant until the fitting season arrive. Tobacco arrived just as it was wanted (at this crisis I bite off the tip of my third "Intimidada" as dexterously as a bullfinch nips off a hawthorn bud). The European had lost the untiring vigour of the savage, and had become a ruminator; he needed a frequent inducement to thoughtful idleness, and he found it in tobacco. He had grown dyspeptic, and he found a friend to digestion. He was looking out for a nervous sedative, as the Reformation was racking men's brains with theological questions, and nature brought him tobacco.

A young antiquary of the present day has lately been wondering, in that well-known and excellent antiquarian paper, Notes and Queries, about Shakespeare's systematic silence on the subject of smoking. (At this point a sudden difficulty in my "Intimidada" compels me to use my knife, after the manner of a lancet, wounding to heal.) Now, this is certain. Jean Nicot introduced tobacco into France from Portugal, whither he went as ambassador, about

1560; Raleigh's agents in 1584 discovered Virginia. Shakespeare did not die till 1616: that is, fifty-six years from the time when the first pipe was smoked in France; yet he never mentions smoking, or makes any allusion to it. Whereas his friend, Ben Jonson, wrote *Every Man in his Humour* in 1596, and in that play the fashionable smoker of the day figures largely; "drinking" tobacco, as the phrase ran, and discussing the virtues of a pipe with appreciation. No one sketched his own age more minutely than Shakespeare. Often he scaled and clambered among the far Alp peaks of the ideal world; but his daily life was spent, watchfully and shrewdly, in Cheap and at Ludgate, in "Paul's" and at Whitehall. His Mercutio uses his rapier, his pages are ephrussi, his serving-men steal and wrangle, as serving-men then did. Parolles was just one of those bragging swindlers who then hung about London.

The new solution of Shakespeare's silence is this: that he was a prudent manager, who had no wish to rub the royal hair the wrong way. King James had set his face dead against the new fashion—nay, had even roused himself to write against it. He had proved it, with much dogmatic learning, to be unsuitable to a gentleman, a father, and a husband: uncourteous, uncitizen-like, the smoke thereof being like that of Topknot, "noxious, hateful, and abominable." How could Shakespeare praise smoking in the face of the royal counterblast? How could he, on the other hand, condemn it, if he loved tobacco's balmy and care-dispelling fumes? In this dilemma, he acted like a wise man and held his tongue. Had not Chapman, the translator of Homer, and Marston, the bitter satirist, and his own friend, protégé, and boon companion, Ben Jonson, got themselves into trouble by sneering at the Scotch tendency southward? Had not the executioner almost lifted his open shears towards their indiscreet ears and noses, and was he, Shakespeare, going to risk his cherished house at Stratford, for the sake of indulging the petulance of the moment? Not he.

Still, in spite of the king, the Elizabethan fop, truly a tremendous truculent fellow, with his wheel ruff, larger than any soup-plate; his Venetian doublet, pounced, slashed, and tagged; his hat plumed, brooched, and jewelled; his scented mustachios curling up to his eyes; smoked on with the doggedness of one insensible to arguments. He was choice in his tobaccos, had silver tongs in which his page brought him red-hot charcoal to light his small pipe, which he loved to discuss seated on the stage during the acting of *Twelfth Night*, or *Much Ado about Nothing*, the *White Devil*, or *Tu Quoque*. He resorted to the most fashionable apothecary to have his Nicotine minced on a juniper chopping-block, or to receive lessons from his professor in the art of "drinking tobacco," studying how best to perform those extraordinary feats, "the Euripus," "the rings in the air," "the flying globes." "The woodcock's head," as the pipe was then called, was as indispensable as the sword.

Dust and ashes (there goes the little white column of ash from the end of my cigar, down in a shower on the golden disk of a dandelion)! Smokers of centuries past, ye are gone, like the blue fame that has just passed from between my lips. Grave caciques, plumed with toucan feathers, smoking under the crimson jungle of cactus-flowers, while the humming-birds flittered round you like flying jewels, ye all are gone to dust, like the weed ye burned. Thoughtful Jean Nicot, leaning over the gunwale of the caravel laden with oranges that bears thee back to France, watching the dolphins leap and roll before the frothing keel, thou too art exhaled; Raleigh, shining in white satin and pearls in the turret of Durham House, thou also art dust. Dust likewise the solid men who fought in the ranks of the Ironsides, and on the evenings of Naseby and Dunbar sat pipe in hand under the woodside, singing sullen hymns, or listening to some grim preacher. Dust, too, Marlborough's tobacco-loving and grimly swearing grenadiers; dust, too, Frederick the Great's sharpshooters and Pandour-slaying dragoons. Dust, all dust! World, spin on while thou mayst, for thou, too, like the sun, art but glorified and coloured dust. We all do fade as doth this leaf, and turn to ashes like this weed!

The beech-tree over my head protests against this dust to dust theory, and with its thousand restless tongues tells me I am morbidly insisting on painful truisms that should not always be insisted on, since happiness is as real and actual as unhappiness, and better worth contemplating on a sunny morning. Look at the sky, how soft and blue it is—is that dust? See that scarlet geranium in the flower-bed at my foot, how it fires in the sunshine—is that dust? Yes, I am but dust in one shape, looking at dust in another shape, but I think well of it. What does the flower think of me? Does it think me beautiful, I wonder? I hope so, but I rather doubt it.

Strange custom this to obtain a hold over a busy age: this blowing of smoke from a little light roll formed of the leaves of a West Indian weed—the root of all evil, discovered in a distant island by Columbus and his immediate followers. For centuries it lay there unheeded. Socrates never smoked, nor Noah, nor the Pharaohs, nor Chaucer, nor Dante. (Gracious Heavens! how Dante would have brooded over a pipe, and seen in its smoke cycles of Paradise and abysses of its Antipodes!) The world seems, from all accounts, to have done very well through some few thousand years without a pipe. Physiologists, anatomists, tell me what good tobacco does to any man? Some say smoking tends to produce blindness (this is the last and most comfortable theory). It slackens the circulation, it retards the brain and the pulse, and it checks the heart; it lessens the nervous activity. So say its enemies. But very well, reply its friends; it helps digestion, it soothes the nerves, it aids reflection, it calms, it quiets, it comforts.

Haters of the consecrated weed, did you

ever on a dark night see a face and hand in the darkness turn suddenly orange with the flame of a fuse—and not regret your pharisaic abstinence? Powers above us, is it not grand to remember how, in past twilights, one has heard glorious thoughts emerge from the smoke of Charles Lamb's pipe, while presently shot by fireworks of drollery, or rose, like the low murmurings of an organ, passages from Chapman or Browne, or rich harmonies from the pages of Middleton or Marlow? The greatest talking of our later world has been held over the pipe-bowl.

The swallows flash past me as, overcome by the force of my own arguments, I whirl the burning stump of my fourth "Intimidada" into a green corner among the laurels, where I leave it burning, sullen and dangerous-looking as the fuse of a slow mine. But it is surely burning out, for all that—and so am I, for all this stray writing here written.

OUR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

PRIVATE CHARACTER.

[A REPRESENTATION has been made to us that the article entitled "Our Suburban Residence" (see No. 365) is not pure fiction, as it purported to be, and as we believed it to be, but has in it some colouring of distorted fact, calculated to misrepresent and injure an amiable and useful gentleman. We believe this representation to be strictly true, and we profoundly regret the publication of the article, though no Editor can possibly guard himself at all times against such deception. In making this reparation for our own innocent part in the wrong done, we publish the author's letter on the subject.]

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Dear Sir. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your communication informing me that Dr. Laseron, of Upper Edmonton, has taken exception to a paragraph in the article entitled "Our Suburban Residence," published in No. 365 of your journal, dated the 21st of April last; of which unlucky article I am the writer, and which you accepted and published as a piece of fiction.

Dr. Laseron considering himself satirised or aimed at in that paragraph, under the mask of a certain imaginary personage called Zeller, I have no hesitation in avowing that I am exceedingly sorry for it. I never intended to impute any fraudulent conduct or motives even to that purely mythical personage; far less to Dr. Laseron, whom I never saw in my life, and with whom I never held any communication whatever, direct or otherwise.

Though conscious under these circumstances of the impossibility of my having been actuated by any malevolent feeling towards Dr. Laseron, I still deeply regret to have given him offence, and I hope he will accept my apology for having

unfortunately done so, as freely and fully as I hereby offer it.

I do not seek to make reparation by halves, and I feel that I have no right to object to my apology being published.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE

"OUR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE."

LITTLE PEG O'SHAUGHNESSY.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

WHEN I promised, Tom, to write you an account of Castle Shaughnessy and Peg, remember you gave me your word in return that you would not look at what I had written till you had gone back to your ship for good, and the ocean lay between you and the persons who figure in my story. Be charitable if you can, to some of those last, when you have re-pocketed the manuscript. But don't ask me to practise as I preach.

Gorman Tracey and I are so much akin that we had once a common relative.

"Gorman," said I one day, "that old lady at Ballyhuckamore is dead at last, and has left her estate to——"

"To you!" he said, with a grimace. "Like the luck of you rich chaps. Lord! To think of how that old lady used to pet me when I was a boy, and never saw you in her life. I wish you joy, old fellow, from the bottom of my heart! Ugh! How I envy you! Ballyhuckamore!" (musingly).

"A beggarly old place, I'll be bound!" said I. "A house like a barn, a potato-field, and a pigsty."

"Not a bit of it. But I won't tell you. Pearls to swine, ugh! Ballyhuckamore! I wonder whether little Peg O'Shaughnessy ought to be 'grown up' yet."

"Little Peg O'Shaughnessy?" said I.

"Yes, O'Shaughnessy of Castle Shaughnessy. But *you* don't know, and never will, you beastly bigot of a Saxon!"

"Little Peg?" said I again, as we walked on.

"A mop-headed little flirt who used to drop frogs down my back. Tip-top family, but awfully poor. Father ruining himself with fox-hunting even when I was there. Mother died of care. Peg's toes came through her shoes."

"Grown up now, you were saying?"

"Should think so. Lost count of the years."

"Any more pretty girls at Ballyhuckamore?"

"Bless your heart! there never was a place so overrun with them. When I think of the crowd that poor old lady used to have about her in Ballyhuckamore Hall of a Christmas-eve! I was always in love with half a dozen of them at a time. But *you* don't know. I believe I was to have married Peg and settled down at the Hall whenever I succeeded to the estate. What a gathering there should have been there this next Christmas if I had had your luck!"

"Then I'll tell you what," said I, "we'll have the gathering there, in spite of fate. You and I will go together; you shall introduce me to all the Ballyhuckamores, and we'll have such a house-warming as never was there before."

If we had not been walking down Fleet-street, I believe Gorman would have thrown up his hat and given three cheers. It was in July that we talked thus; and when December drew near, we had not forgotten our plan.

I need not describe Ballyhuckamore to you who know it. I never was so agreeably disappointed in any place. A snow-storm had just cleared away as we drove to the Hall by a short cut through the wood, with the dry branches crackling like fireworks under our wheels. A sulky red sun was dropping behind a copse, seeming to kindle sparks in the underwood, glowering on the boles of the oaks, throwing crimson splashes on the whitened knolls, and wisping a mazy murky light about the deepening gloom of the brown stripped trees on before us.

Gorman was in a state of wild exhilaration, and I myself was in unexpected delight with my new possession.

"Let us alight," I said, "and send this machine back to the village whence it came. We shall enjoy better to walk through this very jolly wilderness."

And so it was that we arrived on foot, and without fuss, at Ballyhuckamore Hall.

I felt curious to see the house, and quickened my steps, as we came up a by-path in the shrubbery which brought us out upon the gravel sweep under the front windows. I remember doing so, and how the next moment my attention was fixed, not upon the old house frowning before me, but upon a lady, who was standing on the top of my flight of Ballyhuckamore steps, with my Ballyhuckamore hall-door lying open behind her. And such a lady! She held up her green velvet riding-habit with both hands, and her little boots were almost lost in the snow, which lay thick upon the steps. She had a handsome brunette face, and bands of magnificent hair under her riding-hat. She looked about thirty years of age, had a perfect figure, and a jewelled whip, and seemed in the act of taking counsel with herself upon the weather. These were the items regarding her that I summed up during the space of some half dozen seconds.

"Tracey," said I, "is there any mistake about the place; or did you ask any friends to meet us here? Can this be little Peg?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" he said, "there is no mistake, and I know nothing about it. Peg's hair was as white as flax. Shabby Peg got up in that extravagant style! I have no idea who this may be. Some wonderful bird of passage."

Meantime the lady had tripped into the house, whither we followed as quickly as possible. We took off our hats to her in the hall, where she stood transfixed by amazement at our appearance, with her hand on the drawing-room door. We turned into the dining-room, where a speedy

summons brought the housekeeper to us, quivering in black silk, and blooming as cap like a pickled cabbage.

"Oh, sir, an' I give you my word it's hardly ever I took my eyes for one blessed minute off the avenue since mornin'; an' to think of your slipping in unknownst to us afther all! An' there's Lady Fitzgibbon an' her friends that were drove in for shelter from the storm two hours ago, an' her ladyship's runnin' in an' out, an' thinkin' she'd never get away before you'd arrive, sir. An' the dinner 'll be done to the minute, sir."

"And who is Lady Fitzgibbon?"

"Oh, sir, a beautiful lady—a widow lady, sir—who has taken Kilbanagher Park and furnished it splendid, so as it's fit to dazzle your eyes, sir. An' she's that rich, they say, she'd as lief eat bank-notes as bread-and-butter."

I looked at Tracey, and Tracey looked at me, and we both looked at the window. It was snowing more heavily than ever, and growing dark besides. There was only one thing to do. In a few minutes I was in the drawing-room, and had transformed the uncomfortable intruders into my bidden guests, who had promised to stay the night under my roof. Lady Fitzgibbon sat on my right at dinner.

How charming she was that evening! How her eyes sparkled over the champagne, and how those languishing eastern shadows under them enhanced the brilliancy of her complexion! How white her hands were, as she poured out our tea; how musical her voice was, as she told us anecdotes of every one in the neighbourhood. How amusingly she described the confusion of herself and friends when they heard of my arrival; how charmingly she ridiculed her own appearance. A riding-habit by way of evening dress! "A pretty figure!" she said. A very pretty figure I thought; and as for Gorman, he had become her slave without a struggle.

What was she talking of, that she kept my friend Tracey so enthralled? Doubtless, introducing him afresh to all his old acquaintances; for she knew every one, this charming widow, and was gushingly communicative about her neighbours' affairs and her own. Her friends resided somewhere far away (the Antipodes, perhaps), but she, being her own mistress, had chosen to come, for change of air, to this delightful country. She had resided here a year; she was the centre of society in the locality; she was adored by all who knew her. She liked amusement, and believed that country neighbours ought to be social, especially at the Christmas season. These were the facts I gleaned from her discourse.

O'Gradys, Desmonds, Burkes, O'Sullivans? Yes; she knew them all. O'Shaughnessy? Oh! (with a shrug), surely Mr. Tracey must have heard about poor Sir Pierce?

No, Mr. Tracey had not heard.

"Oh, he ruined himself, you know, and then he went astray in his mind. For some years he has not been able to leave his house except on Sunday, in dread of seizure for debt."

"And Pe——Miss O'Shaughnessy?" said Gorman. "I used to know her. Such a pretty little girl!"

"Ah, poor thing, I believe she has grown up very plain. She is never seen. How they live in that old empty castle, I cannot think. In town the other day (we call our posting village 'town' here, Mr. Humphrey), I heard a shopman say across the counter, before delivering a parcel, 'You'll pay me for this, Miss O'Shaughnessy?' And the purchase in question was only some yards of printed calico, to make a dress for herself, I should think. Heighho! it's such a very sad thing to be poor." Lady Fitzgibbon lifted her eyebrows, and smoothed down a green velvet fold of her dress, and looked quite able to make a supper of bank-notes.

I dreamed that night that I saw her doing so; but that after she had finished her meal she fell into convulsions as if she were poisoned. It was not a pleasant dream, and, somehow, I never could look at the widow afterwards without thinking of it.

And now, Tom, I have introduced you to one of my heroines, Lucretia Fitzgibbon. Mark her well. I am afraid I have not made her clear enough to you. Note her splendid eyes, her fascinating manner, the excellent footing on which she had placed herself with the world in general; lastly, her enormous riches. We returned with her to Kilbanagher Park the next day. Tom, what a place that was! Not a venerable old homestead like Ballyhuckamore; all new, bran-new, but gorgeous and voluptuous as a palace in the Arabian Nights. Astonishing little woman! What a taste! and what a purse! "Lucky, O'Gorman," said I, "will be that man who shall replace the lamented Fitzgibbon (was he knight, or was he baronet?), and hang up his hat for good at Kilbanagher Park."

But now for my other heroine. Tracey's old friends rallied round him, and we were soon on good terms with the best people in the neighbourhood. As for him, he had so far forgotten his former self, that I was obliged on some occasions to interfere and wake his memory.

"Tracey," said I, "I am not going to have my house-warming without little Peg O'Shaughnessy." (The people were to stay a fortnight at the Hall, and every amusement that Lady Fitzgibbon could devise was in course of preparation for their gratification.) "She may have grown up plain, and wear a calico dress, but I've had a curiosity to see that little girl ever since the first time you mentioned her. Her father may be doting, as they say, and Castle Shaughnessy may be the veriest old rat-hole in the kingdom; nevertheless, my dear fellow, for the sake of old times you ought to go and pay them a visit. And for the sake of new times and coming festivities, I will go with you."

Gorman abased himself for his negligence, and we set out together for the residence of the doting Sir Pierce, and his daughter who was "never seen."

There were a wild old ramshackle barrack standing on a sea-shore out of all human

ken, and altogether within ghostly boundaries, that dreary edifice is you, O Castle Shaughnessy! A wide uneven sward, too unkempt to be called a lawn, straggled from the entrance down to a rugged beach. On one side stood the ruins of a chapel, surrounded by the family burying-ground. The waves at high tide of a winter's night must break over the tombstones. Not a tree was to be seen, not a leaf of ivy clung to the castle walls, which were weather-stained in a way that made the windows look like eyes that were always weeping. We were admitted, after some parley, by a shabby old retainer with a knowing eye, who seemed to regard us as wolves in sheep's clothing. We entered a barren hall, whence all furniture had fled save some horns of elks brandishing their fangs over the several doors; and were bidden to wait in a long empty dining-room with marks of departed pictures on the walls, and some broken panes in the whistling clattering windows. Under these last, mustered the huge cavernous rocks, snug berths for smugglers' craft, among which the green angry sea writhed, drenching them with torrents of foam. A monotonous thunder from without made bass to the shrieking of the wind through the crannies of the room.

"Poor Peg! poor Peg!" said Tracey, staring into all the blank corners. You see we had lunched at Kilbanagher Park, and the contrast between that dwelling and this, was, to say the least, noticeable.

The man came back and conducted us through endless dilapidated staircases and passages. It seemed that Sir Pierce was not so far doting but that he remembered an old friendly name. We were led into a small room at the south side of the castle, into which seemed to have been gathered all the fag-ends of comfort which had survived the general wreck of that place. Alack! they made a sorry show after all. Poor Sir Pierce, a feeble old man with a restless choleric face, sat by a fire of turf logs built on a flagged hearth. The floor had no carpet, the windows no curtains, the master's arm-chair was worn by the constant creaking of his impatient body. A tame eagle sat on the shoulder of an attenuated couch in the window, with his bright eye fixed on the sinking sun.

The old man rose grandly, and received us with the air of a prince giving audience to subjects; but, looking in Tracey's face, broke down and burst into tears. He was not quite astray if his mind after all, only a little maddened by pride and misfortune. He soon resumed his state.

"Bid some of those people tell Miss O'Shaughnessy I wish to see her," he said to his attendant.

"Those people" were probably the shades of departed servants who had once tripped over one another in Castle Shaughnessy. The one shabby old retainer bowed his grey head and went.

Miss O'Shaughnessy was out walking, but presently made her appearance, evidently quite unprepared to behold us visitors. She was a tall girl wrapped in a plaid shawl, which looked

as if it had been washed. She had no trimming on her hat but a thick black veil, which was thrown backward over it. She looked so scarlet-checked on entering, that I was surprised to see how pale her natural complexion was when she had thrown aside her hat and seated herself at the other side of her father's chair. She had hazel eyes, and a profusion of light hair clinging in crushed masses to her head; but I did not like to look at her much; she seemed so shy and proud. The eagle left his window immediately, and mounted guard on the back of her chair.

Sir Pierce's conversation was piteous to hear, so grand, so inflated, so ill matched with his surroundings. Yet he was not out of his senses, only anxious to remind us that he was O'Shaughnessy of Castle Shaughnessy. He tortured Peg, who bore it all with the constancy of a martyr. Now and again there was a burning blush, and a hurried glance at her father's face, then she was pale and proud and passive.

"Order wine," he said at last, with a grand air, as if he knew that a banquet was in course of preparation.

"Father," she said distinctly, and looking him firmly in the face, "you know we have no wine. There is no such thing here."

Well, I am not going to dwell further on the memory of this visit. Sir Pierce turned white, then purple, and we thought he was going to have a fit. A glance of entreaty shot from Peg's piteous eyes to mine; and we departed.

"Ah, well," said Gorman, "we have got enough of that place. Poor Peg! she is prettier than ever."

We passed out again through the hollowness and the emptiness, the mildew and the rust, and the dreary fallen greatness, of Castle Shaughnessy. Lady Fitzgibbon prattled on my left that day at dinner, and when the champagne corks began to fly, I thought I heard her say (or at least some woman's voice), "Father, you know we have no wine." Of course it was a fancy. Trinkets and smiles had Lucretia, but that pained earnest tone was no part of her.

I need not detail to you, Tom, all our schemes for inducing Peg O'Shaughnessy to be one of our house-warming party. She came against her will, but in obedience to her father's commands. A carriage was sent for her, with muffling, for it was a bitter frosty night, and good Mrs. Daly, my housekeeper, had lived once in the O'Shaughnessy family, and had a kindly regard for the motherless girl. We expected her at dinner, but she did not arrive. What could occasion her delay? A fit of Sir Pierce's madness, a need of decent garb, a passion of pride at the prospect of appearing among those who had talked of her misfortunes? A hundred such reasons were hinted at among the ladies after dinner, with many a "Poor thing!" and commiserating shake of the head. I remember the night well. The moon was bright upon the snow outside, and within every hearth was blazing, every shutter shut, and every room and passage full of light and warmth and pleasant sounds of life. The

drawing-room was a perfect picture of comfort, with its winter logs burning, its wadded curtains spread before the wide windows, its wreaths of holly already clinging to the picture-frames, and its social company. There was a group around the piano, a happy disposal of couples throughout the room, and Lady Fitzgibbon had a coterie gathered round her while she assigned the parts for certain forthcoming charades. Tracey was leaning over her chair, sulky with jealousy because she was bestowing most of her attention on me: which she usually did. Some one suggested Miss O'Shaughnessy to fill an awkward gap in the cast, and another remarked, "She may not be here."

"Ah, no doubt she will be here," said Lucretia, dropping her voice and eyelids just the least bit in life, and speaking to her nearest female neighbour. "What has she left to hope for in her position, except an advantageous marriage? Poor girl, no doubt she will come!"

Upon this, I removed Gorman's cause of jealousy, by taking myself away from the drawing-room, and out to the front door to look at the night. What was it to me whether a ruined fox-hunter's pretty daughter was coming to my house on a matrimonial speculation or not? But two of my best horses had gone in that carriage, and I was beginning to be uneasy lest something might have happened to them by the way. I went round to the stable, quietly saddled a horse, and cantered up the road leading seaward towards Castle Shaughnessy. My fears were realised. At the top of a high hill I found the carriage, sunk into a rut concealed by the snow. A smith was busy at the wheels, surrounded by a little group of lookers-on, and a lantern glared on their faces. At some distance a dark figure was standing alone, over against a white fence. This was Peg, with a little hood drawn round her head, and the moon shining on her face.

Hearing that the carriage would not be ready for some time, I gave my horse in charge to one of the men, and offering myself as escort to the young lady, asked her to proceed with me on foot towards Ballyhuckamore. She was most unwilling to do so, almost beseeching me to return as I had come, and leave her to follow at the blacksmith's pleasure. Of course, I would not hear of that, and she consented at last to accompany me.

I don't know that there was anything peculiar about that walk, and yet I have a singularly clear recollection of it. I had often travelled the same road, followed the same paths and turnings on the outskirts of the wood, seen the moon looking through the same rifts among the trees, and yet, somehow, it all seemed new that night. I did not attempt to account for this phenomenon. I tried to draw out my companion. She conversed with naive cleverness, all the while keeping a touch of defiant pride in her manner, as if she felt herself in the presence of a natural enemy, and was determined not to be tricked into forgetting it. I humoured her in this, thinking her a child of nature, who knew nothing of the world.

As we drew near the Hall, her hand began to tremble on my arm, and her replies grew vague and absent; at last she stopped short, in a tremor of distress.

"I am bitterly ashamed of myself, Mr. Humphrey," she said; "but I am terrified at going into your grand house, among your proud guests. That is the truth. The poor and unhappy should keep away from the rich and gay. Oh, I wish I could go home again!"

She burst into passionate tears. Now in her distress I saw how young she was—a mere untutored girl. Reserve had before made her more womanly than her years.

"My dear child," I said, "—pardon me—I am so much older than you. The pride is all on your side. I do not want to preach you a sermon, but poverty is not a crime; it is not even the worst of misfortunes."

"It is, it is," she interrupted, vehemently. "It is the cruellest of all, the most utterly killing and crushing. To escape from it, I would—"

"Marry a prince, or turn popular authoress?" I said, smiling.

"Or rob a poor-box," she said, with a curious little grimace of tone. "The two first alternatives being out of my power."

O Peg, Peg! How those words afterwards rose up and bore witness against you! Was all this an artful little scene to engage a rich man's interest? Tears, moonlight, a sweet face, and a passionate voice! Before a fortnight, a dozen of my lady friends would have been ready to swear to your plotting. Yet I do not see how you could have made the carriage break down, Peg. Lucretia's drop of poison lurked in my ear, though I thought I had washed it out a dozen times.

After this little burst, she dried her eyes, like a child who has had its passion out; and we went on as before. Of course it was only to give her time to calm herself that I chose the longest way to the Hall; for I was very much on my guard.

"The carriage is here already!" I exclaimed, seeing, as I thought, the identical equipage we had left behind us standing at the hall-door. But no, here were servants running about, dragging down luggage, and carrying in wrappings, while a black man was gesticulating in the portico, and giving orders which nobody seemed to understand. What was this? Some wonderful arrival, unexpected as Cinderella's at the prince's ball? On the stairs half a dozen men were staggering under the weight of a large iron coffer, or safe, while at the top of the first flight stood a curious figure, eagerly watching their operations. This figure was a thin yellow-faced little man, wrapped in a fur-lined gown of vivid eastern colouring. All health and discontent were in every line of his face, and his eyes were fixed with anxious greediness on the ascending box. The housekeeper was below in the hall, wringing her hands because there was no room prepared for "master's uncle." From this I knew who my visitor was:

Giles Humphrey, my father's only brother, who had gone to India when a boy, and had scarcely been heard of since.

I pressed past the burdened carriers on the staircase, and presented myself to my strange relative. He had at the moment no thought to bestow on me, and merely replied to my words of welcome by beseeching me to show him the way to the securest chamber in my house, so that he might direct the staggering men to deposit their load there.

I took him to my own room. This was a large apartment at the end of a long corridor, lined with the doors of other chambers. It was reached by ascending three broad steps, and a good-sized dressing-room opened off it. You may not remember them, Tom, for those rooms have fallen into disuse. Into the furthest corner of the dressing-room my uncle's coffer was carried, and then Giles Humphrey himself began examining the thickness of the shutters and the weight of the bars that held them fastened, the stoutness of the panelling of the doors, the trustworthiness of the locks, and even the ward of the keys. I had thought the shutters good, but they displeased him. On his opening one a little to glance suspiciously out on the white moon and the snow, a shock-headed bush of ivy bobbed suddenly against the pane, and almost scared his whimsical senses away. He immediately had the window fastened up, and sent off a messenger post-haste for the smith who had mended our carriage to make him a wonderful iron shutter-bar, twice as large and as weighty as those which had for generations sufficed to guard the lives and properties in Ballyhackamore Hall. He then ordered a second set of curtains to be put up within the already comfortable and carefully-drawn hangings, sand-bags to be laid down at every spot where there was a possibility of crevice in the woodwork, at the same time heaping fuel on the already blazing fire, till the hearth-place began to glow like a furnace. Only then did he think proper to notice me, as he sat in my arm-chair, cowering towards the fire, and warming his skinty fingers at the flames. He had arrived in England only a few days before, and not finding me at home, had followed me here. I joked him about his wonderful strong-box.

"Hist! nephew," he said, with a look of alarm, which the dancing firelight extravagantly heightened on his parchment face, "it takes money, riches, gold, jewels! You don't think I sold my youth and health for nothing, boy, out there? You don't think I sold my youth and health for nothing? Eh?"

"But why bring it here to torment you with anxiety? Why not leave it safe in a bank in London?"

"Leave it?" staring at me as if I were a burglar; "part with what I earned so hard? Make a present of my savings to Messrs. So-and-So? Eh, nephew, what a silly schoolboy you are still! By-and-by you will know the world, my lad."

"Well, well!" I said; "you will come down and see my friends."

I told you, Tom, that this room was at the end of a long corridor. At the lower end, this corridor was crossed by another, a shorter one, from which the stairs descended. As my uncle and I turned the corner proceeding towards the stairs a door opened suddenly before us, and two womanly figures appeared on the threshold, thrown forward by the fire-light from the chamber behind them. Lucretia Fitzgibbon with her arm thrown gracefully round the waist of Peg O'Shaughnessy. Did the star of all the country drawing-rooms mean to patronise the poor little black sheep from the mountains on this her first entrance into society? *The doom of their chambers stood opposite on the passage.* Lucretia had kindly fluttered across, introduced herself to the trembling debutante, and taken her under her wing. "Good Lucretia!" I had almost cried; but the hall lights fell full on the two faces as they descended, and I thought the sparkle of her eyes and teeth more false than they had seemed before. My lady was dressed in voluminous folds of amber silk, bedizened with laces and diamonds; Peg was dressed in a straight black gown of an antiquated brocade, which she must have ransacked from some great-grandmother's wardrobe, standing on some dim upper passage of Castle Shaughnessy. She had folds of crimped white muslin at her throat and wrists, and a black ribbon twisted about her head, gathering up her crisp hair, and tied in a little knot upon her crown. As they swept down before us into the light below, my uncle Giles pinched my arm so wickedly that I started:

"Who is that woman, nephew? By all the diamonds that ever blazed, I have not seen such a woman since I was a boy!"

"Which?" I asked.

"Not the flashy yellow one," he answered, "but the one with her head tied up."

This was the beginning of my uncle's admiration for Peg. In the drawing-room we found the ladies in full expectation, and quite prepared to make a lion of him. The news of the wonderful coffer had reached them, and the fetching of the smith had caused no little excitement. It was current that some extraordinary locks were to be put upon the chamber doors, of which only Giles Humphrey and his servant knew the secret, and that the windows were to be barred outside like the windows of a prison. Even Peg's arrival was now a matter of small importance. There never was such a hero as Giles Humphrey that night. He sat in the warmest corner by the fire, and monopolised the snugest chair. He wore rings worth a king's ransom, and, audaciously defying custom, wore a gown lined with the costliest fur. He supported his feet on a footstool, while his black servant wrapped his knees in a royal rug. Then he spoke to the ladies with a mischievous rudeness, while his eyes paid them homage every moment. And

then he might virtually be said to be sitting on that wonderful coffer stuffed with riches, which no doubt all present saw in their mind's eye supporting his puny limbs, but which, in reality, stood modestly hidden in its corner upstairs under the shelter of a gorgeous piece of tapestry, flaming in gold and colours. And when I conducted its owner to his chamber that night the black man was squatting upon it with crossed legs, like a grotesque carving on a whimsical pedestal. He turned a somersault upon it, by way of obeisance, when his master appeared, and, while I stayed, presented a long cane, from which Giles Humphrey drew a glittering sword.

"This is my bedfellow," he said, grinning over it, and placing it on his pillow. "I hate locks, for fear of fire," with a glance of alarm over his shoulder at the blazing grate. "I will not be locked up, to run the risk of being burnt to death. But if any of the people in your house think to meddle with my little box over there"—he raised his voice, and seizing the sword again, brandished it at the black servant, and chased him out of the room, bidding him go and tell about the weapon in the servants' hall.

From the time of my arrival at Ballyhuckamore to that night, I had found myself the lion of the neighbourhood, and had had the felicity of knowing that I was the most important among the men in those days assembled under my roof. But now all was changed. The days of my greatness were over. A mightier than I had arisen, and another king reigned in my stead.

I should not have minded if they had elected Gorman Tracey, or some one of the many decent fellows about me, to fill my place, but it was irritating to see the worship transferred from one's manly self to the shrivelled face and shrieking voice of the owner of a box upstairs; to see the silks and muslins making their genuflexions at the shrine of a mere mummy; to know that a heartless machine was receiving the flattery of mammas; that a capricious idiotic will was directing the motions of blushing hand-maidens. And the hardest part, the very worst of it all, was that Peg O'Shaughnessy was the foremost of the band of sirens who sang round Giles Humphrey's chair.

For here I will own to you, my Tom, that by this time the stony little black sheep from the mountains had made herself a fold in your friend's foolish heart. Was it fate so relentless, or that quaint black gown so demure, or a head of crisp fair hair, or a pair of steady grey eyes, or was it a very sweet voice full of musical dignity, or a timid step which seemed always owning itself a trespasser when treading my Ballyhuckamore carpets?—Was it all, or any of these things which transformed your sober friend into the most loving of jealous lovers, crafty enough to weigh little words, and count up smiles, and disregard all worldly wisdom? You cannot tell me, and assuredly I cannot tell you; but in that frosty house-warming season Peg bloomed up under my eyes, the only blossom of her sex I had ever coveted for my own wearing.

Yet, for many days, Peg was as Giles Humphrey's right hand. I was shunned with a blush and a hasty word, while the crusty old millionaire was nourished with kind attentions, and sweet companionship. She helped him to his coffee, she cut the pages of his newspaper, she read to him, and adjusted his footstool. I believe she even stitched him a pocket-handkerchief or something, sitting by his side, with her pale fair cheek turned towards him. She was the envy of the drawing-room. If this pen had not forsworn sentimentality, it might describe to you how I groaned at times that circumstances should have made of my Peg a desperate woman, ready to marry a mummy as an escape from poverty; and how at other times I scorned her as an artful heartless Peg, not worth my pity. But I may tell you how they whispered about her all over the house. Whispers in the drawing-room, whispers over the bedroom fires, whispers all through the passages; on fine days even whispers out in the garden, and away abroad among the woods. Buzz, buzz, buzz. Peg O'Shaughnessy was trying to entrap the millionaire. And, oh dear! who could say that Lucretia Fitzgibbon was not kind, and even sisterly, to the shy friendless girl, who was a stranger among strangers?

And did no one dare to speak above a whisper, you will ask, and say a word for Peg? Oh, ay!—there was one good little lady of small social consequence, who ventured to suggest that the whole party stood aloof from the girl, criticising her; that the poor thing felt herself apart from the rest of the ladies; that she had no pretty morning dresses to eat her breakfast in, no handsome evening dresses to eat her dinner in, no fine riding-habit to go a-riding in; and that these wants usually press upon the female mind. That she had only one straight black gown for all times. Further, that, being accustomed to wait on an old man, her father, she had taken naturally to waiting on Giles Humphrey, who was an elderly man, to say the least; that her seat beside his chair was a harbour to her—not a pleasant one, perhaps, but still a harbour. These things were said by the blessed little lady of small social consequence, but who heard them?

It was at this period of affairs that one evening, jewels being the subject of conversation, Giles Humphrey, having drunk wine, set his eyes a-twinkling, and began to brag of certain wondrous trinkets which were in his possession, and the like of which had never (said he) gladdened the eyes of any of the assembled company. A gentleman present, who was a judge of such matters, twitted him to make good his boast, whereupon the little man's slow blood got up, and he rushed to his chamber, knocked Jacko (so the black man was called, from his likeness, I suppose, to a monkey) off his perch on the coffer, and presently came down with a bag full of jewels fit to startle the eyes of any prince in the Arabian Nights. There were

necklaces, bracelets and bangles, bodkins for the hair, and earrings weighty enough to tear the flesh of delicate ears; gems of as many hues and cuttings as puzzled Aladdin in the cave. There were dazzling necks in plenty and arms bare to the shoulder all round about Giles Humphrey, on which he might have displayed his treasures to advantage, but it was on Peg that he chose to hang them. He stuck bodkins of blazing diamonds in her hair; clasped a dozen chains and necklaces round her neck till they dropped below her waist, making her bust one flaming mass of splendour; put bangles of gold on her ankles; and made her bare one round white arm, which he shackled with bracelets. Blushing with confusion, and smiling in amusement at being so bedizened, Peg looked as quaint and as radiant as some rare old-fashioned princess stepped out of an illuminated legend. Many an eye saw beauty in her at that moment which it never had seen before. For my part, I thought she had looked more beautiful in the scarlet and white flowers which I had given her for her bosom that morning. Where, by the way, was Lucretia Fitzgibbon during those five or ten minutes of Peg's magnificence? Positively I forget. I remember that a female voice (could it have been hers?) murmured in a delicate under tone that it was a pity Peg had not a right to wear the jewels, since they became her so well; and that this was the signal for my gallant uncle to begin to unclasp them and gather them into their casket again as fast as he could. As one after another dropped away from her, Peg grew pale and ceased to smile. Watching her curiously, I saw a strangely eager stern look come over her face as bauble after bauble disappeared. Once, for a moment, her cheeks flushed, and a flash of longing sprang into her eyes, but it faded away again and left her pale and thoughtful. I divined that she was thinking how much a few of those trinkets would do towards relieving the distresses of a poor old broken-down father, and restoring the comfort of the barren fallen home of the O'Shaughnessys. Oh, Peg, Peg! Why did you let me see that look!

It happened that the last of the ornaments which she relinquished—a certain bracelet—had been clasped too tightly on the swell of her plump arm, and there was a difficulty about getting it unfastened. One after another, we all tried our skill upon it, having each ample time as we did so to observe the fashion and the richness of the ornament. The groundwork was a broad belt of gold, enriched with the most exquisite Indian filigree work, and this band was studded with at least a thousand tiny precious stones of every hue. Mark that cursed bracelet well, Tom, for it will reappear in my story.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Aberdeen on Wednesday 16th; at Glasgow on Friday 18th; at Edinburgh on Saturday morning the 19th; at St. James's Hall on Tuesday the 22nd, and Tuesday eve 26th; and at Portsmouth on Thursday the 24th, and Friday the 25th of May.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VI. TROUBLE IN THE HOUSE.

DURING these days some gigantic financial negotiations were beginning to absorb the attention of the great society to which Mr. Tillotson belonged. Not alone was the business of the Foncier Company developing to an extraordinary degree, but other societies were springing up every day. "You looked out in the morning," said Mr. Bowater, "and there was the ground thick with 'em, like mushrooms." And there was work for all. But of these there was one started about six months after the Foncier, its most dangerous rival, managed with equal skill, and in popularity and resources just inferior by that six months exactly. This was called the General Finance, and was administered by a daring chairman, Mr. Dundee, also in parliament, and by a dashing Woods Marshall. Dundee and Woods Marshall both well knew the power of the steed they were riding, and at the proper time meant to give him his head, pass the Foncier, and win easily. Mr. Bowater and Smiles had an uneasy sense of the possibility of such a thing, and were straining every nerve. A financial fury raged between the two houses. Even Mr. Tillotson, for the moment, was drawn into the excitement of this rivalry, and as Mr. Bowater had said, again and again, that "Tillotson had a long head—as long as any of us," he was sitting late and early, morning and evening, and also at little cabinet councils called hastily at dead of night, weary and impatient at the strange little troubles, the incomprehensible clouds, that waited for him at home. There was an excitement in all this which had great interest for him, though at times he recollected himself with a sigh, and thought why it was he could feel interested in such things. But a greater and more absorbing crisis was drawing on. There was a smaller financial society, called the London Loan and Discount, older than either of the other two, and perhaps a little old fashioned. Both secretary and chairman were old fashioned also, and liked what they called "steady-going business,"

which they certainly got. The "dashing" style of the newer companies injured them a great deal—an injury they at first met with contempt, then with affected indifference, and finally with alarm. By-and-by things grew worse—for a monetary ill health turns to disease with surprising rapidity—and then came meetings, and consultations, and dissatisfied shareholders, and a whisper of winding up.

At the Foncier one morning, during these early difficulties, which were not suspected, the secretary came into council with an extraordinary mystery. There was elation in his face. "Such news!" he said. "But to be kept dark—not a word—not a whisper! I suspected it this month past, and put Gibbs on the track. The London Loan is going to wind up. And now is our time!"

Mr. Bowater and other members of the board understood the full force of this news. The first gentleman nearly jumped from his chairman's chair. Even Mr. Tillotson was a little excited. "This is news," he said.

"Now is our time," went on the eager secretary. "We can strike in, and do the General Finance. But we must be cautious; not a breath—not a whisper. They will be sniffing it out, and a day's pull on them will be something."

Financial eyes kindled as the secretary laid before them details of the little plot. The London Loan was to be approached in the most delicate way—not openly or officially—and he looked at Mr. Tillotson. It was finally agreed that Mr. Tillotson, not being conspicuously in the business, should take the matter in hand. It might have been a treaty with a great country, and he an envoy receiving his credentials.

"You know you managed that Bhootan thing very nicely, Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater, complinientarily.

He was gradually, as we have mentioned, catching the spirit of excitement which pervaded the others. He went home in some elation. There, he would have liked to have told his schemes and little plot; but between them during dinner, over the little round table at which they sat, hung a dark cloud. On her face was the same expression of settled resentment; nothing would conciliate her. He tried again and again, until habit came, and with a sort of bitter "Ah! it was a mistake—a miserable mistake!" he came to accept the whole as

part of that hopeless gloom that was to overshadow his course. And then with a sort of relief, and even a little excitement, he would withdraw himself into his study, to forget everything in the details of the little delicate negotiation he was preparing.

On the Sunday, the captain's figure was seen limping up at half-past five o'clock. He made the third at the little table; and though he had no American smartness, not even sharpness, he had that surprising instinct—almost as good—which comes of unselfish interest in, and concern for, others. Several times he was looking wistfully from one to the other. Perhaps he saw the constraint. After she was gone up, he said to his friend, "My dear Tillotson, what is this? There is something, now—you won't be angry with me—between you and our little girl."

"My dear captain," said Mr. Tillotson, laying his hand upon his sleeve, "angry with you! or make a mystery with you! No," he added, with a sigh, "there is nothing beyond the old, old story, that everything I attempt turns out wrong. Poor child! 'Tis a pity for her!"

"For her!" said the captain, with affected eagerness. "The best thing that could happen her. My dear friend, will you trust Tom—old Tom, who has seen a bit of life? This is all in the regular course. I've seen many a girl, and many a married girl; and just for the first, you know, we must let them have their little airs and ways, the creatures! And goodness me, Tillotson, when we think of all they must go through, and how gently they take everything, when some of us get out of humour if a satin stock is a little too stiff! Why, I suppose, now," added the captain, philosophically, "if she *didn't* go on a little, it would be unnatural—quite unnatural."

Again Mr. Tillotson put his hand on the cuff of the other. "My dear captain," he said, "you are too good for us here! But I have no secrets from you. The truth is this, the whole has been a *mistake*—a *miserable mistake*. And I must resign myself to it."

An expression of painful conviction came into the captain's face, to be replaced in a second by one of joyous alacrity. "Ah, Tillotson," he said, "my dear friend, you are not an old boy, like me; and though you could buy and sell Tom over and over again in business, still he has picked up a thing or two about the girls. God bless me! All I saw in Paris!" (And this gentle, loyal, and most upright gentleman—which, indeed, he was in all things—seemed for the moment to hint that his experience with ladies had been of a wild and desperate sort.) "Ah, the creature!" he went on, "this is only her little way of showing her love. Why, I saw Hilyar in Paris, with as elegant a woman as you ever came across, dressed just like a lady, and she went over and over again with all that, until I thought poor Hilyar would have gone mad. It's just her little way. They like just to show their pride. Why, I know it, Tillotson. She *dotes* on you. And why not? A fine soldier-like-looking young fellow."

Mr. Tillotson smiled sadly. "Ah, that's just it!" he said. "There was the mistake. She should have had a fine soldier-like young fellow, as you describe him, and not an ancient dried-up old Ledger like myself. No matter," he said, seeing the captain's face lengthening, "I suppose you are right, and that it will all come round in time."

"To be sure it will," said his friend, joyfully; "and Tom tells you so. I wish she was rid of that little cough, though; she has it too long—eh, Tillotson? Do you know what I was thinking of during dinner? Just bringing in our good doctor (who is very fond of her, I can tell you). All in a friendly way, as if for a visit."

"Do—do," said Mr. Tillotson, eagerly. "You can say it to her, you know." (Again a little pain came into the captain's face.)

The next day the doctor's carriage drove up, and he dropped in, in his friendly way. "Come to see you," he said, noisily. "Passing by the top of the street—sudden instinct, and little inspiration—had to shriek to my fellow (there was a train of coal waggons passing) to turn down. Well, and how are we—how is our little chest? Do you recollect the night you got me away from my dinner? Oh, ho!" And the doctor laid his finger knowingly on the side of his nose.

But a "tightness" had come upon the mouth of the little lady, and a sort of bitter smile. "O, that is all so long ago," she said.

"Well, but how are we?" he said. "I want to know how we are getting on?"

"O, excellently," she answered—"perfectly well. Never was better, doctor, either in health or spirits."

"No, no," he said. "I heard you cough as I came up-stairs. Sit down. I want to see our chest."

"O, sir!" she said, with a sort of bitterness that puzzled him, "I suppose *they* sent you to me? I understand all these stratagems. I am sure it is very kind of you; but really I don't want—"

"No matter," he said, gravely. "As I am here, I may as well hear how you are." He had an authoritative manner she could not resist, and submitted.

But he told at a dinner-party that very day, that as for women they were as bad as Hebrew, and that there was a little chit who he might have taken on his knee a month ago, but who was quite upset by being well married, and whose airs were the most amusing thing in the world. "And only that this poor little soul has just 'a touch of consumption' on her little chest that she must look after, I should have set her down a bit. By the way," continued the doctor, "I could tell you a good little story about that very little woman. I had a few friends to dinner, and you know my inflexible rule is, once the covers are off, &c. &c." And he proceeded to tell—and tell very well—that little history of our little lady's visit, which the reader may perhaps recollect.

But the doctor had seen the captain that evening also. "Well, doctor!" said he, with a world of wistfulness in his face. He had a sacred reverence for these mystery men.

"Well," said the doctor, "she is very fair. Nothing very wrong as yet. But I tell you this, she shouldn't stay here this winter."

"Good gracious!" said the captain, remonstrating, as if the matter rested with the doctor. "Surely you wouldn't! Sir Duncan. You see, the husband's business—you see. I know myself he daren't stir, doctor. A great house. And if you could manage it——"

"Well, I only say what I would do to my daughter. She shouldn't be away from Mentone an hour; or else keep her all the winter in a glass box, hermetically sealed, you know, which you won't do, my dear captain; for I should say my young lady had a little will of her own." He was still a little nettled, this good-natured doctor, at the manner in which his paternal advances had been received.

The captain went his way sadly troubled, and repeating "God bless my soul!" many times, and came back to the house, hoping to find Mr. Tillotson. But he found the young mistress of the house instead. "And how do you feel to-day, dear?" he said.

She laughed. "I must be dreadfully ill," she said. "He sent a doctor to me. Wasn't it kind?"

"Yes," he said, "just like him. He's always thinking of something about you. Poor Tillotson, with all his business, my dear, he is very fond of you—he is indeed." (This was said with the wistful look, as if putting a question.)

She laughed a little laugh. "He is very anxious about me indeed," she said. "Most naturally. I remember this doctor said before our marriage that I was a little consumptive. No wonder he is getting impatient."

The captain took her hand gravely. "My dear little child," he said, "you know old Tom loves you, and always has loved you. You won't mind what he says. Now what is this? I declare to Heaven," he added, with fervour, "if you only heard the way he spoke of you last Sunday—I declare it quite went to my heart!"

"O, of course," said she, "nunkie. I understand all that. I know what it means. But, nunkie, do I complain—do I say anything? Of course he likes me, and I like him, of course, also. And do you know what I mean to do this winter, nunkie?" she added, wistfully.

"That's right," he said, eagerly. "Give me the hand for that! I like to hear a fine pretty young woman talk in this way. Of course you like him. Well, and what are you to do this winter?"

"I mean to go out a great deal," she answered, "this winter. I want to see life—to enjoy myself. Why should I be shut up here? He doesn't care for it, of course. He likes his ledgers, or other things he loves. Why should I be sacrificed, nunkie? I shall go out and dance every, every night! O, I should so like it!"

Alarm came into the captain's face. "For God's sake, no!" he said, "don't think of that! My dear child, you should be kept shut up, or else sent away to a warm climate. Upon my honour and word and credit Sir Duncan said that!"

"Ah, I dare say," she answered, excited. "Of course he speaks as they wish him to speak. Between them all, they would be glad to shut me up, nunkie—put me by for ever, and make room for some one else."

"My God!" said the captain. "No, that doctor loves you like his own daughter. I know you're not to do it—not to think of it. The doctor said so. Why, you'd kill yourself!"

"What a misfortune that would be!" she said. "Wouldn't there be weeping and sorrow! But I am determined, nunkie. I suppose I didn't marry to be shut up in a jail!"

"All I can say, my dear child," went on the captain, in real alarm, "you'll be in your grave before a week. Indeed, if you knew what the doctor said—that you shouldn't even be here this winter—But you mustn't think of that going out in the winter. Promise me."

"So they would shut me up," she answered, "or send me out of the country? Well, perhaps they are right. Ah, nunkie, you are my only friend! Give me a kiss."

The captain enfolded her in his honest arms. "My dear little girl," he said, "get all these notions out of your poor head. And if Tom can help you in any way——"

He went his way, not knowing what to make of the business, but arriving at this conclusion, "that Tom was an old botch, and always put his stupid old lame leg in it whenever he interfered." But his true conviction was, that "women, the creatures! had their little ways of their own, and took their little humours, God bless them! as a matter of course, and indications of affection." And then he thought of "Williams" (Tom—now governor of a Scotch fort), whose "girl" used to cry and come to the barracks, and break all the furniture. "And I know," thought the honest captain, "never girl loved a man more than she did." He was sure, therefore, it would all come right.

CHAPTER VII. MR. TILNEY SETS MATTERS RIGHT.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Tillotson, with much excitement, was proceeding in those delicate negotiations. The board of the Foncier seemed to be sitting in permanence. A Mr. Moxon was secretary to the failing company, and to him the first approaches were made.

Mr. Tillotson was not *officially* known in the City as yet, and might be accepted as a sort of neutral. He was eminently, therefore, the fittest person to begin the matter. He also knew this Moxon a little, had met him once or twice at dinner.

He began with great caution. "You will sound him, sound him, sound him," repeated Mr. Bowater, speaking of Moxon as if he were a melodious bell. "Sound him gently, you know. That's the plan. Feel our way."

But Moxon, without much sounding, entered into the scheme readily; actually and with some eagerness proposed the thing himself. There was great excitement at the office when Mr. Tillotson announced this simple result.

"I always told you," said Mr. Bowater, "that there was a latent fund of diplomacy in Tillotson. He'll checkmate us all round one of these days."

Mr. Tillotson, however, disclaimed all these compliments, and told exactly how the matter was. But Mr. Bowater shook his head.

"Of course, of course! Always the way. You clever diplomatists never admit you are clever."

It seemed, indeed, likely to become only too simple. The failing office was eager to clutch at this chance of safety, and amalgamate on handsome terms.

"You see," said Mr. Bowater, "it is now merely a matter of detail."

They were sitting one morning arranging this mere matter of "detail," when the secretary burst in, in a strange state of excitement. "I knew it," he said. "I had a presentiment of this. It is all up."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Bowater, aghast.

"All up," continued the other, "and infernal shabby too. The General has got at them."

Mr. Bowater fell back in his chair. "That rascal Dundee!" he said.

But the secretary, Woods Marshall, was foremost as a sort of intriguing demon. "Dundee?" he said. "Nonsense! He hasn't 'gumption' for such a thing. It is all that crawling, creeping, mean fellow, Woods Marshall. I knew he would poke himself into this."

"I thought, Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater, a little reproachfully, "*you* would have looked to all this."

"That scoundrel!" said the secretary, thinking of the other secretary.

It was, indeed, true. The General Finance had hunted out their secret, and the London Loan, like a *passée coquette*, stood simpering and ogling her two financial admirers. An air of despondency fell on the board. "We must begin all again," said one.

"No use in *that*," said Mr. Bowater, hopelessly. "It comes to a mere matter of bidding. Those rascals will outbid us, out of mere spite."

Mr. Tillotson's eyes were kindling. He felt a sort of spirit rising within him. "As I have undertaken this matter," he said, "I will carry it through. All I ask is a week. Will you give me a week?"

"Certainly, my dear friend," said the chairman. "And you'll do it too, Tillotson. I am very glad to hear you take this tone. Very."

"That scoundrel!" muttered the secretary, whose thoughts were far away.

Mr. Tillotson went home. Another man would have tried all manner of little intrigues in the business. But that was not his character. He took a straighter road; skilfully planned, but

not underhand. He shut himself up into his little council-room to think. Before an hour was out he had mapped out a whole plan. The policy he saw at once was a "waiting" and "indifferent" one. To this, too, he was drawn by the reflection that a bargain based on "out-bidding" and competition would be injurious, and that the business of the London Loan was not worth any serious sacrifice. Next day, therefore, when he saw Mr. Moxon, who came to him himself, with a mixed air of sham regret and complacency, to tell him that they had received proposals from another office "of very high standing," Mr. Tillotson told him quietly that they withdrew for the present. "But," added he, with an earnestness that was quite natural, "if you should break off with them, we shall be glad to renew negotiations."

Mr. Moxon was taken a little "aback," and went his way wondering. He saw that his policy was to close at once with the other office. But Woods Marshall, mystified at first by this eagerness, held back a little, for one of the principles that guided Woods Marshall's office life was, "*whenever you see a man eager, always suspect something*"; and in a day or two, by his private inquiries, had discovered that the *Foncier* had "drawn off." Thus, as a matter of course, was laid the basis of all the formal coquetting of diplomacy, a studied inaction and indifference, producing an artificial and simulated coldness, and almost resentment, which in its turn brought on a renewed intercourse. And all this time—it spread over some weeks—Mr. Tillotson and his house "lay by," waiting the proper moment which he knew would surely come.

He was wholly absorbed in it. He was almost in a state of feverish anxiety. A few months before he could not have believed that he could have taken such an interest in mortal concerns. But it was something, and took off his thoughts.

More than a fortnight had gone by, and then Mr. Bowater and his secretary began to have forebodings. "I think, Tillotson," he said, "this is going too far. They are beginning to take us at our word. I have great confidence in your clearness of vision, but still I think——"

"I agree with Mr. Bowater," said the secretary, "and really, if that scoundrel Woods was to get through this, it would be outrageous. We might as well shut up. It is disreputable that a rascal of that sort——"

As another and another day went by, they grew more pressing. At last a rumour reached the office that all had been concluded, and that the business of the London Loan had been finally transferred. At this piece of news all confidence in their envoy seemed to be lost.

"We had better take the matter up ourselves, Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater. "You were a little out, you see. I told you so. The best judgment among us may go astray. I am sorry about this, for here is a fine chance thrown away. We rested entirely on you."

Wakened up into the old fire and enthusiasm which was, indeed, his real character, Mr. Tillotson protested eagerly and earnestly; begged, almost implored, for a little more delay—say a day or two even—and conjured them to leave the matter still to him. He was so earnest and so eloquent, that he imparted some of his confidence to the others, and after some grudging protest on the part of the secretary, he obtained a grace of a couple of days more.

Full of eagerness, and now of anxiety, he went home in a strange flutter. Several times he almost smiled at himself. "Why should I," he said, "take an interest in such a wretched intrigue as this?" But he did take the interest, and, more than that, he found it absorbing all his thoughts.

But on that day, while Mr. Tillotson was engrossed with this exciting business, young Mrs. Tillotson had an unexpected visitor. Mr. Tilney called and stayed in the hall while his name was sent up. It was Mr. Tilney nearly approaching the older Tilney—the Tilney that had "rallied," and took enjoyment in life and what was going on in the world, and who was so exuberantly grateful to Providence for any little blessings that had been showered upon him. "I have had some rubs," he said to his friends—"some rubs. But it is good for us. Those that are well chastened, we are told, are most loved. I take it to be a very fair world on the whole; I do indeed."

"Just take my card up," he said to the servant. "Mr. Tilney, you know. I almost made sure you would have had him back from business by this time."

Young Mrs. Tillotson's first impulse was to send down word that she was not at home. But she recollected the name, and what associations were connected with it; and very eagerly she sent back word that she hoped Mr. Tilney would walk up.

Mr. Tilney entered, smiling, and with lofty welcome, as if it were *his* house. "So glad," he said—"so very glad. Now this is what I call an opportunity." And he reached over a Lilliputian chair, which creaked and cracked as he laid down his long figure in it. "They make these things," he said, looking over his shoulder at it, "all for show, you know. They run 'em up, you see. God bless me! the days of the good old costly furniture—fine work, ma'am. There was Darby and Minifer, who had any furniture that was wanted for the palace. And noble work it was; would support elephants."

The little lady was very excited and eager in her manner. "You recollect the day we met you at the court," she said. "I was the poor beaten appellant—is not that the word?"

"Capital, Mrs. Tillotson, and quite right. There are phrases in the profession. That wild fellow, Ross, now aboard ship, they call *him* respondent. As for the court, I am not sure exactly—query, Court of *Appellate Jurisdiction*—query, Criminal Appeal, with power to form a quorum, or add to their number. Certainly with power to form a quorum; but really—"

Mrs. Tillotson interrupted him eagerly: "And how are they all at home? Mrs. Tilney, and your daughters, and Miss—Miss—?"

"Millwood, Millwood," said he. "They are pretty well, thank you—much obliged to you. Mrs. Tilney has been suffering from the bronchitis. Miss Millwood—Ada—she never is ill, somehow. A very wonderful person altogether."

"Yes?" said the little lady, very anxiously.

"Yes," said Mr. Tilney, in a dreamy way, with his eyes half closed. "She's a woman, you know, that you might walk from this, say to—say to—oh let me see!—to Lamb's Conduit-street; yes, without meeting another like her. And I do assure you, her little history might be written in a book. Romance up and down; take it any way, romance still. Ask Tillotson!"

"Ah, to be sure," said she, her breath coming and going. "Just as you say."

"Just as I say," he repeated. "Tillotson has told it you again and again. Why, there's Ross; the man would put his eyes upon sticks together to get her. Romance again, you see."

"Would he?" she asked, with extraordinary interest; "but why—"

"Ah, why! You see then come in the wheels. A very remarkable girl, I assure you. I might begin now, sitting in this very chair" (which gave a loud crack, and received a look of remonstrance from the sitter), "and not be done before to-morrow, telling all that occurred in that little town. It might be put in three volumes octavo, large print."

"Yes?" she said.

"I dare say you have many a laugh with your husband over all that. I don't wonder he was struck—a man coming down in that way, and not a soul to stir him up."

"Tell me about that," she said, eagerly—"all about it. I am dying to know."

Mr. Tilney shook his head. "Ah, no!" he said; "no, no. Scarcely, I *think*. These were bachelor days, and it ain't fair, you know. I remember the Dook saying to me, 'When a lad marries, Tilney, he cuts the bachelor adrift! You know he was bred to the sea, and spoke in that way. The Sailor Dook he was always called.'"

Full of feverish anxiety to know more, with strained eyes and flushed cheeks, the little lady said again: "O, you must tell me." Then, becoming a little hypocritical, she added, with a confidential look, "I know it all already; that is, *nearly* all."

"Ah! I see," said Mr. Tilney, "a little fun. Want to rally him in the long evenings. I know. There was Lady Mary Jennings, who had been maid of honour, and married well—"

"And so he actually," she said, with a look of strained anxiety that would have startled any one less preoccupied with his reminiscences than Mr. Tilney, "*proposed* for her?" (Wistful eyes waited for the answer.)

"Dear me!" said Mr. Tilney, his eyes still

dreamily on the top of the mirror. "How that Jennings's business all comes back to me now—the little room, and Jennings taking me by the button—dear, dear! Proposed! O yes! And to this hour I never knew," added Mr. Tilney, with great deliberation, "why she would not have him; Tillotson, he was very hot on it. Just rally him a little to-day as the decanter goes round."

She forced a laugh. It was surprising that one so trained in the world as he was could not see the true state of things. And yet this little lady, absorbed as she was in her great trouble, could notice the fond and longing stress he laid upon the word "decanter." "You must take something, Mr. Tilney," she said, with a sort of coquetry, "after your walk."

He put up his hands in faint protest.

"There, I have rung!" she said.

Absently, helping himself, Mr. Tilney came back, of his own accord, to the subject. "Dear me! the hours we spent in that town. He was with us, Tillotson was, in and out every hour of the day: like a dog, I may say. Did what he liked. Came and went, and nobody asked questions. Just put it to him after dinner—ha, ha! There was the old cathedral there, a noble pile, lifting its tall head and lying there. He was uncommonly fond of going with us—ha, ha! (Thank you! Now *really* no more after this one.) Lifts its tall head. Dear me! the peaceful innocent hours I have spent there. I always felt good, and wiser, and better."

Mr. Tilney, almost fascinated by the retrospect, was readily led on to give many particulars of those innocent days, and was greatly amused as he dwelt on what he called "this early amour of our friend." He finally rose to go in great good humour. "I have really spent a most delightful afternoon. You must look after that cough of yours. I assure you there was a young slip of a girl, daughter of Lord Rufus Hill, captain of one of the royal yachts, literally *snipped* off like a geranium before you could—" and not finding a striking action readily, he had to put in, "look about you. I'll look in again some afternoon. We are all coming to town presently. Hampton is too much at the back of Godspeed. We want to see our friends *more*. So good-bye—good-bye!"

He went his way, greatly satisfied. Mrs. Tillotson sat long with her eyes on the ground, meditating. The cough did, indeed, come very often, but she did not heed it much. So the evening passed by, and the cold meeting between the wife and the husband returned from business (so full of his negotiations that he did not notice the strange look in her face and her compressed lips), and the dinner. And then the lamps were lit, and the night set in.

He was sitting, as was his custom, in his study, fretting a little impatiently, and wishing he had never undertaken the responsibility of the negotiation. As he sat and pondered over this matter, he heard the faint cough of the little lady up-stairs recurring frequently and

almost at settled intervals. She was sitting as she almost always sat during the long evenings, alone. He had often begged that she would have Miss Diamond with her as a companion, but she had steadily declined. The little lady seemed to hint at a bitter grievance.

THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

I. OF MODERN DAYS.

THE cheerful city which stands on the banks of the Liffey has special features and attractions of its own, and which almost take it out of that uniform pattern which belongs to most cities in the United Kingdom. It has architectural pretensions of no mean order, all its public buildings being in the same style, and almost of the same era; being disposed, too, with an eye to picturesque position and effect, under the direction of a parliament which, though corrupt, had the redeeming merit of being sumptuous in all matters relating to the public. Of a fine summer's day, these broad streets, with what looks like a Grecian temple at a corner far away in the haze, with the bridges, and the ships lying at the quays, and the columns and statues, and the general air of vivacity, the crowded pathways and the light cars which spring along cheerfully with the Celtic drivers standing up carelessly on one side looking out for fares, and, like "jolly young watermen," never in want of one, give a curiously festive and almost foreign air to this Irish city.

How then does a city, without trade, or manufactures, or law, look as gay and busy as if it were fattening on trade, and manufactures, and wealthy citizens? We may set all this down to the presence of a Court—a Court which has been called "Brummagem," "a sham," and a hundred such contemptuous names (who does not remember Mr. Thackeray's epigram about a Court Calendar being bad enough, but a *siam Court Calendar*!), but which has still an extraordinary and unsuspected influence on the social prosperity of this city. A Court, after all—"Brummagem" or otherwise—is a Court; that is to say, if it can boast a fine income, a handsome palace, has its guards, officers of state, and everything in keeping.

At the proper time in "the season" the show begins, the grand rooms are thrown open, the Viceroy and the Vicereine are ready to see their subjects, to feast them in their halls. Then ~~then~~ paterfamilias, delighting in his boeves and his fields, with a sigh gives way. Mamma and the three daughters (they are like mothers and daughters everywhere else) have joined to persuade and intimidate. And paterfamilias, like his kind elsewhere, is not strong enough to withstand such pressure. He is reminded of what his duty is to his "girls," under the just penalty of being stigmatised as a "brute." And thus, when the season sets in, the country families come flocking up, and take houses in "Fitz-William-street" and Fitz-William-square, in "Pembroke-place," and other "genteel" and genteely-named localities.

We may suppose it to be the beginning of the season, and the night of the first drawing-room; for levees and drawing-rooms have been going here for centuries; and, with a sensible eye to picturesque effect, the drawing-rooms are always held at night. Towards ten o'clock carriages are converging to the little hill from half a dozen different points, and form into one line; inside of which, fluttering young girls, all trains and lappets, are folded up somehow. A crowd is at the gates, laughing, jesting, criticising, half satirically, but mostly with respect, the charms that pass them by. Inside, in the court-yard, all the tall windows are lit up in long files, and the soldiers and police are drawn up; and afar off under the arcade, where there is a blaze of light, the carriages are "setting down," and driving away. Inside, there are great halls lined with soldiers, and a grand staircase, and long galleries lined with servants and soldiers, and the long, long room where the company wait their turn, and crush on—as genteel crowds always will crush, even at places of yet better quality—to the barrier of the Pen. Under the brilliant light is seen a curious crowd, like the chorus at the opening of an opera, a variety of uniform that would delight an Aulic councillor. For to say nothing of the dreadful "court suit," still from necessity in universal favour, there are soldiers of every "arm," sailors, privy councillors, in the rude rasping high collars, with coats of the "robin redbreast" cut, and a host of other varieties that would "intrigue" the Queen's chamberlain; for Ireland, like France and Germany, is a uniform-ridden country. The police uniform is a uniform infinitely more showy than that of the Queen's rifles. The inspectors of this and that government office have their special dress. Even the Clerks of the Crown, legal officers, are resplendent in blue and silver, and "run" French senators very closely. Mixed up with all these are the stately matrons and the fresh young girls from the country, the special "Irish" faces, the "violet eyes," placed beside the established reigning belles of the city itself. There is an endless chatter going on. Beyond, is a second room and another barrier; and beyond that is the Throne-room, where what we may hear a country gentleman call "the sermon" takes place. Here we are at the barrier, kept sternly but not unkindly by a gigantic dragoon serjeant; and now, fluttering, flushing, round-checked Miss Glorvina, you may get ready.

For a "sham," and a thing that we are taught is Brummagem, the matériel for a "sermon" is very complete. Peeping into this Throne-room, which is all a-b blaze with gold, with a coved ceiling, which has rich amber hangings and furniture to match, and which recalls a state-room in the palace of St. Cloud, we can see a throne with a handsome canopy, and for a matter of spectacle, a very glittering pageant indeed. In front of the throne the Viceroy himself, who may be assumed to be that genial, gracious, pastime-loving and Irish-loving nobleman, the late Earl of Carlisle, whose strangely heavy white

hair, rosy full face, and gartered knee make a picture that will be long recollected. On each side, in a semicircle, are his "staff," the dozen or so of "aides," the "master of the horse," "comptroller," "chamberlain," "gentlemen at large," "state stewards," "private secretaries," "physicians to the household," "surgeons to the household," make up a respectable and showy gathering. But opposite them, thus making a sort of semicircular lane, is a yet more effective crowd, the dignitaries and persons of quality of "the Court," who have been privileged with what is called the "private entrée." Here we have archbishops and primates, and lord chancellors and lords justices, chief justices, lord mayors, deans, chaplains, heralds in gorgeous tabards, knights of St. Patrick, commanders of forces, privy councillors in profusion, earls, marquises, barons, and all the "ladies" of these illustrious persons. When we think that every one looks their best and wears their best, and that every family diamond is put on to the best advantage, the whole must be a rather dazzling sight. But for them the whole spectacle must be a show of great interest and amusement. For here, now, the pages are letting down the agitated little Glorvina's train, and the dreadful moment is at hand. Her stately mamma, well accustomed to such a process, has stalked on majestically, undismayed if a whole regiment were drawn up there. Already the officials have got the little girl's card, and are passing it on from hand to hand, and the last has chanted it aloud: "MISS GLORVINA SARGFIELD!" with the addition, "TO BE PRESENTED!" which, translated into English, means a vice-regal privilege consecrated by immemorial usage. The deputy king has his tenths, as it were, strictly levied on every first presentation. The charming little Glorvina—a Connemara rosebud—now making her curtsy (practised again and again in Merriou-square for many nights, and last night with papa standing up as viceroy on the rug, and the brothers doing the "staff"), is drawn over, and the osculatory tribute exacted in a half paternal fashion. Sometimes the confusion and maiden modesty are so intense, that Cæsar can only obtain his tribute by a sort of game of hide and seek. But when a new Viceroy arrives, everybody is presented, and the saluting of some six hundred Irish ladies, however agreeable an occupation for a preux chevalier, is not without its alloy, for the process becomes wholesale and indiscriminating, and in the long female procession the most courageous might be occasionally appalled.

This ordeal passed through, Miss Glorvina's train is carefully gathered up and restored to her, and she emerges into the long room or gallery, where there is the crowd who have successfully passed through. One of the most entertaining things in the world is to stand at this door and study the play of human female expression as each emerge—the satisfaction, shyness, and complacency, which all struggle in the one face. This room is a fine picture, and has its own interest besides its architectural

merits, for it is hung around with the lords-lieutenant of nearly two hundred years back—the Buckinghams, Westmorelands, Dorsets, Townshends, and nearly every noble family in England. The series has been carefully and almost religiously kept up; and people fond of prophecy discovered an omen in the fact, that after Lord Carlisle's picture there would be room for no more. But both prophecy and judgment failed together—another lord-lieutenant came, and another more observing eye found room for a new picture.

A study of these portraits is full of profit, and in these faces we might almost read the story of the government of the country. For here are clever, and weak, and cunning faces; open, jovial, and unsuspecting countenances; the reckless Townshend, the free debauched Rutland, the diplomatic Clarendon, the good-natured Eglington, and the genial Carlisle.

Next we troop into ST. PATRICK'S HALL—the grand ball-room—with the painted ceiling and the galleries, where the musicians play, and the mirrors and the scarlet tiers of seats. Here, too, is a dais, and another throne. And down this room, when the drawing-room is done, and the thousand or so of ladies, gentle and simple, have passed by, there is "THE PROCESSION," and vice King and vice Queen march solemnly and stately down to the drumming and trumpeting of music in the gallery. By one o'clock all have departed; and in the next morning's papers we have the "correct list" in due order of precedence, and, more pleasant reading still, a minute account of the jewels, dresses, laces, lappets, "bouillons," "buffons," and the rest.

Almost next day set in the dinners and balls. Country-paterfamilias with his wife and daughters—a staunch supporter of government—is bidden. The late Lord Carlisle dispensed an almost sumptuous hospitality. Those weekly "banquets" as they were called, where a hundred guests were entertained in the large St. Patrick's Hall as elegantly and as perfectly as if it were a dinner of twelve, will not be soon forgotten. This amiable nobleman delighted in having "his friends about him." He loved everything that the Irish would call "sport," and was never wanting where "sport" called for him. It was worth seeing this Viceroy at the curious ceremony on St. Patrick's-day, when the guards were relieved at the Castle, and the bands played Irish airs, and the Viceroy appeared on his balcony literally loaded with shamrocks. A mass of the great unwashed below, crowded densely, listening to their national airs; and when some stirring jig struck up, the charm became irresistible, a number of rings were instinctively formed, and then was Pat and Andy "footing it," regardless of all proprieties. Police rushed up to avert the profanation; but the good-natured Viceroy was seen protesting as furiously from his balcony, and the odd morning entertainment proceeded. As the fun waxed furious the contagion spread, more circles broke out, and presently the great yard was a mass of human beings dancing like dervishes.

Of this St. Patrick's night was always, too, a special feature—a great ball in court dresses: The routine was always strictly the same. It was a sight to see. As the clock struck ten, the two lines of dancers formed, the court suits and swords making it look like a ball of the last century, and then at the signal the music in the gallery struck up "ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING!" and a fierce country dance set in. The king's heart was in that measure, and it was delightful to see with what unwearied vigour he pursued the fatiguing course, "turning" every one conscientiously until he reached the end. A "Castle ball" is always "voted" capital, and indeed about one floats a memory of a floor vast and smooth as ice, good dancing, brilliant lights, and the charming music of a Vienna waltz. But there are other delights of which this festive hall is the scene. Periodically a knight of St. Patrick is made, and the result is a "show" of no mean brilliancy—collars, mantles, heralds gorgeous in the knave of diamonds tabard, with that best and most efficient of all heralds, "Ulster"—better known to us as Sir Bernard—uniforms again, chancellors and prelates of the order, flitting to and fro, and crossing each other like the strands of a parti-coloured cord. This, too, is succeeded by the "banquet," than which, in Ireland as in England, nothing can so worthily "crown the work." Here, too, when the late earl was "king," were pleasant concerts, choruses of pretty ladies, and solos, for our late sovereign was an amateur, and loved a charming and brilliant voice just as much as he admired a charming and pretty face. Nothing was more delicate than the half-gallant, half-fatherly encouragement he had for all the belles of his court, and they were many; so, too, with the interest and pride he felt in their success, and their marriages were nearly always celebrated with a handsome present, and honoured with his own presence. But among other shows and festivities, bound up in a manner with "Castle life," is one which has a special charm. Long before the feeble halting society called the "London Royal Academy of Music" had come into wheezy life, there existed in Dublin, fully a hundred and twenty years ago, a society of the same class—the Irish Academy of Music, which has always a kind of fashionable patronage. Roman visitors will recollect the charming "Societa Filharmonica" and their delightful concerts, the feature of which was the rows of the fairest Roman ladies of the first quality and beauty, a princess or two even, sitting charmingly dressed, and giving an opera of Donizetti's. These refined and tuneful "ladies" will not soon be forgotten. It was truly an amateur performance, and was as pretty to look at as to listen to. Now in the Irish capital—and this may be quoted as an instance of kindred in Celtic nations—precisely the same thing may be seen, and at two concerts of this Irish Academy are there tiers and rows of rank and beauty—ladies who have been dancing the night before at Lady Mary Kilshandra's, in Merrion-square—

are to be seen seated side by side, and with a strange indifference to the purposes of social meetings, consent to a sort of enforced and cloistered segregation. But, to produce due musical effect, tenors must sit with tenors, and soprani with soprani. On one side the wreaths and ribbons are one colour, on the other side they are different. Here the "amateur" may see violet eyes and oval faces in plenty. Then for the performance. In this way have been "recited" nearly every opera of note—*Marta*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, &c., with no lack of prima donnas or tenors. These are the most pleasing entertainments that can be conceived.

Indeed, the rage for music is quite a Dublin feature. The excitement is great, and at private houses the "concert" is going on all the year. Sometimes we see, about five o'clock, a street blocked with carriages, and from open windows have the music of the Italian quartet borne to us, and know that this is a musical "tea" going on. But the gala-time for the lower classes, for the shilling gallery and pit, is when the opera sets in (and we have nearly two months' opera every year), and then Santley and Titians reign, and are borne on the wings of a tumultuous but discriminating applause. Not often do we find, as the writer has seen, the great finale in the third act of *Ernani* encored by an "unwashed" audience; nor is it only in Italy that singers have "ovations." Who will forget the Piccolomini furor, and the birds and wreaths lowered down to the stage, the speeching of that piquant little lady at one o'clock in the morning from her hotel window to a crowd of a thousand persons, the dragging home of her carriage every night? Or, as was the case with *Grisi* on her farewell, the torch-light procession? These things take us a little out of the world of prose and conventional buckram.

The theatre, too, like music, is a special Irish taste. Amateur acting is in great favour. The "soldiers" have their season of five nights every year, taking the theatre, which is barely smaller than Drury Lane. It is built on the principle that the audience are to be "shown off" to the best advantage as well as the actors, the whole "dress circle" being a sort of balcony; and when the company are crowded close, and the house full from floor to ceiling, the effect is very gay indeed. And on these "command nights" the vice-regal box blazed with mirrors, and chandeliers, and hangings, and was filled with a staff, and soldiers mounted guard on the stairs and lobbies, and the manager, according to old custom, was seen in a court suit, and with a pair of wax-lights, walking backwards and showing the Viceroy to his box. So important an officer is he looked upon, that the Theatre Royal manager may present himself "at Court." As we look back through that old reign, very many of those pleasant theatrical nights present themselves, that white head—always conspicuous—that genial heart, ready to welcome and encourage all these pastimes. Now there was a

tragedy, now a comedy; now there was a comedy of French manners skilfully adapted from the French, as skilfully acted and set off with new music, new dresses, and new scenery. The result was a gradual training of a corps of amateur actors, who were fast becoming a pleasant feature in the place, when there came that strange and gradual sinking, and the final break-down. These were the nightly joys.

But when the summer evenings set in, there were other entertainments of an *al fresco* sort to amuse this pleasure-loving society, and files of carriages were seen trailing through the pleasant avenues of the Park making for the charming gardens of "the Lodge"—the Viceroy's country house—where were the dairymaids, and the cows, and the syllabub, fresh as new milk could make it, and the music playing, and the quadrilles of little children on the bowling-green—perhaps the most amusing feature of the whole. More pleasant still were the cricket meetings, there being a vice-regal club, for he delighted, not in the play itself, but in looking on and following it, and marking. Hither came every English club of note, specially I Zingari, with their gipsy colours, who were made welcome and "put up" vice-royally in the cheerful apartments of "the Lodge" while the days of play lasted. In honour of these guests, the ball and the concert were set on foot, and many of I Zingari remember pleasantly those cheerful old cricket festivals.

Yet with all this junketing, and fiddling, and high jinks night and day, this feasting and making merry, the city is not in a morally healthy condition. The strangest feature is the utter absence of the influence or presence of a middle class—a broad, loud-voiced, strong trading class. For all purposes of power or tone, this body, which should be the bones and muscles of every sound community, is a mere cypher. They make no sign. They are weak and retiring. For them is no round of honest middle-class amusement, the monster halls with the huge oratorios, an honest school of politics, an independent sterling school of politics, which should be sufficient for them. There is nothing of this kind. They fluctuate between those above them and below them. They part for the cheap glories, the Brummagem "fashion" that is over their heads. They spend their lives sighing to be admitted into those choice enclosures, and are at last happy in their old age if they are allowed to look in over the rails, or sit on the wall. Nowhere, it must be confessed, does this upas of false "gentility," this aping at selectness and "fashion," spread its branches so wide and do such mischief as in this pleasant community. In no city are there such sacrifices made to the Juggernaut Fashion, or is that pelican in a frock-coat—the Dublin father—so handsomely drained of his blood by his "fashionable" family. And he opens his veins, it must be said, cheerfully. On every side we can see the "slaving" harrister and the "slaving" doctor sitting up of nights, rising by candlelight, and with infinite pain scrapes together, out of fees ill paid and faithlessly pro-

mised, his thousand a year or so, while mamma and the lovely Eliza are prancing it down the square, or plunging up to Madame Mantalini's, or mapping out their fifth or sixth "steet dinner," or writing "kerds" for the third ball. Madame Mantalini already holds bills of papa's for a very large amount, and presently will be pressing. By-and-by the poor pelican dies a little suddenly, and very awkwardly too, perhaps only the day before the festival to which the commander of the forces had been got to come; and then we have whispers and shrugs, and a wail of sympathy—"Very bad that of poor Dawson Dowdall! I hear not a sixpence for the creditors. Mantalini has his bill for eight hundred."

ATTILA IN LONDON.

"He destroyed, but did not create," was history's verdict upon the crowned ruffian who impiously styled himself "the scourge of God." The money-making Attilas of to-day are destroying small tenements at a rate hitherto without parallel in this country, and create nothing in their place which can be used as dwelling-houses by the labouring poor. In many parts of London these are being literally swept away wholesale, their inmates cast upon the streets, and their sites occupied by edifices which, however well calculated to pay, do not provide either hole or kennel for those who have been compelled to renounce their all that a new company may flourish, a railway be made, or a gigantic thoroughfare be symmetrically formed.

Let us take the neighbourhood of Cow-cross and the adjacent parishes of St. Sepulchre and Clerkenwell as examples. Starting from the Metropolitan Railway station in the Farringdon-road, and diving into the courts and alleys near, we speedily recognise the too familiar horrors. Pigsties, dung-heaps, dogs, children, and costermongers' refuse, jammed together into a heterogeneous and inextricably confused mass, fringe all the squalid homes to the right and left of the narrow courts branching off the roadway. Standing with your back to the entrance of any one of these courts, you look far away across the line of railway over a vast and desolate waste. Continue your researches and pass up the streets behind you towards Smithfield, and you come upon a dreary desert, in which wooden boardings alone show the explorer where streets once were. The parish of St. Sepulchre has been so devastated and laid bare that its local charities are lying fallow for want of poor householders to claim their benefits. Forty poor parishioners are entitled to a small sum per year by the will of a benevolent citizen, and in a district which a few years ago held thousands of poor, forty are not to be found who are eligible for the charity. "Can you keep me on the list, sir, now that I'm forced to live out of the parish?" is necessarily answered in the negative; for it is held that the will of the founder must be read literally, so the funds accumulate

and the people starve. "Applying to Chancery to know what we ought to do with it," is the ultimate intention of the parochial authorities; but meanwhile the money lies idle, and those who by every law of humanity and common sense are entitled to it, wend their weary way to other parishes, to become burdens upon other rates. Either this, or they die. It is impossible to gain definite information concerning the bulk of those ejected by a great company's lust for conquest. The occupation of a lifetime, the petty little business which seems so insignificant to those accustomed to deal with large sums, but which rears, and clothes, and feeds a family, are sacrificed without compunction, almost without complaint. Wonderful improvements going on everywhere, is the complacent cry as we save five minutes in a cab-ride, or are carried smoothly underground from one suburb to another. Yet many of these improvements have occasioned as much misery as a war, have brought sorrow to as many families as a pestilence, and have made the necessities of life as unattainable as in a famine. In vain do you attempt to trace the process by which the hundreds and thousands of dispossessed tenants find new shelter. "They get on somehow"; at all events, they can't come to us, because they're no longer in our parish. Bless you, this sort o' thing soon finds its level in this country," is a fair sample of the answers received to a question we have put to different authorities in various parts of the metropolis. If you ask the speaker if he knows of any houses being built in the vicinity of the size and rental of those pulled down, the answer is invariably No. Turn which way you will, the story is the same. Large tracts of occupied land bought, families turned out, and warehouses or stately mansions rising up.

Let us visit the roof of this busy-looking house in the St. Pancras-road, and look down, Asmodeus-like, on the scene below. Standing quietly on its lift, we sail upwards in a jerky and semi-dislocated fashion until we reach the upper story of the great printing-works we are in. Each floor we pass through has its own characteristics, which are scarcely mastered before the floor itself disappears like a dissolving view, and the machinery and men and boys at work on it give way to another and equally busy set. They are nearly all skilled workmen, earning good wages; and as I clutch their master round the waist for safety, I ask him their way of life and place of abode. My guide and mentor waits until we reach the top floor, and taking me to the roof, silently motions me to look down. "That heap of rubbish is where my best feller's little house stood three months ago; yonder pile of old bricks is all that's left of the homes of the three compositors you asked about below; and where the old timbers stretch across the road is the spot where several of my other workmen lodged. They've found other places now, but it's very inconvenient at times, and has put them to a good deal of expense. Besides, they're all people who are in regular

work. There are hundreds and hundreds of others who've been simply ruined by what you see." A more complete picture of devastation could not be imagined. Looking down from our vantage-point on the roof, we trace the progress of destruction as it is being carried on, and we see its ravages on every side. Whole streets of small tenements have disappeared as utterly as Aladdin's palace or Jonah's gourd. Acre upon acre out of the heart of a densely-populated district has been laid bare. Huge stacks of old bricks, piebald with the mortar sticking to them; heaps of discoloured time-worn wood-work, such as staircases, wainscots, floorings, and heavy beams; masses of plaster, with rafters and laths sticking up at odd angles, as if belonging to a dishevelled and dusty giant porcupine; ragged ugly walls with patches of garish-coloured paper, to mark where rooms once were; front sections of houses only half pulled down, and with their broken windows and crumbling faces looking like very ill-used stage flats; a barren wilderness of nondescript rubbish, hedged in by artificial ruins; and vast tracts on which sturdy labourers are at work with pickaxe and shovel, make up the prospect before us. Leaning over the narrow parapet, I see the same picture duplicated to right and left. Everywhere roofless ghastly ruins, only varied by vast Saharas of brickdust, old building materials, and a repetition of the shapeless heaps of rubbish! Here or there, a tree or shrub may be seen mournfully asserting its vitality, and looking amid the uniform waste like a landmark in flooded fields. A lean and hungry dog, picking its way among the broken stones and artificial mounds, as if vainly seeking its old kennel; some shattered dovescots, with a drouthy and inquisitive-looking pigeon perched upon them; a few traces of broken plates and crockery; a rusty spoon or two, and a brown old shoe; are the only waifs and strays which speak of the thousands of men, women, and children who were dwelling here a few months ago. Pompeii and Herculaneum are redolent of living human interest when compared with the ugly blank below. In the lava-covered cities, symbols of the busy pleasure-loving life of nearly two thousand years ago arrest you at every corner. Here, with the late inhabitants still alive and working, every vestige of their existence has been swept away. Some have received compensation, some have not, and I converse with representative men of each class before I leave the printing-works.

"I was thirteen years a small householder over the way, sir; a yearly tenant, and let part of my house off. I had a nice little place enough, and kept four rooms for myself and my family. When it was arranged that the company was to take all, an auctioneer and valuer called on me, and offered to make everything straight, and to get me good compensation, free of expense. I can't say I was treated exactly badly. They gave me a small sum o' money down; but then look at what I have had to do with it, and how differently I have to live.

Why, I can't get a house. There ain't such a thing to let, suitable to a man of my means, unless I went miles and miles away from my work. No, sir, I should *not* like to live out o' town. I like the country as well as any man, and on a Sunday, or if one takes a holiday, theyre ain't a better way of spendin' it, to my mind, than taking your railway ticket, and getting right away from the dust and smoke. But it ain't in nature to want to travel miles every day, when your work begins at six in the morning; and, as Mr. Temple here will tell you, masters ain't over-fond of having their men live away. So I've had to take apartments, and me and my wife and the four children are crammed into two rooms, and pay more for them than we kept four for, when I'd a place of my own. My father lived a few doors from me, and had bin in the same house three-and-twenty years, a yearly tenant. He's had to take apartments too, and we've both to go three miles and a half every night and morning to and from our work. No, sir, I can't tell you where the poor people who'd only one room have got to. Cram in wherever they can, that's the fact of it; and nobody knows but themselves the trouble and worry they've had to get shelter at all. Many of 'em, as I've heard, were taken into the workhouse; and the model lodging-house up the road had so many more hundred applications than they could find room for, that none of us thought of applying there."

Mr. Temple confirms everything advanced by his workman, supplementing it by a wish that all the people in his employ could live on the premises, or at most not further off than next door.

"I was only a monthly tenant, so I didn't get a penny of compensation," said a stout fresh-coloured man, "though I'd lived in the same place for the last six years, and I've had to take one bit of a room for the price I paid for three good ones, besides having to walk all that way home night and morning. No, sir, I didn't apply at any of the homes or model lodging-houses. One thing was, I knew they were all full; and then, to tell the truth, I don't much fancy that sort of place myself."

On my expressing surprise at what I thought an error of judgment, and touching lightly upon the advantages offered by the model dwellings I had seen, he said:

"Oh, they're uncommon nice when you're once in 'em, nobody can deny that; it's the bein' seen goin' in and out of one of those barrack sort o' places that I don't like, let alone not bein' able to find one unoccupied. As it is, I have to put up with a nasty little place you couldn't swing a cat in, and all because a blessed railway company takes it into its head to want the house I'm livin' comfortable in. Talk o' reform bills! The sort o' reform bill I'd like would be one to prevent big companies having it all their own way, and to let us keep ourselves to ourselves without bother or interference."

Most of the men I talked to, held similar

views, and none of them could tell me whither their poorer neighbours had fled. "They get in where they can," was the uniform answer, and there can be no doubt that the immediate result of such raids as I describe is an increase in overcrowding and its attendant evils, which is a bitter mockery upon philanthropic effort and sanitary knowledge. But some of my friends say, given defective drainage, an inadequate water-supply, no ventilation to speak of, rotting houses, and cramped rooms, and what so plausible as a proposition for rasing them to the ground? Away with them, by all means. Let us have, in their place, wholesome dwellings, wide streets, and a thorough observance of the laws of decency and health. But, in the mean time, let us be just. The horde of workers who were born with these surroundings, and who are, perhaps, in their way, as useful citizens as either you or I, have a claim to consideration. They have, at least, a right to live; and before we give power to a company to destroy their houses, we should be satisfied that adequate compensation will be made. "Bad plan coddling people, or interfering with the natural laws of supply and demand," says my friend Calceum. "Would you interfere with the rights of property, or interfere with public enterprise?" echoes Stasis, horrified. "A nuisance to us, and a nuisance to themselves, and they're a class o' people with which I've no sympathy; a good riddance out o' this parish," says that eminent guardian of the poor, Mr. Beadel. Granted, gentlemen—granted. You have each a modicum of truth on your side, and if we could only recast human nature on your own private models, and create a world on sound utilitarian principles, it would doubtless be brighter, wiser, and better, than anything we can hope for from the imperfect materials at our hand. The difficulty is, that we have to deal with facts and people as they are, not as you, in your wisdom, think they ought to be; and as long as this is so, we must look for murmuring and dissatisfaction when natural interests are disregarded or trampled on, and the livelihood of thousands thrown away. What cares Stubbs, the costermonger, that London is to be beautified or its commerce extended, if he be turned out of his room and refused permission to sell his goods? Tell him that he shall have cheap fares and a model village to retire to, night and morning, and he'll laugh in your face. This, the favourite panacea of some philanthropists, is so singularly unsound in principle as to call for a special word of reprobation. A colony of small houses, with happy and virtuous workmen coming into London each morning by train, and going peacefully home when labour is over at night—a model community, all trim, and bright, and regular, where discipline shall be perfect, and vice known only to be shunned—such is the dream of many a well-intentioned and benevolent gentleman. The wretchedness of the hovels into which families are packed to slowly die is a plea for their summary removal—

sleeping in pure country air is beneficial and health-inspiring, space is increasingly valuable for building purposes—these are the undeniable truisms which are woven together to compel people to be happy in a different fashion to the one they choose for themselves. But, as we have seen, both workman and employer of labour often decline to listen to the voice of the charmer. The one maintains that he wants to live near his work, and the other admits that, where skill is equal, preference would always be given to the man residing on the spot. Some, indeed, take a much sterner view. My red-faced friend Mr. Typer, of Clerkenwell, for instance, who is a warden of his City company, and has a fine dash of absolutism in his character, vows he'd turn a man off who couldn't stay over-hours on emergency. "A pretty thing, indeed," said that eminent convivialist, turning to me fiercely as if I were a railway company, "with yer mornin' trains and yer evenin' trains, and yer seasin tickets, and yer fal-fals, but how am I to carry on my business, with jobs comin' in on a sudden which must be finished in a hurry, and the hands spread about Lord knows where?" Nor were Mr. Typer's men backward in supporting the view of that master-mind, and in corroborating what I had heard at King's-cross. "You see, sir," said an open-faced grey-haired man of fifty, "I've worked here, man and boy, for thirty-five years, and I lived in the parish the whole of that time. It wouldn't be natural to me to go out o' town, unless it were a holiday, like, and I've just to put up with one room in Pig-court, where I'd formerly two for the same rent." This is the flagrant evil. The accommodation has deteriorated and is deteriorating frightfully, while its cost increases in an inverse ratio. Moreover, as long as such opinions as I have quoted prevail, we have no more right to insist that those holding them shall live in the country than to decree how they shall dress their children or cut their hair. The difficulty is not to be bolted as if it were a sugar-plum, and it behoves us all to see whether the law be not sufficiently comprehensive to prevent the bitter hardships complained of.

We now pass from King's-cross and Clerkenwell to stately Kensington.

From one end of it to the other there is not a house to let which is suitable for a working man. No small houses have been built in Kensington for many years, and rents have increased so materially, that for two small rooms, which were formerly let for four shillings a week, five shillings and sixpence is now paid. Yet in one portion of Kensington alone, two hundred and sixty families have notice to quit, and will be turned out in some four months from now. The Kensington Improvement Bill has marked eighty houses for demolition, nearly the whole of which are occupied by tenants to whom a week's notice to quit is held to be sufficient. The householders have six months' notice, and this was given in March last. Among the latter class the cases of individual hardship are both numerous and heavy. Take that small grocery

shop at the corner of Old-street, and hear its proprietor's sad little story—a story, let me add, which I have verified on unimpeachable testimony. He is a working carpenter, whose wife attends to the shop while he goes out by the day. After many years of patient industry and undeviating good conduct, he has won so many friends and customers, that his labour is in full request, and his time rarely unoccupied. The mandate which bids him turn out of his house is the signal of his ruin, for he has tried in vain, during the two months which have elapsed since he received it, to find either house or rooms within miles of his present one. No one, he insists, will think of sending to Fulham or Chelsea for a workman to do odd jobs; the connexion it has taken years to acquire will pass at once into other hands, and he and the family he has been supporting in modest comfort, and educating reputably, become absorbed in a strange district, where he must begin the world anew. Tell this man of the comfortable cottages building in Potter's-fields Swamp Town, and of the facilities offered by the railway companies, and he replies, with mournful truth, that the essence of his business and the secret of his popularity and success is, that he has been always within call when wanted, and that the gentry could send for him speedily, and without trouble to themselves.

The owner of the boot and shoe shop next door is in worse plight still. He has lived in the same house and has been a ratepayer for forty years, during which time he has lived on the profits of his little business. Old and sorely afflicted with disease, he has looked in vain for another shop suitable to his trade; and can only envy the luck or foresight of his next-door neighbour, the draper, who had a long lease of his premises, and who has consequently received enough compensation to enable him to move into the country, where he will recommence life under less terrible disadvantages than the rest. Would you learn the ramifications of disaster springing from the same cause? The owner of that substantial-looking cheesemonger's shop will tell you that his trade has been a ready-money one, and that the removal of the people you have been sympathising with will reduce his receipts by at least twenty pounds a week, and convert profit into loss. You will learn, too, that when Kensington Gore was pulled down six years ago, the poor families turned out, overflowed into Hammersmith and Chelsea, that rents have risen, and general misery has ensued. Even at the latter places, again, the struggle for house-room is so fierce that industry has scarcely a chance of success. I have before me well-authenticated cases, in which hard-working widows have been influentially supported by those able and willing to give them work, but who, after vainly appealing for advice to the parochial authorities to whom they have paid rates for years, have subsided into hopeless pauperism, literally through want of a room in which they might perform their labour, or a shop from which to vend their goods. Surely these are social grievances which demand redress

as urgently as any political disability of them all. If the law does not meet such cases as are quoted, then the law must be amended. Mr. Torrens's measure, to which previous reference has been made,* would do much towards making the remedy easy and popular; and it is to be earnestly hoped that it may become law without its essential principle being tampered with. But, beyond this, some association is needed which shall enforce the rights of those to whom a powerful railway company, or a comprehensive scheme of improvement, lays siege.

A dozen years ago, when the present Emperor of the French decided on hastening the remodelling of Paris, the same difficulties arose as we are contemplating now. But no quibble as to the weekly or monthly tenancy of the ejected was allowed to interfere with justice. The municipality offered a price and the occupier asked one, and when the views of buyer and vendor could not be made to agree, they were referred to an impartial tribunal for adjudication. This finally pronounced, the money was paid, and the recipient not unfrequently provided with one of the temporary huts which were eventually erected by the government, and lent gratuitously to such people as would otherwise have suffered from losing their homes. In this free country we should have deputies, and guardians, and boards, and beadles, uniting in a common cry against State interference if any such comprehensive proposal for protecting the evicted were made. Let us, therefore, bestir ourselves into rousing these respected functionaries to a true sense of their duty. Let us make them understand that hustling their poorer neighbours over the boundary line of a parish or union is not the true aim of local self-government, and that neither railway projector nor improving Attila must have powers given him to destroy without at the same time being compelled to create. Speedy transit, wide streets, and lofty houses are all boons in their way, but they are dearly purchased when they bring misery and hardship to thousands, make a fair reward for honest labour unattainable, and vastly augment both pauperism and disease.

COCKPIT ROYAL.

"Six days of the week they do nothing, and on Sunday they go to the bull-fight." Such is the awful charge I have heard brought against the inhabitants of Madrid. But something, after all, may be urged in favour of a bull-fight. It is a national, a royal amusement. Ferdinand the Seventh established a School of Tauromachia at Seville. Bull-baiting, too, is one of the oldest of English sports. Something approaching it used to take place in the streets of London every Monday morning, within very recent times, and until, indeed, the cattle market was removed

* See HOME, SWEET HOME, page 308 of the present volume.

from Smithfield to Islington, nay, even since the aforesaid removal, I have occasionally seen much sport got out of a lively young bullock between Farringdon-street and Belle Sauvage-yard—to the imminent peril of Messrs. Sampson Low's shop windows. Perhaps there may be also a trifle to be said in favour of the bull-ring. You will not hear it said by *me*, for I have gone through my course of tauromachia, and hold a corrida do toros to be the most brutal, cruel, and demoralising spectacle to be seen on this lower earth, after the King of Dahomey's "great custom." Still there are people who like it.

So much for Bos; but who dares to defend cock-fighting? No one, I should hope. It is undeniably cruel, and as undeniably demoralising, for it leads, in England at least, to gambling and to the undue consumption of alcoholic liquors. Again, a cock-fight not unfrequently ends in a man-fight. That the heinous turpitude of the thing is deeply impressed on the English mind is obvious from the proverbial expression employed to denote anything unusually and superlatively profligate and audacious—that "it beats cock-fighting." Very properly, this barbarous sport has been put under the special ban of the English law. It is reached by the provisions of the act for the prevention of cruelty to animals, commonly known as Dick Martin's. Lawyers, cunning of fence, have sometimes striven to show, in appeal cases, that the cock is not a domestic animal; but the judges all ranged in Westminster Hall—a terrible show—have decided that chauticleer is as much an animal as a donkey; and more than one amateur of the cockpit royal has expiated his fondness for the gallinaceous tournament in county jails. There was that noble young marquis, for instance, who indulged in the luxury of a private cock-fight in his own grounds on a Sunday morning. Soon did Nemesis, in the shape of a Society's constable, overtake that sporting peer. There was a terrible scandal. It is true that the marquis was not sent to the treadmill; but the case against him was proved, and his lordship, if I remember aright, was fined. That, at least, was something. "I dwell the more particularly on this case, as, the moment I found cock-fighting and Sunday morning associated in the phrase I had peened, my ears began to tingle, and my cheek to blush with remorseful shame. Ah! I should be the last wretch in the world to moralise on the wickedness of cock-fighting, for, scarcely eleven months ago, I deliberately attended a cock-fight. It was on a Sunday morning, too. I may as well make a clean breast of it, and allow the whole sad truth to be known. I was born to be a "frightful example" to the more virtuously disposed of my species; and I have little doubt that all the misfortunes I have since undergone, or which I may be doomed to undergo, spring directly from, or will spring from, that cock-fight. The only thing I can plead in extenuation is, that the fight I attended did not take place within

the London bills of mortality, or within the sound of English church bells. The deed was done on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and on the coast of Africa.

I was at Algiers. I had just been reading in the English papers how a whole bevy of noblemen and gentlemen, disguised under the most plebeian aliases, had been arrested at a sporting public-house—Jemmy Somebody's—in London, and marched ignominiously through the public street to the police-court, where they were each fined five pounds, all for cock-fighting. The case against them was clear. The plumed bipeds, the metal spurs, the weights and scales, the pit itself, had all been found, and duly produced in court by inexorable inspectors. It was shown that a great deal of money had been laid on the combat. "Serve them right," quoth a stern gentleman to whom I read the report of the case. "I'd have sent every man Jack of them to prison for six months, with hard labour." This downright opinion was necessarily provocative of argument. Another gentleman present, a mild and genial person, remarked that he really did not see much harm in cock-fighting. The birds, he added, evidently liked fighting; and so long as the natural spurs only were used. But the stern gentleman wouldn't hear anything in palliation of that which he termed an abominable and degrading exhibition of cruelty and ruffianism. It had now grown to be about twelve at noon, and it so fell out that Abdallah, the guide attached to the hotel, sent to ask, with his duty, what amusement the gentlemen would like to have provided for them that present Sunday, adding that a capital cock-fight was to come off at two o'clock precisely at the Café de l'Ancienne Kiosque, on the road to Moustafa Supérieur. We had been arguing so long on the pros and cons of cock-fighting, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, that Abdallah's proposition came upon us like the refreshing spray from a hydropunt on a dusty day. The Gordian knot was severed. The stern gentleman, and the mild gentleman, and your humble servant, were unanimous that the best thing to be done was to proceed to the scene of action and compare notes on what we saw. So we hired a carriage and went off to the Café de l'Ancienne Kiosque. I beg to repeat that all this took place in Africa. In England we should not have dreamed of doing such a thing; nor, dreaming, should we have dared.

But it *was* Sunday. Long years have passed since, in pages, brothers to those in which I now write, I was permitted to discourse on the aspect of Sunday in London, and on the different Sabbaths which men, in their pride, or their strict conscientiousness, or their sheer indifference, had made to themselves. I have spent five hundred Sundays in twenty different lands since I first took pen in hand and told how I had heard "Sunday bands" playing in the Parks, and seen English mechanics enjoying their "Sunday out" in suburban tea-gardens. And am I, or are you, or is our patron Punic

Society any nearer, now, the solution of the vexed question of how Sundays should best be spent, and which of our human Sabbaths is most acceptable to the Divine Ordainer of all things? That the seventh day, or the first day—for we are scarcely agreed as to whether it is properly number one or number seven—should not be spent in cock-fighting seems clear enough; but remember, again, that what I am telling of took place in Africa, in a country governed by a Roman Catholic power, numbering among its subjects Turks, Jews, heretics, fire-worshippers, and Pagan negroes. Man was made for the Sabbath, they tell you, grimly scowling, north of the Tweed. The Sabbath was made for man, they hold in latitudinarian France, and even in Lutheran Germany. But how is a government to impose a Sabbath upon so many races of men, and of so many ways of thinking? Religious politics run as high in Algeria as elsewhere. The Mahomedan Arabs call the Christians, dogs. The orthodox Turks are continually expressing a desire to defile the graves of the fathers and mothers of the heterodox Moors, and both concur in hating the schismatical Kabyles. The negroes are mere idolaters and Obcahmens. Turks, Moors, and negroes concur in loathing and despising the Jews. The Gallicans in Algiers hint that the catholicism of the Spaniards who colonise Oran is tinged with strange heresies and excessive Mariolatry; and the Maltese sailors resolutely refuse to pray to the saints in the French calendar. The resident British community import tracts, try a little proselytism without any apparent results, squabble among themselves, and make no secret of their convictions that their neighbours are going to Jehanum. As for the Jews, they look upon Moslem and Nazarene alike, with the feelings, harboured from time immemorial, but harboured in an occult manner. And yet, amidst this confusion of mosques, cathedrals, chapels, synagogues, and Mumbojumbo houses, Trappish convents, and marabout koubbas, nobody in Algiers, extraordinary to relate, thinks of quarrelling or fighting about Sunday. Everybody enjoys his Sabbath as seemeth him best.

To what causes must the absence of dispute as to the observance of the Algerine Sabbath be ascribed? To the warmth of the climate? To the indolence or placability of the people? To the tolerance of the clergy? Scarcely, I conjecture. Hot as is the climate, and lazy the people, there is enough activity and energy about, to make Sunday the noisiest day in the week. The clergy are just as intolerant as the authorities will permit them to be, and the priests of one sect, not being allowed to burn or plunder those of another, take it out in preaching against and cursing them. The real reason is, that a casting vote in all matters, secular or ecclesiastical, is given by the dominant power—by the eminently tolerant, unprejudiced, and unbelieving French government. I hope I am not libelling that government by hinting that, theologically, it is a little more than

sceptical. Sunday is a day when everybody is allowed, and, indeed, expected, to make merry; and the Gaul, being at bottom a light-hearted and mercurial soul, he sees nothing very wrong in the social organisation of a colony in which there are three Sabbaths instead of one.

I will not say that I pursued precisely this train of thought as the carriage bore us along the very dusty road leading to the Café de l'Ancienne Kiosque, and ultimately to Moustafa Supérieur; but the roadside was fertile in materials on which future reflections might be founded. It was Sunday out on the most extensive scale, and with the oddest combination of Oriental and European characteristics. Group after group of French soldiers, looking like coveys of red-legged partridges, were scattered along the broad highway, and in the keen zest in which they were evidently enjoying their Sunday offered a very marked contrast to the English warriors whom you meet listlessly wandering about the streets of provincial towns, and whose mental condition never seems to me to extend beyond these stages: first, that of despair at not having money enough to get drunk; second, that of having it, and being drunk; third, that of having got sober and wanting to get drunk again. The third stage is analogous to, but not identical with, the first. The British private, who has tasted the sweets of the beer-shop, is in a position more fully to appreciate the poetical reminder that the sorrow's crown of sorrow is in the remembrance of happiness. Ah! if under some blessed fiscal dispensation the English soldier could only be supplied with cigars three for a penny! He would still visit the canteen, I suppose; but I would lay any odds that he would not get tipsy half so often, that he would not be half so brutal, so stupid, or so disorderly, and that he would not find time hang with such awful ponderosity on his hands. Cigars three a penny! My panacea is a cheap one. I have but one addition to suggest; a theatre for twopence, in lieu of the filthy public-house and the blackguard music-hall. With cheap cigars and cheap theatrical amusements you would soon find a sensible diminution in your numbers of court-martial, in the inmates of your barrack cells, and the number of your punishment drills, your extra guards, your stoppages, and your bloody stripes laid on the backs of poor brave fellows who get into trouble because they do not know what to do with themselves. Cigars three a penny, I say, and Box and Cox for twopence, in preference to the "Memoirs of Lieutenant Melchisedec Bethel," that sainted subaltern of foot, or the "Beatified Baggage-wagon Woman," price thirteen shillings per thousand for distribution.

Cigars three a penny were very common in the mouths of the French warriors on the road to Moustafa Supérieur. Scarcely a private but had his cheap roll of tobacco; nor did his officers seem to be too proud to smoke cigars at the same price. Tobacconists will sell you so-called Londres and Regalias at as high a price as ever you

are foolishly willing to give; but the prices are essentially "fancy" ones, and the cigars themselves but the sweepings of the French Régie.

Given a fine Sunday afternoon, and several hundreds of military men swaggering or strolling along in the direction of a café where a cock-fight is about to take place; the odds in England, I opine, would be laid on all those military men being intent on witnessing the cock-fight in question. Did your betting lay that way in Algeria, however, you would lose. Every nationality here has its special and exclusive Sunday amusement; but cock-fighting is not one to which the French are addicted. "Comment!" they would cry. "Spend two hours in seeing two miserable birds peck one another to pieces: mais c'est une horreur!" The Frenchman's Sunday means a long day of dawdling, of staring at shows and sights, of ogling pretty girls, of sipping moderate and thin potations, and of winding up at billiards or the play. The French officers have an occasional bout at partridge-shooting or pig-sticking, and, at outlying stations, can cultivate perilous laurels, if they choose, in hunting the lion; but ideas of "Le Sport," as it is understood in France, have not yet penetrated to Cæsarean Mauritania. Horse-racing languishes. Many of the Mahomedan gentlemen have magnificent studs of thorough-breds, but they decline to enter their full-blooded Arabs for plates unless the French owners of racehorses can exhibit a faultless pedigree with each of the horses they enter. And a racer must have a very long pedigree to match with one in the studbook of an Arab sheikh. The native gentry, too, are great falconers; but the French scarcely know a hawk from a heronshaw, and usually regard a falcon as a kind of semi-fabulous bird, not often seen out of heraldic scutcheons, and which ladies used to wear on their wrists like bracelets some time in the dark ages. The Arabs understand cock-fighting, and among themselves can enjoy it keenly; but, on the whole, they prefer the contests of quails, and even of pheasants—which are here "game" to the backbone, and desperately pugnacious—to those of cocks. Moreover, they never bet; and to Europeans a cock-fight without money won and lost is as insipid as card-playing for "love." The real amateurs, aficionados as they call themselves, of cock-fighting are the Spaniards, of whom there are some thousands domiciled in Algiers, either as agriculturists, as mechanics, or as shopkeepers. They wear their national costume; speak very little French; scowl at the Arabs as though they were the self-same Moriscos whom they were wont to persecute in Spain; and have their own church and their own priests.

The jewellers' shops in Algiers are full of rudely fashioned representations in silver of human eyes, noses, arms, legs, and ears; and these I used to take at first as being in some-way connected with the Mahomedan superstition of the evil eye; but in reality they are votive offerings, and their chief purchasers are Spaniards, who devoutly hang them up on the

altars of favourite saints, in gratitude for their recovery from deafness, toothache, chilblains, ophthalmia, or otherwise, as the case may be. For the rest, these Algerine Spaniards, usually emigrants from Carthage and Valencia, are peaceable citizens enough, and give the government but little trouble. They are honest, industrious, and eminently temperate—bread, garlic, tobacco, and cold water being their principal articles of diet. They occasionally indulge in stabbing affrays when arrears of ill feeling, arising from bygone cock-fighting and card-playing disputes, are cleared up; but as a rule the use of the knife is strictly confined to the family circle. Pepe has it out with José, and then the thing is hushed up, and the swarthy gentleman who is taken to the hospital with a punctured wound beneath the fifth rib is reported to have accidentally slipped down upon an open knife as he was cutting the rind of a piece of cheese. They don't run mucks, and they seldom stab the gendarmes. They are inveterate gamblers and finished cock-fighters. The Maltese sailors, of whom there are usually a numerous tribe in Algiers, belonging to the speronares in port, are likewise enthusiastic admirers of the gallimaufry; but the Spaniards, to cull a locution from the pit, "fight shy" of the brown islanders. Your Maltese, not to mince matters, is a drunken, quarrelsome dog, fearfully vindictive, as lazy as a clerk in the Powder Puff office, and a great rogue. Rows are rare at Algerian cock-fights; but if ever a difficulty occurs, and the sergents de ville are called in, the Maltese are sure to be at the bottom of it.

Cafés, breweries with gardens attached, and dancing-saloons, are plentiful in the neighbourhood of Algiers. As the road grows crowded and more crowded with soldiers and sailors, with French workmen in blouses, and French farm-labourers in striped nightcaps and sabots; with German artisans with their blonde beards, belted tunics, and meerschaums; with little grisettes and Norman bonnes with their high white caps; with grave, dusky Spaniards in their round jackets, bright sashes, pork-pie hats, clubbed hair and earrings; with Greek and Italian sailors, and fishermen from the Balearic Isles, all mingled pell-mell; with the Jews in their gorgeous habiliments, clean white stockings, snowy turbans, and shiny shoes; with the Jewish women with high conical head-dresses of golden filigree, and long falling veils of lace, and jewelled breastplates, and robes of velvet and rich brocade; with Arabs in white burnouses and flapping slippers, who stalk grimly onward, looking neither to the right nor to the left; with Berbers and Kabyles swathed in the most astonishing wrap-rascals of camel's hair, and goat's hair, and cowskin; with fez-capped, bare-footed, and more than half bare-backed Arab boys, shrieking out scraps of broken French; with Zouaves, so bronzed and so barbaric in appearance as to make one doubt whether they have not turned Mussulmans for good and all; with sellers of fruit, and sherbet, and dates, and sweetstuff, and cigars, and lucifer-matches, you

begin at last to wonder whether the days of the Crusades have not returned, and whether this motley crowd, belonging to all nations, and jabbering all dialects, is not part of the enormous host whilom encamped at Jaffa or Ascalon. Surely the Duke of Bethlehem or the Marquis of Jericho must be somewhere hereabouts. Surely Richard of England must have patched up a truce with the Sultan Saladin, and the camp-followers of the Christian and the Saracen army must be making merry together. No; this is only an ordinary Algerian Sunday. It is the Christian Sunday, remember; but it is worthy of remark that the Hebrews who had their Sabbath yesterday, and the Mahomedans who had theirs the day before, do not evince the slightest disinclination to take an extra holiday on the real or Nazarene one.

The Café de l'Ancienne Kiosque was rather a tumbledown place of entertainment, and might have been easily mistaken for one of the inferior guinguettes outside the barriers, whither, in olden times, ere Paris, both outside and inside its barriers, had grown to be the dearest city in the world, one used to repair to drink petit bleu at eight sous the litre. The different nationalities were enjoying themselves, each after its peculiar fashion, at the Ancienne Kiosque. The burroughed Arabs were gravely squatting on the benches outside, paying a trifle, I suppose, to the proprietor of the café for that privilege; for they brought their own tobacco, and partook of no other refreshment. A noisy group of Frenchmen were wrangling over a pyramid game of billiards—the once green cloth of the table tinted dun grey from long use and many absinthine stains, and grown as full of rents as poor Robin's jerkin. At the side-tables some sailors were drinking drams. Sailors are cosmopolitans in that respect. The Germans had a back yard to themselves, where they were playing ninepins and wallowing in drouthy draughts of bière de Mars. The cockpit was at the extremity of a long garden, originally laid out in the French or sham classical style, but where the indigenous and spiky cactus had long since had it all its own way, carrying things before it literally with a high hand, and driving out the modest plants of Europe with sticks, and staves, and sharp-pointed knives. Next to the horse-armoury at the Tower, a grove of cactus is about the most formidable array of lethal-like weapons I know.

We paid a franc apiece, and were admitted into a square barn-like apartment, the walls whitewashed, and the roof supported by heavy beams. Within this quadrangle had been constructed a theatre, properly so called, consisting of twenty rows of seats, disposed one over the other in circles, and gradually widening in diameter as they ascended. You entered this theatre by means of ladders and trap-doors, of which there might have been half a dozen in the different grades of seats, and I may best explain my meaning by saying that the outside of the structure looked, from the floor of the barn, like a gigantic wooden funnel. The neck of the funnel was the cockpit itself. We climbed up to the highest range of seats, and, getting as

close as we could to the two gendarmes who represented authority, looked curiously around and beneath. There was little fear of disturbance, however. The "roughs" were not present that Sunday morning; indeed, we heard subsequently that it was Saint Somebody's day—a Maltese saint—and that the brown islanders were protracting their devotions at their own church. The Spaniards, who had all doubtless attended mass before eleven A.M., were the chief occupants of the theatre; and into it were crammed, tight as herrings in a barrel, at least two hundred and fifty amateurs. Turn where you would, were visible the swarthy faces, bright black eyes, closely cropped whiskers, upper lips and chins blue from constant shaving, ear-lobes decorated with rings of gold, hair in clubs, in queues, in nets, and in bags, pork-pie or soft felt hats with rosettes, round shaggy jackets, loose neckerchiefs, and curiously worked gaiters or embroidered slippers, so distinctive of the children of sunny Spain. They were all smoking. On such solemn occasions as bull-fights and cock-fights, the cigarettes or paper roll is accounted puerile and jejune, and the genuine weed or puro enjoyed. Such purros as were in a state of combustion here were probably not of the Algerine or three-a-penny species. They were big, black, odorous, and probably smuggled from the Peninsula. The company had obviously taken a good deal of garlic with their morning meal; and, if you will again be pleased to recollect that the month was May, and the country Africa, I need not enter into any details concerning the somewhat powerful aroma which issued from the two hundred and fifty amateurs. But a better behaved, a quieter audience I never saw. It is a pity they had not something worthier than a cock-fight in which to display their good behaviour.

I am so ignorant of the technology of cock-fighting as to be unaware of the precise meaning of a "main;" but we saw five different battles between five brace of birds. They were, for the most part, as game as game could be. One only—it was the third fight—a red long-legged fellow, "El rubio," as he was called in the betting, showed, figuratively speaking, the white feather. He essayed to run away from his adversary, and even to scale the walls of the pit; whereat there were dull murmurs among the auditory, and cries of "Fuera!—fuera el rubio!"—"Out with him!" His owner very speedily put an end to the growing discontent by jumping into the pit, seizing the recreant gladiator, wringing its neck, and stamping upon it. He then handed over a handful of dollars, his loss on the event, to the owner of the opposition bird, and philosophically lighting a fresh puro, regained his seat, and bottled throughout the next fight on a white bird with a grey gorget.

Cockpit Royal! As I gazed on the fierce struggle, I could not but recal the mild Wordsworth's mellifluous description of Chanticleer under pacific circumstance:

Sweetly ferocious round his native walks,
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks;
Spur- clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread,
A crest of purple tips the warrior's head;

Bright sparks his black and rolling eyeball hurls,
 Afar his tail he closes and unfurls.
 On aptoe rear'd, he strains his clarion throat,
 Threaten'd by faintly answering forms remote.
 Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings,
 While, flapped with conscious pride, resound his wings.

Are not the numbers melodious? Is not the description charming? Was there ever a prettier amplification of cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o? But here he was the "monarch" "sweetly ferocious" with a vengeance. I have heard ere now the term "pitted against each other," and I know not what may have been formerly the practice in cock-fighting England; but in this Algerian pit there did not seem to be any need to excite the combatants for the fray. The two owners stepped into the arena, each with his bird in his hand. Solemn declarations were made and written down as to the ages and prior performances of the champions. Weights and scales were then produced, and the birds were duly weighed. The appointed judge subjected them to a minute examination. Their spurs and beaks were then rubbed with a lemon cut in halves; they were put down at opposite corners of the pit; and the owners, bowing to each other, went to their places. Not a cry, not a gesture, was used to excite the birds to the attack. There was a quiet walk round the pit, a few sidelong looks, a careful mutual examination of the opposite party's general build and make-up, then a rush, a rise on the wings, another, another, then it seemed as though a small feather-bed had been suddenly ripped up, and the plumes scattered in all directions. Such a furious clapperclawing, such a tooth and nail exhibition of gameness! But not a crow was heard. Not a cry, not a gasp even of pain. The loudest sound audible was the rustling of feathers. Then the rivals would emerge from the downy cloud, walk round the pit again, and eye and take stock of each other as before. Then would come rush number two, and another rise and another furious clapperclawing. And so on, round after round for perhaps half an hour.

This journal not being Bell's Life in London, I am absolved from chronicling the minutiae of the various rounds. In the first fight, I may remark that one of the birds, a black one, was defeated early. Time was called; he could not come up to it; he consequently lost the fight, and was put out of his misery, but not cruelly, by his owner. The victor expired just as he was being handed over the barrier to his triumphant proprietor. The next duel was between a little grey fiend of a bird and a gaunt white creature of most doleful mien. How handicapping is managed in the Algerian Cock-pit Royal I do not know; but there was evidently a great disparity in bottom and bone between these two. The pluck, however, of the gaunt white creature was indomitable. He grew rather wild after about eighteen minutes' clapperclawing, and staggered rather than walked round the pit, the little grey fiend strutting by his side, and ever and anon whispering in his ear, so it seemed, like an importunate bore, but

in reality finding out fresh tender parts about the unhappy creature's head wherein to prod him with his sharp beak. It was very horrible to see this gaunt white creature gradually turn first a streaky and then a complete crimson, with the blood he lost. It was more horrible when both his eyes were gone, and blind and groggy, but undismayed, he still went reeling about, occasionally closing with his enemy, and clawing him. At last, in the twentieth round, I think, the little grey fiend coolly went up to the luckless white knight, looked in his face as though he were laughing in it, and with one trenchant blow of his beak cut the poor wretch's throat. I am sure, by the blood that spurted out, that the great artery had been severed. The white cock balanced himself for a moment on one leg, then threw back his head, gave one smothered "cluck," and as sharply as a human hand can be turned round from the position of supination to that of pronation, fell over dead, and turned his toes up. So may you have seen, in the shambles, a bullock stricken by the slaughterer's poleaxe. One stupid moment motionless he stands, as though all unconscious that his skull was cleft in twain, and that his brains lay bare. But anon the quicksilver current of dissolution searches every vein, and plumbs every nerve. The giant frame trembles, the legs give way, and the great beast topples over into so much beef.

Can any extenuation for the manifest cruelty of this sport be found in the fact that the birds in Spanish pits wear only their natural horny pedal protuberances or spurs? This, like everything else, is a moot point. The uninitiated generally jump at the conclusion that a fight with steel or silver spurs is much more barbarous than one without. These sharpened glaives, they argue, inflict the most hideous gashes. On the other side, it may be shown that when spurs are used, the fight is over much sooner; and that spurs, besides, give an equality of weapons to the combatants. A bird may be of the same weight and age as his opponent, but much overmatched by him in adroitness and endurance; yet it will often happen that when apparently at the last gasp, the bird who is getting the worst of it may turn the tables by driving his spur into his enemy's brain.

To others I leave the task of drawing a moral from the tale I have told. As I went to the cock-fight, and it was Sunday, I am, so far as moralising is concerned, out of court.

LITTLE PEG O'SHAUGHNESSY.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

I CANNOT tell you what the reason was, but certain it is that from that night forward Peg O'Shaughnessy declined in my uncle's favour. Some one else was presently asked to read the newspaper, some one else was expected to hand the coffee. Peg was soon totally dismissed from the service, and some one else elected in her place. And the some one else was my Lady Fitzgibbon.

Thus discharged, Peg was as one adrift on the

world. She stayed much in her own room, or sat in a corner when in company. She was embarrassed in conversation, and shunned notice. She was not popular. People said she was proud and stand-off. So, I thought, she certainly was; but I believed the fault was not her own.

For my own part I tried, without forcing particular attentions upon her, to wear off her fear of me, and to establish a friendly footing between us; and I succeeded. Knowing her better, I found that she had a bright fancy, and a large capacity for enjoyment; only the misfortune of poverty and debt had overshadowed all the sunny side of her nature. I loved her more every day, and longed to lift her from under her cloud into the broad light of happiness. Meantime, I mused much as to whether my love might or might not be returned; on the possibility of Peg's crushing troubles having made her mercenary; on her gentle attentions to Giles Humphrey until she was set aside. I detested myself for these doubts, and endured them still. But meanwhile something occurred.

One night, after we had all retired, Giles Humphrey kept me long in his bedroom, listening wearily to his wild egotistical talk. At last I broke away from him, and was coming softly down the corridor, so as to disturb no one, when I was startled by hearing the rustle of a woman's dress, and looking, saw, by the faint light of a dim lamp, two figures, a man and a woman, separating quickly, and moving in different directions. The man, I could see, was my uncle's black servant, and, after a moment's reflection, I concluded that the woman was some silly housemaid, who could not help flirting with even Jacko. The adventure did not disturb my night's rest.

But the next evening it happened that, coming into the drawing-room after dinner, I looked round the room, and missed Peg. I also noticed that neither was Lady Fitzgibbon to be seen, but that did not much disappoint me. Watching impatiently for some time, and finding that Peg did not appear, I left the drawing-room for the purpose of asking Mrs. Daly to step up to her room, lest she might be ill. But, before doing this, I went up-stairs myself to fetch something I had forgotten in my own chamber. Going thither, I had to pass the end of that corridor which I have mentioned more than once before. At this hour of the evening it was lit more brightly than it had been late last night. Approaching it, I heard the same hurrying of feet I had then heard, and the same rustling of a woman's dress; but this time I saw the skirt of a black gown disappearing. It was not a servant's dress, for the sound was the sound of silk. Nevertheless, it was the black man Jacko who skulked past me the next moment in the passage. As I walked on I found something white lying at my feet, just where the woman had flitted past. I picked it up; it was a lady's pocket-handkerchief, pure and fine.

I thrust it into my bosom, and did not examine it, though it was some time before I returned to the drawing-room. Re-entering there I beheld Lady Fitzgibbon playing chess with my uncle. She was dressed in the glittering maize-coloured silk which I mentioned before: a dress she was fond of. I looked around for Peg; she was not there, but entered the room a few minutes after, looking pale, I thought. In she came, in her everlasting black gown. I never had felt revolted at its monotonous re-appearance before. A sickening chill crept over me as I glanced away from her, and looked scrutinisingly all round the room. Not a lady of the company was dressed in black save and excepting Peg O'Shaughnessy. How the evening wore out I do not know. I examined that handkerchief before I went to bed, and found, delicately embroidered in one corner, the O'Shaughnessy crest.

I need not detail to you, Tom, how, after this, my days were bitter and my nights sleepless, in how many ways I strove to account for what had come under my notice, and how, in accounting for it whatever way I might, I only made myself more miserable. There was no solution for the mystery, and I wretchedly gave it up.

Christmas-eve arrived, and a wild day it was. The wind bullied at the windows, and the snow-drifts kept blinding up the panes. It was while we were hanging up the mistletoe that Lady Fitzgibbon invited us all to a fancy ball at Kilbanagher Park on that day three weeks. It was to be given in honour of Uncle Giles, with whom she was now first favourite, who was going on a visit to her house, and who vowed he would appear at her ball in the character of a Laplander, dressed in furs. The invitation made a pleasant little sensation, and costumes and characters were discussed during the rest of the day. Every one was pleased but Gormau Tracey, who was now as jealous of Giles Humphrey as he had formerly been of me. Where was Peg that day, and had she, too, been invited? I did not know. I fancied she had shunned me ever since that evening.

And now, Tom, I am coming to the bad black page in my history. The snow-storm raged that night until one in the morning, banging at the windows, howling down the chimneys, and making the floors swing till one felt as if lying in the cabin of a ship. I believe no one slept in the beginning of the night, but towards two in the morning the storm lulled, and the whole house was wrapped in the deep slumber that follows a tiresome waking and longing for sleep. The calming of the wind did not, unfortunately, remove the cause of my restlessness, and my eyes remained open, and my mind full of painful thoughts, long after the roaring had grown faint in the chimneys, and the cannonading at my window had ceased. I had despaired of sleep at last, had arisen and roused my fire, brightened my lamp and prepared to read, when I heard a noise in the corridor. Not a great noise, but a very little noise; not a noise of one walking or talking,

not a sound of a door opening nor of anything falling; not a noise that I could in any way at all describe; only just an imperceptible warning that something was alive and stirring not far away.

The time had been when such a little thing would not have been worth my notice; but circumstances had of late made me painfully watchful and suspicious. I was eager to grasp at any shadow which seemed to promise a clue to the mystery over which I pondered night and day. I sprang to my door and opened it.

The room which I had appropriated to myself when I gave up my own to my uncle, was one of those which opened off that corridor, at the end of which was Giles Humphrey's chamber. All was solemnly hushed when I opened the door; the form of every window printed in bright moonlight on the floor, with long shadows lying between. I looked up the corridor, and then down, in time to see a woman's figure, wrapped from head to foot in a loose dark gown, passing swiftly through one of the moonlit spaces into a shadow; then out of the shadow again into another pale green nimbus. A few hasty strides brought me to the spot where she had passed a moment before; but she had turned the corner into that other passage which led away to the staircase. I followed, but the figure had vanished; and only the faintest sound of a door shutting softly fell on my ear. I returned to my chamber; more wretched, more indignant, and more puzzled than I had left it.

Christmas morning broke gloriously, with a red sun looking gorgeously through the snowy branches of the trees, and found me with a racking headache, eyes that felt as if they were parboiled, and a heart like a lump of lead. While I dressed, I saw from my window Lady Fitzgibbon tripping away down the avenue, in her fur mantle and velvet hat, to the earliest service at our little country church.

I also turned out of doors, seeking to get braced by the frosty air. The thanksgiving was very vague in my heart as I walked up and down, and I noticed with indifference the wintry splendour of the morning. My thoughts were full of that mysterious figure that had flitted down the corridor in the moonlight. I was thinking of her height, which was about the height of at least half a dozen women in the house, of her gown, which was a loose dressing-gown affair which anybody might wear, and of the room into which she escaped, which *must have been one of two rooms standing opposite one another on the lower corridor near the staircase*. These were the things I thought about, growing no happier till it was time to go in to breakfast.

But the wonders were only beginning. In the hall I met two or three people with faces aghast, two or three people open-mouthed with astonishing news, and in the midst of them Jacko, gesticulating and gibbering frightfully. The servants were running about excitedly, the guests in the breakfast-parlour were talking eagerly, while Giles Humphrey was rushing up and down the

room like a madman, his face green with passion, his eyes rolling about, his hair pushed up on end, and various signs of disorder about his dress. One minute he was calling down the vengeance of Heaven on some person unknown, the next he was wringing his hands and whimpering like a whipped schoolboy. I soon learned what was the matter. Giles Humphrey's strong-box had been rifled during the night. Ten thousand pounds in money had been stolen; also jewels to the value of a fabulous amount.

I heard, and a ghastly light was thrown upon my puzzle. There came a hissing in my ears, and flames darted past my eyes. For the first time in my life it seemed possible to me that I, a strong man, could swoon. I looked at Peg, who was sitting in a corner of the bay-window, with her pale pretty face leaned forward on her hand, the stray little wavelets of her hair almost dipping into the large grey eyes. The usual proud reserve of her mouth and brows had given way to an expression of strong interest in the startling topic of the moment. My uncle had commenced shrieking at me the moment I appeared.

"Nephew!" he cried, grasping wildly at my coat, and screaming into my ear, "send instantly for a detachment of police, and have all your rascally servants taken into custody. Send——"

But I will not trouble you, Tom, with the repetition of his ravings. It seemed the general opinion that the robbery had been committed by some one in the house. True, a window had been found open on the ground floor at the back; but this was easily discovered to be a ruse, as the thief had made a serious mistake by opening a window which was closely barred outside. Some one in the house had penetrated the secrets of the springs and locks of Giles Humphrey's strong-box. One or two persons had the hardihood to suggest Jacko as the robber, but to any suspicion of him his master would not listen. Jacko had been his servant for years upon years, and had never defrauded him of a baubee. Why should he turn traitor now?

Why? Because perhaps he never before had been tempted by the art of a clever woman. I should have said to Giles Humphrey, "There is a plot, and I believe your man Jacko to be concerned in it," only for that handkerchief I had found upon the passage, and only for the flutter of that black silk dress. Again I looked at Peg. Still that same eager, interested look so becoming to the pale pretty face; still the sweetly-moulded chin reposing on the white guilty (?) hand.

I made an effort to summon my presence of mind and act reasonably. I despatched a messenger for the police. I promised my uncle that every endeavour should be made to regain his property. Breakfast was upon the table, and I begged my guests to be seated, and to defer the further discussion of the unpleasant event until after the meal had been partaken of. The first part of my bidding they obeyed, but not the second. I had not indeed expected they would so easily waive the subject. Why,

such an adventure to talk about on a Christmas morning in a country-house barricaded with snow was a perfect godsend.

So busy were they with the subject that they had forgotten to miss my Lady Fitzgibbon, who presently arrived in the coziest of Cashmere morning dresses, and with quite a bloom in her cheeks from her early walk. She came in so gaily that it was evident she had as yet learned nothing of what had happened. Hardly had she taken her seat at the table, when a lady by her side commenced rapidly, "Have you heard——?"

"I have heard nothing!" she answered lightly, "but I shall be delighted to hear anything, for I am dying for news. But first," she added, suddenly recollecting herself, "first I must perform an act of justice. Miss O'Shaughnessy," she said, putting her hand in her pocket, and drawing something forth, "I beg your pardon for playing a little trick upon you. I found this lying humbly at your door this morning, a pretty Christmas-box, placed there, no doubt" (with an arch smile at Giles Humphrey), "by that amiable Santa Klaus who comes to good children on Christmas-eve. Very pretty, I said, for a lady to meet a magnificent bracelet waiting on the threshold when she opens her door of a morning. No such luck for me! And I declare, partly through spite, and half through mischief, I picked it up and put it in my muff. But, you see, going to church does one some service, since I have come home repentant, and determined to make restitution."

And she laughingly laid beside Peg's plate the identical splendid bracelet which we had all admired on a plump white arm one night, and which I bade you remember, Tom.

Peg's face and throat became crimson, and she hastily pushed the trinket from her, saying hoarsely,

"It is not mine, Lady Fitzgibbon."

"But, my love, I tell you I found it lying at your door."

At the appearance of the bracelet every one had ceased speaking, and after Lady Fitzgibbon's repeated assertion that she had found it at Peg's door, the room grew as hushed as a grave. My lady herself looked round the table as if she were asking, "What is this?" and then the person by her side bent and whispered in her ear. The gay brunette face was suddenly overcast, and Lady Fitzgibbon looked shocked.

I think it was the heavy ominous silence, lasting so long that it began to hiss in one's ears, which made Peg lift her eyes at last. She looked first at the bracelet lying before her on the table, then all round the many silent faces of the company, with a fearful hesitating look. Every eye was upon her, furtively or openly, and in all she read the same suspicion of herself. Every steady frown of condemnation, every fitting glance of disgust, every sorrowful gaze of compassion, said plainly, "You are found out!" The pretty flush that had been on her face went out like a light that is extinguished,

the colour died away from her lips, her features became set and white; she seemed to freeze into the rigidity of death. She sat so till breakfast was hastily finished, and the people all slipped one by one out of the room, and left her sitting there alone.

Lady Fitzgibbon took upon herself the office of consoler to Giles Humphrey. I thought he might have bestowed upon her that bracelet for her trouble; but he was too miserly to do any such thing. Her ladyship was the only one of the company who attended church that Christmas morning. The snow came on heavily after breakfast, and furnished an excuse for every one's remaining within doors until after the arrival and departure of the police. As soon as I could do so, I returned to the breakfast-room; but Peg had disappeared, and I turned out of the window, and walked up and down a covered alley of the garden, trying in solitude to collect my thoughts, and resolve upon what steps I should take to save Peg from the degrading consequences of her rash crime. Tracey found me there, and we talked the matter over together.

"I see how it is with you, old fellow," he said, grasping my hand; "I have seen it for some time, and I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart. Poor Peg, how she has ruined herself! That biting poverty has been too many for her. For Heaven's sake, Humphrey, don't look so deathly, or people will know all about it at a glance. What are you going to do for her?"

"I don't know," I said; "I must think of some means to keep her from destruction. Of course, after this, I can never see her again; but I will save her, at all costs, from disgraceful punishment."

We talked some time, and then went into the house; just too late to make any effort to prevent a painful scene. Two policemen had arrived, and James Humphrey had marched them straight up to Peg O'Shaughnessy's chamber door. It was wonderful how many people happened to be about on the stairs and in the passages when this little event occurred. The door of the room had just opened to the rude summons when Tracey and I reached the spot, and Peg stood at bay in the doorway, her slim figure drawn up, her eyes flashing, and two red spots burning on her cheeks.

"What do you want?" she asked of the men, who stood humbly before her, looking ashamed of themselves.

"Please, miss," said one, "we have orders to search this room, and we must do our duty."

"Do you permit this?" said Peg, turning haughtily to Giles Humphrey, who growled and swore that he had been villanously robbed, and would make every effort to regain what he had lost. By Heavens, the men should search!

"Then," said Peg, closing the door behind her, and throwing herself against it while she still held the handle, "all I have to say is, that I will not tolerate this insult. I dare you to enter this room."

Hereupon one of the men, obeying a gesture from Giles Humphrey, was preparing to disengage her fingers from the handle of the door, when I stepped forward and checked him.

"This lady is my guest," I said, "and I cannot allow her privacy to be intruded upon without her consent. There is some mistake here, my men, and while we try and discover it, you had better go down-stairs and have something to drink."

The poor fellows, who had evidently disliked their task very much, needed no second bidding, but disappeared at once; while I hooked Giles Humphrey's arm within my own, and led him away to the fireside in my own apartment.

"Now I tell you what it is," I said; "make no more fuss about this affair, and I will pay you down the ten thousand pounds you have lost in my house."

He stared at me, as if to see whether I were in earnest or not.

"You are mad," said he.

"Perhaps I am," I said, "and perhaps I am not; but my money is good all the same. Send these men off, let the thing be hushed up, and I will write you a cheque before dinner-time."

He pondered, and screwed up his hard mouth.

"But the jewels?" he said.

"What were they?" I asked.

"There was the fellow of that bracelet (confound the greedy jade and her pretty face!), there was a diamond necklace and a fine chain of pearls——"

"Well, well!" said I, "you will never recover these, do what you will. For your better chance is to take my offer."

"Why should I not find if I searched?" he cried, starting up.

"Because," I said, "any one clever enough to commit the robbery would be clever enough to make away with the spoils in time. Take my advice. Do we make a bargain?"

He growled a reluctant consent at last. The men were dismissed, and I wrote him a cheque on the instant.

It was generally understood that the matter was hushed up, and that people were expected to believe, or to seem as if they believed, that a burglar had done the mysterious deed. Many efforts were essayed to make the day pass off as if nothing had happened. Peg reappeared in the drawing-room, as if scorning to lie by like one in disgrace. But I need not tell you, Tom, of the sudden silences and strange looks which greeted her wherever she moved. She was the theme of low-voiced conversation in every mouth; her poverty and hardships, her want of a mother, her pride, her coveting of things beyond her reach. Different people took different views of her case. And low-voiced as the talk was, she knew all about it. Guilty as she might be, I could see that the girl's heart was crushing within her. That night I cried like a child upon my pillow, the first tears I had shed since the beard grew on my chin. If tears, ay, or even blood, could wash Peg clean! "My God!" I

groaned, "I have done what I can for her. Why does she not go home?"

The next morning I came upon her by accident, standing alone in the library looking over the edges of a book into the fire.

"Mr. Humphrey," she said, in a painful unnatural voice, "you will wonder, I dare say, why I do not leave your house at once. I am waiting only in hopes that this mystery will be cleared up."

One of those crimson blushes of hers passed over her face as she spoke. The proud sorrowful look in her eyes almost unmanned me. I had a sickening struggle with my heart, which had set its affections on a face that looked so true. I loved this woman, but I could not marry a ——: even my thoughts would not frame the word. But I steeled myself to make her a truthful answer.

"Miss O'Shaughnessy," I said, "the mystery has been hushed up. Whether it ever can be cleared up, you, I believe, must know better than I."

Then I turned away from her, feeling like one who has given himself a mortal wound. A little piteous wail of agony reached me as I passed the door; that lived in my memory many a year after.

That very hour she left Ballyhuckamore on foot, without giving notice to any one; and toiled back through the snow to the dreariness of Castle Shaughnessy, bringing with her disgrace to add to the other miseries of her home. Tom, Tom! are there any of men's sins that can never be forgiven them?

As soon as I decently could, I got rid of my guests, consigned Ballyhuckamore Hall to the care of Mrs. Daly, and went abroad. Giles Humphrey then took up his quarters at Kilbanagher Park, and Gorman Tracey also left me to pay a visit to the charming Lady Fitzgibbon. Ere long, Tracey wrote me that he had proposed to the lovely widow, and had been rejected. A year afterwards, I saw by accident in an English paper the announcement of her marriage with Giles Humphrey.

For five long years I remained abroad. I need not entertain you, Tom, with an account of my wanderings; we have talked them over together often enough. The sixth of April had come round again, when I found myself on a rainy evening walking once more through the London streets. The sight of the old familiar places naturally made me meditative, and my thoughts were busy with the past. I was wondering how it was that I had never got over that shock that Peg had given me, and congratulating myself on being so well fitted by my wandering habits for a life of old bachelorhood. It was the first night of my arrival in England, and I had preferred to take a solitary walk before hunting up any of my old friends.

I was passing round one of the West-end squares, when my progress on the pavement was arrested by one of those little commotions which take place when a lady is about to descend from

her carriage in full ball costume, and float up the steps of a house where an entertainment is being given. The windows of the house blazed, and the hall door stood open. A little crowd had gathered, and I stopped perforce to view the spectacle with the rest. The lady in this case was dressed with superlative splendour, and the light from the hall above fell full on her face. With a curious start I recognised Lucretia Fitzgibbon.

There was no mistake about it. I heard from the coachman that the carriage belonged to my Lady Humphrey, and I also learned from him his master's address. I know not why it could have been that I felt at that moment a desire to go and see Giles Humphrey. There were others in town whom I had a longing to see, and I never had liked either him or his wife. But it is impossible to look back upon one's actions in this way. Certain it is that I went.

I found him in a splendidly appointed house in a fashionable neighbourhood, a shrivelled palsied old man, an invalid chained to a seat by his dressing-room fire, while his gay wife fluttered abroad, and scattered the money he had hoarded so grimly. The poor wretch was glad to see me. When I had talked to him a while I found that there was not a pauper in the streets more utterly friendless than he. He spent his days in a handsome jail, and my lady was as flint-hearted as a keeper as ever turned key on a felon.

Sitting over his fire with a lamp shaded to so dim a light that we scarcely could see one another's faces, while the carriages rolled past under the windows, and echoes of thundering knocks at gay hall doors reached us, he told me the secrets of his life since we last had met.

I think it was because I saw death plainly written in his miserable face that I listened so tolerantly to his whimpering complaints of Lady Humphrey. Her ill-treatment of him, which he cursed so bitterly, dated back to the day after their marriage, when he had discovered that instead of allying himself with enormous wealth, he had married a penniless adventuress, who was deep in a very slough of debt, and existing upon the brink of exposure and ruin. Never had there been a day of domestic peace between them. She had treated him like a prisoner from the first, taken possession of his money and his keys, and even corrupted faithful Jacko, whom she had pressed into her service. She spent a gay life abroad, while he, poor creature, could hardly crawl across his chamber alone. He was savagely jealous of the people amongst whom she spent her time, the friends and admirers who lounged about the drawing-room; the letters and presents she received tormenting him. There was a certain casket, it seemed, which at times she paraded before his eyes, but of which he had never seen the key. And the poor wretch, brooding in his solitude, panted for a view of the interior of that casket, as though his very life depended upon what it might contain.

I sat with him late that night; I promised to come back and see him again, and I did so, always at night, and invariably finding Lucretia

from home. In truth, I did not want to see her. The more I heard of her doings, the more horribly strong grew a doubt which had risen within me on the night of my first conversation with Giles Humphrey. It clung to me night and day, and so nearly did it approach conviction at times, that it had like to drive me insane.

I ventured to say to my uncle one evening,

"Could it have been possible that it was Lady Fitzgibbon who committed the robbery at Ballyhuckamore on that memorable Christmas-eve?"

But he stared at me in amazement, and said, stupidly:

"Why, don't you remember, it was the little O'Shaughnessy who did that piece of business? She told on herself by dropping a bracelet on the step of her door. Little good her ill-gotten gains have done her, I hear, for the old father died wretchedly, the barrack of a castle is given up to the rats, and the wench herself is drifting about the world, the devil knows where!"

So it was no use talking in this way to Giles Humphrey. Yet I came to see him again and again, hanging about him in the vague hope that something might some day arise between him and his wife which might chance to bring relief to my unhappy state of mind. How bitterly did I now regret that the matter of the robbery had not been more closely investigated at the time that it occurred! Vain regrets at the end of five weary years!

One evening I went to visit Giles Humphrey. My lady was at the Opera, the servant told me. Going up-stairs I found my uncle, as usual, alone, but chuckling in ecstasies of ferocious delight. He dangled a bunch of keys before my eyes.

"Hist, nephew!" he said, "I have got her keys! If she is cunning, I am cunning. If she has robbed me, I will rob her. Ha, ha, ha! Lend me your arm till I hobble to yonder closet of hers and see what my lady keeps in her casket."

I tried to prevent him, but I might as well have tried to hold fire in my hands. He would have crawled across the room on all fours if I had not assisted him. He found the casket, fiddled with a key, and opened it. The first thing that met my eyes was a bracelet that I knew too well.

"This," said I, taking it up, "is the memorable bracelet that was found on the door-step?"

He took it from me, looking stupidly puzzled.

"No," said he, "she had on that bracelet to-night. How is this?"

"Stop!" cried I; "did you not tell me that a fellow of that bracelet had been stolen; also a chain of pearls?" I went on diving further into the recesses of the casket, and drawing out each trinket as I named it. "Also a diamond necklace! Giles Humphrey, how did these come into your wife's possession?"

His jaw dropped, and he stared blankly before him.

"By Heavens you are right!" he mumbled. "Little O'Shaughnessy was wronged. My lady has been the traitor all through!"

I cannot tell you what I thought, nor describe

the mixture of ecstasy and agony that racked me for the next few moments. I was roused from my reverie by a shriek from Giles Humphrey. He had found some letter for which it seemed he had been seeking, and he was foaming at the mouth.

At the same moment that I heard his shriek, there was a sound in the adjoining chamber; immediately the door flew open, and Lady Humphrey herself appeared.

It was the first time I had seen her face to face since the olden times. She was regally dressed, and handsomer than ever, but with a coarser, bolder beauty. She had just returned from the Opera. So intensely interested had we been in our occupation, that we had not heard the stopping of the carriage, nor the knock at the hall door. What she might have said, or what she might have done, I know not, but the frown had not time to darken on her face before her miserable husband staggered towards her, flung the crumpled letter which he held in her face, and fell down at her feet in a fit.

I lifted him upon his bed, and ringing loudly, despatched a messenger for a doctor. Then the wicked wife and I stood looking at one another across the dying man, whilst we chafed his hands, and did what we could to help him. Even at that moment I could not refrain from accusing her. She saw the jewels lying scattered on the floor, and was prepared for an attack.

"Lady Humphrey," I said, "in the name of Heaven, and in the presence of death, I conjure you to tell me truly if it were you who committed the robbery at Ballyhuckamore Hall five years ago?"

"Ay," said she, hardly, looking straight at me across the bed. "It was I who did it, certainly. If you had had the sense to ask me the question four years ago, after my marriage with him," indicating her prostrate husband, "I should have told you the truth as freely as I tell it to you now. I wanted money at that time, and I took it."

"And threw the blame upon another?" I said. She shrugged her shoulders. "One must do something," she said. "It would have been inconvenient to me just then to have had it known."

"But, in the name of Heaven," I said, "explain. Was it you who conferred with Jack in the passage? Then the black gown—the pocket-handkerchief—?"

She lifted her eyebrows, and smiled in derision.

"Fool!" she said. "As if one woman could not imitate another's dress for five minutes, if it suited her purpose to do so. As if one woman could not pick up another's pocket-handkerchief and drop it again if she so fancied!"

My story, Tom, is nearly ended now. It only remains for me to tell you how I sought for Peg, and how I found her. For a whole year

I searched in vain, discovering no clue to her whereabouts. Castle Shaughnessy was deserted, and no one knew whether Sir Pierce's daughter was living or dead. The poor people round her old home cried when they spoke of her, but only knew she had gone "abroad." Information bitterly vague. "Abroad" might mean anywhere over the wide, wide world.

The December of the year of my search I spent in Paris, wandering day and night through its open streets and hidden purlieus, seeking eagerly for a glimpse of that one face which my eyes yearned to behold. I had, somehow, got a fancy that in Paris I should find her; and in Paris I searched with unflagging energy, early and late for three long dreary weeks. At last, when I thought I was known in every street and alley, and knew every face I met off by heart, the hopeful spirit fell away within me, and I gave up the struggle in despair.

Very sorrowful I was, Tom, walking along the streets on Christmas-eve. Coming home to my hotel just at twilight, I saw the bright glow of a fire shining cheerily in one of the windows of a large old-fashioned house quite close to my destination.

Trees surrounded this old house, and gave it an appearance of retirement, though the window of which I speak looked out upon the road. I wonder what it was that impelled me to cross over and read upon a brass plate by the lamp-light an announcement that this was an establishment for the education of "Jeunes demoiselles?" I wonder what it was that impelled me afterwards to look in at that window, and see Peg sitting at the fire in a cozy little room all alone? She was staring very thoughtfully at the flames, as if looking at past Christmas-eves between the bars. Of course Peg was a teacher in this school, and I had walked up and down before her door every miserable day for the past three weeks. Of course I knocked at the door, and startled her reveries by introducing myself. Ay, there she was indeed, my very own little Peg, only paler and thinner, and sadder and sweeter-looking.

You may imagine the rest, O Tom! knowing as you do that little Peg is Mrs. Humphrey. I did not deserve it, but I was forgiven.

Giles Humphrey, you know, is dead, and his wife still contrives to live in splendour. She shuns us, and we shun her. When, dear Tom, shall we see you at Ballyhuckamore again?

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII. A NEW PROJECT.

"O NO," she said; "it is better as it is. She would perhaps be found to come too often. Would you mind staying a moment, as I want to speak to you?"

A little wondering, he sat down, and said kindly, and with warmth, "What is it? Tell me now. This is what I like."

She coughed again in the same odd way. "I am not well," she went on, "and I do not get better. Somehow, the air of this place does not suit me. Even the doctor says that the winter that is coming on will be severe; and I assure you I do not want to make much of a trifle (and you can ask uncle, for he told him so too), but he says I ought to go to some warm climate for the winter. I feel great pain sometimes, indeed I do."

He started up. "Good Heavens! why was I not told this before? Surely you must have known that *anything* you wished would be done, and that——"

"Anything I wished! No, I did not know *that*," she said, almost scornfully.

He looked at her. "What does this mean? What wrong has been done to you? Explain it now, and have done with it for ever!"

She grew cold in a moment. "What I mean is," she said, "I want to go away. As I say, my chest is very weak indeed, and I am sure would not bear the coming winter. It is not much to ask. I would not say so, only the doctor says so. I would not, indeed."

"Of course," said he. "Why not? Your life before everything. Surely you'll do me the justice to say I would do anything you should require. Where would you wish we should go—to Nice? Just at this moment I have a serious affair on hand, but in a fortnight——"

"O," she said, "don't be alarmed. I shall inconvenience no one. You could not leave business. I am not so selfish as to require it. Dear Miss Diamond will come with me, and darling nunkey, if I ask him. He will be delighted, I know."

"I can go in ten days," said he, reflecting. "I am sure I can manage it."

"Then I shall stay here for the winter," she said. "I would not have the duty put on me of breaking up your business. I am sure the doctor is only an alarmist. I shall do very well, I know, and am quite strong enough."

"Just as you please," said he, with a sigh; "all I can say is, and I say so most earnestly and truthfully, I will do anything that will suit your wishes. Use me in any way you wish."

"Then I wish to go away to Mentone for the winter," she said, hastily, "and to go with——with Miss Diamond and nunkey, and I don't want to interfere with your business."

"Very well," he said; "then I shall make no opposition, and help you in every way. Of course I must not stand in the way of your health. Still, perhaps a little later I can join you."

"After your business is done?" she answered, in the same tone; "no, no, you must stay here, and have the full benefit of my absence!"

He looked at her again with an almost pitying expression, said not a word more, then turned hastily and left the room. That night was indeed the crisis, and ended all. She had clung to the faint hope that even now, when she spoke so plainly, he might understand all, confess, and make the handsomest amende he could, while he, thoroughly mystified, and giving up all protest as hopeless, went down silently to his task. For a few moments he was repeating to himself, "A mistake—a miserable, wretched mistake from the beginning!" Then was gradually absorbed into his old work once more.

The next time that Captain Diamond came she ran to him. "Nunkey, I want you to do something for me—for your own child. You know what the doctor said, and—and—I want you to come a long journey with me—all across France to that place."

A little start passed through the captain's figure as he heard this proposal. He almost "winced," but in a second his soft grey eye lighted up, and he said, with assumed enjoyment, "To be sure, my dear."

"O, how kind! how good! how generous!" she said. "Indeed you must *not* go! And I am very selfish to ask you, and I know you are only doing this for me."

"Ah, you little monkey," he said, patting

her cheek, "go along!" I suppose you think I am not young enough. 'Gad, Tom's not a bit too old to travel—not a bit! I'll be very glad to brush up my parley-voo. Well, now, it's a long time ago now. No, I'll just get out my little valise, put up the rayshurs" (so our dear captain always called those weapons), "and the curlin'-irons, and be ready to-morrow. And, egad! we'll enjoy ourselves, my dear, and not spare the rhino! Many's the little dinner we'll have at the Caffys, at the Mil Colun, and the Roshay Congcale. Though God knows if they're going on! And we'll stroll in the Pally Roile, too, and Tom makes it a point that he's not to be interfered with in any way. I like to spend my money and travel like a gentleman. I wish I was a little younger, though, and the hip not so stiff. But we'll get along the Boolvars fast enough. And surely, my dear, there are the Cabs! I wish to God it was a fine handsome young fellow like Tillotson was going with you, and not an old *Bolshero* like myself!" (The captain used many of these odd but expressive words.)

More days went by. Up at the office, strange rumours had come in, some to the effect that all had been sealed and signed between the two offices.

The secretary came in with a gloomy air. Mr. Bowater was disturbed. "You meant it well, Tillotson, and it was a bold game, but it won't do in money matters; people take you at your word. It does very well for the foreign courts and the Frenchmen, and that line. And do me the justice to say I warned you."

Mr. Tillotson grew excited. "I don't believe it," he said—"not one word of it. Why will you not have some trust in me? I pledge myself to success—that is, unless I am hopelessly astray. I implore of you, as you have gone so far, leave it to me still!"

The secretary shrugged his shoulders. "The mischief is done now, I fear, so it doesn't so much matter.

"Oh, certainly—certainly," said Mr. Bowater, with a resigned air.

It was a serious responsibility, and Mr. Tillotson went home more troubled still. But the result he came to was to "hold off," and play the indifferent game a little bit longer. After all, it was only human nature that this serious anxiety should dwarf domestic trouble. In the midst of a letter, with the office-boy waiting in the hall, the captain would come in to him. His alacrity for foreign travel would be all gone. "I don't know what to say, Tillotson," he said, "but, somehow, it doesn't seem to me all right. And yet why a little girl should not go for her health to a warm place, I don't see—indeed I don't—and, God knows, I'm ready at any moment."

"I am as much puzzled as you are," said Mr. Tillotson, with a weary sigh, "and I would wish her to stay—indeed I would."

"To be sure. I know it," said the captain, suddenly taking the *couleur de rose* view. "And why shouldn't she like a little change? A girl's a girl, you know, and they like fun, and I shouldn't be at all surprised but that this was one

of their nice little innocent tricks. God help them, the creatures! with which they show their liking. You must come out soon, you know; she'll be dying and pining for you the first week. I know the girls well, in my little way."

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Tillotson, absently, and a little relieved. "Well, perhaps so. And I am sure it will all come right."

Two more days went by, and the preparations for the journey went on. In the bank affair the state of suspense continued. There was trouble and pressure both outside and inside the house. Everything was undecided.

It came round at last to the morning of the departure. The little lady had been going through her preparations with a coldness and impassiveness that amounted almost to sternness. She was determined, he saw, to carry through what she had intended. Several times he had begun: "Once more I ask you, what does this mean? Any explanation—any grievance—what is your wish? Be candid; speak openly."

The answer was to this tone: "Do I complain? Do I say I have a grievance? Surely you do not object to my going away for my health? If so, of course I can show myself obedient."

But, almost as she spoke, came the winged Mercury from the office with a sort of telegram—it was written so hastily—from the secretary:

"Dear Sir. You beat us all in foresight. I have just heard, from a secret source, they are going to offer us terms this evening."

Something like a smile of triumph came into his face. She saw it, and with a bitter impatience hurried to her room. "He does not care if I were dead and buried this moment—as I soon shall be, *I hope!*"

Now, it came to pass in these days that the captain, busy with his preparations, enjoying himself immensely at home of the nights, with his tools out before him and spectacles on, doing all manner of ingenious repairs to his travelling-traps—a pastime in which he delighted—had gone out to buy himself a good warm sort of horseman's cloak to keep out the night air; for he recollected that bitter cold journey up to Paris in the diligence, when ice and snow were on the ground. As he was in the shop, choosing the article in a friendly manner, and apologising to the shopman, who was, indeed, delighted to serve him ("as gentlemanly a young fellow, my dear," the captain described him, "as you'd ask to see in a ball-room"), when he heard a voice behind him. It was Mr. Tilney, who had met him before at Mr. Tillotson's.

Mr. Tilney wondered at the large cloak, said it reminded him of "Brummel" Richards, who always drove his own mail-coach in like attire—"he died miserably in the Fleet, poor devil"—and the captain explained the cloak was for a journey. Mr. Tilney was astounded when he heard who was to be the captain's companion. "God bless me!" he said, many times, "what odd things turn up! Man never knows, but always *is* to be, what d'ye call it—you remem-

her the lines. But I suppose it will all come fight, my dear friend! Not the smallest sparrow that tumbles from the twig does so without some kind of object." And with the old, old stick, Mr. Tilney pointed devotionally towards the direction of Providence in one of the upper warerooms.

The captain was greatly impressed by this fine moral view of the order of things. "Really, my dear," he said, "the clergyman in the pulpit couldn't speak better." And, as they were not far from the captain's lodgings, he respectfully asked Mr. Tilney to "step up." That gentleman had an instinct, even at that distance, of the captain's garde de vin—"guard-her-veen," the old soldier called it. And its contents were, indeed, produced; and Mr. Tilney sat more than two hours with the captain and—the decanter of pale sherry. "Really," said the captain, "it quite improves one to listen to him! All the tip-top people he knows, too! Quite sorry that I am going away!" So, indeed, Mr. Tilney was, for he would have liked to have dropped in very often of a morning on the captain.

At home, Mr. Tilney told his family of this sudden departure, which he said he could not follow at all. "As for weak chest, and that sort of thing," added Mr. Tilney, "you know *that* doesn't do at all." However obscure this explanation might seem, there was one present who understood it perfectly.

CHAPTER IX. A JOURNEY.

It had come now to the very morning of the departure. Everything was still in indecision. No news still about the coquettish office. The captain came up early in the morning to settle some final arrangements. He found the young lady of the house going through her task with a firm purpose. Miss Diamond, equally resolved, was in the parlour alone. The captain entered with assumed jauntiness. "Well, we are all ready, eh? The day has come round at last, and, d'ye know, my dear, promises rather a blowy night—so Shapdon, an old navy man, says. I declare I don't see why we should put ourselves to inconvenience, you know."

"My dear nunkey, she wouldn't wait another day for the world. Her heart is set on it, and I think it is better for her—far better—that she was out of this place without delay."

"Well, health before everything," said the captain. "To be sure so. And, indeed, I like a bit of a breeze. Many's the time I've crossed with Captain Skinner, and landed at Howth, going to Drogheda."

"My dear nunkey, I don't mean health of the body, but of the mind. It don't suit; she's pining away—losing spirits, love, happiness, life—everything."

"Nonsense!" said the captain—"folly! I must say it. Now, if it was an old Bolshero like myself, but with a handsome young husband, well to do—Ah! the girls will always be foolish! And now, mark my words—Tom's words—when we get her to Paris, and the theatres, and the caffs, if she's not writing

over to our friend here to come and join us by next mail, say Tom's a lad, that's all. I have a scheme in my head."

She shook her head. "My dear uncle, you don't see the state of the case. Health, indeed! And so you think, dear nunkey, we are taking you this long journey for that?"

The captain looked mystified. "For what else, then?" he asked. "My goodness, speak out!"

The little lady came running in herself to ask for something.

"Ah! there she is herself," he said. "Well, fellow-traveller! And where is the husband?" She coloured.

"Ah! you little rogue," said the captain. "What have I been saying now? That we'll have him over before a week's out, and he'll be dining with us at the Roshay Congeale, and going to all the shows. Mind, I say it."

Some pleasure came into her face. "O, if I thought so!" she said. "But no; he would sooner far stay here, and have this house to himself. Happy days are coming now for him."

"Jealous little rogue!" said the captain, playfully. "Maybe we wouldn't go beyond Paris after all; and, 'pon my honour and credit, I don't see why we should."

At this moment a cab drove up to the door. Miss Diamond went over to the window with some curiosity. "It is a lady," she said.

With a strange instinct the young Mrs. Tillotson went nervously to the window herself. "A lady!" she repeated. "Who? What can she want?"

She looked out anxiously, and saw the lady leaving the cab; then suddenly turned to the captain with compressed lips. "I shall go, indeed I shall, and on this very night. If you cannot come, nunkey, then I shall ask some one else."

"My goodness and credit!" said the captain, "to be sure I'll go! Isn't the little valise packed? But, my dear, just attend to me. There's some little soreness or pique now, isn't there? I'm for the pleasure-party to Paris and the little dinners at the Pally Roile. And now, my own pet, let us have in Tillotson, and settle it all before we go—eh, now?" And the captain looked at her wistfully, and almost imploringly.

"I want no pleasure or pleasure-party," she said, with icy coldness. "The doctor says that I shall die if I stay here. You heard him yourself. Of course that may seem nothing to some people; but that is all no matter now."

"My dear child," said the captain, "of course—of course!" And he began to soothe her "It was all Greek" to him, as he said later.

Just as he was going, the lady who had come, went out to the cab. Mr. Tillotson put her in, and it drove away. He looked in—perhaps out of curiosity—stopped irresolutely when he saw there were so many, then came in, and closed the door. "I am glad," he said, "that you are all here, for one reason. I wish to speak, for the last time, about this journey. What is the necessity? There is yet time to change. If the fault is with me—and grant that it is—I am ready to do what I can to amend."

"A man can't say more than that," said the captain. "And spoken in a manly way, too! There, I knew it would all come straight! Let me tell him now about the Paris pleasure-trip."

"I understand it all—perfectly—too 'well,'" said young Mrs. Tillotson, with infinite bitterness. "No matter now. As far as I am concerned, I wish to go, for my health. Is that so great a crime? Ask your doctor what he thinks. Perhaps it may be desirable, for certain reasons, to keep me here during this coming bitter winter, and if so, of course I must submit. But I wish to go, and, if I am not prevented, shall go to-night."

A deep gloom spread gradually over the captain's face as this speech was made. Mr. Tillotson looked at her a moment with sorrow; then, with a deep sigh, quitted the room without saying a word.

That night, as they were lighting the lamps in the street, the captain drove up in a cab, with the "little valise" on the box. He came in, with the new horseman's cloak about him—the collars of which stood up stiffly about his face like a garden wall—from a gate, as it were, in front of which the captain's fine Roman nose peered out. He was ready for any journey, and at almost any notice; for though he had not found the opportunities, like other men, he had the soul of a true campaigner.

Inside was an agitation and flurry, now that it had come to the point. But young Mrs. Tillotson, with compressed lips, gave no sign, but went through all her last duties of preparation with a Spartan firmness. Mr. Tillotson, nervous and agitated, would have spoken, and made one last appeal; but he knew that it was profitless. Miss Diamond alone, as she met him in the lobby, said sorrowfully, "O! it should not have come to this!"

The captain alone forced an affected jollity, as if a season of extraordinary gala was coming on. "The idea of Tom's going out on his travels again! Egad! I might meet some of the old set in Paris, walking along the Boulevards! Who knows? And I can tell you, my dear, as I lay in my bed last night, I was furbishing up some of my old French, and I assure you I found it coming back to me all of a heap, as I may say. Though, between you and me and the post, I never was very strong in that line. Egad! we're like boys going off for the holidays. Just, I may say, a week's holidays; and then we'll come back quite strong and fresh, and our little chest made light and right by the parley-voo doctor. And egad, I don't know but I may put my own old Bolshero figure under their hands."

Thus he rattled on without ceasing; and, indeed, he did good service to that constrained party. Finally, the moment came, the cab was announced to be ready, and the trunks on. Then there was a constrained farewell between the husband and wife, the grim Martha looking on in the hall. The captain wrung his hand warmly. "I'll take care of her, my dear boy," he said, "and write to you." And he whispered, "She'll be writin' to you to come out before a week's out,

and mind you *do* come, and we'll order *such* little dinners at the old Roshay. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

As they drove away into the darkness, the grim woman left behind, and standing in the hall, said solemnly:

"And so you have let her go! You shouldn't have done it. No, no, sir!"

He answered her gently. "She *would* go herself. God knows I did not wish it."

"Yes, *He* knows," said she, in the same tone. "There's some man waiting to see you."

It was some one from the office. The business had taken another turn. Everything was "up" now. It was drawing on to a crisis. A letter and an express from the secretary, written in a sort of rapturous hurry. "My dear sir," &c. This was to be answered with all speed, and there was an answer to Mr. Tillotson within an hour, and he had to give his mind to it; and if he had had friends in the house, they would have said that it was a very fortunate distraction, for he was now alone and deserted in his house, just as he had been before.

CHAPTER X. THE CAPTAIN ON HIS TRAVELS.

THIS bank negotiation was one of the most fitful, harassing things that could be conceived. It began to advance—to go back fitfully; one day being on the verge of conclusion, and on the morrow as far off as ever. This excitement kept Mr. Tillotson very busy in mind and body; and it was after a weary day, as he sat in his room wishing that he had never embarked in the business, that a limp and long envelope was brought in, that had just arrived by the post. It was the communication from the travellers. He opened it a little eagerly, for he had often thought of the little lady's worn and wistful face with bitter self-reproach. He knew her writing, and there was a tiny little note from her, cold and brief, in which she said that "they had arrived quite safe, and that she already felt better, and that they were to enjoy themselves very much," with more formality of that sort. But with it came also a long, closely-written despatch, in the rather cramped but legible hand of the captain, which must have cost him infinite pains and time. It was dated from "Meurice's," where the captain had put up on his last visit, when he had repaired to the capital after the Peace, and was written in extraordinary spirits. Mr. Tillotson seemed to hear him talking, as he read:

"Meurice's, Vaughandredi.

"My dear Tillotson. Here we are in this gay old city, arrived quite right and safe, and the fellow-traveller bearing the journey wonderfully. But, my God! what a place it has become! I should no more know it than the post, and I declare I hardly think they have improved. But what a *grand* place for the sights! And I can tell you we shan't miss one of them, so long as there is a shot in the locker and Tom to the fore. We here have what they call a *fiacker* by the day, and we drive to *everything*, for I don't want to be hard on the Leg, and I don't want our little fellow-traveller to be droning after an old

—spancilled or spanchelled fellow—egad! I'm forgetting the spelling—like me. I never saw such a brave little Trojan, and, I can tell *you*, enjoys everything. I wish to God, Tillotson, you'd just put a couple of shirts up into a hand-bag and run over for a week itself. The dinners alone are worth trying, and the people so civil and tip-top, you know.

"It's wonderful the way they do things now! We got down to the boat about eleven o'clock, and were put on board as fair and easy as you could fancy. I was going to look after the luggage down at the Port, when a handsome officer-looking fellow, with a gold band, said to me not to take the trouble, as he would look after it. And so he did; and, I declare to you, I didn't know whether to offer him anything or not, for you might as easily insult a fellow of that sort as not. Faith, I begin to think I was rather shabby, but they all told me it was the regular way.

"The boat was no great things after all, and reminded me of the cabins going to Dublin in poor old Skinner's day. We were so full, too; and there was not a berth for the fellow-traveller, which was a shame. But I found out the captain—as gentlemanly and tip-top a fellow as you'd have at your table—and I went up to him on the deck and took off my hat—for he was *in command*, you see—and told him it was very hard on us, and though in *both the Services*—the steward told me he was an old lieutenant—we ought to rough it, it shouldn't come on the ladies, the creatures! He then said that, for *that* matter, not much was to be got out of the Services, take which you pleased; to which I agreed, and said, would he do me the honour of taking a pinch of some excellent 'high toast,' of which I was taking over a Cannister. Well, to make this foolish old story short, the captain said my lady was welcome to his cabin, and then we put her in, and I can tell you she slept all the time like a child. It was only a little hutch of a place, tied down to the deck—not a word of a lie in it—and there she was very snug! for there was a little window through which I looked now and again. A perfect gentleman as ever I met.

"Then, when we got ashore towards morning, I declare my old heart was glad to see the Frenchified look of the place, and the fishermen just the same, and the John Darnis as fierce as ever, and the custom-house fellows rummaging our trunks in the old style. Egad! *they* hadn't forgot the old style either. For I picked a soft-looking fellow to give my passport and keys to, just letting a two-franc piece be mixed up with the keys, and he took off his hat and gave the passport to a superior officer in large spectacles, who called out as if giving the word of command: 'Let Mousseer le Capitaine and his niece pass out.' I declare I blushed; for she *would* put that title into the passport, though, if the Commander-in-Chief heard of it, he'd call me over the coals. Then another gentlemanly fellow said, 'This way, Mousseer le Capitaine!' and opened a wicket. And, egad! you should have seen us walking out, and all the fellers making

way. Then *my* lad—the two-franc lad—uncommonly knowing he was—got us a cab, and said he'd have our baggage up at the hotel before us, which he hadn't though, nor for two hours after. But it was all one, for we were in no hurry.

"I wish you had seen the breakfast they gave us at the Hôtel Dongletair. And we were as hungry as hunters, I can tell you. Wine and everything tip-top, and dirt cheap for *such a place*, and the landlord like a nobleman in his manners. Every time we met on the stairs, it was a deep bow and hats off to the ground, and 'Mousseer le Capitaine!' though I declare to you I was getting ashamed of *myself* for going on such false pretences. Ah! the French, Tillotson, are a fine people! They take such trouble. Then, when it came to be time for the train, we paid our bill and went off in *style*. In the carriage up, we met with a nice civil military-looking fellow, with a handsome beard and moustache, middle-aged rather, and he was so pleasant to talk to—to listen to rather; and when he got out at the station to get some refreshment, *I thought I never saw so fine a figure of a man*. Not at all unlike the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief. He lent us his English papers and his books, and told us *all* his travels in Australia, America, and the North Pole. Quite a tip-top superior man! You'd have been delighted listening to him. He had only just landed, he told us, at Havver, and—would you believe it?—was going down to Nice also! There was good luck. But I must stop, for here I am at the foot of the page, and the fellow-traveller is to write you a long letter herself and put this in with it. But I shall write you again in a couple of days.

"Believe me, my dear Tillotson,

"Yours to command,

"THOMAS DIAMOND,

"Licut. Royal Vet. Battalion."

Mr. Tillotson read this letter with great delight and interest. It brought relief to his mind also. "Well, she is enjoying herself," he said, "and *will* enjoy herself yet more. She was pining to get away, I suppose. Well, it is all for the best." Then the negotiation came in, and some one had him by the button-hole and in a corner, and his thoughts were taken far away. Thus days went by, and a week, and three weeks, and, strange to say, no letter came from abroad, and the negotiation stood still. Until suddenly one morning, as the board was sitting gloomily, and arguing the worst, Mr. Tillotson's servant came for him, and said that a gentleman was waiting in his study. It was an emissary. The coquettish office had come to surrender, to yield herself to the Foncier for better for worse, until death, or the Winding-up Act, should them part.

It was a glorious victory. There was jubilee at the Foncier. On Mr. Tillotson's head fell all the glory. It was his work, and he himself was a little elated. In a day or two the necessary formal steps had been taken; and four of the stucco men and plasterers were busy entwining

the names of the newly-wedded offices in a true lovers' knot on the front of the building. It was now

"The United General Fancier and London Loan Company."

The rejected office was supposed to be tearing its hair and grinding its teeth inside one of its own safes.

On one of these happy nights the servant brought in another letter to Mr. Tillotson. It had the Nice postmark. He opened it, being in good spirits, with excellent anticipation. It was from the captain again at great length, with a few cold lines from Mrs. Tillotson.

"Maison-Maray, Nice.

"My dear Tillotson. Here we are by the sea, in this cozy place, in uncommonly nice lodgings, and, I must say, as reasonable as ever I set foot in. We have been here only two days, and the weather is very good, and the houses fine enough *in their way*; but coming after Paris, you know! Well, even Paris, you know, didn't seem quite the same as it used to be, somehow. They were pulling the whole place down, and, do you know, Tillotson, I missed the old lanes and the ramshackle quarters where I and Colonel Cameron used to walk, looking for a caddy to dine. But, maybe, it's old Tom himself that's changed.

"We thought a fortnight was long enough, and we saw everything—theatres, operas, and all—and, above all, the little gardens in the Champs Elysée, where you went inside a railing and took a chair, and had your cognac, and as fine a creature as you'd ask to see came out and sang, and not a halfpenny to pay. Indeed, I never met such civil people.

"My travelling gentleman put up at our hotel, and nothing could exceed his attention and kindness, to *me* especially. I used to cab it, you may be sure, but sometimes the fellow-traveller would like to walk and see the people on the Boulevards, and I was glad enough to get his arm. I *wish* you heard him talk, Tillotson. It's as fine, every bit, as a book, and so instructive! And I was so glad for *her* sake, for, you know, it took off her thoughts, for she was always, always looking out for *you*. 'Nunkey,' she was always saying, 'd'ye think he'll come over by to-night's boat?' or, 'I wish to God, nunkey, he'd come!' 'What on the face of the earth keeps him! I am wretched and miserable without his company, nunkey!' In fact, I can't tell you *half* what she said—no, nor a quarter. I give you my honour and word this is all true, every word of it.* By the way, we saw the new opera, and the first night too, the finest thing I ever heard in the whole course of my life. Drums and trumpets and everything, and a woman with a voice that would have astonished you, all she went through! I never heard anything like the runs and quavers she did. And a very fine woman, too; though of course there's no place like Paris for fine women.

* May we not suspect that this was one of our captain's sinless falsehoods, written for the best of purposes?

"When we were going away and settling with Mr. Meurice himself,* as elegant-mannered a man as you'd ask to meet in Hyde Park, I found that our travelling friend was going too, which, between you and me, I was uncommonly glad of. For to hear the pair of them talk was really fine, and to hear him on the gold mines, and how he *had* to shoot the fellow—but by all accounts he was a regular scoundrel, and serve him right—who just cut the bridle of the leading horse. And he certainly might have got off scot free, and our friend within an ace of having to begin the world again from the post, when, as I say, he caught him, getting out his firelock just in time. But you should hear him tell the story himself.

"They tell me it was an uncommonly fine country all the way down, and you could see them making the wine, and the women, the creatures! with their backs bent double, groping and stubbling under the bushes. Between you and me, I never dozed so much in my life, for the sun was uncommon strong, and the carriages very close. But, egad! *they* had plenty of talk between *themselves*, and kept it up in fine style, till we got to the champagne station, as I call it, and we had half a bottle for, 'pon my word, a couple of francs, I believe. How it pays the creatures, I don't know. And, I declare, the fellow-traveller was quite in spirits, as the pair laughed and talked."

Mr. Tillotson looked off the page a moment at this passage. "I thought it would be this way," he said, a little bitterly. "It was only one of the many mistakes."

"You can't imagine (went on the captain) of what use he has been to us. Looked about and got us these nice lodgings, did everything in the nicest and most gentlemanly way; and, I declare to you, Tillotson, I could hardly get him to come and take his little bit of dinner with us. I can tell you, there are all sorts of tip-top people here, and though they talk of some fine women, they're not healthy-looking, you know, the creatures! and they tell me suffering a great deal. Fellow-traveller plucking up a great deal, and enjoying it all. And really the people are so civil in *calling* and leaving their cards, that it is hard to put them off. Sir Thomas Rumbold and Lady Rumbold were here yesterday—quite the tip-top people of the place—and have asked us to a little party to-night. Egad! it was lucky I brought my dress-coat and satin stock! And Sir Thomas says he recollects perfectly meeting General Shortall in Paris. He is in parliament, and quite friendly; and asked me for some of the Irish snuff. Lucky I brought a canister."

Thus the captain prattled on for another page or two. Some one came in and interrupted

* This was the manager, whom our captain always addressed as "Mr. Meurice," and whose name was Fleury, who spoke English admirably, and had many conversations with the captain at his glass bureau. Meurice himself, as the reader well knows, has been dead many years.

Mr. Tillotson, so he could not read any more then. That evening he took it up again, and found that the next portion was written a week later. It was still on the theme of Sir Thomas Rumbold and their pleasant party, which was quite "tip-top." Sir Thomas had taken in "the fellow-traveller to supper, and, indeed, they paid me such attention." Sir Thomas is quite the gentleman, and not at all the 'high-up' sort of man you would think. And our friend the traveller, I find, is everywhere, and nothing, I give you my word and credit, can exceed his kindness and attention to our little girl. All we want—*she particularly*—is to have you over here, to share in what's going on. My dear fellow, try and come, if it's only for a fortnight. The doctor here is a *very* clever man, and he says her chest 'must be looked to,' but he will make her all right in a couple of months."

Then came a cold postscript from the little lady herself. Mr. Tillotson again smiled a bitter smile. "Her liberty is what she has been pining for! Now she is free! And this dear, simple, noble heart, he trusts her!" Then the absorbing business and its details came rushing in, and swept him away with it.

DERBY DREGS.

"ANOTHER account" is not unfrequently the heading to a newspaper narrative recording the experience of a second eye-witness of some great public event. I have read some admirable descriptions of the Derby Day of 1866, in which the playfulness, humour, and boisterous good temper of the crowd assembled on Epsom Downs are descanted on, and truthfully. But I wish to furnish "another account." The English carnival—the one day in the year when business worry and household cares are forgotten by the many; when peer and peasant, shopkeeper and artisan, mingle together on equal terms, and when hearty participation in the national sport makes the glum pleasant, the sad joyful, and the reserved merry—this is the received notion of the Derby Day. But there is a cant of geniality as offensive in its way as any other form of cant; and we seem to fall into it when speaking of this race.

Now, I have returned home weary and sore with long struggling, and shocked and disgusted by much that I have seen and heard. So let me hint at, for I dare not describe accurately, some of the depravity and riot which sullies the great English festival; and which, after twenty years' experience of the Derby Day, I had never previously seen or suspected. Like most people I know, my great object has been on previous occasions to obtain a good start home soon after the event of the day, and to thus leave the dregs of pleasure for the inveterate votaries of it lingering on the hill and by the course. This year, for reasons of my own, I decided to wait until the last carriage had departed, and though I rescinded this determination when twilight came on, and hundreds of vehicles were yet left, I saw enough to convince me that our boasts as to the

good temper, geniality, and orderly behaviour of a Derby crowd are conventional, and need modifying, and that our carnival is far more redolent of vice and brutality than our national vanity allows us to believe.

Take the famous hill, an hour after the racing of the day is over, and when the grand stand and its adjacent tributaries look ghastly and tomb-like in their emptiness. Foul language, drunken shrieks, fights, blasphemy and theft, seem things of course, and are rampant on all sides. No one is shocked, or frightened, or astonished. Gaudily-dressed women claw each other's faces until they sink back bleeding and exhausted; while their temporary lieges look on approvingly from their carriages, or sleep a drunken sleep at their sides. Boys, who are models of the tailor's and haberdasher's art, who smoke big cigars, and swagger and swear, strut and stumble tipsily about, with muddled painted creatures on their arms old enough to be their mothers. Fashionable dotards grin senilely, and like the strolling minstrels to heighten the point of their songs. These last are both male and female, and some of the latter are mere children. With hard metallic voices, and with the animation of automata, they pour out their ribaldry to the jangle of the wretched organ carried by the leader of their gang. The dotards fling silver, the tipsy boys listen, and the unwomanly women applaud, until another fight is in progress, when attention is diverted, and the dreadfully repulsive singers seek new ground. A drag with young and old men and painted women, all fashionably attired, on its roof, is stationed near an omnibus laden with well-dressed men. Pea-shooting, orange-throwing, and threats between these two parties, have been followed by more decided and more dangerous measures. First a glass tumbler, then a champagne-bottle has been hurled; but happily the vigour in each case has exceeded the precision of the throwers.

"Yer never a-goin' to stand that 'ere, are yer, master?" cries a shambling outcast. "A blessed shame that is, as ever I see," cries a stout man, with a voice and manner that remind one of a rusty agricultural implement; "why don't you get off and tackle them?" "I'll back you up," counsels a flashy fellow, with an unnaturally shiny hat; and the high-spirited young fellow on the box of the drag foolishly yields, and, jumping down, challenges the whole of the omnibus-riders to fight. Nor does he wait for an answer. With the discretion of a Quixote attacking windmills, he clambers to the roof, and there and then, without a single ally (for his shiny-hatted counsellor made off as soon as his advice was taken), hits out right and left at from a dozen to twenty men. There can, of course, be but one end to an encounter so unequal. In vain do the drunken crowd try to stimulate the gallant adventurer's own party into helping him. They remain comfortably on their drag, while smashing blows are being given and received by one man against twenty. At last they have him down upon the roof, one elderly man holding him by the throat, while another checks his writhing by pinning

him by the legs. The crowd seem half maddened now, but their sympathy is limited to sending a shower of broken glass and stones, and to yelling and swearing "Shame!" For a few moments the lithe active figure is at the mercy of its opponents, and the cry of "Throw him over!" seems about to be realised; when, with a jerk and plunge which nearly send down the men at his throat and legs, the hardy assailant is on his feet again, and, by dogged hard fighting, makes his way triumphantly along the omnibus roof, and descending at the opposite end to the one he got up by, resumes his own seat on the box of the drag amid the excited cheers of the drunken mob pressing up from below. A coat torn to ribbons, a long bruise under the left eye and ear, and a hat destroyed, are, curiously enough, the principal injuries he has received, while the bleeding faces and swollen eyes among his adversaries testify to his prowess. A man near me is so delighted with this feat that he becomes quite confidential on the subject of fighting, and after showing a painfully obsequious deference to opinions he persists in crediting me with, but which I neither expressed nor entertain, as to the best mode of what he calls "tackling a lot from the shoulder!" confides to me that "a little game o' roulette may be had behind the long booth yonder, all quiet and comfortable, and with no chance of the Bobbies spiling sport."

Another little eddy over and above the common disorderly surge of drunken men and women, and we see a dozen stout arms pulling an open carriage back, while others frustrate the coachman's whipping by first seizing the horses' heads, and then depriving him of his whip. The poor animals become frightened, and plunge and kick among the broken bottles, while threats are exchanged between the men inside and those resolute on detaining them until the appearance of the police. The women here are quiet, timid, and fearful, and implore pitifully that they may be allowed to go on their way. The coachman, obedient to a private signal, makes a last strenuous effort to get his horses into line with those leaving the hill, and again is triumphantly defeated by the shrieking crowd. Very few among those pulling back know why the vehicle is detained, or what its occupants have done, but there is devilry and mischief in the wind, and they yell, and shout, and dance, and push, and pull with the energy of demons. Confusion, recriminations, abuse, cards offered and refused, attempts to pull one of the men from his seat frustrated by the tearful appeals of his female friends, who are frightened into behaving well now, until the police and the victim on whose behalf the row has been made, appear upon the scene simultaneously. He is a shocking spectacle. Ghastly pale, and with a large ridge of rapidly coagulating blood dividing his face and cutting his nose asunder, he half staggers to the carriage, and faintly, singling out the man who hit him, as he says, with a loaded stick, gives him into custody! The injured speaker is a gentleman, is perfectly sober, and there seems no exaggeration in his story, which is corroborated by

many of those who saw the assault. A stone had been thrown by some one near, whereupon the man in the carriage had hit out furiously, some said with a champagne-bottle, some with a loaded stick, but all agreed with no more discrimination than a Malay who runs amuck, and the result was that a perfectly innocent and inoffensive man was disfigured for life. The crowd, drunk and sober, press round; the police are swayed to and fro, and there seems a likelihood of their defeat, until one of their number, who is mounted, sees the mob from afar, and is soon in its midst. A few pertinent questions from the inspector, the battered bleeding face of the wounded man bearing forcible testimony against the accused; and the carriage is drawn out of the line, while those in it are taken to the temporary station amid the cheers and derision of the mob, which resumed its indiscriminate assaults upon the instant.

Those three tawdry women in the barouche near, have been pouring brandy upon the crowd, and the woman who stood on the seat to hiccup out a speech a quarter of an hour ago, has had two fights since, and is now more than half delirious with drink and pain. Her upper lip is cut open, her forehead is bruised and swollen, her white bonnet and muslin dress are steeped in blood. The two young girls, her sole companions, are in different stages of intoxication: one is crying; the other is challenging all comers to fight. In vain do the police put up the hood of the vehicle to screen the defiant woman from the mob. She hangs over its side to shriek out blasphemy and rage, until, for fear of more serious disturbance, the constables turn the horses' heads, and send the driver off by a circuitous and deserted road. The police van comes up now. Every divisional cell in it is so full, that it has been necessary to stack the thieves and pickpockets who have been caught red-handed on the course, into the middle passage, from which they look through the iron bars of the van door, and shout out ribald jibes at the policeman-conductor, and jests to their friends below. How you and I and the people near us escape accident is a marvel. Wherever the crowd is thickest, and the apparent possibility of escape most remote, the driving is most reckless, and the horses least controlled. A drunken little shrew seizes her husband's whip, and, first lashing his horse into fury, belabours the bystanders right and left, not with animus or meaning, but as a vent or safety-valve for her own mad excitement. Next we have a bitter fight between some "roughs." They have been hanging about the carriage, the horses of which are now plunging and rearing a few yards ahead, have aided in twisting it into position for starting, and in lifting hampers to their places, and now, having had money thrown them, are quarrelling over its division. A haggard half starved-looking wretch, whose hollow cheeks and wild eyes speak of misery and privation, cries that he has done all the work, and that "this villain has taken the money." Then they set at each other like wild beasts, the bystanders applauding delightedly, and forming

an impromptu ring. There is no formal set-to here, no "squaring" of arms and fists, no knowing posturing of back, and head, and body—it is the savage combat of two wild animals, who bite, and scratch, and kick, and fall upon each other like hungry wolves. It is over in a few seconds, for they tumble down with a dead thump upon the turf: the haggard hollow-cheeked wretch undermost: just as a policeman breaks through the outer circle, and lays about him with his staff. The shock of the fall has brought blood from the nose and ears of the man who complains of having been defrauded; while his opponent makes off, scratched and torn and breathless, but carrying away the pitiful little prize for which both have bled.

Tired and disgusted, we next turn towards the railway station. To gain this from the hill, we pass the corner where the two streams of departing carriages from hill and course converge. Every evil we have seen is intensified here. The mob is so numerous as to form a ragged army. In disorderly bands, each hundreds strong, it dances round the vehicles, and uses every device to worry and excite respectably dressed riders into retaliation. Costermongers' carts have been robbed of their oranges, and these are freely thrown. Some hot-headed young fellows are weak enough to fall into the trap, and accepting the insulting challenges thrown out, descend to fight. In vain do the policemen warn them against trusting themselves in the crowd, with, "There is but two or three o' you, remember, and there's hundreds of them." They go in valiantly, and are speedily sent back wrecks. Hats, cravats, and coats gone, and their owners bruised, and sore, and breathless, regain their carriage to meditate on the genial amenities of the Derby. At this juncture the strong unruly detachments of roughs are in speech, conduct, and demeanour, like the people I have beheld waiting to see one of their fellows publicly strangled in the Old Bailey, or hanging on the outskirts of other great assemblages, for plunder and rapine. Their game is to fling missiles in all directions, and when retaliation is attempted, to turn fun into business by hustling, robbing, and maltreating the daring spirit.

But sadder than all this were the pale frightened faces of some respectable young girls, who, seated in an open carriage with their father, had somehow got entangled in this fringe of drunkenness and vice. Happily, they would not be likely to understand much of the unutterably foul speech they heard. But they covered their heads and faces with shawls and wraps, and shudderingly clung together, as if for mutual protection, while the mocking crew yelling about them insisted, with many indecent oaths, that they were drunk, and could barely be restrained from plucking back their covering. Their father, a gallant-looking old gentleman, entirely lost his head, and after angrily and fruitlessly directing his postilion "to get away, anywhere—anywhere away from these wretches," had to sit by, bewildered, while his daughters were outraged by their horrible surroundings.

The half-naked battered man we saw being led

towards the station was one of the "welchers" who had been exposed and beaten out of the betting-ring earlier in the day. An utterly worthless scamp, who made bets and received stakes, without the most remote intention of paying his losses, his chastisement was of course merited. Yet, as he limped painfully along, and every now and then putting his hand to his bandaged head, looked vacantly around, it was impossible to withhold commiseration. To be publicly thrashed by many infuriated men, to have one's garments torn and one's body bruised; to be marked as a swindler by professional visitors of every race-course in England, and to be now making for home braided, penniless, forlorn, and writhing at every step, seemed a heavier punishment for swindling than even the law awards, and suggests some curious reflections as to the various degrees of moral turpitude and the penalties attached to them by the world.

The distant hills were rapidly becoming misty and indistinct when we left the Downs; and the sounds of revelry were still coming up from the course and from the hill. The "fun" was as vicious, the road as drunken and disorderly, the basest passions as predominant, as ever; and the dreadful scenes described were being duplicated, turn which way we would. There were of course plenty of decent people in carts and vans, who were simply jolly and good tempered. But of the ragged roughs on the one hand, and the gaily-dressed vicious people, both male and female, on the other, who prolonged their festival of riot long after the races were over, it is impossible to speak with too much loathing and contempt. They were below the level of animals the foulest and most obscene; and henceforth, when I hear the British moralist declaiming against the licence of the Continent, or the British optimist expatiating on the Englishman's honest hearty enjoyment of his Derby Day, I shall take the liberty of reverting to the evidence of my senses, and of asserting that there is a great deal in the Derby Day highly desirable to be swept off the face of the earth.

SHAKESPEARE SUMMED UP.

THERE was a time when the biography of Shakespeare consisted only of such traditions as were collected by Nicholas Rowe, and corroborated by Pope or Theobald; and then it was thought that these contributions to the poet's life gave a fair enough idea of the man and his age. But now that these traditions have been generally repudiated, there is a tendency on the other hand to exaggerate our ignorance, and to take up with the hasty notion that nothing at all is known of Shakespeare, and the growth of his mind and fortunes. Even Mr. Hallam goes to the length of asserting that "we scarcely know anything," that "we see him—as far as we do see him—not in himself, but, in a reflex image," nay, that "to us he is scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality." Now, this is an extreme which requires correction,

Enough has been collected from documents of undoubted value and unquestionable authority, to fix the outlines of his career and to suggest the kind and manner of man that he was, or appeared to be to his contemporaries; nay, such as he really was, if we may accept the evidence of his works in corroboration of the external testimony that is procurable.

It is our design, accordingly, in a brief paper, to state all that can be fairly cited in aid of the story of the poet's life; and to bring the different indices forward in such order, and place them in such lights, that they may form in some sort a portrait of the man and a current critique of his writings.

To begin with his birth. There can be no doubt that William Shakespeare was the son of John Shakespeare, a resident of Stratford, who married Mary, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Willmecote, in the parish of Aston Cauntlow, and a descendant of the Robert Arden who was groom of the chamber to Henry the Seventh. John was a thriving man, a respectable woolstapler, who early in life was enabled to purchase two copyhold houses and gardens and a croft, and at the age of twenty-seven became a Burgess of the corporation of Stratford. The year afterwards he was one of the four constables of Stratford, and in 1559 he gained the office of affeeror, whose duty it was to fix and determine the fines leviable for offences against the by-laws of the borough. In 1561, he was one of the municipal chamberlains; and in 1564, he was a member of the Common Hall of Stratford. In the following year, 1565, he was elected one of the fourteen Aldermen of Stratford; and in 1571 attained the highest dignity, by being chosen chief alderman.

The poet, therefore, it is clear, came of a respectable family. His birthday is supposed to have happened on the 23rd of April, 1564, the anniversary of the tutelary saint of England, St. George. The year 1564 was remarkable for a plague that raged in Stratford from the last day of June to that of December, destroying two hundred and thirty-eight of its inhabitants. The poet's family, however, seems to have been spared the visitation. Between the family of the Shakespeares and that of the Hathaways an early intimacy subsisted; for we find, in 1566, two precepts of the Stratford Court of Record, in which John Shakespeare appears as the surety of Richard Hathaway. Into this family Shakespeare married at the early age of eighteen. His marriage-bond bears date 28th of November, 1582. The seal of R. H., probably Richard Hathaway, is appended to the bond. His wife's name was Anne Hathaway; and they lived together at Stratford until 1585, and had three children, Susanna, Hamnet, and Judith. That year Shakespeare quitted his native town, to push his fortunes in London. He became attached to the theatre, and had a house in Southwark, where his brother lived with him; and it is probable that his wife was his frequent companion there.

His early attachment to the stage is easily accounted for. At Stratford he had had frequent

opportunities of witnessing stage plays, and becoming acquainted with actors. As early as 1569, the Queen's players and the Earl of Worcester's players visited Stratford and performed in it; in 1573, the Earl of Leicester's players received money from the chamberlain of Stratford for performing; and in 1574, my Lord of Warwick's players were similarly honoured. In 1575, Queen Elizabeth made her grand historical visit to Kenilworth Castle, and it is supposed that William Shakespeare, then eleven years of age, was present at the festivities. In the same year we have evidence of his father's continued prosperity, as he then purchased two freehold houses. After this, the notices relative to his fortunes are equivocal; but there is no necessity for attributing them as some do to his adversity. The better probability is that John Shakespeare had turned his attention from commerce to agriculture, and was living less in the borough, though still dwelling in the parish, as proprietor of the lands of Bishopton and Welcombe, which his son William disposes of by his will under the designation of his "inheritance."

At the age of fifteen, William Shakespeare had another opportunity of witnessing a theatrical performance, for in the year 1579 the players of Lord Strange and of the Countess of Essex held dramatic entertainments in Stratford in the hall of the guild, under the patronage of the bailiff. Next year, the players of the Earl of Derby visited Stratford. To these entertainments in his native town Shakespeare alludes in his comedy of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (probably his first dramatic production). There we find his heroine, Julia, stating:

At Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agoon,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved there withal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

As boys then played the part of women on the English stage, it is possible that Shakespeare himself had at these festivals played the very character of Ariadne here described, and that the two last lines describe his own feelings on the occasion. The play, too, contains allusions to the motives which induced the poet, in common with his heroes, to forsake the indolence of a home life for strenuous exertion in the broad highways of the world.

Shakespeare probably brought this comedy with him to London in 1585, and in the next year composed *The Comedy of Errors*, which, though called a comedy, has in it also tragical and farcical elements; for the work was produced before drama was distinguished into its different kinds, and may be accounted as an example of

what drama is in a prothetic condition. The date of the next play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, is fixed by reference to a passage in the play itself, as to *Bank's Horse*, about the period of 1588; and in the same year, Hamlet probably saw the light. In fixing the dates of these early plays even approximately, there is, of course, much difficulty. Commentators appear to be pretty well agreed that Shakespeare began his career as a dramatist about the year 1585. Hamlet, in its original state, is alluded to very early. In 1589, Nash, in Greene's *Menaphon*, says of some poet, that "he will afford you whole Hamlets; I should say, handfuls of *tragic* speeches." Was this Shakespeare or Kyd, who is also said to have written a Hamlet? The probability is, that the Hamlet alluded to was an early draft of Shakespeare's tragedy. If this deduction be correct, Hamlet was the earliest of Shakespeare's tragedies. Subsequently, it underwent much revision. Thus, Hamlet's contrast between Horatio's character and his own, which he delivers just before the performance of the play of the murder of Gonzago, and the allusions to the meaning of his part while acting, are additions. The brief soliloquy at the end of the second scene of the third act is also an addition: "'Tis now the very witching time of night," &c. The King's soliloquy in the next scene is much altered. As it originally stood, it probably belonged to Kyd; the corrections are Shakespeare's additions. The fourth scene in the fourth act, where Hamlet meets with Fortinbras and his troops, and soliloquises on the fact, is also an after-thought. The need for such enlargements indicates that the poet felt that, in its first state, the treatment was crude, and would bear further handling with advantage. He likewise produced, in a subsequent play, *All's Well that Ends Well*, a character, that of Helena, as an obvious contrast to that of the Danish prince. It is evident, also, that the poet took great pains with his new play; for it was remodelled after its first production, when it bore the name of *Love's Labour's Won*. We have next Shakespeare's second tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, in which he was much assisted by Arthur Brooke's poem, which in the development of his subject he had closely followed. There is internal evidence of this drama having been composed in 1591.

Four years previously to this date (1587), the Queen's players had made their appearance in Stratford. This, in fact, was Burbadge's company, which had been incorporated as the Queen's in 1583; and it has been imagined that Shakespeare had already become connected with it. He was probably, at this time, also a sharer in the Blackfriars theatre. His reputation had begun to culminate. He is supposed to be alluded to by Thomas Nash, in his *Anatomic of Absurditie*, as a writer of songs and sonnets, whose education extended no further than "a little country grammar knowledge." If this is intended of Shakespeare, as it might be of Thomas Greene, his fellow-townsmen, it may be cited in support of the supposition that Shakespeare had been educated in the Stratford Free School. Spenser, about the same time, in his *Tears of*

the Muses, recognised him; but preferred his comedy to his tragedy, lamenting that he had ceased to write the former, and taken to the latter.

One remark may be ventured here on these two first tragedies of Hamlet and *Romeo and Juliet*. The poet had not yet delivered himself from the example of his age, and in both dramas overcrowds his last scene with slaughter and death. The stage is covered with corpses, as in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, and Kyd's famous *Spanish Tragedy*. Shakespeare saw at length the absurdity of this practice, and in the later tragedies carefully avoided it. But at this stage of his development he studiously kept to precedent, both in the form and matter of his plays; in *Romeo and Juliet*, particularly, following closely in the steps of Brooke's poem.

We find him doing the same thing in relation to the historic dramas which he now began to edit or recompose. In the First Part of *Henry the Sixth*, adapted from the work of an older drama, he scarcely altered anything. Having become a theatrical manager, he availed himself of others' labours, and commenced a new walk in dramatic production with the utmost caution. He leaves the order of the chronicle, and the chronicle-play, alike untouched. He affects no artistic arrangement, but depends entirely on his materials and his fidelity to his authorities. He now appears to have formed the design of producing a series of historical dramas; but he did not immediately pursue it. He laid his hand upon another play which had already appeared, and out of it, by alteration and addition, constructed *The Taming of the Shrew*. The addition he obtained from another old play, entitled, *The Supposes*, and used it as an under-plot. He then turned to the subject of *Henry the Sixth* again, and produced two other parts, resorting for this purpose to two anonymous plays which were printed in 1594 and 1595, but which probably he had previously seen in manuscript, and altered for his own theatre, the Blackfriars'. In their unaltered state, they were acted by the Earl of Pembroke's servants.

In 1595, Shakespeare became part proprietor of another theatre, the Globe, the building of which was completed in that year. Richard Burbadge, the actor, and others of the sharers in the Blackfriars', were co-speculators with him. Lord Southampton, on this occasion, is supposed to have given Shakespeare a considerable sum of money which enabled him to undertake the speculation. It was one that proved very profitable, and the credit of its prosperity is due chiefly to Shakespeare's management, who continued at its head until the year 1604, when he withdrew from the concern, and forthwith it fell into trouble. At the close of that year, the company gave offence to the court by the performance of a drama upon Gowry's conspiracy; and in 1605 by an insult offered to the City authorities. In 1606 a complaint was made to the King by the French ambassador that, in a play by George Chapman, the Queen

of France had been brought upon the stage in a derogatory manner. James the First himself escaped not ridicule. In consequence of such errors in conduct, dramatic performances in London were entirely suspended. The company was preserved from these mistakes while under the administration of the judicious, prudent, and gentle Shakespeare.

A funeral elegy on the death of Burbadge gives some account of the part taken by him in the representation of Shakespeare's and others' plays. The characters recorded in these verses, as acted by him, are Hamlet, Romeo, Henry the Fifth, Jeronimo (in Kyd's Spanish Tragedy), Edward, Richard the Third, Macbeth, Brutus, Marcius, Vindex, Frankford, Brachiano, Malevole, Philaster, Amintas,

the red-haired Jew,

Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,

By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh;

Lear, Pericles, and Othello.

To return: In the last part of Henry the Sixth, Shakespeare found the character of Richard, Duke of Glo'ster, afterwards Richard the Third. This character fixed the attention of Shakespeare, and he much strengthened it in his adaptation. He determined also to expand it in a separate drama. But first he tried his hand on the subject of Richard the Second, in the composition of which he seems to have obtained assistance, for the style is unequal, and certain parts indicate the presence of an inferior genius. And now Shakespeare made a great and independent effort, and proceeded to construct his mighty tragedy of Richard the Third, for which he consulted Sir Thomas More's history, and indeed accepted his conception of the character. He derived also some of his materials from Holinshed. The structure of this great drama is elaborate and complex, and the diction of the loftiest kind. In the course of the play a succession of deaths necessarily occur. But the catastrophe is simple. Richard falls by the hand of Richmond, but the stage remains unencumbered with bodies of the slain. This work is the most ambitious which Shakespeare had up to this period (1595) composed. We allude, of course, to the tragedy as it stands in Shakespeare's collected works, and not to Cibber's version, usually substituted for it on the boards.

Shakespeare now became interested in such earlier portions of his country's history as were needful to explain the proximate causes of the events in the reigns which he had already dramatised. To have made the series complete, he should have commenced with the occurrences that distinguished the busy period when Henry the Second was king of England; but he preferred taking it up at a little later date, when the principle then contended for was further advanced, and King John acted as its representative. In constructing the tragedy that bears his name, Shakespeare did not, as in Richard the Third, depend on his own resources, but resorted to an elder play, which he followed in

all important particulars, and wrote up in its principal scenes and characters. He was careful in it to mark the Protestant spirit of the age, and to denounce the pretensions of the Papacy.

The use thus made of others' materials in the composition of the plays which he had placed on the stage as a theatrical manager did not escape censure in his own day. Greene, the dramatist, has, for instance, left a depreciatory notice of Shakespeare in his posthumous work, *Groat's-worth of Wit bought with a million of repentance*. He characterises him as "an upstart crow, beautified in our feathers, that with his tiger's breast wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakes-scene in a country." In this passage Shakespeare is regarded as an actor and manager, rather than as a poet. His claims as the latter yet awaited full recognition. Yet in 1593 he had published his *Venus and Adonis*, which ran into three editions, and in the next year his *Tarquin and Lucretia*. In 1595 Spenser, too, notices him again, in his *Colin Clout's* come again, in highly favourable terms:

And there, though last not least, is *Ætion*;
A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found;
Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound.

In other places, also, we find the gentleness of Shakespeare mentioned. Nor are we without descriptions of his person, which credit him with an augustness of aspect, a loftiness of forehead, a mild countenance, a sweet mouth, and a deep look. He wore a brown beard, and had a noble appearance. Aubrey says he was "a handsome well-made man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." Greene, too, who had, as we have said, maligned him, confesses that he had "seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes;" adding, "divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his wit."

These citations bring the man before us "in his habit as he lived," prepossessing in person and punctilious in his dress and address, as became a man who aspired to a higher station. His ambition was, indeed, to entitle himself to the rank and title of a gentleman; for, about this time, his father, at his instance, applied to the Heralds' College for a grant of arms; and a draft of such grant (1596) is still preserved in the College of Arms. The grant itself was conceded the following year.

Richard the Third and King John mark the completion of Shakespeare's dramatic education. He now sought diversion in lighter compositions, such as *The Merchant of Venice*, and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. He then returned to the historic drama, but in an advanced spirit. He no longer contented himself with the mere form of a chronicle play, but

devised a new one more conducive to dramatic effect. In Henry the Fourth he mixed up the historic portraits with dramatic individuals, giving to Sir John Falstaff and his companions an equal share of the canvas. Sir John Falstaff was, in the early draft of the play, named Sir John Oldcastle, an appellation which he found in an elder drama. But Shakespeare was not aware of the real character of Sir John Oldcastle, who was an adherent of Wyckliffe, and thus fell into the error of exposing a Protestant martyr to ridicule. As the production of this play, with the great characters of Falstaff, Hotspur, and Prince Henry, created a considerable sensation, the Roman Catholics began at once to claim its author as their supporter; but Shakespeare soon disabused them by altering the name of the fat knight, and adding an epilogue to the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, in which he apologises for his mistake, and asserts that Oldcastle is not the person intended. Nevertheless, he makes a sort of promise of continuing the character of Falstaff in his next play, Henry the Fifth. There, however, he contents himself with describing his death. Perhaps the religious controversy prevented him from pursuing the theme at that period.

By this time, Shakespeare had not only secured the grant of arms to his father, thus entitling himself to the status of a gentleman, but had bought New Place at Stratford for his own private residence. In the "plea of covenant" for its purchase, he is expressly named William Shakespeare, *gentleman*. In a curious tract, dated 1605-6, and entitled Ratsey's Ghost, this transaction is mentioned, in connexion with the history of the poet, of whom the author, some unsuccessful writer, appears to have been envious. Ratsey was a highwayman executed at Bedford, in March, 1606; and in this document he is made to counsel the leading player of a strolling company to try his fortunes in London. "There," says he, "thou shalt learn to be frugal (for players were never so thrifty as they are now about London); and to feed upon all men, to let none feed upon thee, to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket, thy heart slow to perform thy tongue's promise, and, when thou feelest thy purse well lined, *buy thee some place of lordship in the country*, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may bring thee to dignity and reputation, that thou needest care for no man; no, not for them that before made thee proud with speaking their words on the stage." This statement, when translated out of the language of malignant satire into that of sober fact, gives a sufficiently correct account of Shakespeare's progress and character. It shows that he was prudent and economical, that others of his craft were so likewise, and that, being so, he gradually saved enough to place himself in an independent position, such, indeed, that he "need care for no man," not even for the playwrights whose words previously he had been proud to speak. Other facts of his life show that he had now won a reputation. For in the year after this purchase

appeared Mere's Palladis Tannia, in which Shakespeare's name is registered as one of the great poets of his day, and many of his dramatic works, together with his sonnets, mentioned. Some of these dramatic works had been published, but anonymously. Now, however, three of these issued from the press with his name, viz., Love's Labour's Lost, Richard the Second, and Richard the Third; yet in the very same year, 1598, the Historic of Henric the Fourth, with the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe, had been published anonymously; but in the next year's edition his name was added. Shakespeare had, therefore, been at least *thirteen* years in London as a writer for the stage, and had actually placed upon it no fewer than eighteen of his most popular plays, besides writing several poems, before his name had culminated and become public as a dramatic author. This is an important fact, and suggestive of much reflection!

We have now Shakespeare as a poet, with "a place of lordship" in the country, a gentleman in independent circumstances, and free to follow his own course as an author. We become aware of the influence of these favourable conditions in the superior excellence of the works which he now begins to produce. First on the list, we have his comedies, Much Ado about Nothing, As You Like It, Merry Wives of Windsor, and Twelfth Night. All these testify to the maturity of his intellect, the readiness of his wit, and the exquisite playfulness of his fancy. They present even richer matter to the critic than his great tragedies. They should be viewed from a higher elevation than the level they seem to occupy; so best may the propriety of the action and the harmony of the parts be perceived. They manifest a subtlety and delicacy of delineation which severer pieces cannot exhibit. Into these, however, he now imported what he could of this finer spirit. Witness his Othello, Measure for Measure, Lear, Troilus and Cressida, Cymbeline, A Winter's Tale, and Macbeth. In all, with the tragic element is mingled a lighter, an ironical, a serio-comic vein, indicative of a mind that has survived mere impulse, works consciously, and has learned to sport with its immediate theme in favour of an ulterior purpose. There is nothing in these of what the Germans call the storm-and-stress period of the poetic development. A great calm has settled on the depths of the soul in which the creative process had become active, and rules every movement of the teeming substance. "The years that bring the philosophic mind" have left an influence which now presides over the whole work, from its first inception to its ultimate growth. The dramatist is evidently free to conceive his own plan, and to mould his materials after his own liking. In the execution of these mighty labours the poet needed no assistance, sought no help, and desired no approbation but his own. Though some of these be amongst the most popular of his productions, Shakespeare nowhere in them aims at popularity; in more than one instance he gives proof

that he despises it altogether. His tendency to do so now, indeed, grows with him into a mental habit.

He chooses themes which are remarkable for their weight and importance, and in which he may work out a consistent theory. For this purpose he resorts to Plutarch's Lives, and dramatises the biographies of Roman heroes. Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, and Antony and Cleopatra form a cluster of plays, all animated with the same inner purpose—that of showing the growth of tyranny in a state, and in what ultimately the despotism of individual will must culminate. He derives wisdom from the past, and sets it forth in his most careful manner for the instruction of the future. Nothing of "the poor player" adjusting a piece for the boards is now apparent; but a rich spirit exhausting itself of its abundance for the advantage of the race—for the culture of leading minds, and the building up of states.

Shakespeare had now clomb his way up the scale of his art to the ideal in philosophy and the imaginative in poetry, preserving in both, however, the thoroughly human even in the loftiest of his conceptions and characters—even in those which belong to the preternatural. It now became his ambition to transcend that boundary; and in Prospero he proposed a man so perfect that he might pass for a divine person, yet even to him he gives a feeling of human infirmity, so that at the very height of action he becomes perturbed and angry, imperilling a great cause by accidental forgetfulness and the indulgence of a dangerous passion. He endows him with a perception of arcana, so that he can penetrate the secret causes and spiritual agencies by which we are affected in creation, and to these latter assigns a sort of angelic personality and mission, as well as an intelligence which is in some respects superhuman. The play of *The Tempest* is abstract and purely intellectual. Nor is the drama which succeeded, namely, *Timon of Athens*, much less so. The hero is the opposite of Prospero; a man who by the magic of his wealth has "conjured" around him the attendance of "spirits," who, for their own interests, are willing to minister to him their special gifts in return for his bounty. Not only the painter, the poet, the jeweller and the merchant, but the Athenian aristocracy consent to swell his state and feed his pride. The cynic even is found in the train of his worshippers. But, in the treatment of his theme, Shakespeare failed to fulfil all its conditions as stated in the argument of it, which he places in the mouth of Timon's poet, who makes a pretty allegory illustrative of the instability of fortune. Accordingly, he left this drama in an incomplete state, and tried the theme again in his *Henry the Eighth*, which, in all its characters, as well as in the character of the time, is occupied with the same moral, the prevalence of change both in the condition of persons and manners. In this new drama,

the form of the old chronicle play is adopted, and it appears to have been written as a pageant for some occasion when spectacle was expedient. As such, it has also been produced on the modern stage with profitable results.

It was acted on the 29th June, 1613, at the Globe, by Burbadge's company, with a fatal result. While the performance was in progress, "there shooting of certaine chambers in way of triumph, the fire caught and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously as it consumed the whole house, the people having enough to doe to save themselves." Thus ended Shakespeare's career as a dramatic poet. He had already in 1612 returned to Stratford, whither he seems now to have finally retired. We have few traces of him there, but these suffice to show him as a busy man, whose help and counsel were valued by his neighbours. He went backward and forward to London, and was engaged in some questions touching the enclosures of common lands. He seems also to have attended juries, and entertained preachers "at Newe Place." Meanwhile, new editions of several of his dramas went through the press. Our next date is 1616, when we find him making his will, and providing for the marriage of his daughter Judith, which took place on the 10th of February. The will was executed on the 25th of March. Whether Shakespeare was ill at this time is not known, but he died on or about the 23rd of next April. The character of his bust, which was taken from a cast after his death, and forms part of his monument at Stratford-on-Avon, at any rate renders it improbable that he died of a fever. The Stratford Burial Register has this entry: "1616. April 25, Will. Shakspeare, Gent." His wife survived him seven years, and was buried beside him on the 8th August, 1623. The first folio edition of his plays was published in the same year.

Up to the last we may note Shakespeare as a careful, prudent man, who left nothing to chance, and who was desirous of preserving the respectability of his family. During the whole of his career he seems never to have suffered from pecuniary want. From a document recently placed in the hands of the writer of this paper, he appears to have had relatives in London, who may have prepared the way for him on his first visit, and it is probable that from his earliest residence there he was connected with the theatre. Thirteen years he worked both as author and manager in comparative obscurity. For fourteen years afterwards he lived as an independent gentleman, though for great part of that time he still continued in management, and during that long period wrote those great tragedies and comedies which are the glory of our dramatic literature. We question much, however, whether his two first tragedies are not quite as popular, though not so perfect, as those of his later period. Those of the latest are certainly the least popular, and ap-

pear to have been written from higher motives than to please playgoers. They were evidently written to please himself.

THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

II. IN THE OLDEN TIME.

PLEASANT as are the "high jinks" of the modern Dublin Court, they pale before its older glories. Ireland a hundred and twenty years ago was like a separate kingdom, and was always spoken of as "this kingdom." Dublin was some four days' journey from where there were no accidents; but accidents were the rule, and delays at sea and on the road made a leisurely journey reach to a week. The fact of there being a parliament, a House of Lords and Commons, with a prime minister, a handsome revenue, a Chancellor of the Exchequer to regulate it, a set of brilliant debaters, the fame of whose eloquence became almost European, and, besides this, an "Irish establishment," that is, a regular Irish army, raised and paid in that kingdom—these were elements enough to render the nation of an importance to which it is pardonable its sons should look back to with regret and pride. There was yet another feature not quite so admirable, another source for what was called the "Irish Establishment," which bore lightly and cheerfully a load of English pensions for German princes and German mistresses, a "pension on Ireland" being the favourite "job." It was only when this degrading burden reached to between sixty and seventy thousand a year, that the Irish Parliament modestly but gently began to remonstrate.

To the readers of the old memoirs of those days, what brilliant flashes come back! There was plenty of money in the country, though the peasantry was a miserable unenfranchised horde of serfs; but the gentry and the nobility were in their turn the unenfranchised serfs of pleasure, building palaces worthy of Venice (and which are now to be seen standing), dancing, fiddling, gambling, drinking, and fighting, as a gallant gentleman of those days should.

The grand cynosure of the Dublin Court was the stage. Those were the happy days for both theatres and actors, and with what happy effects their patronage was attended may be conceived from the splendid list of dramatic artists that Ireland has produced. The names of Barry, Macklin, Sheridan, Mossop, Ryan, Delane, among the men, and of Woffington, Kitty Clive, Mrs. Fitzhenry, Mrs. Bellamy, can scarcely be matched in any country. One hundred and thirty years ago there were four theatres in that city, all handsome and elegant, one of which now actually exists, and a portion of the wall of another where Garrick played, but helps to support a chapel, still stands.

We look back very far to the days of Lord Chesterfield, the hollow polished nobleman—yet not so false in Ireland—winning favour in that country, making epigrams on the Irish beauties, and "cultivating" Alderman Falkener. It was in his reign that the great Mr. Garrick

paid his second visit to Dublin, and appeared at the "Smock-alley" Theatre. The Viceroy and his court were there every night, and his excellency, the Dublin papers said, was pleased to compliment Mr. Garrick rather extravagantly as the greatest actor that had ever appeared on any stage. Then was the Garrick fever brought on by overcrowding in the boxes and galleries, and the Dublin barrister, walking down to court by a short cut, may thread his way through the "Blind Quay," and the old, mean, and wretched houses, then houses of persons of quality, who must have been disturbed by the block of carriages, and the flashing of torches, and the shouts of footmen attendant on the ovation to the great actor.

There was a pleasant gaiety, even an elegance, in the relations of the noblemen and gentlemen of this court. Amateur theatricals were all the rage—a taste that has always prevailed in Ireland. Each play was sure to be ushered in by some elegantly turned verses from "an eminent hand." Indeed, every gentleman was trained to versify, and every compliment to a beauty assumed the unsubstantial shape of rhyme.

The professional poet, Churchill, took a savage view of the most seductive place in the world; as some cynic did in the following halting lines:

Mass-houses, churches, mixed together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather,
The church, the Four Courts, and hell contiguous,
Castle, College-green, and custom-house gibbous.
Few things here are to tempt ye,
Tawdry outsides, pockets empty.
Five theatres, little trade, and jobbing arts,
Brandy and snuff-shops, post-chaises and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Masters of their servants afraid;
Rogues that daily rob and cut men,
Patriots, gamblers, and footmen;
Women lazy, drunken, loose,
Men in labour slow, of wit profuse,
Many a scheme that the public must rue it,
This is Dublin, if ye knew it.

A pleasant subject, of a gossiping sort, would be the history of private theatricals, into which the annals of the Irish private stage would enter very largely. Every one has heard of the Kilkenny theatricals, whose records are already set out in a book of their own; but it is impossible to peep into any social corner of Irish life without getting a glimpse of the amateur stage with lamps lit, and the noble ladies and noble gentlemen in rich dresses, playing their parts. Every old faded newspaper is full of complimentary notices. One short specimen will show in what "style" these things were done before the Union. In 1793, a number of noblemen and gentlemen took Malachy's Theatre, set Italian artists to work, to paint and decorate. The ceiling was gorgeous with Apollo, and Tragedy and Comedy; mirrors were let in to the pilasters of the boxes; the seats were all upholstered in scarlet and fringe; the decorations were all white and gold figures, with festoonings of gold and crimson tassels; servants in gorgeous

liveries attended on every one in the boxes. The orchestra was filled with amateurs, and the players were Lord Westmeath, Captain Aske, Lord Thurles, Lord Cunningham, Buck Whaley, and many more. They played the Beggar's Opera, the Poor Soldier, the Rivals, School for Scandal, and such pieces. These were not mere stray performances; but there was a regular season, and the theatre was rented for a number of years, until the Rebellion and the Union scattered both audience and company.

Nor must we pass by a picturesque tribute to music, which is not so honoured in our time. St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, had her day kept with all honour. At the Castle was maintained a full state band, generally under the command of some musician of eminence, and Dubourg, who played with Handel, filled his office for a long time. On St. Cecilia's day, all the court and persons of quality repaired in great pomp to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the Reverend Doctor Swift, the dean, no doubt objected to such "tweedle dum and tweedle-dee." A fine orchestra erected, and Mr. Dubourg and his men fiddled away at Corelli, and Dr. Blow, and Purcell. The performance lasted from ten till three o'clock, and there was not standing room. Another custom obtained, which was that of keeping the king's birth-day with great state and solemnity. There was a court in the morning, with a ball at night, and Sheridan, or Mr. Brooke, or Captain Jephson, or some Irish laureate, wrote an ode, which Mr. Dubourg "set," and which was sung and fiddled by a larger choir and orchestra. A "Castle" festival a hundred and forty years took place in the "old Beefeaters' Hall," and with seven hundred people all seated in tiers, the topmost row of the ladies' heads touching the ceiling. By eleven at night all the minuets were over, and the Viceroy and his lady adjourned to the basset table in another room.

After an hour's play, the Duke and Duchess and their nobility adjourned to the supper-room, where there was a holly tree lit up with a hundred wax tapers, which made a prodigious impression; but an English lady who was present and saw the spectacle of the noble company bursting into the supper-room, says the scene was not to be described, "squalling, shrieking, all sorts of noises;" ladies were stripped of their lappets, hustled, squeezed in the scuffle; and poor Lady Santry was left more dead than alive.

A glimpse, too, of the old coffee-houses, where the gentlemen of Ireland drank wonderful claret at "Lucas's," deservedly considered the most "convenient," as there was a charming garden, or enclosure, at the back, where "difficulties" were settled with delightful promptitude. The gentlemen had only to move their chairs near to the windows, and were thus able to see the whole "fun" with comfort and ease. Lucas's was a haunt for certain persons of quality, and where any one who wished to see what were called "The

Bucks" was sure to be gratified. The Bucks were the fine gentlemen of the time, if finery consisted in ostentatiously savage manners and barbarous behaviour. Some belonged to the "Hell Fire Club," and one of this society's feats is recorded—namely setting their "club-room on fire, and enduring" the flames until they were all but suffocated and burnt to death. This was by way of bravado, and to show their contempt for the torments which were held up to them from pulpits. Some were called Pink Dindies, whose pastime was cutting off an inch or so of the scabbard of their swords, and prodding the victims of the jests with the blades, which thus could not penetrate much below the surface. The odious race of duelling bullies swarmed over the town—the "Tiger Roches" and others. One Buck would walk up and down Lucas's with a train to his cloak, and if any one trod on it, would instantly draw his sword. An old gentleman who was alive not long since, recollected a scene of this sort at Lucas's, produced by this literal challenge to tread on the tail of one's coat, and where the unconscious offender was lucky enough to anticipate the bully's attack by running him through the body. In short, the fashionable mode for the Bucks was to range the city and seek for excitement by maiming or annoying the canaille, which was carried out by "pinking" or "sweating." We know what "pinking" was; "sweating" was bursting into a house and carrying off guns and swords as trophies, just as knockers used to be wrenched by the "bloods" of yesterday's generation.

Another set of gentlemen went about as "Chalkers." Their pastime consisted of marking or maiming a person about the face. And the quality of these ruffians is at once characteristically determined by the Acts of Parliament passed against the practice, in which, though visiting it with the severest penalties, it is stipulated there shall be nothing to corrupt the offender, or prejudice his family.

Even now, next to the old Parliament House stands a stately building, cut up into half a dozen houses of business. This was once "Daly's Club-house," where all the noblemen and gentlemen of both Houses would adjourn to dine and drink; where were seen Mr. Grattan, and Mr. Flood with "his broken beak," and Mr. Curran, and those brilliant but guerilla debaters whose encounters both of wit and logic make our modern parliamentary contests sound tame and languid. There was seen that surprising Sir Boyle Roche, whose name and whose surprising "Bird" has done such good service, both in books and speeches. And there, too, we see honourable members emerging from under the classical portico, hot with rage and fury, and driving away to "the Phoenix" to arrange their differences. As we pass by and see that picturesque temple given over to the money-changers, and transformed into the Bank of Ireland, it is impossible for one who is thoroughly Irish not to regret those brilliant days, and

the abrupt change from nationality to pure provincialism.*

The year before the Union, as "old inhabitants" have told the writer, Sackville-street, long and broad as it is, was literally crowded with coaches and six, waiting, drawn up to take down noble lords and noble gentlemen to "the House." Only the year after the Union, as an ancient and fossilised coach-builder has also told us, the auction-marts and carriage-yards were encumbered with coaches and carriages and horses; noblemen and gentlemen, now "out of work," with their calling gone, literally flying from the unhappy capital.

About the old Music Hall, now Fishamble-street Theatre, where Handel sat at his harpsichord, float the ghosts and clouds of a hundred fairy scenes and glories. Here it was that Lord Mornington—of "ye spotted snakes" memory—founded this musical academy, which, by the rules, was to be strictly independent of all "mercenary professors." A hundred years ago it was flourishing. The president was the facetious Kane O'Hara, who wrote "Midas;" the leader of the band was Lord Mornington; first violins, Count M'Carthy, Right Hon. Sackville Hamilton, Rev. Dean Bayley, and others; bassoon, Colonel Lee; violoncellos, Earl of Bellaunt, Sir John Dillon, two Hon. and Rev. Deans; flutes, Lord Lucan, Captain Reid, Rev. J. Johnson; harpsichord, Right Hon. W. Brownlow, Lady Freke, Miss Cavendish; singers, Right Hon. Lady Caroline Russell, Mrs. Monk, Miss O'Hara, and a host of other notabilities. This place still stands; and every night Malachy, enterprising manager as he is, gives the illegitimate drama, where the noble earl led the band, and my Lady Freke sat at the harpsichord. Masquerades, too. Mr. Gardiner, of the Blessington family, flits by as an old woman carrying her father in a basket; considered the best and most ludicrous mask in the place, and Mr. Hamilton as a French *gouvernante*. There passes by Mr. Yelverton as a Methodist preacher, Counsellor Doyle as a friar; and, strangest spectacle of all, Lord Glerawly as "a sideboard of plate." This was certainly the most mysterious of all characters, and did honour to his lordship's ingenuity. Captain French as Diana Frapes. But the character that we should have wished to see, and which has an interest for us beyond the gentleman who walked as Sterne's *Slaukenbergias*, fresh from the promontory of Noses, was "Mr. Boswell," who had by this time emptied his head of Corsica, and who was content with the character of Douglas.

The chapter of Irish beauties at the Irish Court has always been a large one. Looking back, we can catch glimpses, at every era, of a train of belles of reputation. When all London

was running wild after the lovely Gunnings, and when a Secretary of State actually sent a guard of soldiers to walk after them in Hyde Park to keep the mob off, and when these brilliant but bold young ladies were rather courting such admiration, it was surprising that no one thought of hunting up the old stories of their Irish triumphs; for they, too, had been at "the Castle," yet under circumstances a little humiliating. Their father, John Gunning, Esquire, had ruined himself, like many a fine Irish gentleman; but his daughters, like many fine Irish ladies, must still go to the "shows" and keep up appearances; yet both money and credit were unhappily gone, in which difficulty their mamma called in Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the manager of the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley, who kindly allowed the handsome girls to choose from the rich wardrobes of his green-room, and in this way they were enabled to go to "the drawing-room." On another occasion, a charitable actress, passing through Great Britain-street, heard women crying in a second floor, and going in, found the two beauties and their mamma in the deepest distress, bailiffs having put in an execution. John Gunning, Esquire, was happily out of the way, as he always contrived to be. She befriended and rescued them. Long after, when the Irish girls made their wonderful matches, and became Lady Coventry and Duchess of Hamilton, it is said that the Irish manager had humbly asked to be invited to one of their parties, and was refused; and Mrs. Bellamy, the actress who had saved them from the bailiffs, is also said to have met with the same neglect. Still, theirs were awkward secrets to bring to your host's party.

In later times, lively and not too strait-laced saturnalia prevailed. Jovial vice-kings enjoyed their reigns. The Dublin caricaturists were never idle a moment. Looking over their works, we find open allusions to three very well-known ladies, who are always put down as Lady C—r, Lady C—e, and Lady Denny. The pranks of these dames amused the whole city; their rivalries, their battles in the box lobbies of the theatre, and their doings at Court. All the world knew Lady Cahir, Lady Denny, and Lady Clare, but they did not heed what the world knew. One of the caricatures gave each a motto, more witty than complimentary. For Lady Clare, "I declare for all men;" for Lady Cahir, "I care for all men;" and for the last, "I deny no man." But the greater scandal was occasioned when it was known that one of these ladies had introduced an extraordinary game, in high favour at the Castle, and which went by the name of "Cutchacutchop."

Two recesses were fitted up at the end of the grand saloons; and here, behind a curtain, the ladies prepared their toilet for the exciting sport. In a moment the floor was covered with a crowd of belles, and dowagers, and beaux, hopping about in the sitting attitude required by the game. Great was the laughter when a gentle dame of high degree was overthrown by the

* Only last year died the last surviving member of the Irish House, one of Nature's gentlemen—no mere remnant of an old generation, but fresh, buoyant, keeping pace with the younger world, the delight and admiration of his friends.

heavier assault of a stouter rival. Presently, as the fun waxed more furious, dresses were torn, hair disordered, paint on the fair faces began to rub off, and the whole became a romp. We are told, by an amusing satire, which dealt very severely with these high jinks, that a vice-queen tried to stop them—

Fair Hardwicke, thou whose social schemes
Steer justly 'twixt the nice extremes;

but she was quite powerless.

The theatre, after Mr. Garrick's departure, was in a lawless state; "bloods" ranged the stage and green rooms as they pleased; the manager was helpless. The pretty but overbearing Miss Bellamy—whose pettish quarrels with Garrick are amusing theatrical reading—was passing off the stage. One gala-night, when the viceroy and court were present, and the house crammed, one of the "bloods," a Captain St. Leger, who was standing at the wings, had the freedom to put his lips to her shoulder as she went by. The offended actress at once turned on him, and gave him a slap on the face that rang through the house. The act took place in full view of the audience, who applauded loudly; and Lord Chesterfield was seen to rise in his box, and clap his hands in approbation. He presently sent Major Macartney, his aide-de-camp, to require that Captain St. Leger should make a public apology, which was accordingly made in due form.

HAUNTED HILDERTON.

"WHY is this called 'haunted' Hilderton? and how did you ever come to live here, uncle George?" asked Ellen. "You never said one word about it in your letters to India."

"Unless an arrangement could have been come to with her Majesty's mails to carry ghost stories at half-price, it would have been too costly, my love," replied Colonel Savage. "Well, well! You have been here now nearly a week, and I—I trust you and Soph have found everything comfortable."

"Everything delightful. But, uncle, why haunted? I've never seen anything."

"I wouldn't brag, my dear," said the colonel, mysteriously. "It is one of the polished peculiarities of the disturbing influence here, that it refrains from troubling newly-arrived visitors until they have recovered the fatigue of a journey, and are beginning to feel themselves fairly at home."

"I am sure it is very kind," said Ellen, warmly. "How good you all are in dear old England—ghosts and all! But, uncle, what is it?"

"Ah! that's the point," replied the colonel. "There's an ~~idea~~—a vague, misty consciousness of an indistinct impression—that—But, why talk of it? However, do what I will, I have never been able wholly to eradicate the terror from my household. The butler, as bold a man about a house as ever stepped, would fight against any odds in defence of his plate-chest—

but, at the first rumour of the supernatural, his manly cheek turns pale, and a reinforcement of Molly the housemaid is necessary before he will even descend the stairs."

"It's a noise, uncle?" said Sophy. "Oh, tell us all about it."

"To be sure," said her uncle. "Why not? You're sensible children. This is how it happened. Your uncle Charles, as you know, is a great musician. It is, or was, his intention to become the first fiddler of the age. How far that purpose may have been modified by fortuitous circumstances we shall know when he returns from Southern Tartary, from whence his last letters were dated; but he certainly threw himself into the pursuit with all his natural ardour. He practised incessantly, and when he wasn't *playing* the fiddle, he talked it."

"It chanced that he and I were staying together at the house of Sir Simon Mumford, with whose fair daughter, Charley, in the intervals of fiddling, believed himself in love. He was hard at work on a fantasia, in a little room opening from the hall, when Mumford, bursting out of his study, pen in hand, rushed in, and caught him by the hand. 'Charles, my dear fellow,' he said, 'this is superb! A little more perseverance and, by Jove! you are at the top of the tree—the top, my boy!'

"Charley, highly gratified, was going in for another turn at the fantasia, by way of acknowledgment, when Mumford hastily added, 'I must warn you, however, that if any of the professionals get hold of your mode of dealing with that glorious bit, they'll adopt it, and claim it as their own. You must be more private, Charles. Paganini always practised in the beer-cellar; Filippowicz rented a hut on the Skerries, and was provisioned, once a month, from the mainland. Go *you* down to Hilderton. There's nobody there but the gardener and the ghost. The place is at your service as long as you please.'

"Charley jumped at the idea, and thanked our kind host cordially for his considerate proposal; but Miss Julia, who came in at the moment, looked, I thought, less gratified."

"I shall take down my Stradivarius—no, my Kortz junior," said Charles, hesitating among his family of violins, and tenderly caressing the child he at last selected as he lifted it from its green cradle. (It boasted fifty-nine patches, was mellow, tremulous, and worth, Charles said, three hundred guineas.) 'I shall take down *this*—a box of cigars—and Grüntergrönen's first movement—fifth quartette—you know it, Miss Mumford?'

"But too well," murmured the young lady.

"It is a teaser," said Charles, thoughtfully. 'First violin comes in at the ninth bar, accompanied by the other three instruments, forming the chord of the second inversion of dominant seventh, up to the nineteenth bar, when,' added the enthusiast, preparing to illustrate his meaning, 'the following delicious passage occurs—No? Well, then, I'll hum it. Teeceumptitye—teeceumptitye—ti-la—ti-lo—'

"I like those words so much!" said Miss

Mumford. 'Who wrote them, now? Such pathos—such—Was Grüntergrönen a family-man? I am convinced that he composed that work in commemoration of some domestic difference. I am sure he was a kind, indulgent parent—witness that feeling teecumptitye—and yet firm of purpose—hence that inexorable ti-lo.'

"'He does not seem to have had it all his own way,' remarked my brother; 'for there ensues a jolly row, all the four instruments talking together, until—hist!—comes in that movement, replete with softness and dignity—twee-tweeio-twee—'

"'That's the maiden aunt interposing,' remarked Miss Julia; 'I recognise her voice.'

"There was more chat, no doubt, of equal interest; but I need not pursue the dialogue. It was arranged that my brother should go down to Hilderton for, say, a fortnight, and I, having no engagement on hand, agreed to bear him company. I could not repress the idea that Sir Simon regarded my brother's temporary occupation of the house, while in a fiddling-fit, as a means of exorcising the ghost. Touching the latter, Miss Julia's sole comment was:

"'Fiddlestick!'

"And my brother replied that was precisely the instrument he intended to use.

"You see what Hilderton is—one of those jolly old buildings such as may be met with in the eastern parts of Belgium, which seem to have been castles in their youth, but have since taken to farming, and been unlucky. Excepting that the rooms were darkish, we found it very comfortable. The gardener, who, with his wife, dwelt in two back rooms on the ground floor, on being questioned as to the nature of the haunting influences, replied, succinctly:

"'Shadders.'

"Pressed further, he added:

"'Wices.'

"And this was all he would say. The process of cross-examination was too fatiguing to follow up, inasmuch as this gentleman had acquired a habit of condensing his speeches into a single word—an eccentricity for which I was conscious of a secret longing to punch his head.

"It was from the clerk, sexton, beadle, constable, postmaster, and general gossip of the village, Mr. Adolphus Dollums—called Dol-dol for short—that we learned the real story of the Hilderton ghost, which, though sufficiently curious, was nothing more than this: Every family—and they were not a few—who had attempted to occupy the house, had, after a few days' residence, become aware of a low muttering sound, as of distant conversation—or, rather, of that peculiar hum which, when issuing from behind the scenes, is, with the initiated, the certain precursor of a popular row, the observations of the insurgents being confined to the repetition of the one word—'Mum-mum-m-m!'

"At first hardly distinguishable, the sound, by slow advances, resolved itself more clearly into the measured notes of conversation, broken, resumed, with cadences, and, sometimes, appa-

rently a climax, yet never, on any occasion, reaching the intelligible. All efforts to trace this sound to its origin had proved fruitless. Time after time had the house been cleared of every living thing, the listeners excepted, and still the strange debate went on, sometimes by day, sometimes by night, without, apparently, coming to a division.

"Time might have reconciled the tenants of Hilderton to what the gardener called the 'wices' (as for the 'shadders,' I hold them to be but the illegitimate offspring of the former), but for the one distinctive feature, that the sound, through many months, always seemed to be drawing nearer. How it happened that this fact, instead of affording satisfaction to the curious listeners, only impressed them with fear, our informant could not explain. An idea had got abroad that, whenever the mysterious voices of Hilderton should become intelligible, something of an awful nature as concerning the then existing tenants would be revealed, or would occur. Strange as it may appear, the effect produced by this tradition was such as to occasion the departure of three sets of occupants, and the haunted mansion, which had passed into the possession of my friend Sir Simon, had remained untenanted, save by the gardener, until he suddenly offered it to my brother in the manner I have mentioned.

"Such was the story; and, I need not say, it had little effect upon our nerves. We enjoyed ourselves, each after his own fashion, very much. Charley fiddled and scraped in a manner that must have compelled the spirit of Grüntergrönen, if it were within hearing, to come forward with some sort of acknowledgment of so much perseverance; and I lived the life of a frog. You have seen that splendid plunging-bath, constructed at some expense, by the original proprietor. Well, I, who emulate the ancient Romans in their love of water, passed a considerable part of the hot summer's days in that cool grot. The tap was always running. Fortunately, the spring that supplied it, and which rose close beside the house, was an abundant one.

"We had been here nearly a fortnight, and nothing had occurred to remind us of the ghost, when, one evening, as we sat smoking in this very room, Charles suddenly removed the cigar from his lips, and assumed the appearance of a listener. Almost at the same moment I became sensible of a distant grumbling sound, which gradually increased in volume until it resembled very many voices engaged in earnest discussion. Not one word, however, was intelligible. We could distinguish breaks, ripples, and rushes, in the mysterious rivulet of talk, but that was all. There could be no doubt that we were listening to the invisible debaters of Hilderton.

"Taking our candles, we commenced a careful scrutiny. The sound evaded us. Go into what room we would, it seemed remote as ever. Once or twice, indeed, the voices appeared to combine in a rushing murmur, so as to convince us that they must now inevitably become distinct. But no; that point was never fully

reached, and when our stay, which was prolonged to nearly a month, was on the eve of terminating, all our searchings, listenings, and inquiries, left us no wiser than before.

"On the night before our intended departure, we were sitting, as usual, in this room, a little disgusted at having failed in tracing the source of the baffling sounds. On this occasion, they were in full flow, and louder than at any previous time. There seemed to be dissensions in the council. Every now and then a low roar broke the monotonous murmur, but whether of reprobation or applause, was doubtful as ever. I must own that, while listening to these unearthly disputants, I was not unconscious of a sort of awe, while, at the same time, our complete bewilderment had in it something of the burlesque.

"It had been a day of sudden storms, and the rain, at times, descending in torrents, almost drowned the mysterious voices, although it appeared to us that the latter exalted themselves, to meet the emergency. At length, in the crisis of one of these storms, there occurred a thunderous murmur, so loud and positive, that Charley fairly started from his chair!

"*'Something's coming!'* he shouted, and was snatching up a candle, when the gardener, pale and excited, dashed into the room, and uttered, as usual, one word:

"Run."

"What's the matter, man?"

"House!"

"What?"

"Fallin'!"

"And he bolted from the room.

"A noise as of a crashing wall and a rushing cataract roused us to action. We flung ourselves down the stairs, and were instantly waist deep in water, volumes of which came welling through the bath-room door. Quickly wading into the court-yard, we learned what had come to pass, subsequently more fully understood. A large spring, that must have been for some time mining its way in the direction of that which already supplied the bath, had effected a lateral junction with the latter, when the two together, overflowing all obstacles, natural or artificial, had burst into the house. How far their eccentric proceedings had contributed to the voice-like sounds I have described, I cannot say. I am told, however, that such a cause has produced still more extraordinary phenomena than these, and, also, that atmospheric changes, rain-fall, &c., and the disuse of the bath, when the house was untenanted (whereby the spring found a readier outlet), would account for the intermittent character of the sounds. All I can tell you is that the mansion did not fall; that the voices ceased with the repair of the wall; and that my friend Mumford, finding that it was easier for his house to acquire a bad name than to get rid of it, and that Hilderton would be 'haunted' till its fall, sold it to me for a song."

"Then, uncle, there is no ghost, after all?" said Sophy, with a sigh.

"I trust it is the only drawback you will experience, my dear," said the colonel. "Re-

member, I didn't promise you one. Stay, though, I can give you a little comfort. The title of my residence, 'Haunted' Hilderton, has not unfrequently started the subject of supernatural visitations among my guests, and here," he took from a drawer a small roll of manuscript, "written in a fair Italian hand, by a young visitor of mine, of mellow faith, are preserved some half-dozen of the narratives to which those conversations gave rise. I shall make but one comment respecting them. They are authentic. Or, to speak more modestly, I would discredit my own senses sooner than the veracity of those who related them as facts."

The party settled themselves comfortably, and by the light of the colonel's cigar, and little else, Miss Ellen's sweet voice was soon heard, reading:

I. THE WARNING VOICE.

Captain B., of the —th regiment of the line, married a near connexion of the narrator. After the ceremony, the pair left London for a small seaport town, in which they had resolved to pass the honeymoon. The beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood tempted them to longer and longer daily rambles, and, one night, much fatigued, they had retired somewhat earlier than common, when Mrs. B. was suddenly aroused from an incipient doze by a confused light in the room, which presently became intensified to an almost painful degree. No unusual object was visible; but a voice proceeding from the foot of the bed, uttered, in low but perfectly distinct accents, these words—

"In three years you will be a widow."

Much alarmed, Mrs. B. renewed the efforts she had already made to awaken Captain B., but in vain. As the light died gradually away, her courage returned, and she felt inclined to rejoice that he had been spared hearing this strange prediction. Resolving to conceal it from him, she nevertheless wrote, the next day, to her mother, Lady —, and related all the particulars.

Time passed, and the spring of the third year found the B.s at Halifax, preparing to embark for England, the passage-money, sixty pounds, having been already paid. On the night before their intended departure, Mrs. B. had a dream, in which she thought that she was pacing, with her husband, across a vast plain. He hurried her forward so fast and so incessantly, that she became alarmed. Night was approaching. Suddenly she withdrew her arm from her husband, when the latter, darting wildly forward, was lost to sight in a sort of rushy swamp that lay in the centre of the plain—the rushes waving and bending over the spot in which he had seemed to disappear.

Awakened by the shock of what had happened, she was conscious of the mysterious light in the room, and recognised the voice she had formerly heard, as it announced:

"The third year has come."

In the morning she told her husband that she had had a very unpleasant dream, which had left upon her mind a strong presentiment that some evil would attend their proposed

voyage, and earnestly entreated him to transfer the passage to a much larger and better ship, which would sail in a month's time.

The money having, however, been paid, this arrangement was found impracticable, and they sailed as originally intended. Nothing important happened until the voyage was nearly completed, when one morning Captain B., hitherto in perfect health, was stricken with paralysis. There was no medical man on board, and the sufferer, on reaching England, was conveyed on shore in an almost hopeless condition.

Contrary to expectation, he rallied considerably, and Mrs. B. was beginning to feel more at ease respecting him, when one day, after dining with appetite and conversing with unusual animation, he remarked that he felt a little tired, and would lie down on the sofa. He did so, and slept.

As his wife sat watching his tranquil features, the remembrance flashed into her mind that this was the actual anniversary of their marriage. She stooped over to kiss him in affectionate commemoration, but started back in terror. A change had come into the sleeper's face. He was dead!

II. THE BOUDOIR.

The Marquis de C., a French nobleman of large property, possesses a handsome mansion in the Champs Elysées, Paris. It was his fortune to espouse a very beautiful woman, to whom he was fondly attached, and a château of the marquis's, some forty miles from the capital, became their constant residence. Here, however, the marchioness was at length attacked with severe illness, and, although her life was saved, continued to suffer from agonising pains in the head, the sole alleviation of which seemed to consist in having her beautiful hair, which touched the ground, combed for several hours a day, the marquis himself, when her maid was tired, frequently taking his turn in this occupation.

The seeds of disease were, however, too deeply sown, and, after many alternations of sickness and amendment, the poor young wife ultimately died.

In despair at her loss, the marquis left the château for ever, and, returning to Paris, shut himself up in his house, refusing all comfort and all society excepting that of one intimate friend, Monsieur Alphonse F., who had been a frequent visitor at the Château de C.

It happened that a process, commenced some time previous to the marchioness's death, rendered it incumbent on the widower to produce certain papers essential to the case, which had been placed in a cabinet at the château. But the bereaved husband positively refused to revisit the scene of his former happiness, and, despite the arguments of his legal adviser, remained inexorable, when Alphonse F., entering while the discourse continued, volunteered to spare his friend's feelings by visiting the château and obtaining the required papers.

The marquis thanked him cordially, adding, that the relief was the greater, inasmuch as he would have been compelled to enter their favour-

ite sitting-room, in which their last, as well as so many happier, hours were passed.

"You will find the papers," he added, "in my *escritoire* beside the door. They are tied with red tape, and are deposited in the second pigeon-hole at the end furthest from the door."

With these instructions, Alphonse F. started on his journey, and, on reaching the château, was allowed by the old custodian to prosecute his search. Passing through the rooms, furnished with every imaginable luxury that might gratify the taste of the departed mistress—through the chamber, with its couch draped with crimson satin, its rich *fauteuils*, its splendid ottomans, its glittering mirrors—through the sumptuous breakfast-saloon, with its gaudy furniture abandoned to the spider and the moth, Alphonse reached the apartment he sought.

A cold, damp vapour seemed to pervade the room, and he hastened to complete his task and begone. Recalling, in spite of himself, the image of the fair and blissful being he had met there, he slowly opened the *escritoire*, and at once described the papers described by his friend. Carefully removing them, he was in the act of reclosing the *escritoire*, when he felt, or fancied that he felt, a light pressure on his shoulder. He turned, and beheld—the marchioness!

She was dressed in white, her face was deadly pale, and her beautiful black silken tresses were, as he had often seen them in later days, flowing unconfined to her very feet. He let fall the papers, and, rushing through the deserted rooms, never stopped till he reached the court-yard, where his horse awaited him.

He was about to mount and gallop from the haunted spot, when the reflection of his friend's disappointment, and the incredulity with which his explanation would certainly be met, induced him to make an effort to overcome what he began to consider superstitious weakness. He reascended the stairs, traversed the rooms without glancing to the right or left, entered the boudoir, seized the papers, and was departing, when again a touch was laid upon his shoulder. The figure he had before seen stood close beside him, holding what seemed to be a *comb* in its hand, and offering it to him, as if inviting him to use it on the black tresses that covered her like a shroud!

Hardly knowing what he did, A. seized the comb, made an attempt to pass it through the flowing hair, failed, and fell back insensible. How long he remained in that state he never knew. The moment he regained consciousness he tottered from the room, mounted his horse, and made his way to Paris, where he lay for weeks, prostrated with brain fever.

Monsieur Alphonse F. still lives, and himself related this anecdote to the narrator.

III. THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

Mrs. J. (the next narrator) had two consins residing in Cadogan-place, Chelsea. Their brother was with the army under the Duke of Wellington, at that time engaged in the Peninsular war.

An uncle, residing at Barnes, calling one day to invite them to pass a day at his house, was struck with the pale and languid aspect of his elder niece, and, on pressing for an explanation, obtained from her the following singular statement:

Her indisposition and melancholy arose from a strange vision, or fancy, of the previous night; *not*, as she positively insisted, the offspring of sleep, for she had been unusually disturbed and wakeful, as one might feel when in expectation of some important event, that might occur at any moment.

Suddenly, her attention was attracted by a deep-drawn sigh. Starting up she saw, standing beside the bed, her brother! He was in uniform, and appeared to be wounded.

In a low, quiet voice, he accosted her, saying that this vision had become necessary, in order that he might reveal to her a secret that had pressed heavily on his mind, and affected the happiness of others. He informed her that a battle had taken place near Badajoz, in which he had been slain; and then went on to relate that, during the life of their father, Colonel B., he (the speaker) had contracted an imprudent marriage with the beautiful daughter of a small farmer, in whose cottage he had taken refuge from a storm while hunting. The knowledge of their father's family pride had sealed his lips as to this mésalliance, but his own death having now deprived his wife and child of their sole protector, he had come to reveal their existence and condition, and commend them to his hearer's sisterly care. Mentioning where they would be found, the shadow became invisible.

It was agreed between uncle and niece that the story should be suppressed until some corroboration of the event referred to by the apparition should be obtained. Meanwhile, the date of this incident was written down and sealed, the uncle placing it in his cabinet.

In a day or two news arrived from the seat of war. There had been, it was affirmed, *no* battle near Badajoz; but that place had capitulated.

Poor Miss B. had to endure some ridicule from her uncle respecting the treacherous ghost; but this was speedily stopped. A despatch correcting the report was received, stating, from authority, that there had been a failure of the capitulation, followed by a desperate action, in which (the subsequent returns announced) Captain B. had been killed on the day previously mentioned.

Together, the uncle and niece proceeded to the direction given in the latter's vision, and there found the young widow (who was suffering from consumption) and a child, about eleven years old. The former quickly followed her husband to the grave; the latter was adopted by her aunts, and resided with them until her marriage.

IV. THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

My friend, Mrs. H., recounted to me the following remarkable incident in her life:

She was married at a somewhat early age, and, shortly thereafter, accompanied her hus-

band to India, where she remained until delicate health compelled her, after the birth of her second child, to return to England.

A deep despondency seized her at the idea of the approaching painful separation from her husband; but there was no alternative, and, at the appointed time, the latter accompanied her to the ship, doing his utmost to cheer and reassure her with the hope of a happy reunion.

"It is in vain, William," was her persistent rejoinder. "I feel convinced that, in this world, I shall never see you again."

"You *shall* see me, love," replied H. "I feel that I can make you that promise. Nothing—no, not death itself—shall prevent your seeing me again. Be comforted with that assurance."

On her arrival in England, Mrs. H. joined her father and sisters at Brighton, where the salubrious air quickly restored her health and strength. A twelvemonth elapsed, during which period the accounts from India were regular and satisfactory, and Mr. H., in his later letters, expressed his joy at her recovery, and his hope that she would return to him at the first moment her health permitted.

Her father was an early riser, and somewhat imperative on that subject with his household. His daughters, consequently, were sometimes compelled to defer the more elaborate touches of their toilet until after the matutinal meal, and it was upon one of these occasions that all three had returned to their dressing-rooms—Mrs. H. and one of her sisters in a large apartment looking to the front, the other lady in a room adjoining.

Mrs. H., in her dressing-robe, was walking about, brushing her hair, when she happened to approach the window. The house was situated in the crescent of Kemp-town, and, facing the sea, commanded both approaches—right and left. Her eye fell upon a mail-phæton, rapidly approaching, that seemed to rivet her attention. It contained no one but the driver—a gentleman. As he came nearer she uttered a cry of delight, that brought her sisters to her side.

"It is William! It is William!" was all she could say.

Her sisters recognised the familiar face, as well as herself. Mr. H., as the carriage drew near, looked up at the window, inclined his head, and smiled. Much excited at this sudden arrival, his wife hurriedly completed her dressing, and ran down-stairs into the drawing-room. Her father was there alone.

"Why—where is he? Where is William?" she hastily asked.

"William!" repeated her father. "Why, in India, my dear. Where should he be?"

"No, no; he's come! He is here! We have seen him! Perhaps he has gone round to the stables. He might have spoken to me first," sobbed the disappointed wife.

After remaining silent, in pique, for a minute or two, she could brook the delay no longer, and, ringing the bell, desired a servant to run round to the stables and bring word who was there.

The messenger returned. Nobody had been seen. On further inquiry, the policeman and road-sweeper in the crescent both denied that any private carriage had passed through, that morning.

A note was made of the exact time the three sisters had seen Mr. H.; and the news which, shortly after, reached them of his death proved that he had expired at the same time—his latest words expressing an intense desire to see once more the face of the wife he loved so well.

V. THE BROTHERS.

Not far from Geneva there stands a fine old château, long in the occupation of a strange, morose, misanthropic man, who mixed in no society, though, at the same time, he appeared to derive little pleasure from the exquisite gardens and other amenities with which, with a most lavish hand, his beautifully situated mansion had been surrounded. It was at length offered for sale, and, much to the surprise of those who knew its value, passed—at a very moderate price—into the hands of a jeweller, well known to many an English tourist, resident in Geneva.

Delighted at his bargain, Monsieur G. lost no time in making every arrangement for adapting the château to the taste of some "milord Anglais," who was certain to covet so lovely a spot for his summer residence.

He was right in his anticipation. A gentleman, with his wife and two daughters, soon established themselves at Belle D., taking the place not for the summer only, but by the year.

A few weeks elapsed, and they had begun to feel themselves at home in their pleasant dwelling, when, one evening, Mr. M., while reading aloud to his family, encountered a difficult phrase, which it was necessary to elucidate by means of the dictionary, and the younger sister, Emily, hastened to the library to procure that work.

She was gone rather longer than was expected, and, when she did return, looked so pale and agitated, that her mother anxiously inquired the cause.

"Well," was the reply, "I have had a sort of adventure; but my ghost (for I have certainly seen one) was by no means terrible, and I don't know why I should feel so flurried. It was a very handsome young man!"

Pressed for details, the young lady related that she had seen nothing in her way to the library, but that on her return, just as she was descending the first step of the stair, she heard a noise behind her, and, looking round, observed a young and handsome man in a naval uniform. He looked sadly at her for some seconds, during which she never removed her eyes from his face, pointed with his finger to the side of the corridor, and vanished, as it were, into the wall!

This story was received, as the majority of such are destined to be, with some incredulity. Nevertheless, so much impressed was Mr. M. with what he had heard, that, when their daughters had retired, he and his wife re-

discussed the matter, and came to the resolution that Mr. M. should visit the "haunted" corridor about the same hour, and see if any similar appearance would be vouchsafed to him.

Accordingly, on the following evening, he mounted guard, and walked to and fro for a considerable time without result. Tired at last of his vigil, he was wheeling round to commence what he had resolved should be his last turn, when he almost ran into the arms of a young naval officer, precisely answering the description given by his daughter. The figure pointed to the wall, and, before Mr. M. had fully regained his self-possession, disappeared.

Mr. M.'s countenance, on entering the drawing-room, sufficiently denoted that his search had been successful, but he declined to say what he had actually seen, and requested his family, for the present, to control their curiosity.

Early next morning he proceeded to Geneva, and called upon his landlord.

"I have come, sir," he said, "to ask your permission to remove a portion of the wall in the corridor of the château." And, finding the proprietor hesitate, he at once related the double apparition, adding that, unless his proposal were complied with, he must decline to continue a tenant of the mansion.

The landlord shrugged his shoulders, extended his palms, and, deciding within himself that this was but a new example of that English eccentricity which it is equally impossible to comprehend and resist, gave the permission required.

Some masons being sent for, the work at once began. As it proceeded, Mr. M. was much struck by the singular manner of the master-mason, who, having first discouraged the idea of disturbing the wall at all, threw every imaginable obstacle in the way, and subsequently, when his men had actually set to work, watched their proceedings with a fixed stare, and a face gradually becoming deadly pale.

An hour, however, elapsed before any discoveries were made. But at the end of that time there was turned forth to the light the upright skeleton of a man, which, as the wall was removed, fell toppling forward among the workers. At this sight the master-mason reeled, and sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

Restoratives were administered, and the man was conveyed to Mr. M.'s study, where the latter, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, questioned him as to the agitation he had displayed, hinting that, in the event of his not relating all he had previously known concerning the bricking-up of the body, the gravest suspicions might attach to his own share in the business.

Under the influence of such arguments, the man related, in a confused and agitated manner, the circumstances here given in a more connected form.

A former possessor of the château—Monsieur Frémont—resided there with his wife. They had no children.

One day Monsieur F. received a communication from the curé of a neighbouring parish to the effect that his (Monsieur F.'s) brother had

died suddenly, and that in his last moments he had expressed an earnest hope that his brother would assume the charge of his two sons.

A reply was forwarded, requesting that the boys might immediately repair to their uncle's house. In due course they arrived. The elder was a fine handsome youth, with frank, engaging manners; the younger, though handsome also, was reserved and unsociable, and the regards of the whole household were quickly centred in the former, whose gaiety soon dissipated the gloom of the château.

The younger brother, François, saw, with concealed jealousy, the decided preference felt by his uncle and aunt for his elder; nor was this sentiment likely to have been lessened by a fact that, before they had resided a year at the château, had by some means come to his knowledge—viz. that the whole of the property had been left to his brother, with the exception of a sum just sufficient to start him (François) in any profession he might select in which to earn his bread.

To the great regret of Monsieur and Madame Frémont, Cécile, the elder, conceived a passion for the naval service, and, carrying his point, quitted the château, taking with him all the light and mirth it contained.

At first his letters were frequent, teeming with affection and merriment; then, long intervals of silence would excite the apprehensions of his loving friends. The second winter after his departure was unusually severe, and the health of the old people began to fail.

One sad morning, François, entering with a countenance of assumed grief, communicated the heartrending tidings, received, he said, through a shipmate of his brother's, that Cécile had died at sea. Already weakened by illness, the shock was too much for the kind old people. Madame Frémont died within a few weeks; and before the close of the year her husband rejoined her in the grave, having previously settled all he possessed upon his surviving nephew.

The latter, now at the height of his ambition, lorded it grandly over his dependents; and profound was the regret that the kind, mirthful Cécile had not lived to occupy the master's position.

One evening François was sitting alone, moody and out of sorts, sipping his solitary wine, when he was startled by a voice speaking without the window, which looked upon the garden.

Advancing with caution, François demanded who was there.

"It is I, François!" replied a voice that blanched the hearer's cheek; but, with trembling hands, he opened the window, and his brother, radiant with health and happiness, bounded into the room. He had intended a surprise for his relations, of whom (François having intercepted the correspondence on both sides) he had not heard for many months.

In one instant François comprehended his

position, and took his resolution. To his brother's eager inquiries, he answered that their uncle and aunt, not being quite well, had dined upstairs, whither, after Cécile had refreshed himself, they would presently proceed.

Contriving, while Cécile was divesting himself of his overcoat, to secure the door, François returned to his brother, and, affecting the greatest joy at his arrival, encouraged him to drink and talk until, wearied with excitement and his journey, the latter sunk into a temporary doze.

It should be mentioned that, at this time, some confusion reigned at the château, on account of alterations that were making in the house, and which necessitated the removal of a portion of the wall of the corridor. During this operation, most of the domestics were quartered in an outbuilding, some distance off.

No human eye witnessed the manner in which this true descendant of him that did the first murder completed what was in his mind. He presently quitted the room, locking the door, and desiring that he might be disturbed no more that night.

When all was still, he crept forth and made his way to the lodging of the master-mason. What passed between them was never exactly known, but, on the following morning, the mason, assisted by his tempter, contrived to wall up the remains of the victim, where they were subsequently discovered.

Tormented by remorse, the form of his brother ever before him, the wretched criminal at length dismissed his household, sold the château, and proceeded to Paris, hoping in that lively city to drown the remembrance of his flagrant guilt. But vengeance "suffered him not to live." A quarrel with the Comte de C. in a gaming-house led to a meeting next day in the Bois de Boulogne, in which François was killed. Singularly enough, among his papers was found a confession of the murder, though bearing his assumed name.

The remains of poor Cécile were decently interred in the cemetery at Geneva. The M. family continued their residence at Belle D., and certainly, up to the time when I (the narrator) made their acquaintance, nothing extraordinary had ever again disturbed their tranquillity.

"Thank you, my love," said Colonel Savage, suddenly awaking, "very nicely read. Word of honour—twelve o'clock! Bed, bed!"

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Book III.

CHAPTER XI. "THE POOR FOOLISH LITTLE THING."

THREE weeks more went by. The captain was still a steady correspondent. They had dined with Sir Thomas Rumbold, those "tip-top" people, and the mayor, "now as like Alderman Harty of Cirencester, as one private ever was to another," had asked them all to a grand ball. "To which," said the captain, "I hope we shall not go. I do indeed. The fact is, our little woman has been going out a *little too much*, and the doctor came to me the other day to say it would be as well she did not.

"Poor child! it would be hard to disappoint her, for her little heart is set upon it. And do you know, Tillotson, I think she is rather led by the travelling gentleman we picked up on the road. Nothing can be more civil and obliging, and he is always with us, and most attentive. So I think if you were to write her a little lecture, you know, and tell her she must keep herself close, and take care of herself, and not go to parties, it would do a vast deal of good."

Mr. Tillotson smiled as he read this, and he did sit down and write a kind, gentle expostulation in the terms the captain proposed, warning her against the harsh winter, and begging of her to give up those proposed balls and parties. "Of course," he said, as he sealed it, "she will think I have some aim or view in this matter. But it is a duty, nevertheless."

A fortnight passed away again. The mayor, who was so like "Alderman Harty of Cirencester," had given his ball, and it had been long since forgotten, being more than a week old. Others had been given; for, as is well known, none are so "gay" as invalids, and Consumption went round in the valse with Pleurisy. Some even went from the supper-room to the grave. For deaths are very sudden; and there are apparent recoveries and wonderful healthy bloom on the cheeks, all the while life is kept in but by a thin air, not growing finer and finer every hour, and which suddenly bursts at a second's notice. Still the survivors dance on, and say that Nice is a wonderfully "restoring" place,

and that they are mending every day and getting quite strong.

Again came the familiar handwriting of the captain. But it was in a more constrained and laborious style. The sense of boyish and unbounded enjoyment had perhaps begun to wear off. The old officer was sighing for the good English life to which he had been accustomed. It might do very well for a time, perhaps. He seemed to hesitate and be embarrassed as he wrote:

"The fellow-traveller is not as well as we could wish. But she is full of spirits. The fact is, my dear Tillotson, we *had* to go to that ball; the mayor himself came the very day itself to ask us, and one couldn't well refuse, you know. It was a very rough night, and the ice an inch thick upon the ground, and our poor little girl *they made* her go, and when we were going away I went to get the carriage, leaving her at the door with our travelling friend, and only a thin rag of a cloak about her. I couldn't find the carriage—you know what an old Bolshero I am to send out on such a chase—and when we got home she was shivering like an aspen-leaf. I declare to God I could cut my own right hand off, Tillotson. I am such a stupid blundering old fogie that ought to be put up in an hospital. It was all my fault from beginning to end, and that stupid old mayor, who forced her out; for when she got *your* letter, I *do* think she had given it all up. The doctor says it will be nothing *in the end*, and that we must shut her up in a month or two. Which, between you and me and the post, I am not sorry for, as it will *do* her good. Our travelling friend calls every day, but I am rather stiff and dry to him, as I think it was a good deal *his* doing. Now, my dear fellow, do you think you could manage to get rid of the business for a time, and just take a race over here? *It would set us all right*, and put us on our legs again. Try, now.

"Don't be in the least alarmed, it is only her cough is a little strong, and keeps her awake at nights a little. For Doctor Delorney, or Delahorney—it sounds like that—is a wonderful man, and I *do* think could make a barking dog sleep."

Again came another letter from the captain:

"The fellow-traveller is much better, my dear Tillotson; and, do you know, I think you must set me down as little less than an old woman,

for all I have been writing to you. Egad! I believe I *am* getting an old woman—sometimes, at least. But the foreign doctor, Delahorney—egad! I never *can* get his name*—beats everything. We had a doctor in our regiment who, they said, could cure a broken walking-stick; but, my dear fellow, Delahorney beats every one of them out and out.

"Talking of out and out, why can't you come out? The fact is, I'm not equal to the work, or, my dear boy, I'm not the fellow for it. I'm ashamed really to be seen at these fine parties, an old broken-down fogie like me, stumping in on my old shank by the side of a fine fresh young woman. My dear boy, the husband is the proper man; a fine handsome fellow like yourself should be with his wife, and leave the ledgers. I wish to God you heard Doctor Delahorney on that; as good as any parson. He says he has known numbers of fine young fellows cut short in that way, and he says for a man who has overworked himself and wants to get colour back into his cheeks there is no place at all to touch Nice. And I must say he did it as nicely as my lord duke, and bade me give you his compliments. And not health, my dear boy, but it's the *regular* thing; every girl here has her husband with her, and not a shambling old boy like Tom, who's but a poor makeshift, after all.† And to tell you the plain honest truth, my dear fellow, the place is full of young mounseers, gentlemanly fellows enough, but as wild scamps as you ever heard of in the course of your life. Last week, a fellow called the Marquis of Sashey something, went off with a fine tip-top woman, a noble grenadier of a creature, and, egad! when the husband said something to him, he had him out in two hours, and shot him as dead as a rabbit. And, my dear boy, the droll thing is, all the women are dancing with him.

"Our travelling gentleman is very friendly indeed, but I think comes a little too often to the house, and, egad! don't take a hint, you know. And then our little woman seems to be amused with his company. I belong to an old generation, you know, my dear Tillotson, when the fogies had their day, so I am not up to everything that goes on; so I suppose everything is right. But, my dear boy, the way to make everything nice, and smooth, and tidy, and, as Doctor Delahorney says, *would put you on your two legs again*, is to come out yourself *at once*."

Mr. Tillotson saw behind all this directly. "The old mistake," he said to himself, bitterly. "Poor captain, *he* lets out the truth at once. She is now in her element. *This* freedom was what she was pining for."

The organisation of the two offices took up

* About the time the captain was at Nice there was a Doctor Delaunay enjoying much English practice.

† The reader will see that our captain is struggling by all sorts of circuitous routes to reach some point, which he is too delicate to make for directly.

a great deal of time, but Mr. Tillotson went off hurriedly to his board at once.

"You *have* been working very hard, Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater, "over it. I hope not over-doing it. We must take care *here*," and he tapped his forehead. "To be sure you must go. It is a little inconvenient, no doubt; but we'll work for you. Just wind up within the next two or three days, so as to leave all clear." And Mr. Tillotson set to work eagerly to get all clear, and fixed the third day from thence as the day of his departure. "Poor little soul," he said. "It seems a sad mistake, but she must not suffer for *my* folly. It is a duty for me." He sat up late that night, and yet later the next night. With great labour he had nearly got through his task; and then the secretary came in with yet more, and asked, "Surely, now, did a day make so much difference? And, after all, couldn't he put on the steam when he had *once* started?"

At last a free man, and with a little light luggage hastily put together, he set off by night, and by a dark night; with that "putting on the steam" alluded to by Mr. Smiles, he need only be two nights on the road. Down they would swoop to Dover, as rapidly swoop across to Calais, and then "tear" wildly through the French country, and as the night gathered in its dark drapery slowly, the pleasant objects of a new land, the fields, the costumes, the men and women, would gradually open on the traveller. For him it was a gloomy night, and a cold one in thought as in temperature. He took no account of the time, and it was with a little surprise that he found that they had stopped in the large blazing station at Dover, and heard that he was to descend here and go on board. He got down mechanically.

There was a great crowd and bustle. It was now found to be a wild raging night, and passengers as they stood at the door and looked out down towards the port, shrank back a little; the wind was whistling, and seemed to bring with it a flavour of the sea. Some thought it better not to "go on," and turned to the great hotel close by. Mr. Tillotson, careless about such a thing, prepared to go down straight to the port.

But another packet had just come in, bringing with it a miserable foretaste of what was in store for those who were going on the sea now. Here was the miserable, battered, cruelly-used herd of passengers staggering up, without strength or life, wet and shrivelled, but still thankful to be on land once more. Some with faces all "washed out," and ghastly with sea-sufferings, came blindly and wildly into the blazing station, and Mr. Tillotson felt a little pity for such miserable beings. And suddenly, as he was waiting to let the stream pass him by and let him out, a figure in a cloak which had a very high stiff collar, with a thin white face peering out, came limping past him, and said half to himself, half aloud, "I wonder where *this* takes us to, my dear?" For there was a lady behind him, and only one lady, and in that

blaze of light Mr. Tillotson saw she was in deep *new* black. In a second he had seen it all! And the good captain, after a natural start, had his hand in both of his own, with an ejaculation of comfort and pity, that seemed to be drawn from the bottom of his heart.

"God help us all, Tillotson! The poor, *poor* little thing! My old heart is broken!"

CHAPTER XII. THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

AFTER this blow, a hopeless gloom settled down on Mr. Tillotson. He shut himself up dismally. He would see no one. If there were clouds over his hitherto wretched existence, his life now had become lost irretrievably in the blackest night. Mr. Bowater deplored his absence from the bank, or rather his lack of interest in its concerns. "One of our best men," he said, "when he chose to exert himself."

The old feeling had now taken the shape of remorse. "It was my doing," he said, again and again; "all my doing. I have this now on my wretched soul, *with that other*." And in this state, which was not, after all, grief after her who was departed, he continued for several weeks.

No one took this state of things to heart so much as the captain. This trial had, indeed, painfully distressed him; his fine old Roman features seemed to grow sharper every day, and his eyes to get a more wistful "peering" expression. He made many weary journeys to his friend's house, who would see him, however, but seldom. At these interviews he tried all the common forms of consolation, though, to say the truth, the captain was but an indifferent hand where artful solace was required. He himself was, indeed, "cut to the heart," as he often said, by the loss of his "little girl," and after telling his friend that "he vowed to God it was the greatest folly in the world, and surely what was the horn use of it? and that if there was any sense in the thing, well and good, and what was it but what we must all come to?" the captain himself would break down, and declare that he was only an old hag, fit there and then for carrying out and covering up under the sod.

Of many evenings, therefore, afterwards, when the interval of many evenings had passed by from that night, the captain sat with his friend, and told him little details of that dismal departure. "I shall reproach myself till I go to my grave," said the brave old officer, hopelessly. "I have no more sense in my head than that old brush-handle, and it'll be the same till I'm laid in my stupid old coffin. But, Tillotson, my boy, I hadn't the heart to refuse her anything. You recollect her little ways."

The old hopeless gloom had settled down on Mr. Tillotson's heart. "You talk," he said, almost passionately, "of self-reproach, my dear uncle. You! But what of *me*? I, that was so cold and heartless, *and failed in my duty*? Poor little soul! And I used to say that she

could not understand *me*! I should have gone with her, and been with her, and not given her up for this wretched, paltry, miserable money-getting! I have this on my soul now, and, I tell you, I am sick and weary, and longing for it all to end."

"No, no, don't say that," said the captain, alarmed. "Now don't—don't. No one could have behaved more handsomely or more delicately, and she owned it, poor little soul! But, you know, she was a child, after all, and had a little of the ways of children, and she couldn't help it, God knows. It wasn't *her* fault."

"You are right," said Mr. Tillotson, bitterly, and walking up and down the room. "I have this on my soul to add to the rest. I tell you, I am a wretched, miserable, guilty being, and deserve any chastisement which I begin to hope will fall on me."

• Though the captain was now a little familiar with these bursts, still they alarmed him. "Now, now," he would say, in expostulation, "don't now, my dear fellow! You know yourself how my heart was in that little child, and I don't think I ever got such a scald as on *that* night. But still it couldn't be helped, and I don't believe there was a cleverer doctor in the universe than that Dr. Delahorney; and you know, Tillotson," added the captain, humbly, "if it was God's will——"

"I know," said he, softly, "you are right. But who did it? Ah! you can't deny it! No. My neglect, my *cold sense of duty*, froze up her heart. I should have gone to her, been with her, broken through all that folly, and fondled her like a child. Time would have done everything; time would have made us forget everything; and time would have taught us much. But I *should* have my wretched pride and my miserable brooding over my pet sorrows, and now I *have* something genuine to feed on for the rest of my days."

"Now this is folly, Tillotson," said the captain, nervously, "and I tell you again, put the whole thing out of your head. Indeed, the poor little soul brought it on herself, as I have told you again and again. And she was a giddy little creature, and d'ye know, Tillotson," added the captain, wistfully, "during those last few weeks something seemed to come over her, and even to me she got very positive and determined—quite a change, you know—and I couldn't make it out; and, d'ye know, after puzzling this old head of mine, I put it all to the account of that travelling fellow we picked up on the road. At last I blundered on it, for a wonder!"

Mr. Tillotson stopped short. "What!" he said, "that gentleman you were always praising?"

"Ah! there's Tom all over for you," said the captain, shaking his head sadly; "he'd pick up any one with a good coat on his back out of the street. I ought to have known better—indeed I ought, an old fogie like me. But you know he was so book-learned, and could talk so finely and so long. Why, he'd have a page out before you or I could manage a sentence, so that it

wasn't surprising he got a sort of influence over her."

"Influence over her?" repeated Mr. Tillotson, mechanically.

The captain had not his eye on his friend at that moment, and went on eager to explain.

"Exactly! The very thing. You know the way young things look up to your tip-top, clever fellows, and you know she was very young, Tillotson; and there are very few children's heads can bear compliments and that sort of thing, and this fellow was somehow always coming and going and hanging about the place, and whispering and *colloquering*, and I thought it was a pity, you know, Tillotson, as she was ill, to say anything. But I give you my honour and credit, after I had heard some of those stories about him——"

"Stories?"

"Ah! you may well say that," the captain answered, despondingly. "A nice old fool, Tom, to take charge of a young creature. Before God, I couldn't help it. But I tell you, as soon as I saw the chap he was, I was putting pen to paper to get you over at once. Then came that sudden thing! And, Tillotson, I do believe I never told you this before—that he was a thorough rascal."

Mr. Tillotson again started. "And you never told me all this?" he said reproachfully. "But you meant it for the best."

"Indeed I did," said the captain. "And I tell it you now, not to let it be pressing too much on your spirits; for you had neither hand nor part in it. Indeed, I have long had it on my mind to tell you of it. My dear fellow, you have nothing to charge yourself with. The poor little soul, she was giddy and childish, and could not help it. It was natural she should be said and led by him; for he was an uncommonly fine and dashing and insinuating fellow as you'd ask to see. And, indeed, she wasn't accountable."

Mr. Tillotson looked at him strangely.

"What does all this mean?" he said. "Tell me about it fully. It is right I should know."

"Well, then, my dear friend," said the captain, sadly, "not a word of this should have passed my lips, but that I see you wasting yourself away in this state. We have our duty to the living as well as to the dead, as every parson will tell you. My dear friend, the poor little giddy soul, she gave me a deal of worry and anxiety; and she was so foolish—without a bit of harm in her, mind—that *that blackguard*" (and the captain grew savage all of a sudden) "took advantage of it. I found out his game afterwards, and the secret of all his civility and attentions; and Tom, like an old Bolshero as he always was and ever will be, so long as he goes on his old lame leg, swallowed it all."

"But," said Mr. Tillotson, eagerly, "*she* didn't——"

"I am afraid she did," said the captain, mournfully. "I heard afterwards, that he was bragging about that he only wanted a week's more time, and he would have been like the French marquis I was telling you of. Yes;

and I heard that he was showing a letter of hers to some of his friends—a low mean trick that no Englishman—I declare to God when I heard that, Tillotson, I lost all patience with him, and I sent Captain Peters, an old Ninety-fourth man, now on half-pay, with my card, to tell him he was a low scoundrel, and Peters was just the man to give him my very words. And he told him so; and then, sir, he showed the cloven hoof. Talking about meeting an old man—curse him," said the captain, "what did he mean? I was young enough to face him, or any coward like him—and so Peters told him, with great presence of mind. And then, egad! he dropped his tone. I'd have put my ball into him as true as I would have done twenty years ago. I suppose he thought I was some old cripple fit for an hospital, the sneaking impostor! But Peters gave him his mind, and was near making it personal, too; and I'll never forget it to Peters."

"But, my dear friend," said Mr. Tillotson, "you surely did not——"

"No," said the captain, sadly, "he saved us that trouble. Peters went home and had his Joe Mantons all ready oiled, in the most friendly manner; and, indeed, God forgive me, I was thinking of it with great satisfaction, for we had only buried the poor little soul the day before; and I'd have had him in front of my Joe Mantons with great comfort, when he trumped up a story, sir, about a telegraph message, and his mother or grandmother dying. Then I saw what the fellow was. Catch an English gentleman doing that! Why, sir, he'd have let his mother or his grandmother die fifty times over before he'd disgrace himself in that way. Not that I didn't like my mother. God forbid."

"But she—tell me about her," said Mr. Tillotson. "Is it certain——"

The captain shook his head. "Best let it be as it is," he said. "It wouldn't comfort you to hear. Indeed, God forgive me for saying anything about it. But it's all for your good. I can't see a fine fellow wasting himself away in that style, and not say a word. From what I saw, my dear boy, and knew and found out, I think you have mourned long enough. There's reason in everything. God forgive my old heart for saying a word against the poor thing; but indeed it's right you should know. And now there's the whole truth for you, neither more nor less, and not a word of lie in it; and I mean it for the best, telling you—before Heaven, I do!"

Mr. Tillotson took his hand silently, and wrung it. "Indeed I know that," he said. "Well, there, it all ends then."

"To be sure," said the captain, almost gaily; "and that's right. After all, my dear Tillotson, it's only the poor girls—God help 'em—that have time for *groping*. Why, look at you. A fine dashing handsome fellow, with the world before you; and plenty of brains (I wish old Tom had a little corner of your head), and by-and-by all this will pass by. Care killed many a cat, my dear boy, and did no good after all."

"We must only try," said his friend. "I am a bad hand at anything like strength of mind or exertion."

"Tut, tut!" said the captain, repeating his old "common form" of consolation. "Is it a fine well-made fellow like you? Why, who knows," said the captain, wistfully and in a sort of reverie, "but we may see you with a family yet growing up about you? And why not? We weren't all made to be moping like prisoners in a jail. And I tell you what, my dear friend, look at me! Look at that foolish old Bolshero Tom, stuck in the mud like an old milestone, stopping the road in everybody's way. Often and often my old father—God rest his soul—said it to me. 'Tom,' says he, 'you'll be sorry for it when you come to my age.' And so I was, faith."

Then the captain fell off in talk about the last moments of her whom he called his "little girl." Several times his friend interrupted him, taking snuff savagely, and using his handkerchief.

"I am no better than an old woman, and should be sent to the poor-house. God forgive me, for an old numskull, that might live a hundred years more and never get sense! To think I hadn't the wit to manage a child like that! But it came on so very sudden, Tillotson; even Miss Diamond and the maid, *they* didn't think anything was coming," added the captain, after a pause. "Poor little soul—poor little soul! She's an angel, maybe, now," he said, with a wistful air of doubt.

Mechanically the other repeated the words after him:

"Poor, poor little soul! And did she say anything—give you any message to me, you know? I dare say," he added, bitterly, "she spoke of me—forgave me, perhaps, for my desertion of her. I should have been with her, indeed!"

"No, no, no!" said the captain, eagerly. "On my word and credit, no! She was speaking of you every minute—wait, she did tell me something to tell you, and I was in an ace of forgetting it. Bosthoun for ever! Yes, about the lawsuit trial."

"O, that was it?" said he, absently.

"Yes, she was very particular about it. Yes, let me see th' exact words now. You were," added the captain, slowly, resolutely, by degrees—"you were to go on with the trial. She begged you'd fight it while there was a shot in the locker: and if you got the day—d'ye see me now, Tillotson?—you were to take care of poor Miss Diamond with it—set her up comfortably, and Martha," added the captain, checking off on his fingers, "and an hospital—something about an hospital for orphans. I'll think of it all to-night in my bed. But you were to fight it while there was a shot left—that was her dying wish. Says she to me, poor child, 'Nunkey,' says she, 'as I did not get what I thought I'd got,' says she, 'I may as well have the purchase-money back again, and do what I like with it.' What d'ye think she meant, Tillotson? Maybe she was

wandering. But those were the words, for I got them by heart."

"No," said he, with a sigh, "she was in her senses indeed. I understand them perfectly, and her wishes shall be carried out to the letter."

At this moment the servant brought in letters, just come by post. Mr. Tillotson looked at them mechanically. "The bank," he said, half bitterly. "They want me back again, I suppose?"

"Then again," said the captain, eagerly, "that might be the salvation of you. I wish I had been bred to business when I was young."

Mr. Tillotson was reading his letters, and gave a little start. "Poor Bowater," he said, "gone too! Death seems to be coming in where—now—even into banks."

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I. A VISIT FROM MR. TILNEY.

MORE than six months had passed away since that evening. Mr. Tillotson had gone back with an enforced ardour to the concerns of his bank, and had begun to find in it, if not a fascination, at least a distraction. The death of Mr. Bowater, M.P., our "esteemed and valued chairman," had left "a void in our council almost impossible to fill," so at least said the company's report, couched in terms of deep financial affliction. However, when the day of the half-yearly meeting came round, which it did in a few months, the sorrowing council and officers prepared with great alacrity to replace the loss they had sustained, and there seemed to be a private impression abroad that the new substitute for the lamented chief would be a better man. "We want new blood," said the secretary to director A. B. "Poor old Bowater talked a little too much," said A. B. to C. D. "There was more wind in him than sense," said another on the board. This seemed a little inconsistent with the sorrowing report. But when the day of election came round, it was determined, according to the secretary's phrase, to "run Tillotson" for the place. This might seem a curious selection, for he was indifferent and languid, and only lately had begun to take interest in the concern; but he had many recommendations. He had a great deal of money in the concern; he was a gentleman by birth and connexion, which, strange to say, seemed to have an extraordinary charm for such as had neither; and lastly, he had a "first-class head," could "see into a granite wall," &c. The secretary even quoted some last words of "poor old Bowater when near his end," when that financier was babbling away of *his* green fields, Foncier stock, and the Plata securities, in reference to the management of that Bhootan business. "The Duke of Wellington could not have done it better than Tillotson," was the odd form of praise he used. When the day of meeting came

round, a "glorious dividend" of *eighteen and a half* per cent was waiting for the shareholders, being actually three per cent more than was anticipated; so that, being in a sort of monetary rapture, the company knew not how to show their gratitude to their intelligent directory except by adopting every proposal they made. Mr. Tillotson faintly protested. But, as the captain said, "it would be the making of him," and a blessing sent by Providence, and he could not well resist the pressure put upon him. And so thus Henry Tillotson, Esq., became chairman of the United Foncier Credit Company.

It was found by this time that the premises of the Foncier were hardly magnificent enough for its prosperity. A wine-merchant, next door, had been in difficulties, and with great sagacity the secretary had come to his aid with liberality, taking a mortgage on the premises to "secure the company." In course of time, the wine-merchant having "arranged" with his creditors once or twice, and received all the indulgence to failing trade, finally collapsed, and it became open to the Foncier to secure these desirable premises for a mere song—i.e. twenty-five thousand pounds. Some said that scheming company was always lucky; others said—a dissatisfied shareholder, perhaps—that everybody seemed to think they could have "a pull" at the bank. It was agreed, however, that it *was* a song. In a very short time "middle-age" Jenkinson was called in again; that architect had submitted some gorgeous plans, based on the designs of the Louvre, and very soon—without suspension of business—the workmen were busy, and the scaffoldings were erected, and cream-laid stone, loamy as bride-cake sugar, was being piled up, and the new banking palace soon grew towards completion. In such daring schemes, to say nothing of "pushing on trade," Mr. Tillotson of necessity was forced to take interest, and thus gradually he was being drawn back into things of common life. At his own house at home he lived a solitary and dejected life—sitting alone through the long evenings. He had but few servants in his "fine" house, and among them that Martha Malcolm, who had not left him. That strange gaunt woman had returned home from her mistress's death-bed more gaunt, more silent, more gloomy, and perhaps more blunt and disrespectful than before—things of which Mr. Tillotson took no notice, and which, perhaps, were more in tone with his state of mind, and when encouraged to send her away, said she was a good faithful creature. Miss Diamond remained with the captain, keeping house for him, reading for him sometimes in the evening, busy with a monotonous round of work. But Mr. Tillotson she rarely saw, and never sought; and it seemed, indeed, when she met him as though she shrank a little, looking at him with a curious suspicious look. Though very often she came to see Martha Malcolm when he was away at the bank; and the two women sat together in the parlour for hours, and perhaps talked over the "little girl" they so loved, and who was

gone from them. But it was known that later she was to go away to France, and give herself up to a religious life.

One of those days, when the chairman was thus away at his bank, with all the papers about a new loan to the Plata Railway—a concern supposed to be getting into rather failing health—before him, a card was brought in—"MR. TILNEY." There were other cards of that gentleman up at Mr. Tillotson's house, for he had called very often, and periodically, too, but without success. Mr. Tillotson was generally at his bank, as he might have known; or Mr. Tilney had the misfortune to find the door opened to him by Martha Malcolm, who confronted him, adhering to the door like an Assyrian figure, and gazing out with the impassibility of such images. She was as unyielding as if she were of stone, and, in truth, rather appalled Mr. Tilney; who retired in some confusion. This morning, however, when he looked half mechanically at the card that was put into his hand, soft memories seemed to rise from it, like a scent from a "box of opened flowers;" and with the scent came also dreamy pictures, and a feeling of peace, and by-and-by one of happiness. The name seemed like a dream. Association, as we know, does so much, and that so mysteriously; and he recalled then—oddly, too—another card of Mr. Tilney's, which he had found on his table long, long before, down at the cathedral town, and on which was written in pencil, "Don't forget us at seven." He put aside the Plata Railway papers, and sent down for his friend.

Mr. Tilney came in with alacrity, but with a face composed to grief. But he was greatly changed; neat and clean as ever in his dress, though old fashioned, and perhaps old, too: yet still there were signs of wear and tear. The tall straight back was beginning to bend, and something about the collar seemed to suggest tightening and bracings to keep together what would otherwise have spread and gone wild. Above all, since that night, there had come a soft "fishy" stare into his eyes, and at times a stiffness round the edges of his lips, and, possibly, a little tremble in his hands.

He was really glad to see his friend. "My dear Tillotson," he said, taking the other's hand into both of his, "I am so glad to see you. I need not tell you how I felt *with* you; how we *all* felt with you."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Tillotson, hastily; "I *know* that. I have had my troubles since we met last. They come to us all pretty impartially."

He said this without seeing that Mr. Tilney winced a little.

"I believe so," said he. "But you know, my dear friend, what the clergy tell us. Not later than last Sunday, at the CHAPEL ROYAL, sir (I never miss), I heard Dr. McCayenne say, that whom the Lord loved He took care to scourge with a rod of iron. No, it wasn't last Sunday; let me see. Brindley, the bishop, I think;" and in some doubt, Mr. Tilney paused

altogether, to settle the matter inside his own brain.

"I hope they are all well with you?" said Mr. Tillotson, changing the subject. "Mrs. Tilney, and Miss Augusta, and——"

"Perfectly, quite well, thank you, much obliged to you; I shall take care to mention your kind inquiries." (Mr. Tilney always fell into these formalities even in the instance of old friends, when he had not seen them for some time.) "Thanks to Providence, who keeps off the wind from even the lambs, sir, they are doing very well. Though, by the way, no; I had quite forgot. Poor Ada."

Mr. Tillotson started. "Nothing has happened her? She is not——"

Mr. Tilney shook his head, gloomily. "We went through a great deal with his poor child. Doctor after doctor, sir. Had 'em all in, one after the other."

"I never heard," said Mr. Tillotson, passionately—"never. They never told me. I have been shut up here. I know nothing of what goes on in the world. But tell me; she is well now?"

"Well," said Mr. Tilney, plaintively; "we may call her well: but you may conceive the time we had of it. Doctor after doctor, I assure you, and the best—Sir John Bellman. A Brougham and a pair of horses always at the door. Shut up myself in the study. But I declare to the Almighty Providence—which blows down every leaf, and every blade of grass, and every single sparrow on the house-top—that I don't grudge it. For she's a true noble girl, sir, and was true to me when I wanted it. I may say Jack Tilney, sir, would have had a headstone over him now but for her. God bless her! and you too, Tillotson. We all went through enough *that* night."

"And what was the cause of all this?" asked Mr. Tillotson, eagerly. "By the way, I am very thoughtless, and think of nothing. This, I know, is your lunch-time;" and he rang the bell.

"O, come, now," said Mr. Tilney, in feeble protest, "this is always the way. We are doing very well as we are. Why, now?—Well, I'll tell you about it." (Biscuits, and a rich and creamy Scotch cake, and sherry, had appeared with the rapidity of pantomime feast.) "You recollect a man that used to be with us a good deal, in and out, you know, up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's what d'ye call it?"

"Ross—Mr. Ross. Perfectly."

"Ah, to be sure. Well, *there* it was, you see. The up and down state of things, now this way, now that, had a good deal to do with it. (You follow me, don't you?) I'm afraid, a bad fellow at bottom, with some fine impulses. Yes, Tillotson, some fine impulses; not *radically* bad——"

"But how?" said Mr. Tillotson, hesitating.

"Well, *this* now," said Mr. Tilney. "Since he went away——"

"Why, he has gone?"

"O, God bless me, *yes*; to be sure," said

Mr. Tilney. "Recently at Gibraltar, you know, with his regiment, the Buffs. Fine corps' as ever you saw. I knew some of 'em long ago, when Lord Bob Hervey (they used to call him 'Kettle Blower,' about which a long story, sir) and a lot more were in it. It's gone to the bad now, I believe."

"And so he has left the country?" said Mr. Tillotson.

"And as you may conceive, Tillotson, the worst accounts. Got among the Jews out there. Glad enough these rogues to discount any rotten stick of a chance, he may have. Though, my dear friend, I should hardly speak of it before *you*. And it is very hard between the two, you one——"

"Don't mind," said Mr. Tillotson; "it's sure to be his. When my poor wife was alive, I always considered it a little hobby of hers. Now, of course, I can say little, except, indeed, that she had some last wishes in reference to it, so I must go on with it, though merely for *that* reason."

"Ah! to be sure," said Mr. Tilney. "We heard from him only two days ago. The strangest letter, I declare, Tillotson. I think he's a little wrong *here*, you know. The idea of a man getting into a fury on paper, and with a pen in his hand. Wants money," added Mr. Tilney, taking out the letter; "and really, now, after his behaviour, if I were to tell you the story, Tillotson, it would make your hair stand up straight with horror. A family thus matured him, Tillotson, and even fed him, I may say; it was very shocking."

"Indeed, I can make no excuse for him," said Mr. Tillotson. "Indeed, I do not understand him. To me he has some unaccountable antipathy. God knows, I never did anything to him."

"Precisely; and what I have always said. No one could behave handsomer; I must say that for you. Now, just read that, and see what you think of it. He knows well enough we have nothing to spare, and yet——"

Mr. Tillotson, strangely taking an interest in everything that indirectly even concerned that family, read eagerly:

"New Barracks, Gibraltar."

(It began abruptly, and was addressed to Ada Millwood.)

"I wish you would try and answer my letters, or get them to answer them, more regularly. It puts double the trouble on me, to be writing the same twice over; so try and be careful, will you, this time."

"I suppose you are all going on in the same old round, Mrs. T. trying hard with the cobwebs (*she'll* understand me), to get them round the legs of some unlucky poor devil of a soldier, who some way walks off in the end—and well for him, too. He doesn't know the loss he has had in Augusta and her sister—fine domestic creatures, well suited for ordering dinner and bringing up children. Mrs. T. has trained them well; and when she lies down for the last time

(which, of course, I hope is a long while off) she will be able to say to herself, 'Well done, thou good and faithful,' &c. (you know the rest of it), being a good girl, and properly brought up.

"That reminds me of the *amiable* and *gentle* Tillotson. So he is alone again in the wide world! But I give you notice, don't let him be whining to me about his lonely state, broken-hearted, and all that. I shan't listen to a single word. I am glad, now, it has all come to him, and for a reason that you won't suspect. I am glad there is no woman in the matter, so we can have done with maudlin. If you were to write four crossed pages every mail, and whine at me again and again in every line, it would be no good. 'Think of his sorrow,' 'your own delicacy at such a moment.' At such a moment! Exactly—such a moment is just the one I would choose. You'd see how they'd hunt him in the House of Lords; and I hope to Heaven he'll have the pluck to go there, and that his infernal old bank will not break about his ears until this is over; and if it does, I'd almost lend him the money to go on. And I'd advise you, my delicate young girl, to give over trying on the nun and the sweet intercessor, for I shall just do the opposite.

"Perhaps you pray for him every morning in your prayers.

"And now that our sad and mournful friend is a widower, you know, you ought to go and pray with him.

"I wonder I give myself the bother of writing all this stuff. I don't care one curse. 'How shocking!' old Mrs. T. will say; and the two unsuccessful spinsters, 'Such ribaldry, mammar!' But if Captain Skyrocket said it, wouldn't it be 'so funny!' and so 'shocking!' but in quite another sense. So I say again, I don't care one curse what any one of the lot thinks. But I shall always take my own way, and do just as I like, and not be dictated by sneaks, male or female.

"Perhaps you'd like to have a little news about myself? With all my heart. I am very much in want of cash; so please have it made out for me. It's infernal the way they harass and persecute me. Won't let me keep my head above water; hunting me like a rat. I declare to you, at times I wish to Heaven I *was* a rat, and could go and make for some hole under the shore, where I could never be heard of again. It's a shame and a disgrace that a man like me, with a fine fortune coming to him, and as good as his own, and secured to him by two courts, should be hunted and worried like a cur dog by an infernal troop of Moors and Jews. Tell them, do, to make me out some money. You can manage it yourself. You can whine somebody out of it. If you don't, by Heaven! I'll come over and do it myself.

"I can tell you, they treat me well here; better than in your infernal England. The old governor and his wife have me at their place every second day, and old Shortall, who has a daughter too, is precious civil. So, you see, there are Mrs. Tilneys everywhere. I wish you saw

the governor's daughter, a very pretty *little* thing, not one of your potwolloping girls—a nice creature—portable, that you could put up in your hatbox. Of course they've heard of my property; but she is *very* fond of me, and shows it, by Heavens. She has ten thousand from the old gov., and, if I chose, I could have her tomorrow, and if I choose, I shall. You talk of 'delicacy' and whining bilious fellows; but I can tell you, she did as delicate a thing last week—that I might have starved and rotted before any one in England would have thought of doing. She knew I wanted money, poor little darling—'Gracey' they call her. However, it's a long story.

"Now work yourself, and try and do some good. Life don't consist in looking angelic, recollect. You can work it out somewhere, if you choose. There is a mail a couple of days after you get this."

Such was the extraordinary letter read by Mr. Tillotson, which seemed to be one written by a madman, or at least after the influence of drink. And yet he felt no indignation at the contemptuous mention of himself: he rather understood and pitied. "He is harassed and persecuted," he said to his friend, "and hardly knows what he writes." Another feeling, too, was present to him, and covered the whole letter, as it were, with a cloud of gold. The picture of that gentle girl, suffering, persecuted by the worldlings among whom she was compelled to live, with no sympathy for her sickness.

"That's a pretty epistle for a gentleman to write," said Mr. Tilney, tranquilly—"a man brought up at a college. And all, sir, addressed to a poor helpless girl, that has not a friend upon this wide earth," added he, motioning mournfully with a very full glass of sherry, as if it were the wide planet to which he alluded, "that cannot give him back his own—or—call him out, and that has a peck of troubles of her own upon her hands."

Again Mr. Tillotson became eagerly interested. "Not serious ones, surely?"

"Depends, depends," said Mr. Tilney, shaking. "It all comes from nature. *She's* sensitive, highly sensitive. The girls and Mrs. T. try us all very much. Between you and me, they don't quite take to her, you know; in fact," added Mr. Tilney, suddenly, "make her life a perfect hell upon earth."

The other started.

"Yes," said Mr. Tilney, now in hopeless gloom, "it comes to us all, peasant and baronet, land-steward and peer o' the realm. The great Creator distributes it all much of a much. I begin to sigh for quiet and a nook of my own. They are always in a racket at home, struggling after this and that. And with the old luck, Tillotson. There's young McKerchier on now—a low young Scotch fellow in a regiment; father makes the Kidderminster things, I believe. But Mrs. T. says that's all right *now*. Money, you know, is the thing now, not blood and breeding, as it was in my day. And yet I think the fellow

is going to play them a trick. Mark my words, he will. I am very glad to see you; indeed I am. I am getting old and tired, Tillotson. Did you ever feel *that*?—as if you could never rest yourself enough. Just drop in on us when you have time; it will be a charity. Out at Kensington, you know. Better leave you a card. There! God Almighty, in His infinite mercy, bless and protect you, and reward you."

ORANGE AND RIBBON.

NOT to speak of the common hereditary maladies which for so long have preyed on the feeble constitution of Ireland, and which other countries more robust have expelled from their own systems, her miserable health is further endangered by two extraordinary diseases, in themselves enough to keep any nation in a permanent state of suffering. These two plagues are called Orangeism and Ribbonism. Anything more savage, rude, barbarous, Corsican, and unworthy of a civilised country, cannot be well conceived. Yet their presence may be reasonably explained, as arising naturally in a country where two religions are, as it were, tied together at the waist, like the two Danish combatants, and who were left to struggle against each other with knives. One gladiator was the rich Protestant of station and rank, but whose number was few; the other the Catholic plebeian, weak as to wealth and intelligence, but strong as to numbers. The battle was unequal. By the aid of penal laws, confiscations, and oppression, the plebeian was flung at the feet of the victorious Protestant. But though supremacy was secured, there was a bitter feeling of resistance underneath; and the conquerors felt that they could not rely for protection on the satisfactory result of a crushed rebellion. A more permanent safeguard was a sort of league among themselves, for making their small body more compact, and for enforcing the subjection of the conquered party, even in matters of detail. Some such principle was the beginning of the Orange Society.

Just before the great Irish Rebellion broke out, the Protestant yeomen of the north, always well armed, well cared for, and well trained in militia regiments, affected to be in terror of the wretched minority of the other religion, who were scattered among them. They took on themselves the duties of a sort of committee of vigilance, and undertook to keep that part of the country "quiet." This was done by forming themselves into bands who went over the country "visiting" Catholic houses early in the morning, and driving out the unfortunate and helpless tenants whom they suspected. This system—utterly unchecked by any responsibility beyond the "loyalty" of the administrators—gradually enlarged until they became known as "The Peep o' Day Boys," a name commonly supposed to belong to a party of quite opposite principles. The miseries of this wholesale terrorism is described as almost unendurable. Other names

by which they came to be known were "The Protestant Boys," "Wreckers," and the like. Being so successful in their proceedings, they determined to enlarge their procedure, and drive out all the Papists wholesale. A respectable Quaker who had lived through all these doings, well recollected how often fifteen and sixteen houses would be "wrecked" in a night, and how he had seen the roads covered with flying hordes of half-naked, famished, frantic Irish, who were thus hunted through the country. As the rebellion ripened, these unfortunates at last turned on their persecutors. In 1795 came the famous "Battle of the Diamond," which lasted several days, and which was but an anticipation of the late Belfast riots. It was a savage street fight; but its triumph has been sung in a very stirring Orange ballad, and its glories were toasted at an election dinner so late as 1837.

At last it was ~~felt~~ that the system only wanted a little organisation, and on the 21st of September, 1795, the FIRST ORANGE LODGE was formed, at the house of one Sloan. It began to spread almost at once. Lodges sprang up all over the country. A grand central lodge was constituted at Dublin in 1800. It was founded on exaggerated protestations of loyalty, almost suspicious in their ardour. But, if looked at closely, it will be found that the Orangeman's loyalty is always conditional, and to be secured only at the price of Ascendancy. Their early rules betray this, when there was a deal of violent swearing to support and pay allegiance to the king and his successors, *so long as he or they support Protestant Ascendancy*; and it is said there was added a secret declaration, "and that I will exterminate the Catholics of Ireland so far as lies in my power."

It then spread to England, to London, Manchester, and all the leading towns, with extraordinary success; but from the year 1813 it began to decay sensibly. In the year 1827, however, on the eve of the great question of Emancipation, it enjoyed a glorious revival. It was then entirely reorganised. Its rules were revised. The awkward oath of conditional allegiance was withdrawn. Instead, there was much swearing "to support the true religion, as by law established." Then the qualities of a model Orangeman were set forth with much complacency, in the style of the old "characters." He was to be full of "faith, piety, courtesy, and compassion;" "sober, honest, wise, and prudent;" to love "rational society, and hate swearing." On these principles it received august patronage. Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, became Grand Master; the Bishop of Salisbury became "Grand Chaplain;" and an immense roll of distinguished noblemen, bishops, and conservative squires, filled the other "grand" offices.

The Royal Prince was not merely ornamental, but a most active and stirring president. He seems to have been constantly filling up warrants, and encouraging a spirit of propagandism in all directions. He sent out emissaries to

the Canadas, Ionian Islands, and colonies of all sorts, who laboured in the vineyard with surprising success. Their zeal actually carried them so far as to tamper with the military, and in some thirty or forty regiments "lodges" were formed, in which the soldiers made speeches, and drank, and swore to exterminate their comrades of the obnoxious religion. In vain the colonels protested against a system so subversive of all good discipline. The eager emissaries went on with their labour, and the Royal Grand Master filled in warrant after warrant for constituting fresh military lodges. At last the authorities interfered. Ernest himself was called to account, and after some awkward denials, which looked very like shuffling, was compelled to withdraw this portion of the system.

The organisation seems to have been borrowed from the Freemasons. Any persons or any number of persons can form a "private lodge," by forwarding their names and a guinea to the grand lodge. All the private lodges in a county elect members to the "district lodges." The district lodges elect six members to the county lodges, and the county lodges elect to the grand central. Three and sixpence used to be the moderate annual subscription of a private lodge. A public-house was generally the appropriate venue for the rites of inauguration or discussion of the important concerns of the fraternity; and prayer introduced and terminated the pious proceedings.

Under this happy dispensation the system flourished. Twenty-five years ago it could boast of fifteen hundred private lodges and over two hundred thousand members. Some thirty years ago they defined themselves to be "a society banded together against the destroyers and corrupters of God's word, and opposed by a bigoted and malignant faction, always our inveterate foes and the unrelenting opponents of true religion." This wholesome spirit was further encouraged by inflammatory songs, with which the members stimulated their drooping hopes. There are published song-books which contain the old chaster lyrics of the "Boyne Water" and "Croppies, lie down;" but there is a more stirring sort, in which "Keeping Powder Dry" is specially insisted on. Here is one of the right kind:

A LOYAL SONG.

My lads, pray attend to the voice of a friend,
Whilst I give you a history true,
For a loyalist fit, sure your taste it must hit,
For 'tis trimmed up with orange and blue.

Tol de lol.

For since Reformation enlighten'd the nation,
And to Popery gave the first blow,
Their hatred and spleen were in bigotry seen,
'Gainst our lives and religion to 'now.

Tol de lol.

At their relics he laugh'd, he despised their priest-craft,
Their religion, he said, was a trick,
Confession a joke, absolution a cloak,
So he pitch'd them wholesale to old Nick.

Tol de lol.

I'll give you a toast, 'tis my pride and my boast,
May the Protestant interest stand,
In spite of all evil, the French and the devil,
And flourish in peace o'er the land.

Tol de lol.

May William's good cause, and William's good laws,
These traitors and rebels to quell,
Be 'stablished once more, and upon the old score,
And Rebellion shall vanish to hell.

Tol de lol.

But at this moment Orange prospects are anything but bright. Men of all parties and creeds, who love order and justice and have common sense, have joined to put Orangemen down. From the year 'thirty-five, when they had to suffer the indignity of being put on their trial in a parliamentary inquiry, they have met nothing but rebuffs. They have fallen on evil days. The only satisfaction left is firing a few shots on a loved anniversary, and walking in surreptitious procession on the great July days. Acts of parliament have been passed specially to pare their claws. The heaviest blow was reserved for the year 1858, when the government refused to appoint any one a magistrate who was known to belong to the society. A deputation of brethren waited on the late Lord Palmerston to protest, who told them "that they belonged to the middle ages," and with an amused air asked for what object they existed? A Conservative peer answered gravely, "For self-defence, my lord." Lord Palmerston replied, that the laws of the country would provide for that, and that they need be under no uneasiness. But the cruellest stroke came from Lord Derby, who pronounced the whole association to be one of the miseries of Ireland.

Let us now turn to the pendant to this strange society, which is to be found low down, among the ignorant and less civilised classes. Both societies may be fairly put on a level, and there can be no question but that the barbarous intolerance of the one produced the savage and Indian ferocity of the other.

The Ribbon Society is of modern date, and succeeded a whole tribe of secret societies, including the notorious Whiteboys, whose lawless proceedings, it was found, could not be reached by the ordinary statute or common law, and who were paid the honour of having a special act of parliament passed to suppress them. They are the most modern of lawless societies, excepting, of course, that now famous Fenian Association, with which we have recently become familiar. But they are all, in truth, the one society under different names: the Whiteboys being succeeded by "Thrashers," "Carders," "Steelboys," "Terry Alts," "Molly McGuires," "Phoenixites," and many more.

The lowest officer in the Ribbon Society is the "Body Master," next to him comes the "Parish Master," whose title shows the extent of his jurisdiction, and after him the "County Delegate," who is of the secret council of the whole society. The "body" is merely the same as the "lodge" among the Orangemen,

and each "body" consists of about fifty members. A "body-meeting" is held every month at some low public-house—following strictly the Orange precedent—and there the members interchange complaints and grievances, and the necessity of "business." If there be any serious work that requires prompt redress, the "body-master" reports it specially to the "parish master," who does the same to the "county delegate," who thereupon in his discretion issues "summonses" addressed to a new class—to a distinct department—namely, to the "jurymen" of the district, who are enrolled to the number of some fourteen or so. This dreadful council of twelve "sit" on the unfortunate landowner, who has been driven to take legal remedies for the recovery of his rent. They decide, as such men may be supposed to decide, and actually name the person or persons by whom the plan is to be carried out. In the case of a murder, it is usual to select some distant county in Ireland; and the "jurymen" of that county, on receiving notice, name the executioner. From this nomination there is no appeal. The object of this remote selection is, of course, to lessen the chances of discovery.

The method of procuring members is generally this. An emissary visits the parish, meets the young men of the village in an obscure taproom of the "public" of the place, and reads out "scuscation" details concerning "evictions," "heart-rending oppression," "widows and orphans turned out on the roadside," and the like. This brings their minds into a suitable tone for being worked on, and very soon, the next meeting of the society being at hand, a number of postulants are ready to be enrolled. This is done with a sort of squalid solemnity in the peaty atmosphere of the "shebeen." They are introduced one by one and blindfolded. This is meant to be typical of that unreasoning obedience which is required from all members. The new brother is put in the centre of a circle, the members joining hands all round; his hands are laid upon a prayer-book; and he is required to repeat in a loud voice the following form:

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

"I, A. B. do swear in the presence of these my brotherly members, and on the contents of this holy book, the cross of Christ, that I will, by every means in my power, aid and assist the French, or any other Catholic power that is endeavouring to free us from the bonds of tyrannical slavery and the oppression of unjust laws; that I will be ready at a moment's warning, sickness or death alone preventing me, to take up the cause of an oppressed brother, knowing or believing him to be such; and that I will obey, without murmuring, all orders received from a county delegate, parish, or body master; and that I will silently abide by any decision of the jurymen of my parish, either in a dispute with a brother, or, if it be necessary, in the destruction of life or property, or other punishment of transgressors against honour, law, and justice; that I will allow neither father, mother, sister, or brother to come between me and the carrying out of our glorious Ribbon system into final and immediate execution; that I will spare neither person nor property of the bloody heretics,

but more especially those who feed upon the tenth part of our labour. I further swear that I will never appear before judge or jury to prosecute a brother, knowing him to be such; and that neither torture, death, nor execution shall ever make me divulge the slightest atom of the plans and secrets intrusted to me, to any magistrate or other person, not within the pale of this our glorious institution, though I were to be hung in chains and dried in the sun; and that I will never write or inscribe upon any paper or parchment, or other substance or thing, any word, letter, sign, or token, by which the secrets of our society could transpire or become known; that I will never admit, with my knowledge, any person into this grand design except a Catholic, or some worthy Protestant who is well known to stick to us, and who regularly subscribes to the committee. I further swear, that I will myself subscribe ten pence per quarter, if not more, according to my circumstances, to this committee or others, towards the support of the objects of this our immortal institution. I further swear, that I will keep a close eye upon all hypocritical Catholic magistrates, and report to my county delegate, parish, or body master, their conduct at Petty Sessions and elsewhere, as may come within my knowledge. And I take this oath, in all its parts, without any mental reservation whatever, and with a full and unwavering determination to keep the same. So help me God."

The reader will be dismally amused by the attempt at grand solemnity and "tall" verbiage in this composition, and especially by the determined resolution not to betray the secrets of the society, "though I were to be hung in chains and dried in the sun."

After all the candidates are admitted, "business" begins, which consists in furnishing "passwords" for the quarter; and it becomes characteristic to remark this special feature of all Irish illegal organisations, the truly Celtic hankering after military terms, drilling, and the mere showman's part of the business; which masquerading has almost invariably helped to shipwreck the institution. These passwords are changed regularly. Every parish master is bound to pay a fee of half-a-crown to the county delegate on receipt of the new passwords, and sixpence on the entrance of every new member. The new member pays two shillings, one and sixpence of which goes to form a fund for the defence of unhappy members who have fallen into the hands of the law, and to purchase the guns and ammunition with which their bloody resolves are carried out. The passwords are generally in the shape of some unmeaning string of question and answer, taking, perhaps, the following shape, which is a true copy.*

Question. God save you.

Answer. And you likewise.

Q. This is a fine day.

A. It is, but there's a better coming.

Q. Where are you going?

A. To Belfast, agra.

Q. What to do there?

A. To receive friendship.

Q. This is a bad road?

A. Yes, but it will soon be repaired.

* Obtained from a police officer of large experience, given in the Dublin University Magazine.

Q. With what sort of stones?
 A. With Protestant bones.
 Q. Do you know your letters?
 A. To be sure I do.
 Q. Say them.
 A. A. G. I. M. (A Great Irish Massacre.)
 Q. What is your motto?
 A. Once it was L. E. F. (Lord Edward Fitzgerald); now it is R. O. (Ribbon Order.)
 Q. Have you any more?
 A. I have.
 Q. Whose son are you?
 A. Graniawale's.
 Q. What height are you?
 A. High as Patrick's steeple.
 Q. What height is that?
 A. Higher than St. Paul's.
 Q. Then express the word.
 A. Go on, I tell you.
 (Give the first finger of the right hand.)
 (Give the two first fingers of the left hand.)

The most dreadful portkna of this oath is the part that refers to not allowing father or mother, sister or brother, to stand between the member and the duty of carrying out his orders. There have been instances of a struggle almost heartrending, where the barbarous office has been delegated to the betrothed of a young girl whose father had been marked for slaughter. The young man was ferociously reminded of his oath, and cautioned that he had already, by his simple remonstrance, broken it. He is said to have lost his reason in the struggle.

Like its model, the Orange lodge, the Ribbon Society has its unlawful finery. Mankind, once formed into a society, whether it take the shape of Oddfellow, Forester, committee-man of a great exhibition, or steward of a concert, must have its badge, dress, or decoration. The Ribbon officer, therefore, has his green scarf; his collar and belt edged with scarlet, and embroidered in white with crosses or harps with seven strings; a large band; and Hibernia (poor soul!) separated from the crowned harp.

In this way is an unhappy land—"Truly a fayre and beautiful countrie," said Spenser,—torn to pieces by her own children. And the well-known cries of loyalty, order, equality, toleration, justice, freedom, but, above all, Religion (in whose name so many enormities are perpetrated), are prostituted to the bad passions of these miserable party societies, whose watchwords are hatred and ill will.

"DEO. OPT. MAX."

ART thou drowsy, dull, indifferent,
 Folder of the hands,
 Dreaming o'er the silent falling
 Of life's measured sands?
 Living without aim or motion,
 Save thyself to please,
 Careless as the beasts that perish,
 Sitting at thine ease?
 Not for thee the mighty message
 Rings in startling tone;
 Vainly would its pealing accents
 Strike through hearts of stone.

Sounding o'er the clash and clatter
 Of this earth's vain din,
 Unto you, that live in earnest,
 And that work to win,

Thus it speaks: "Aspirants, toilers
 For some lofty gain,
 See ye spend not strength and spirits,
 Hope and faith, in vain!

"All that soars pass. Self is noble—
 Every upward aim—
 Make it nobler yet—the noblest!
 An immortal fame!

"Let not good or great content ye—
 Higher and still higher,
 Only for the best, the greatest,
 Labour and aspire!

"Spurning all that's partial, doubtful,
 All your vigour bend
 (Worthiest aim and worthiest effort)
 To a perfect end!

"Thus have all true saints before ye,
 All true heroes striven,
 Reaching for the best, the highest,
 Beyond earth to heaven."

GALLEY-SLAVE No. 9999.

"You are going to Toulon!" exclaimed my neighbour, the avocat, with some surprise.

"I am going there, because I cannot help passing it, unless I take steamer from Genoa to Marseilles; which would not be the way to see much of the country."

"You will perhaps, then, pay a visit to the Bagne, the only one now existing in France?"

"I shall try; although it must be a painful sight. But I find no phase of humanity uninteresting."

"I will give you a letter to a forçat (convict) there."

"A letter to a galley-slave?"

"Yes. He is a person in whom I take great interest. It may be as well not to give you any written communication to the man himself, as it would put you to the trouble of getting it read and passed by the prison authorities, and others perhaps, previous to presentation; but I will put you in the way of getting at him and speaking to him. You shall be introduced to one of his patrons, an adjoint of the mayor."

"But I am already promised an introduction to the Préfet Maritime."

"Capital! With that backing the one I shall give you, you will be able to perform an act of charity. It will be a good deed on your part. Only put yourself in his place—"

"Much obliged."

"And think how gratified *you* would feel at receiving a friendly visit from without."

"Is he one of your clients, th's worthy forçat? One of the innocents whom your potent eloquence has failed to whitewash?"

"No. I did not defend him, although the prisoner *was* well defended."

"And the resulting verdict?"

"Guilty, with extenuating circumstances. The sentence, Hard labour for life."

"And the crime?"

"In the first place, it is doubtful to me whether a crime *was* committed; secondly, if a crime there was, I believe the prisoner innocent of it. There *might* have been a crime; but *he* was not the guilty party. The imputed offence was fratricide."

"He has therefore at least escaped the guillotine."

"Yes; and, through the mitigation of our law's severity, he was also spared the branding on the shoulder with the letters T. F. P., 'Travaux Forcés à Perpétuité.' But in this very place where we are now walking up and down, and which you have called our town's unroofed saloon, he was subjected to an infliction now also abolished, namely, an hour's public exposure on a scaffold, as infamous, fratricide, and civilly dead."

"And probably hooted and insulted accordingly?"

"Exactly the contrary. The propriety of his attitude and behaviour, coinciding with the general belief of his innocence and pity for his consequently cruel position, gained him universal sympathy. Instead of harsh words, or worse, a collection of money was made on the spot, to procure him comforts during his journey to the place of punishment."

"But what was the cause of this discrepancy between the popular feeling and the jury's verdict?"

"Well; the case is difficult as well as curious, and still remains in some measure mysterious. You are aware of the innumerable and bitter disputes occasioned in France by the minute division of property. For a square foot of ground, for half a tree, for a crumbling mud wall, for a creaking bit of furniture, sometimes even for a few pots and pans or half-worn clothes, families will fall into variance. This was another instance of quarrel caused by a trumpety inheritance unfairly appropriated. Alexandre Fourier and his elder brother, Pierre François, each believed that the other had got more than his share, and consequently indulged in very unbrotherly expressions of feeling. François was even heard to use words threatening his brother's life. 'Mind what you are about,' he said. 'Je te tue; I'll kill you.'"

"That was very bad."

"Yes and No. Hard words break no bones. Hot-tempered people, under provocation, often say more than they have the slightest intention of meaning. Listen to the compliments often interchanged between husband and wife amongst our lower classes, and then see how they make it up afterwards. Parents, even with you, sometimes tell their children they will break their necks; and yet they do not break them the more for that. I hold that François's 'je te tue' was not a bit more serious in its real purport."

"It would, nevertheless, have an ugly look when proved in evidence."

"True; and could François have foreseen the consequences, he would have curbed his temper and held his tongue. Had he really intended to commit the murder, he would have refrained from announcing that intention."

"At least, it was a great imprudence."

"Doubtless, as was proved by the event. The other fearing, or pretending to fear, that his life was in danger, procured a pistol, which he constantly carried, loaded, in his pocket. One evening he was found lying in a field, close to a half-open gate, bleeding to death from a wound in the hip. The pistol in his pocket was discharged. Carried into the house, the only articulate and intelligible words which he uttered before expiring were 'Cochon de frère!'—'Pig of a brother!' Those words were the cause of François's condemnation."

"And well they might be."

"They might merely be the delirious expression of his habitual train of thought. There were marks of footprints brought as evidence against François. His counsel insisted that the shoes in question should be tried on the father, who refused. They were tried on by force, and found to fit him perfectly. After François's condemnation there came out very grave charges against the father, a man of fierce passions and moody temper. The whole family were thrown into prison—father, mother, sisters and all. I hold that, for his mother's sake, François had said nothing against his father. I believe him to have been a martyr, sacrificing himself and letting matters take their course on her account. The father hung himself in prison."

"Very strange that, if he had done no wrong."

"The family were immediately set at liberty. The father's suicide was construed into a confession of guilt. From that moment everybody believed in the innocence of the convicted prisoner. It is certain that if the suicide had preceded instead of following the condemnation, it would have been productive of the same benefit to the convict as it was to the rest of the family. But it happened too late. Judgment had been pronounced, and could not be reversed. He was first sent to Brest, where he figured under the singular No. of 333,550. He is now, as I have told you, at Toulon.* By great exertions his sentence has been remitted from hard labour for life to a limited period—an immense alleviation. But he has still four years to remain in confinement. We are trying further to diminish that. As to the labour, he has been relieved of it by being classed with the 'incurables.' See him at Toulon. Your visit may possibly do good."

Before starting, Fourier's mother and sister, apprised of my intention, came to meet me at the avocat's house. The first, a hale, apple-checked old woman, could hardly speak for emotion; but, without asking leave, kissed me affectionately, as if I were her child himself. The sister, a tidy, middle-aged, hard-working woman, burst into tears as soon as she entered the room, seized my hand, and stammered out as

well as she could, "You will try and see my brother, then?"

"Yes; I will endeavour to speak to him."

"Oh, then, give him this from me," again squeezing my hand. "Tell him to try and live for four years longer. Tell him that we only live in the hope of seeing him back again."

A flight by rail to the foot of Mont Cenis; a tramp on foot over Mont Cenis; another railway flight from Susa to Turin and Genoa; a scramble along the Corniche from Genoa to Nice, sometimes on foot, sometimes on wheels, with the blue Mediterranean on the left, and olive-clad mountains to the right, all the way along; and again by rail from Nice to Toulon—the whole of this distance had to be traversed and, to confess the truth, enjoyed; but they are foreign to my present narrative, except as taking me to Toulon.

Often, however, my enjoyment was dashed with the recollection of the task that lay before me. Often, without even shutting my eyes, I could see the mother's attitude of helpless grief, and the careworn face of the more impulsive sister. Often I wished I had had nothing to do with the business. What a fool I, a foreigner, had been to undertake to confront official formalities and impediments, sure to be tiresome, perhaps unpleasant.

At the fourth station from Toulon, reckoning eastward, a village, Solliès-Pont, is pointed out, severely ravaged by cholera, brought, my informant assures me, by that river—that quick-running stream of water there.

"Surely not," I observed in surprise. "The stream would rather tend to keep disease away. The stream, no doubt, was running and the cholera raging at the same place and the same time; but one was hardly the cause of the other."

"Oh yes it was; else it wouldn't have been so bad. The living were insufficient to bury the dead. They were obliged to get volunteer forcats from the Bagne to come and dig the graves and put the corpses in. They behaved very well indeed, those forcats did. Not a bit afraid. And they touched nothing—did not take the value of a pin—would not even go through a vineyard without somebody to bear witness that they refrained from gathering the grapes. The préfet complimented them in a handsome speech, praising them highly, and holding out hopes of mitigation of their sentences."

"Good! I am glad of that," I said. And then the thought occurred that poor Fourrier could be none the better for the circumstance. The favour intended by making him "incurable" would, at the same time, cut him off from all opportunity of proving his desire to be useful to society. It would be a too glaring inconsistency to allow a prisoner, privileged with indulgences on the ground of bodily infirmity, to go and merit farther advantages by performing the terrible duty of interring corpses infected with cholera.

That walking over Mont Cenis and along the Italian coast has somewhat shabbified my travelling attire. I had not bargained—no tourist does—for dust, drenching rain, and scorching sunshine. I had had, however, a taste of each. At Toulon, with the letters I have to deliver and receive, there is no choice but to go to the best, that is, the most expensive, hotel. And, while performing the part of rolling-stone, I have gathered no moss by the way as yet. My cash-bag is growing beautifully less. I know no banker in Toulon, and no banker knows me; and I have to get back again as well as I had to get here. A new suit of clothes, therefore, is out of the question. I shall do very well as I am. My hat, too, is quite passable, only the edge of the top of the chimney-pot shows a slight wound on its epidermis. Nobody in the streets will see it; if they do, no matter. While making a call, I can hold it in such a way as to hide the blemish. Fresh gloves and my Sunday shoes will make a perfectly presentable morning costume. *Bien ganté et bien chaussé, on va partout.* Any evening invitation must, perforce, be declined.

Toulon is generally a busy place, full of all sorts of strangers, illustrious and otherwise. I am put into a first-floor front of the hotel, a chamber for generals and plenipotentiaries. The master, just returned from the country (the son came in next day, and the wife, I think, the day after), hands me a letter with a very official-looking outside-aspect. It raises me in his opinion. I open it. It encloses another addressed to the Contre-Amiral, then acting as *Préfet Maritime*. I am in for it now. With this, and the one I have in my pocket, there is no decent loophole for retreat.

"At what o'clock is the table d'hôte dinner?"

"At six, monsieur."

At six I enter the dining-room. Nobody. Enter a waiter. "Where is the table d'hôte?"

"Here, monsieur."

"And the people who dine at it?"

"You, monsieur."

"Give me some dinner, then. Serve, at once, what you have readiest at hand."

As soon as he is gone, a passing traveller inquires in an under tone for news of "the ma-lady." Nobody mentions cholera to ears polite. I could give no news. He tied his comforter round his neck, buttoned his paletot, and went to take the next train.

Next morning to business in right good earnest, but with a lingering wish to avoid the great people, if possible. Doing ante-chamber, running the gauntlet, and forcing one's way through porters, sentinels, gendarmes, door-openers, clerks, and the various safeguards with which authority is obliged to fence itself in, is distasteful to many besides myself. The feeling will be understood, and needs no explanation. I will first deliver my letter addressed to M. Margollé, an adjoint to the mayor, to be opened, in his absence, by his brother-in-law, M. Zurcher,

both men of letters, who write excellent books in collaboration.

I find the house with difficulty. My driver does not seem to know the town, and this is outside it. Is he one of the strangers arrived to replace the runaway population? M. Margollé is absent, M. Zurcher not. A tall handsome man, but evidently suffering from illness, receives me with kind and charming courtesy. He knows Fourrier and his story well, and has been instrumental in procuring the partial remission of his sentence. He himself has been tormented lately with neuralgic pains, but is better to-day. He will take me to the admiral and accompany me to the Bagne, calling for me at the hotel at two in the afternoon.

Charming! Capital! It rolls on castors. The thing is done. The influential and well-known Frenchman taking the Englishman under his wing, the latter will have only to walk over the course and fulfil his promise as easily as if it were a call on an ordinary acquaintance. Meanwhile, shall I not take mine case in mine inn? I do take it.

Nevertheless, as two o'clock draws near, I begin to grow a little fidgety, and occupy a seat outside the hotel, awaiting my benevolent visitor. Soon after two, instead of M. Zurcher, an employé from the Mairie, in natty uniform, draws near; and, ascertaining who I am, delivers a letter. It was not exactly *that* which I wanted, although it is infinitely better than nothing. M. Zurcher writes that his pains have returned, and compel him to keep house; he encloses a letter to the commissaire of the Bagne. With that, and what I have besides, I shall make my way easily, he says.

Shall I? There is no help for it, if I shall not. To the admiral at once. I shall find him, they tell me, at the Majorité, or Etat-Major de la Marine. I do not find him. He is not there, but at the Préfecture. There, I am introduced into an ante-chamber occupied by an aide-de-camp and some naval officers pacing to and fro, as if they were on a quarter-deck. Great politeness. My letter is sent in, and before many minutes I am admitted to the presence.

"You are recommended by one of my oldest comrades," said the admiral, with unaffected good nature; "what can I do for you?"

I explain that I wish to see the interior of the Bagne, and especially to speak to the forçat Fourrier.

"Certainly." Addressing the aide-de-camp, "Write a request to the commissaire that Monsieur may see the Bagne and Fourrier. Only, you know, if he is under lock and key, he will not be visible to anybody."

The dungeons at the Bagne for refractory subjects (*indociles*) are said to be something terrible. It is stated that, if they were shown, their continuance would not be tolerated by public opinion. And yet there must be some means of preventing criminals from having their own way in further criminality. In any

case, neither those cells nor their occupants are open to public inspection.

"I do not think that probable," I interposed. "He has never incurred a single day's punishment."

"So much the better; you will be able to see him, then. I remember hearing him mentioned before. He seems to have friends who take interest in him."

At that moment, I noticed the direction of the admiral's eye. It glanced at the wound on my hat, which I had clean forgotten. Not being a diplomatist, I fear my face betrayed some slight symptom of mortification.

Smiling, he added that I was to take to the Etat-Major an order to visit the arsenal, which contains the Bagne within its walls. There, they would give me a "planton," or sailor attendant, to conduct me to the commissaire of the Bagne.

The audience is at an end. Thanks to the admiral's frank and simple manners, it has passed off much more agreeably than I anticipated. I retire with the aide-de-camp, who writes the necessary orders, and dismisses me with perfect courtesy. I go to the Majorité. They give me my planton, and we enter the gates of the arsenal together.

Within the arsenal is a busy scene, resembling other dockyards and arsenals, except for the presence of the forçats performing various slavish work. It is, after all, a cheerful spot to labour in. There are trees and water, air and sunshine, glimpses of the town through the arsenal gates, with the mountains beyond all towering in the distance. It is a labyrinth of long ranges of buildings and naval stores, through which a stranger trying to thread his way would find himself incessantly cut off by water. For necessary daily communication, there are slight wooden bridges and ferry-boats worked by forçats. But for the shame and the public exposure, I should say that a convict would greatly prefer this place to penitentiaries, or any other form of isolated confinement.

Nor do the forçats all look wretched. They crowd their carts over bridges with a run and a laugh. They wear their irons "with a difference." The ordinary set of culprits are riveted two and two, never separating, day nor night. "Eprouvés," tried, well-conducted prisoners, carry their irons singly, with no human clog attached to them. The costume is hideous: red cap, red vest, and trousers of a frightfully ugly yellow. Of the three primitive colours, yellow is the least pleasing to many eyes. Yellow flowers (except in species, as the rose, where that hue is a rarity) are less sought for, I think, than blue and red. But then also there are good yellows and bad yellows. The forçat's yellow has a bright, staring, glaring, vulgar tinge, which catches the eye like a sign-post or a personal deformity, and is suggestive of pestilence, poisonous plants, moral jaundice, and everything else that is corrupt and offensive. A prisoner, who,

like a bad shilling, comes back to the Bagne after being discharged, is distinguished by *one* yellow sleeve dishonourably contrasting with his red vest; after a second relapse, by *two*. It is rarely that a third arm is required to display a triple badge of disgrace: A green cap marks prisoners sentenced for life.

My planton is an active, obliging little fellow, sharp as a needle, and probably not deaf to the remarks of visitors. Anxious to do the honours of the place, he would show me the Taureau, submarine steam-ram, which is to rip open ships' bellies under water, as the rhinoceros disembowels his antagonists when he catches them on his nasal horn. A gang of forçats passes us, showing their naked heads in profile. What a lot to frighten a phrenologist! I had already noticed some pot at all bad faces, but these heads present everything that is exaggerated and unbalanced in cranial form.

"Have you many educated persons here?" I ask.

"Plenty; bankers, advocates, huissiers, notaries, priests. At the bazaar, where things made by the forçats are sold for their benefit, you will find exceedingly well-mannered individuals."

"We must reserve that and other things for to-morrow."

I am naturally anxious to get at Fourrier, and give my companion a sketch of his story. He listens attentively. No harm will be done if he reports it.

There is no appearance of being so near a prison. Nothing announces the home of criminals, most of whom have lost all hope on earth. A high-arched wooden bridge is the isthmus which conducts from the arsenal to the peninsula and the floating islands of punishment. The site of the locality, amidst blue waters and clear skies, would of itself give you any other idea than that of breathing an atmosphere of wickedness. So little has the Bagne the aspect of a prison, that you are inside it before you are aware. You simply behold buildings covering a large space of ground, widespread and rambling rather than lofty, with little to indicate their purpose.

The first step to be taken now, is to present myself to the commissaire and obtain his countenance. I am ushered to an upper room, where I find a gentleman in quiet but handsome uniform, behind a most business-looking library table. He receives me politely, but in the way in which you receive people when you have not the slightest idea what they are come about. He takes my letters, retires to the recess of a window to read them, and returns with an altered countenance and manner.

"You are quite *en règle*, monsieur," he cordially observes.

I bow, as in duty bound.

"Perfectly *en règle*. We will do what we can to comply with your wishes. Monsieur Asterisk, if you please!"

Monsieur Asterisk answers his superior's summons. He is a tall stout man, with a broad,

pale, colourless face, and a subdued expression of great intelligence.

"Monsieur is an Englishman," continues the commissaire, "well recommended, who desires to see the interior of the Bagne, and also to speak with No. — let me see," referring to the letter, "with No. 9999. You will please give him a competent guide."

"Ah, No. 9999!" said M. Asterisk, raising his eyes to the ceiling to consult his memory. "No. 9999 is Fournier."

"Extraordinary!" observed the chief. "I have only to name a number, and you at once name the party belonging to it."

"After so many years of service, I have naturally acquired the faculty," M. Asterisk modestly replies. "The gentleman can easily see the Bagne and also speak with Fournier."

"His name is Fourrier," I interposed, "Pierre François; in the Salle des Incurables."

"The same. But, I beg pardon, he is Fournier; has always been Fournier at the Bagne."

With so important and well-remembered an official it was not worth disputing about a letter; so I acquiesced in his orthography, and prepared to take my leave.

"Tell Fournier to be in readiness. You can now visit all you require," said the commissaire, with a courteous smile. "Pray give my compliments to M. Zurcher. I shall be glad to hear of his better health."

Here let me, once for all, testify to the polite and obliging treatment which I met with from every one with whom I had to do at Toulon.

With an adjutant, therefore, added to my planton—quite a suite—I commence my round of inspection, which must be briefly described. A long room, lodging some two hundred convicts, but for its extreme cleanliness and one or two minor accessories, might be taken for a wild beasts' den. It is all bars, and bolts, and boards. Amongst those accessories are, at the further end, a crucifix, to remind the guilty in this world of the Saviour who died to redeem them in the next, and a letter-box; for the prisoners have free permission to write to their friends, subject, of course, to perusal before posting. Nor is reading forbidden, in some wards at least; Victor Hugo's "Misérables" having been listened to with great interest. The entrance door of this room is formed of iron bars, resembling an extra-strong park gate; so that even when shut everything that passes inside is visible to the guards without. The bed is a long wooden bench slightly raised at the head, whose surface is softened by a slight mattress for the *éprouvés* only. One blanket is the covering; but Toulon, be it remembered, is in the south. At the bed's head are placed the rations of black-brown bread allowed to each individual. All along the foot runs an iron bar, to which the chains are fastened when their wearers retire to rest.

There is a Salle des Blessés, a ward for the wounded—and how they get wounded is often known only to the forçats themselves. There is

a bath-room, a kitchen, and besides that a much larger and better kitchen for the hospital, where the cooking is superintended by worthy self-denying Sisters of Charity.

That door opposite leads out of the *Salle des Incurables*. Fourrier is coming out to meet us. Would I like to see the hospital first? It is only up this flight of steps. Certainly. Very well; he can wait a few minutes at the bottom. The pans I notice on the steps contain disinfectant substances; for "the malady" has not spared the *Bagne*. The hospital, roomy, airy, light, is the acme of neatness and cleanliness. Not a trace of offensive smell perceptible. True, the patients are not numerous. One, an Arab, sitting up in bed to eat some soup, has the eyes of a wild cat caught in a trap staring out of his fleshless face. The sheets are as white as you would wish for yourself; but there is still the chain fastening the sick man to his bed. It quits him only when he ceases to breathe.

Down-stairs again to find my man. That must be he, pale, thin, standing with his back to the wall, surrounded by a throng. There is quite a concourse of people of all sorts; other forcats, douaniers, employés, and I know not what, besides ourselves. Confidential talk is impossible, and I must shape the interview accordingly.

Some people have real faces, others have only facial masks; but it is not hard to distinguish which is a face and which is only a mask put on. The individual before me has a face; and on it is written unmistakably "Misfortune, when it cannot be got over, must be borne. I will go through with this, bearing it patiently, though sorrowfully." He trembles with emotion.

Another pair of eyes and ears afterwards informed me that, while I was in the hospital, the other forcats were at him with "Come, Fourrier, pack up your things! You are going away at last. Here is a great man come to let you out. Make up your bundle as fast as you can!" and such like teasing speeches.

"You are Fourrier?" I said.

"Yes, monsieur, I am."

"I should have known you from your likeness to your sister. When I left, she and your mother were well. They beg you to be patient for their sakes."

The poor man bowed his head.

"The mayor of your village instructs me to say that when you return you will be well received and find plenty of employment."

He looked up, touched by the assurance, but also, I fear, a little disappointed, having, probably, hoped for still better news. The curious group showed no signs of retiring, so I determined to make what use I could of their presence.

"And Maître Le Beau," I continued, raising my voice and looking round, "a distinguished advocate, who has carefully followed your case from the outset, is convinced of your innocence—that you did not commit the crime for which you are detained here."

Sensation amongst the bystanders.

"I never did any harm to any one," was all he answered, in a low, clear voice.

"Have you anything to say to me before I leave?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"I shall see your mother and your sister on my return. Have you anything you wish me to say to them?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"Good-bye, then, till we meet again."

I subsequently learned, through a letter to my friend, that he had a deal to say, but refrained from saying it for fear of the surveillance of spies and informers. Possibly, at the *Bagne*, the slightest whisper is re-echoed to a distance with the loudness of a speaking-trumpet.

When about to retire, I remember the sister's request to pass on to the brother her shake of the hand. Impossible. I could not, for the life of me, do it. His innocence had not yet been officially acknowledged. And, if I had, it might have done more harm than good. Suspicion there is easily excited. I had permission to speak to, but not to convey *anything* to him. There had been an attempt to escape that very morning. Had I not seen a guardian examine the straw at the bottom of a forcat's wooden shoe, as he returned from work? So I cast a last look at the pale-faced man, and leave the lookers-on to make their comments and guesses.

"Is there anything more you wish to see?" the adjutant obligingly inquires.

"I thank you, no; no more to-day." So I slowly make my way out of the *Bagne*, and relieve my chest with a long, long breath.

P.S. A petition has since been sent to the minister that Fourrier should be medically examined and his condition reported on. He has been examined, and, according to the report, he is a walking complication of disease, a phenomenon of morbid affections. One would say the only wonder is how a creature so afflicted can continue to live. His vital spark must be unusually hard to extinguish. He would be worth engagement by a medical lecturer as an encyclopædic illustration of human complaints.

But is such an invalid worth keeping in prison? No. All he is good for is to consume wholesome food, puzzle the doctors, and give worthy jailers the trouble of locking him up. He is just as well outside as in-doors. You may as well let him go for a poor broken-down good-for-nothing encumbrance. Such is the train of reasoning which would seem to be implied by the petition and the consequent report.

Second P.S. Returned some weeks from my travels, I hear a rattling knock at my door; not at all like a French knock (though it is one), but a triumphant imitation of an English rat-tat-too. I peep out of window, like Shakespeare's apothecary, to put the question, "Who knocks so loud?" Behold! It is No. 9999, loose, free, at large, come to return my visit, and

conducted hither by my friend the avocat. We last met on the shore of the Mediterranean, and here he is within sight of the English Channel. He has been "gracié," pardoned by the Emperor. But, that the sacredness of a sentence once pronounced may suffer no diminution of prestige, he is at liberty under the surveillance of the police. A residence is assigned to him—the very place where he wishes to dwell. I wonder how he contrives to walk without irons after having worn them for two-and-twenty years; and I must ask him how he liked his first night in a bed between a pair of sheets.

Third P.S. This is a true story, and not a subtle fiction of the brain. Strange as it may seem, 9999 is the actual number the convict bore, and not another form of * * * *. He is living happily, in the solid flesh, and not in your imagination merely, with a real mother and a real sister, whose real children, whom he had never seen, are now the objects of his affection.

CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR.

A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER. I have just had news of you from my friend Captain Newmarch who met you at Weirsley, where he has been on a visit. He reports you to be in good health and spirits, at which I am much gratified. Long may you enjoy both! From my friend's account, I fancy you must have gained a little flesh lately. This, however, I should be sorry to believe. It is in my opinion very unbecoming at your time of life. An elderly gentleman should be thin—pale and thin. I entreat you, therefore, to take whatever steps are necessary to repress even the slightest tendency to embonpoint. I asked Newmarch if he had observed what kind of diet you appeared to favour; but in this he was at fault. I would, however, suggest the use of biscuits at dinner instead of bread, and an abstinence from pastry, sugar, and, indeed, everything sweet. I beg that you will bear in mind what I say on this subject. It would be infinitely distressing to me if you were to become fat and plethoric.

Being, as you know, extremely anxious about you, and particularly desirous to ascertain whether you have profited by the advice which I have recently sent you, I naturally questioned Captain Newmarch pretty closely about your manners, your social habits, how you conducted yourself in your intercourse with the different guests with whom you were daily brought in contact at Weirsley, and so on. The captain's account gave me at first considerable satisfaction. He said that on two occasions you had contradicted statements which were made at the dinner-table; that on another occasion you had turned your back upon a particular member of the company; and that you had once actually allowed a lady to cross the room and ring the

bell for something that she wanted. But the additional particulars with which Captain Newmarch subsequently furnished me spoil all my enjoyment. He tells me, in the first place, that you actually apologised to both the individuals whom you had contradicted, begging them to pardon your "apparent rudeness," and so losing all that you had gained in having put them down, instead of pushing your advantage to the utmost, according to my precepts. Then he says that the person on whom you turned the cold shoulder, and who I naturally supposed was some utter barbarian and snob, was no other than Sir Courteney Raffe, one of the best-known and most sought-after men about town. Newmarch says that you told him Raffe was a scoundrel; that you never would forgive him his conduct to Lizzie Beauchamp; and that you always made a point of showing your contempt for him. Now, sir, Courteney Raffe certainly did not behave very well in that affair of Miss Beauchamp, or in one or two others that one knows about; still you must bear in mind that it really is not your business, and that for you to go about the world taking up the cause of distressed damsels, especially in the case of a man like Sir Courteney Raffe, is quixotic and injudicious, highly injudicious. Sir Courteney Raffe is in society.

As to the last indication of a change wrought upon you by my advice—allowing a lady on a certain occasion to cross the room and ring the bell—I find, on inquiry, that it simply indicated nothing, as Newmarch tells me that you were asleep at the time. I had hoped that this infraction of the laws of politeness was an indication of some slight decline of that excess of deference which you have been in the habit of manifesting towards the other sex, but of course, as you were asleep at the moment, it indicates nothing.

Oh, and by-the-by, while I think of it, Newmarch says that you continue to pronounce the "u" in the word "put," as in "but;" and also that you still say "oblecged" instead of "obliged." Will you have the kindness to correct that at once?

You have too much good sense, sir—it is one of your strong points—to suppose for a moment that my friend Captain Newmarch has been set as a spy over your words and actions by your affectionate son. That has not been the case by any means; yet I confess I have been glad of the chance which has brought my intimate friend into such close contact with you at the moment when I am endeavouring to form your character, and adapt it to the exigencies of the day. I own that, upon the whole, I am a little discouraged by his report. At your time of life it is not easy to form new habits or new opinions. My task is a more arduous one than was that of our august namesake; yet he, to judge from his celebrated "Letters," found many difficulties in his way likewise, and was often disheartened too.

In endeavouring to "form" you for the social

life of the day, my exertions have hitherto been chiefly directed to the suppression of that fatal politeness and urbanity which every one must observe to be developed in your character in an excessive degree. I have tried hard to show you that, unless these qualities be suppressed, you will never make any great advance in the world, for the simple reason that no one will be afraid of you. On this point I have insisted strongly, and, for the present, sufficiently. Let us turn to something else.

Captain Newmarch tells me that, on more than one occasion during your stay at Weirsley, he has heard you speak with enthusiasm. I hope from the bottom of my reason—I was going to say heart—but what *has* a collection of blood-vessels to do with one's convictions?—I hope, I say, that this is not true. Yet Newmarch's evidence is clear and convincing. He says that, on a certain day at dinner-time, some person in company—a very young man, I believe—happened to speak in a disparaging tone of Sir Walter Scott's novels, said they were tedious, that the descriptions were long-winded, the dialogues interminable, the historical digressions insufferable; that, in short, he could not read those works, and that this was not only his own case, but the case of the greater part of his acquaintance; upon which it appears that you started forward and entered into a warm and almost violent defence of the works in question, using very strong expressions, and displaying, I am afraid, some degree of excitement. You appear to have stated that Sir Walter Scott was the Shakespeare of fiction. This may be the case. I cannot say myself, not being well acquainted with the works of either of these authors. You appear to have added that his knowledge of human nature, his power of developing character, of telling a story, of interesting and charming his readers, and of winning a kind of personal affection from them, were as far beyond all praise as his reputation and fame were beyond the reach of modern criticism, and the cold-blooded censure of those who could neither understand nor feel.

Now really this is a pity, you know. It is a pity that you should run the risk of losing credit for the fine natural qualities you possess, by using what I cannot but call intemperate language about what is, after all, only a matter of opinion. It seems to me that you have erred in more ways than one in thus "flaring up"—if you will pardon the expression—about Sir Walter Scott. In the first place, you *have* flared up, and this is never done now in society. It is an entirely obsolete practice. It is pretty generally admitted in these days that there is nothing worth flaring up about; besides, it is decidedly not good ton. It won't do. If you flare up in society, you get stared at. You must have remarked how very unusual it is, now, for any one to show temper when arguing, or, indeed, under any circumstances whatsoever. Warmth on any subject has become unfashionable. •It is possible that a man

may still show temper when he is quite alone, when he makes a blot upon an important letter which there is no time to re-write, when he drops his slippers into his bath, or cuts himself in shaving; but in the world he is calm, and his temper must not be ruffled.

Over and above, you take the position of asserting that right is right, and wrong is wrong, and that a thing must be either right or wrong. Not at all. This is a period of modifications and compromises. Everybody is right, and everybody is wrong, dear sir, a little.

But the worst feature of all, in connexion with this unhappy business, is, that you have, I very much fear, been betrayed into a display of enthusiasm. Oh, my dear but misguided parent, let me entreat you to beware of enthusiasm. There is nothing so little valued among us in the present day. The world has found out that it is a quality not adapted to the period. There is nothing to be done now but by coolness; no movement to be made but by calm and well-considered steps. Look at the world of politics and see how the enthusiast is laughed at, and how his calm and phlegmatic opponent parries his thrusts and conquers. The rash and impassioned man bruises himself in vain against the rocks, whilst the negative man waits, keeps quiet, is slow to act, and, in the end, triumphs. Never act or speak, my dear sir, under the influence of feeling, nor even of righteous indignation. Whenever you find yourself about to speak strongly—don't. Indeed, upon the whole, I think that word "don't" might be worn with advantage as a motto on your shield.

To sum up. After you have duly received and studied this letter I shall expect you, dear sir, to be fully prepared for any social emergency. If you hear your once most cherished principles attacked, your dearest friend denounced as a malefactor, your favourite author, your most cherished artist, your trusted medical adviser, set down as worthless, be perfectly calm and unmoved.

One word more, before I conclude this letter. I wish to refer to a little matter, apparently unimportant, but not really so, to which my attention has been called by Newmarch. Newmarch—I hope you liked Newmarch, he is an excellent specimen of a man of the time—told me that one day, when your old friend Colonel Stopper made one of the company at Weirsley, at a certain moment, when dinner was nearly over, you, being at the time in an especially gay and cheery mood—a dangerous state in itself—did suddenly, and moved by no apparent cause, address Colonel Stopper in these words: "A glass of wine, old boy!" bestowing on him a look of benevolence as you spoke. It appears further, that you then directed the servant who stood behind you, to fill your glass, and subsequently to perform the same office for the colonel, and that you then nodded familiarly to your friend, that your friend nodded familiarly to you, and that you both drank off the wine contained

in your respective glasses with an appearance of satisfaction and contentment.

Now, sir, I confess that, to me, who have never seen anything of this kind done, this statement of my friend did, at first, suggest some sort of hallucination on his part. On subsequent inquiry, however, I have discovered that this (shall I say barbarous?) ceremony was formerly common when people met together for convivial purposes, and that it was called "taking wine together."

So, my poor father, you and the colonel—who, by-the-by, is always leading you astray—have revived an obsolete practice before a large company of persons essentially modern, and in one of the most fashionable houses in England! Truly, I am ashamed. I know not what to say. But for the mere accident that Captain Newmarch happened to be present, and to have his eye upon you, you might have gone on unchecked "taking wine" with all your old friends to the end of the chapter.

Excuse me, I must leave off. I am so shocked and demoralised, that I can write no more until I have had time to recover myself a little.

Your injured but affectionate Son,
PHILIP CHESTERFIELD, JUNIOR.

A COURT-YARD IN HAVANA.

I LEFT my unworthy self and worthier friends and my trunks, so far as I can recollect, just discharged from a bullock-dray at the Fonda called El Globo, in the Calle del Obispo—let us say Bishopsgate-street—Havana. Something like four months have elapsed since I found that anchorage, and, glad enough to be in any soundings, ordered breakfast. El Globo—not that Cuban inn, but the real rotund habitable globe—has gone round in the maddest of gyrations since I began to talk of the Humours of Havana. I have been much tossed about, and am brought very low. It was at Berlin, in a house overlooking the bridge which has the statues of Peace and Plenty, and over against the great gilded dome of that Schloss which the Kings of Prussia find so gloomy that they are afraid to live in it, and have fled to a pleasant modern palace under the Linden—it was there, beneath the darkling shadow of the Prussian Eagle's wings, that I penned the last paragraph of my last paper about the Queen of the Antilles. Then the world began to roll, and the teetotum to spin again. Just as I was stepping into a train bound for St. Petersburg, a civil person in uniform put into my hand a telegram containing these simple words: "Please go to Madrid. There is a revolution in Spain." The next night I was in Cologne; the morning after I was in Paris; at night I supped at Dijon; next morning I breakfasted at Bordeaux, and lunched at Irun; late in the evening a voice cried "Valladolid," and I had some chocolate; and the next day, the fourth,

being Sunday, I got to Madrid, and (it being a great saint's day) was just in time to take a ticket in a raffle for Saint Anthony's pig—el santo credo, as they call him. I must tell you about that pig, some day.

I put it to you, most forbearing of readers, how could I, being for the first time in my life in old Spain, take up at once the thread of my reminiscences of Spain the new? Had I striven to do so, the result would have been but a sadly tangled skein. Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike, I grant; the *mañana-tree* is as sedulously cultivated in the Spanish colonies as in the Peninsula itself; but just ask a dog-fancier whether there are not marked differences between those twin pugs, Pompey and Cæsar, who to the vulgar appear, from the smallest spiral of their tails to the minutest crinkles in their coffee-coloured skins, to be identical. He will tell you that there are a thousand. Knowing this, I shrank, while I was on the thither side of the Pyrenees, and occupied in studying Cæsar, from saying anything more, just then, concerning Pompey. I feared, by blending, to spoil the portraits of both. My conscience pricked me sometimes, I admit. Once I had a most dolorous twinge; it was in an old library at Seville, and turning over a vellum-bound volume—Marco Polo's Travels, I think—I came upon some marginal notes, written in Latin, and in a bold, honest hand. The old canon, who was my guide, reverently doffed his shovel-hat when the page full of marginal notes lay bare. "They are worth ten thousand reals a letter," quoth Don Basilio. "Ten thousand! they are priceless. They are by the great admiral." Yes, these were annotations to Marco Polo by Christopher Columbus. Of the authenticity of the autograph there was no doubt. The old library I speak of belonged to the admiral's son, a learned, valorous, virtuous man, like his sire, and to the chapter of Seville cathedral he bequeathed all his books. I say my conscience smote me. How had I lingered over the humours of that Havana which Columbus discovered! There is a picture of the admiral hung up in the library; a picture painted by a Frenchman, and presented to the chapter by Louis Philippe, in exchange for a choice Murillo. Out of the canvas the mild eyes seemed to look on me reproachfully. I fancied the grave, resolute lips moving, and that their speech ran: "What are you doing here? Why don't you go back to Havana?" But it was no fault of mine. I was a teetotum; and to wheel about and turn about was my doom.

Coming out of that strange and fascinating land—the most comfortless and the most charming in the world—I sat down one day in the *Frezzeria* at Venice, and said, "I really must go back to Havana." So, taking hold of old Spain, I cut its throat, and tied a Chubb's patent fireproof safe to its neck, and a couple of fifty-six pound shot to its legs, and, towing the corse out to the Lido, sank it just under the lee of the Armenian convent of San Lazaro. It fell with a splash, and sank at once. "Back to St.

Mark's," I cried to the gondolier; "and lie there, old Spain," I continued, apostrophising two or three ripples which played above the deed that I had done, as though murder were a thing to laugh at—"lie there; and the fishes may feed on you till I need your bones, and dredge you up again." Old bones have their uses. Professor Liebig once stated that all Europe was ransacked to supply England with bones. I have marked the spot where my skeleton lies, full fathom five.

But I could not, somehow, go back to Havana. Cuba was coy. She floated in the air; she danced; she smiled at me, but she would not be embraced. Like unto those strange apparitions which mock the shepherd's sight on the Westmoreland fells, now seeming as the form of one that spurs his steed midway along a hill, desperate, now merging into a gorgeous train of cavaliers, with glittering armour and waving standards, and now fading into vaporous nothingness, I could see, remote, intangible, the phantom of the Antilles; the burnished sun, the coral glowing beneath the dark blue water; the smooth black sharks waiting about the bathing-places, and raging at the walls of plants; the waving palms, the sanguinolent bananas, the orange and pine-apple groves of the rich island. But she would not approach me then. You cannot always make of your mind an indexed ledger which you can open at will, and, under the proper letter, at the proper page, and in the proper column, find the matter you want, set down with clerk-like accuracy, underruled with red, and ticked off with blue ink. There are seasons when you mislay the key of the ledger, or find the leaves blotted, the index blurred, the entries effaced. Sometimes the ~~fact~~ your transactions with which you are desirous of recalling has gone bankrupt, and the accounts are being unravelled by Messrs. Coleman, Turquand, and Young. Cuba, in short, would not come at call, and it was not until I embarked on the Adriatic, and went over to Trieste, whence, as you know, there are steamers starting continually for all parts of the world, that I began to feel a little tropical again, and find my memory.

The sea air did me good, and once more I began to remember ocean voyages and hot climes. But out upon that capricious memory and the skittish tricks it served me! Like Leigh Hunt's pig, it went down "all manner of streets," always excepting the very one I wished it to enter. "Softly now, old girl," I whispered coaxingly, and strove to tickle it towards the Morro Castle. Would you believe it, the vicious jade bolted right across the Mediterranean Sea, into the port of Algiers, and took me to a cock-fight. "Soho!" I said again, still trying soothing measures; "this way, Memory, a little to the left; now to the right; now straight on, and hey for the Gulf of Mexico!" Alas! when I had got Memory in mid-Atlantic, she turned to the north instead of the south, bore me up the River St. Lawrence, and cast me on the stony marge of Cuaghawagha. By dint of

herculean efforts I got the brute back to Vienna, in Austria; and, as luck would have it, hearing that a contingent of Austrian volunteers, bound to Mexico, was about to set sail, I hurried my Memory down to the coast, intending to leave her at Havana en route for Vera Cruz. At the eleventh hour a sharp note from Mr. Seward to Mr. Motley put a stop to the embarkation of the contingent destined to help Maximilian, the imperial gentleman in difficulties; but my Memory managed to get on board a transport in despite of the American taboo; and after one of the shortest passages on record, brought up safely in the Fonda called El Globo, Bishopsgate-street, Havana.

They gave us a double-bedded room. Double-bedded! The apartment itself would have afforded ample quarters to five-and-twenty dragoons, horses, forage and all. It was very like a barn, and had an open timber roof, very massive, but very primitive in its framework. The beams, it is true, were of cedar, and smelt deliciously. I had no means of ascertaining the peculiar hue of the walls or of the floor, for beyond a narrow parallelogram of sunshine thrown on the latter, when the doors were open, the apartment was quite dark. It was one of a series surrounding the patio, or court-yard; and the Cuban architects hold that windows in rooms which do not look upon the street are mere superfluities. Their constant care, indeed, is not to let the daylight in, but to keep the sun out. The consequence is, that a room in a Cuban house is very like a photographic camera on a large scale. Magnify by twenty the pretty fresco-painted little dens which open out of the court-yard in the Pompeian house at the Crystal Palace, and you will have some idea of our double-bedded room at El Globo. By-the-by, you must forget to sweep it, and you must be rather liberal in your allowance of fleas. What matter? I dare say there were fleas in the house of the Tragic Poet, notwithstanding all the fine frescoes, and that the Pompeian housemaids were none too tidy.

I was told afterwards that I might consider myself very lucky not to find in this double-bedded room such additional trifles as a cow in one corner and a wheeled carriage in another. Spaniards, old or new, are but faintly averse from making a sleeping apartment of a stable or a coach-house. I was slow to believe this; and it was only lately, after some wayside experiences in Andalusia, and having shared a room with a pedlar's donkey, and being awakened in the morning by the hard, dry, sardonic see-saw of his horrible bray, that I realised to the fullest extent the strangeness of the bedfellows with which misery and the teetotum existence make us acquainted.

Of the altitude of the folding-doors leading into this cave, there was no complaint possible. I came to the conclusion that El Globo had formerly been a menagerie, and our room the private apartment of the giraffe, who, it is well known, is a very proud animal, and will never submit to the humiliation of stooping. The

tallness of the doors, however, was balanced by the shortness of the beds. My companion was a long way over six feet in height, and the ghost of the celebrated Procrustes might have eyed him as his very long limbs lay on that very short pallet, and longed to reform his tailor's bills by snipping off some superfluous inches of his anatomy. As to my bed, it was as the coach of Dryden's Codrus—short, and hard, and miserable; the poet's bed, in fact, and a fit preparation for the flagstone, and the kennel, and the grave.

But the Procrustean eye couldn't have seen that long-limbed captain overhanging the short bed. Why? Because, when the folding-doors were shut, all, save a bright streak of sun or moonlight at their base, was utter darkness, and as soon as we kindled our wax tapers at night the gnats or the moths, the bats or the scorpions, came and flapped them out. I don't know how the Cuban belles contrive to get through their toilettes. I think they must hang up screens of shawls in the patios, and come out into the open to beautify themselves. A Cuban bedroom is not a place whither you can retire to read or write letters. You may just stumble into it, feel your way to the bed, and, throwing yourself down, sleep as well as you can for the mosquitoes. Besides, the best part of your sleeping is done in Cuba out of your bedroom—in a hammock slung between the posts of a piazza, or on a mattress flung down anywhere in the shade, or in anybody's arm-chair, or in the dark corner of any café, or anywhere else where the sun is not, and you feel drowsy. In Algiers, the top of the house, with a sheet spread between two poles by way of awning, is still the favourite spot for an afternoon nap, as it was in the time of the Hebrew man of old; but in Havana the house-tops slant, and are tiled, and so are left to their legitimate occupants, the cats.

Our folding-doors proved but a feeble barrier against the onslaughts of a horse belonging to the proprietor of El Globo, and whose proper stabling was in a cool grot, with a vaulted roof, a kind of compromise between an ice-house, a coal-hole, and a wine-cellar. This noble animal, seemingly under the impression that he lived at number five—our number—made such terrific play with his hoofs against our portals on the first night of our stay, that, remonstrating, we were promoted to a room up-stairs, windowless, of course, but the door of which opened on the covered gallery surrounding the patio.* This dwelling, likewise, had the great advantage of not being plunged in Cimmerian darkness directly the door was closed, for it boasted a kind of hatch, or Judas-trap, in one of the panels, after the fashion of the apertures in the doors of police-cells, through which cautious inspectors periodically peep, to make sure that female disorderlies have not strangled themselves in their garters. You might look from this hatch, too, if you chose, and present to the outside spectator the counterpart of the infuriated old gentleman, presumably of usurious tendencies,

in Rembrandt's picture, who thrusts his head through the casement, and grins at and exchanges glances with the young cavalier who has called to mention that he is unable to take up the hill.

Never, in the course of my travels, did I light upon such a droll hotel as El Globo. You paid about thirty shillings a day for accommodation which would have been dear at half-a-crown, but the balance was amply made up to you in fun. I had been living for months at the Bevoort House in New York, the most luxurious hotel, perhaps, in the world, and the change to almost complete barbarism was as amusing as it was wholesome. Amusing, for long-continued luxury is apt to become a very great bore—wholesome, because the discomfort of the Cuban hotels forms, after all, only an intermediate stage between the splendour of the States and the unmitigated savagery of Mexico and Spain. I was fated to go further and fare worse than at El Globo. Our quarters there were slightly inferior to those to be found for fourpence in a lodging-house in St. Giles's; but I was destined to make subsequent acquaintance at Cordova, at Orizaba, at Puebla in America, and in Castile and in Andalusia in Europe, with other pigsties to which that Havana was palatial.

I am so glad that there was no room at Madame Alme's, and that we did not try Legrand's. I should have missed the sight of that patio at El Globo. It was open to the sky, of course; that is to say, the four white walls were canopied all day long by one patch of blazing ultramarine. A cloud was so rare, that when one came sailing over the expanse of blue, a sportsman might have taken it for a bird and had a shot at it. I used often to think, leaning over the balusters of the gallery, how intolerable that bright blue patch would become at last to a man cooped up between the four white walls of a southern prison; for suffering may be of all degrees, and anguish bear all aspects. There is a cold hell as well as a hot one. I have seen the horrible coop under the leads of the Doge's palace at Venice, in which Silvio Pellico spent so many weary months. But he, at least, could see the roofs of the houses through his dungeon bars, and hear the gondoliers wrangling and jesting between the pillars, or uttering their weird cries of warning as they turned the corners of the canals. He could hear the splashing of the water as the buckets were let down into the wells in the court-yard by the Giant's Staircase, and sometimes, perhaps, a few of the historical pigeons would come wheeling up, from the cornices of the Procuratie Vecchie, and look at him in his cell pityingly. But only to gaze on four white burning walls, and a great patch of ultramarine, and the chains eating into your limbs all the while! Think of that. How the captive must long for the sky to be overcast, or for rain to fall—and it falls but once a year; and what a shriek of joy would come out of him were he to see, high aloft in the ultramarine, a real live

balloon! Such burning white walls, such an intolerable patch of intense blue, must a prisoner by name Poerio have seen in Naples, in the old bad Bourbon time.

There was nothing prison-like about our patio, however. It was as full of life as our bedrooms were full of fleas. The oddest courtyard!—the most antique—the most grotesque. I used to liken it to that pound into which Captain Boldwig's keepers wheeled Mr. Pickwick while he got into that sweet slumber produced by too much milk-punch. It was strewn with all manner of vegetable and pomicultural refuse, great loaves of plantains, cocoa-nut shells, decayed pine-apples, exhausted melons, and husks of Indian corn. Havana is a great place for oysters, and the four corners of the pound were heaped high with votive offerings of ostracism. Nor to the pound was there wanting the traditional donkey. He would come strolling in three or four times a day, either bearing a pile of Indian corn about the size of an average haystack on his back, or with panniers full of oranges slung on either side of him. Occasionally a Pepo or a José, or some other criador, would come to unload him. Oftener he would unload himself, by rolling over on the ground, and tumbling his oranges about in all directions; then a fat negress would emerge from the kitchen and belabour him about the head with a ladle; then he would slink away to the cool grot where the horse lived, to confer with that animal as to any provender there might be about, and compare notes with him as to the growing depravity of mankind in general and Cuban costermongers in particular. By this time his master would arrive with a sharp stick, or else the big bloodhound that lived in an empty sugar-cask, and so zealously licked all the plates and dishes either immediately before or immediately after they came from the table—I am not certain which—would become alive to the fact of there being a donkey in the camp, and run him out incontinent.

How they managed to get rid of all those oranges I really do not know. I had a dozen or so brought me whenever I felt thirsty, and I dare say the other guests at El Globo were as often thirsty and as fond of oranges as I; and there were a good many, too, cut up in the course of the day for the purpose of making sangaree and orange-toddy; but even after these draughts the residue must have been enormous. You were never charged for oranges in the bill. They were as plentiful as acorns in a forest, and you might browse on them at will. In the streets, at every corner and under every archway, sits a negress who sells oranges, so they must have some monetary value, however infinitesimal; but if you bestow on her the smallest coin recognised by the Cuban currency you may fill your hands, your pockets, and your hat too, if you choose, with the golden fruit. When the Cuban goes to the bull-fight, he takes with him a mighty store of oranges tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, just as we, when boys, used to buy a pound of gingerbread-nuts, more as a

precautionary measure than because we were sweet-toothed, on entering the confines of Greenwich Fair. Some of these oranges the amateur of the bull-fight eats; but the major part he uses as missiles, and pitches into the ring, at a cowardly bull or clumsy toreadores. There is positively a verb in the Spanish dictionary signifying to pelt with oranges.

I mentioned the existence of a kitchen just now. It was a hot and grimy den, not much bigger than the stoke-hole of a locomotive; and there was a charcoal stove there, I presume; but the real culinary business was done in the patio. As to go forth during the noonday or afternoon heats is considered next door to raving madness; and as you necessarily spend much time within doors; and as you feel too lazy to read, or write, or paint, or sew—what a blessing sewing-machines must be in Cuba: before their introduction most of the needlework was done by Coolies—and as you cannot be always smoking, or dozing, or sipping sangaree; and as billiards are out of the question, and as gambling—the real recreation in all tropical climes—is immoral, there are certain hours in the day when time is apt to hang heavy on your hands, and you don't know what the deuce to do with yourself. An infallible pastime to me was to lean over the gallery and watch the dinner being cooked in the patio. It has been said that a wise man should never enter his wife's dressing-room, and it has been likewise remarked that if we entered the kitchen of the Trois Frères half an hour before dinner, we should see such sickening sights as would cause us to lose all our appetite for the banquet served in the cabinet particulier up-stairs. We must look at results, says the sage, and not at the means employed to bring them about. But these sententious caveats should not apply, I think, to the cooking that is done in a patio—in the open, and under the glorious sunshine. There was a rollicking, zingaro-like freedom in thus seeing your meals prepared in broad daylight. Why did they cook in the courtyard? Because the kitchen itself was too small, or because the gory sun came to the assistance of the charcoal embers and did half the cooking himself. I was told lately, and gravely, too, at Seville—though the tale may be very likely one of the nature ordinarily told to travellers—that on the fourteenth day of July in every year there takes place in la Ciudad de las Maravillas an ancient and solemn ceremony in honour of Apollo—a kind of sun-worship, as it were: a culinary person, white-aproned and white-nightcapped, sets up a stall in La Plaza de la Magdalena, and produces a frying-pan, a cruse of oil, and a basket of eggs. Two of the eggs he breaks; sluices their golden yolks with oil, and then with an invocation to the sun-god, holds the pan towards the meridian blaze. In forty-five seconds the eggs are fried. You must take these eggs and the story too with a grain of salt; but I can only repeat that Seville is a city of wonders, witness the two angelic sisters who, no later than the year 1843, sat on the weathercock of the Giralda, and spinning round

and round while Espartero was bombarding the city, warded off the iron storm from the sacred fane.

Now, the sun of Andalusia, though a scorcher when considered from a European point of view, is a mere refrigerator when compared with the great fiery furnace set up within the domains of the Southern Cross. I am not prepared to deny that the preparation of some of the stews we had for dinner might have been accelerated by the monstrous kitchen-range overhead; but I shrink from asserting as a positive fact that the old negress, who used to belabour the donkey with the ladle, fried her eggs in the sun. No, I will grant at once that her pots and pans were set upon little braziers full of hot ashes; but still, without the sun, I don't think her viands would have been cooked to her or our liking. She evidently gloried in the sun, and frizzled in it, bareheaded, while her eggs and sausages frizzled in their own persons. Not till her work was done would she bind her temples with the yellow bandana, or the gorgeous turban of flamingo hue, and, sitting down in a rocking-chair, fan herself with a dignified air, as though she were the Queen of Spain and had no legs. The oscillations of the chair, however, proved the contrary. She had legs which Mr. Daniel Lambert might have beheld, not unenvious. Good old black cook! She was like Sterne's foolish fat scullion dipped in a vat of Brunswick Black. She was gross and oily, and showed a terrible temper, especially towards troublesome piccaninnies and refractory fowls who showed an ungrateful unreadiness in being caught and strangled and plucked, and trussed and broiled, and served hot with mushrooms, all under half an hour's time; but, her little irritation once over, she was—until a roving donkey called for the ministrations of the ladle—all grins and chuckles and broad guffaws and humorous sayings. She would sing a fragment of a song, too, from time to time—a wild song of Congo sound, and which needed the accompaniment of a banjo. The refrain had some resemblance to the word *ipecacuanha* pronounced very rapidly and with a strong guttural accent, and yet I dare say it was all about love, and the home of her youth on the burning banks of Niger.

Where did all those piccaninnies come from? Who owned them? The landlord of El Globo was a bachelor; the waiters did not look like married men; and yet, from the youthful brood strewn about the patio, you might have fancied Brigham Young to be the proprietor of the place. "Strewn about" is the only term to use with reference to the piccaninnies. Their age averaged between twenty and thirty months. Nobody nursed them; they were too small to stand, and so they sprawled, and crawled, and wriggled, and lay, and squalled, and kicked, and basked in the sun like little guinea-pigs. I have seen a piccaninny in a dish; I have seen a pic-

caninny in a wooden tray, like a leg of pork just delivered by the butcher. They were of all colours—blue-black, brown-black, chocolate, bistu, burnt sienna, raw sienna, cadmium yellow, and pale creole white. I am afraid all these piccaninnies, save those of the last-named hue, were slaves, and the children of slaves. Not one of the least suggestive—to some it may be one of the most painful—features of bondage is that free white and black slave children grow up together in perfect amity and familiarity, are playmates, and foster-brothers and sisters. The great social gulf which is to yawn between them—so fair and jewelled with flowers on one side, so dark and hideous on the other—is in infancy quite bridged over. The black piccaninnies sprawl about the verandahs, and the court-yards, and the thresholds of the rooms of their owners, and the white piccaninnies sprawl in precisely the same manner. That fat old cook, for instance, made no more distinction between a white and a black urchin than between a black and a white fowl. Before ever she could address herself to the concoction of a dish, two ceremonies were gone through. A piccaninny had to be fed, and another piccaninny had to be spanked. For the purpose of feeding, that invaluable ladle, dipped in a bowl of saffron porridge, came into play; the spanking was done with her broad black hand. She was quite impartial, and distributed the spansks and the spoonfuls in strict accordance with the maxims of equity. Thus, if a piccaninny yelped, it was fed; but if it yelped *after* it was fed, it was spanked. And subsequent to both spooning and spanking, the fat old cook would catch the child up in her arms and sing to it a snatch of the famous song that ended with *ipecacuanha*.

So have I seen many dinners cooked. So I have seen my made-dish running about the patio with flapping wings and dismal "grooping" noise, to be at last caught and sacrificed to the culinary deities, and to appear at the evening meal, grilled, with rich brown sauce. And so at last the drama of the day would be played out; and coming home late, and leaning once more over the rails of the gallery, I would gaze then on the patio all flooded in moonlight of emerald green: pots and pans and plates and crates and baskets and braziers and vegetable rubbish, all glinting and glancing as though some fairy property-man had tipped their edges with the green foil-paper of the playhouse.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK III

CHAPTER II. SUDDEN LIGHT AND HAPPINESS.

THAT visit seemed to let in a thin ray of sunlight into the bank. Tillotson was eager to have done with his work, to get home and think. Then came back on him a hundred questions which he should have asked, and might have learned. What was this illness? Was it gone altogether? And what was this mysterious relation to that half-frantic Ross? things which Mr. Tilney would have been glad to relate at length, and which he had been too stupid not to ask.

And yet some instinct—a reluctance to taking up the old coil—kept him from going near the place. Every day he had a fresh struggle, and every day it seemed better to him not to thaw the old insensibility to human interests, which when dissolved seemed only destined to bring misery on him. At last, one Sunday evening, a day when he used to take long straggling wanderings outside of town into lonely fields where building had not yet begun, he went towards the old-fashioned part of Hampton, gradually advancing further and further until he came to the old-fashioned lane in which he knew Mr. Tilney's house was. Here were the old dampish-looking villas, where the persons of quality who wished to be near the court lived, and the mothers of maids of honour, the right honourables, who walked in the gardens, and for whom the cheerful old red brick of Queen Anne's day made a warm background. One of these ancient tenements Mr. Tilney, prompted by a natural sympathy, had chosen, having gone back, as he himself said, "like the hare, sir," to the old scenes. It was called "The Recess," was very small and damp-looking, was surrounded by a high wall, and had an old pale green gate with green wooden rails, through which "The Recess" could be seen. He got it very cheap, and found great comfort in the old associations it brought back, and in walking in the palace gardens close by, and in also repeating that he had come back there "like the hare, sir." But it must be said that his family did not at all share in this romantic view; and Mrs. Tilney, when she heard the allusion, often cou-

temptuously coupled with it the bow of the violin, making the strange combination of "Hare fiddlestick! cocking us down here, in this wretched, battered old place, that any gentleman would be ashamed to be seen in. You have destroyed your family, and given them no advantages, sticking them for the best years of their life in that miserable country town, where there wasn't a gentleman known. As if a lot of old singing parsons, indeed! And here, now, we are fixed in this wretched hole, where the smells really at times are enough to breed a fever."

Alas! a series of disappointments, that arose out of successes that seemed assured, had sharpened Mrs. Tilney's voice, and had latterly made her speak, when she was at all excited, as if she were calling to Mr. Tilney from the top of the house. That poor gentleman—to say the truth, in very poor health indeed, and, as his friends said, often much "shaken" by that seizure—had not the attention paid to him which his years and almost infirmities seemed to require. His family, eagerly pursuing their own schemes, always much pressed for time, being engaged with gentlemen who had come, or were to come, and whose life thus became disorderly and irregular, could not reasonably be expected to give up much time to an old-fashioned man of the world, who, as Mrs. Tilney had often instructed her children, was "a positive disadvantage" to them. "You might as well, now," she said, "have that old walking-stick at the head of a family, for all the good he is. He hasn't the art of winning people or attracting them; and no wonder. I am sure Mr. McKerchier would fly a hundred miles from his long stories. What made you stick that cabbage in your hair, Augusta, and your face just as if you had been scrubbing it with a Turkish towel? I give it up. You'll never learn to look decent. Where's that girl? Up in her room with her megrims again. Then she'll come down to Mr. McKerchier languishing, and sighing, and looking persecuted. I tell you what, she must troop out of this: it is getting past bearing."

The young ladies heartily concurred.

"She knows very well she will be missed, mamma, and will have to come down. I know I shan't appear if *she* does. I believe her illness is all put on, every bit of it—I do, indeed. Of course she'll want to be going to evening service with us."

"Yes, she thinks she looks angelic and spiritual in a pew," said Mrs. Tilney, rising up suddenly, and getting into a fury. "I'll take care she shan't come with us; she must go and act her pious airs in some other place. I'll just give her my mind." And Mrs. Tilney went up at once for this charitable and Christian purpose.

Having performed this Sunday evening's office, the ladies set forth in a sort of procession for the nearest place of worship. Where, also, Mr. McKerchier was to be found, of whom there were hopes that he would return home in the family procession.

This glimpse of the Tilney interior shows that in London, too, as well as in the cathedral town, they adhered to their old rule of life, thinking that spiritual advancement might be advantageously combined with the procuring of the other blessings of this life. Mrs. Tilney having gone up and done battle with great satisfaction with her victim, came down in great splendour, and set off in procession with her two daughters, going to what might be called "McKerchier Evening Service." After all, some excuse may be made for this little acerbity. The world had gone very rudely and roughly with them; life had, indeed, been only a succession of dreary failures.

Mr. Tillotson soon found out the lane and the walled-in garden with the green wooden gate. It was wide open now, for the ladies, a little careless or abstracted, had forgotten to close it. Wide open, too, was the hall door and the windows, and the house had a sort of uninhabited air. Faint sounds of bells in the distance wafting towards him, hinted to him that all, of course, were out at devotion. Some way these bells brought back to him another Sunday down at the cathedral, and the soft image of St. Cecilia, as he recollected her, kneeling and praying. It was with a strange flutter that he stood there looking into the little garden, and something then impelled him to go in and ask about the family, especially as he might now do so with all security, for he seemed to see through and through the house.

He walked in softly; his footsteps were not heard. He pulled at a rusted old bell, which the maids of honour, perhaps, had often pulled at; but it came out nearly half a foot before he could make it sound. After a long interval, an untidy maid, who had succeeded in getting on some part of her dress as she came up the back stairs, and had thus been obliged to defer polishing her face till she was in the presence of the stranger, made her appearance. They were all away at church, but would be back in half an hour or so, with the gentlemen.

"All out?"

"Yes."

And, with a sigh, Mr. Tillotson half took out his card, but put it back again, in defiance of warm expostulation; for the maid had found that in such cases she was exposed to much persecution for misapprehending, or totally forgetting, or, in certain cases, not taking

care to secure the names of "gentlemen who called."

He walked away, sadly; and as he got to the green gate, looked back once more at the house. The windows, it has been said, were all open back and front, and now, in the parlour, he saw what he had not noticed before—a white figure on her knees. It seemed like a cloud. The maid had gone down again. He stopped, and, with a strange flutter, walked softly back; something seemed to draw him in. He could not see face or outline very distinctly, but a strange spell was on him, and seemed to reveal all. Now he heard, for his hearing was quick at the same moment, something like sounds of weeping; and, without pausing to think, he entered the hall, opened the door softly, and there saw Ada Millwood on her knees, with her face down on a chair, weeping or praying.

"O," she said, for she did not look up, "let me go. I must go—anywhere; no matter where. I can bear it no longer!"

He did not answer. Then she looked up, started to her feet, and stood gazing at him. Then he saw a strange change in her. Her face had grown very pale and a little thin, her eyes yet softer, traces of severe sickness and weariness, anxiety, and yet with it all a greater beauty and spirituality.

"O, Miss Millwood," he said, sadly, and advancing to her, "what does all this mean?"

At this vision, not seen now for so long, the coldness and blankness in Mr. Tillotson's heart thawed away in a moment, and that stern resolution with which, as he fancied, he had encrusted his heart finally and for ever, crumbled through and gave way.

"I understand," he went on. "I have been told. I know what all this means. O, forgive me; but it seems as though I had been sent here specially to hear what you are praying for, and to aid you."

She was now recovered from her confusion, and put out her hand. She spoke in the old soft voice, which seemed to play on his very nerves with a sort of music almost divine. Every second it was drawing him away from the old icy regions.

"Do not mind me," she said, with a soft smile. "Women are not trained to suffer. I have been ill, very ill, and have got querulous. When I am quite restored to my old strength, I shall be able to go in my old way again."

He shook his head, and spoke almost passionately.

"But you *should* not. This eternal self-sacrifice is not required. We are not told to go on day after day, month after month, year after year, to consign ourselves to a living death, suffering for those who care not how we suffer. No, no, dear Miss Millwood, let your friends—let me come to aid you. Let this little ray of light fall upon my cold, blank existence, grown even more hopeless since I saw you, since that night when it was my happiness to be of some poor comfort. Though I should not mention it—"

Her face lit up.
 "Never shall I forget it! Never! Your nobleness, your kindness, your goodness and self-sacrifice. I have thought of it since, again and again, and in my own troubles, sickness, and some trials, contemptible, indeed, near yours, it has comforted me to think that you—you understood me——"

Mr. Tillotson paused a moment, and then said, calmly, "But we must look to the future now. Consult me as you did then. If you only knew how happy these things make me. Forgive me if I speak plainly; but this may not go on. I can guess—I may say I know—how matters stand with you here. They do not understand you—cannot understand you."

She shook her head. "No," she said, "it is a mere foolish impatience. I shall school myself in time. You discovered," she added, "what should have been a secret. It is an old story now. No; far better that I should go on and bear everything."

There was a pause. "And Ross," said Mr. Tillotson, abruptly. "How is it with your friend Mr. Ross? He, I believe, is away."

"Yes," she answered; "in Gibraltar."

"I can understand the sort of interest you still have in him. I dare say, with all his wildness and ungovernable temper, there is much good below?"

"No," she answered, with eyes that flashed a little. "I thought so once; but we know him now as I fear he is—cold, selfish, hardened. That dreadful time which you recollect, we had sent to him, and he knew it all, what was coming, and afterwards what *had* come, and yet he sent us back such a cruel letter. From that night I gave him up for ever."

"For ever!" repeated Mr. Tillotson, eagerly. "Then, O then here is one chance more opening to me of heaven and of happiness. You say there is no release for you; that you must go on and suffer. Then I tell you, no, no! There is release open to you, a poor, halting release, but, such as it is, better a thousand times than this miserable life. If I dare speak now, as you spoke on that night; if I may go on and say what would, might free you——?"

A strange look, half of wonder, half of pain, came into her face, and she did not answer. The cloud came back into his.

"Ah! I see," he answered. "The old blunder. No matter, I am long past such shame as that——"

But then an eager glowing flush seemed to chase away that first expression of hers. "No, indeed," she said, in a voice exquisitely tender. "I am the same now as I was then on that night. What I said then I say now; and if you care for me as you did at St. Alans, if I could have any share, as you once told me, in bringing back light and happiness to your life, in changing the current of your days, in doing anything to serve you, with my life, then I am here ready, and speak to you as I did on the night I came to you from St. Alans."

Joy, doubt, even rapture, was crowding into

his face. "Are these dreams?" he said, in a voice that almost trembled. "This happiness is not for me. No, no; you are thinking of a promise—and Ross——"

Again her eyes flashed. "We have done with him. He has done with us. For years I pitied him; thought there was good underneath. Now he has shown us what he is—heartless, vindictive, cruel."

"But," said Mr. Tillotson, sadly, "do you not most naturally care for him still? Even I, whom I know he hates for some reason, can feel nothing against him. You were brought up with him; you have an interest in him, and——"

"No," she answered, gravely. "I show you my heart, and it is as I have told you."

"Then it is true, and no dream," he said, in a sort of rapture; "and I am to learn to live, after all. Dearest Miss Millwood, then I once more hear you as I did on that night, and at this hour ask you to be my guardian angel, and raise me up from that depth of misery in which all my days——"

The devout eyes looked up to heaven. Her hand was laid softly in his, the gentle voice seemed to chime like a bell.

"As I told you," she said; "from that night, whatever you asked, or wished even, it would be my wish, my joy, my pride, my delight to carry out!"

A little cloud of doubt and hesitation came into his face, but he took her hand. At this crisis they heard steps and voices on the walk. The Tilneys were returning home—only the Tilneys, no McKerchier. They heard Mr. Tilney's voice outside in the garden:

"Tillotson here? God bless me! Where? When did he come? Bring him in." And with numerous questions he led the way into the drawing-room. There was a violent rustling of silks behind him. The mother and sisters came in behind and looked on in astonishment. Their trained eyes saw that "something had happened," or was on the eve of happening. There was a scornful look on their mouths; their heads gave a toss. The McKerchier disappointment had affected them sensibly. They broke into the usual conventional expressions: "It was such a surprise," &c.

Mr. Tillotson only waited a moment; he was eager to be gone.

"But, my dear friend," said Mr. Tilney, faintly, "dinner—a joint—I want to speak to you." But Mr. Tillotson took his leave very hastily.

"Now, now! So shabby," said the other; "I can't understand it. Here we are at church, on our knees, doing our little duty, and after all, when we come to think of it, Tillotson——By the way, an uncommonly good sermon by a man of the world. But what was I saying? I'll go with you a bit of the way."

Mr. Tillotson was glad of this. On that bit of the way he hurriedly told him what had happened, which had the effect of making the other stop short in the middle of the road and say:

"God, bless him!" with singular fervour.

"Well, well; after that, I don't know what to say—but, after all, it is for the best. And may Providence, in His infinite bounty, look down on you this night, and direct you in the true course! Amen. So be it, in secula seculorum, my dear boy." And having thus solemnly invoked a blessing on the business, he seemed to think he had done his part.

Mr. Tillotson walking on air, with a thrill and a sense of unbounded happiness pervading him, his friend could not keep up with him. Mr. Tillotson told him hurriedly his plans. He framed out his schemes with a fluency and excitement hitherto unknown.

"I shall begin to live now. Heavens, what a change! Only yesterday I could have given up life with indifference, now I cling to it! It is too much happiness for me; and to you indirectly I owe much of it. You must let me help you now. You have indeed claims on me, now I am of yours. We shall find the means, depend on it."

"My goodness!" said Mr. Tilney, overpowered by this kindness. "No, no; you must not think of it. Good gracious, to think that we get up in the morning——" And quite in a tumult of gratitude, he left this reflection unfinished and uncertain in its meaning.

Long they talked over the details. "And that poor Ross, too; we shall talk of him. You said he was going to marry out there. I shall never rest until we are all happy—all, all."

And as Mr. Tilney at last left, having gone over "that bit of the road" and left in speechless gratitude, he could only repeat "wonderful are the ways indeed! Here we get up in the morning—not even a sparrow on the house-top but what comes tumbling down! Well, well!"

Delightful Sunday evening! As he walked along by the tranquil common, and the little old-fashioned houses, and the disorderly and roccoco patches of brick, and saw the alder-trees, and the charming sweep of park and plaisance not yet ravaged by the spoilers who come with their sickly jaundiced-looking bricks and plaster, it became to his eyes a sort of sweet innocent rural retirement, overflowing with a pastoral innocence and unsophistication, like some lovely Swiss valley out of the traveller's beat. How charming was the sun, the voice of nature, the beauties of things never noticed before!

CHAPTER III. 'THE CAPTAIN IN CONFIDENCE.

He walked upon air. He had begun to breathe—to feel. The only pang he felt was, that so many years had passed by fruitlessly. Still there was yet time to live. Long, long after, his eyes wandered back to that evening and to that scene, which seemed to lie under a soft halo of calm golden light; by far the happiest evening in Mr. Tillotson's life. He could hardly realise it; the whole had seemed so distantly improbable. He had gone down with the idea that even the bare possibility of the sight of that almost divine image would soothe his dismal temper.

He got home by seven. As he drove up to

his door, he saw a familiar figure crossing the street slowly—the captain, in his high-collared coat, and Roman nose put forward, limping along with a steady and military irregularity, towards him. He was coming to the Sunday dinner, a custom which was kept up. And indeed it was pleasant for Mr. Tillotson to have what might be called the "honest prattle" of the captain, his simple commentary on what was going on in the world, and, more welcome than all, his most natural account of the adventures that had befallen him during the week.

"My dear boy," he said, "here's Tom, always true to his post, coming 'foostering up' on his three legs. And, do you know, I've as much regard for this old malacca leg of mine as I have for the two flesh and blood ones. I'm glad you went to the country. It's freshened you up here, you know," added the captain, pinching his own cheek; "very glad. We don't take enough of the fresh air God gives us."

When they were seated at dinner, Mr. Tillotson told him all. "It seems like a dream," he said. "I do not know whether I am living or breathing."

"My God!" began the captain, "something has happened this evening."

"My dear captain," went on Mr. Tillotson, laying his hand on the captain's arm, "so surprising, so astounding, that it has changed the whole course of my life. Something that I dare not hope or look for—something too good for such a hopeless, unhappy creature as I have been."

"I am very glad indeed," said the captain, his eyes glistening with warmth and joy, "very glad." He had not an idea what was being alluded to, but had a faint notion that it might be an estate, or a "hundred thousand pound" that had "fallen in." "I declare to you it gives me comfort to hear you talk in that way."

"You did not know her," went on Mr. Tillotson; "at least, I think you could only have met her once or so. I tell you everything, my dear captain, and there is no one in this world who deserves confidence more."

The captain deprecated this compliment. "You're making old Tom blush," he said. "But I am getting stupid and old. You must tell me what it is."

"But you remember that night, my dear captain—that miserable night when I had to go down to St. Alans? I never told you the discovery that was made on that night—the fatal mistake it had near been turning out. But, thank Heaven, I found strength to go on with and carry me through as though there had been no discovery. I did my duty."

The captain's grey eyes were fixed on him. "That was Miss—er—the girl that's with Mr. Tilney?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Tillotson, eagerly. "Thank God, I have nothing to charge myself with on that score. I do not conceal what it cost me; but I went through all without faltering, even in thought. I mean, about that poor child's little follies out there."

The captain looked at him with that curious and distressed wistfulness which was often habitual with him. "She was only a child, Tillotson, recollect," he said, pleadingly; "only a child. And there was great excuse for her, with only an old woman like me to look after her. But is it a marriage, or what?" and the captain hesitated a moment.

"Yes," said Mr. Tillotson, in the same excited tone. "My dear friend, it has come to me like a gleam of light from heaven. I am unworthy of it, indeed; but that angel is willing to cast her lot with me."

The captain's soft eyes were fixed on him with some wonder. "Shake hands, my dear fellow," he said. "I am very glad to hear good news, and I know you do everything for the best."

Still there was an affected heartiness in this congratulation which Mr. Tillotson noticed. "Speak to me candidly, my dear friend," he said. "You approve of what I am about to do? Think how I have been living. I shudder as I look back to these wretched years. Life has been a jail for me. When the doors are thrown open, can you expect the miserable prisoner to stay in his cell?"

"My dear fellow," said the captain, with *real* heartiness, "give me the hand. Don't mind an old foosterer like me. I am delighted. On my honour and credit, I am. Why shouldn't you make yourself happy? Indeed I have often thought, sitting up in my room of a night, trying to read my bit of a story-book, what a hard life it has been for you, Tillotson, all through. Why you shouldn't look out for some fine handsome young creature that would make you happy and comfortable, instead of being like myself, a good-for-nothing old log, no use to any one. And, indeed, how nobly you behaved all through. Like the Romans, 'pon my word and credit; and indeed, I'm sure, and the creatures the Spartans; poor Anne couldn't think anything else."

There was a silence for a moment. Perhaps this was what was on the captain's mind all through.

"After all," said he, as if he were pleading for her, "you know she can't help it, the creature. Her heart was in the little girl that is now lying beyond the seas in the foreign earth. They were brought up together, Tillotson, and women keep to each other more than we do. It's only natural, after all, the creatures telling each other everything, sitting and doing their little work together, sleeping together. They can't help it. And I vow to you, Tillotson, she adored this one as if it were her baby. Leave it to me. I'll tell her quietly, you know, and by degrees."

Mr. Tillotson cast down his eyes. The captain, with the best intentions in the world, had unconsciously made the step he was taking, more serious than it was.

Through the rest of that night, the captain talked with an artificial heartiness that was very transparent, declaring many times that he hadn't heard a bit o' news that he was so rejoiced at for

years; that it "would make a man of you, Tillotson," and "why shouldn't he? Surely God didn't make his own creatures to be moping their lives away; and he must say, as fine a young woman as you'd ask to see," with more to that effect. Yet, as if something had struck Mr. Tillotson, there came an ebb in that hopeful view he had taken in the morning, and his spirits began to sink once more, which was but a signal for fresh exertions on the part of the captain, who, with that delicate instinct of his in all matters of feeling, tried hard to comfort and reassure him. Going away, and putting up his tall collar about his ears, the captain's eyes were again bent wistfully on him. "I am *very* glad of it. I am indeed," he said. "I am such an old blunderer. I never knew how to say what is right. But sure you know that without *my* telling you. Good night, my dear fellow."

PRISON PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE first thing which strikes a stranger on entering a prison is the marvellous order and uniformity of the sad world shut in by those high dark walls. Everything is managed as if by machinery, and every one looks as if merely part of the machinery, with a fixed place and predetermined line of action, affording no scope for the exercise of any individuality whatsoever. A barrack-yard is a place of wild freedom compared to a prison; yet, even in this grim, gaunt, iron-ribbed world, there are times and occasions when human nature is stronger than mechanical discipline, and when the native force of character breaks through the sternest rules, and scatters the most accurately-adjusted system to the winds. Communications are held with the outside—how received, and how sent, being of those prison mysteries for which there is no apparent solution; prison gossip circulates, though the strictest silence is enjoined; letters—called in prison language "stiffs"—are passed from hand to hand, and the matrons never see the moment of passing; friendships are made, secrets told, insults given and resented, petty thefts perpetrated, concealed, and betrayed, indulgences obtained, and the whole organisation of the prison set at defiance, while still the mechanism goes on, apparently, as smoothly and impassively as before; and only those who are behind the scenes see where the hitch lies, if not the manner of remedying it.

Much of the difficulty of keeping things straight and square lies with the officers themselves; some being too stern, and some too lenient, for the work—that one being a "clinch" hard to be moved, and this a "soft one" easy to be duped; these continually threatening reports, which are never made "till the threats fall like snow-flakes on the broad shoulders of the culprits," by which we can easily understand how great a temptation to repeat and increase the offence this impunity offers, and

those "making a fuss" about the merest trifles, and reporting a wretched creature for the infraction of the most trivial rule. This is easy to be understood; no system being so entirely mechanical as to exclude the influence of individual temper. The prisoners, too, are quick to discover and take advantage of every circumstance that can excuse their insubordination, or give them occasion for breaking through the dull monotony of their life; and they resent as an especial grievance the employment, as matrons, of badly-born and illiterate women. "What do you want here, with your bounce?" a prisoner said once to a matron of low degree. "My father was better than yours—yours was a common soldier, and we all know what soldiers' daughters are."

It is something for these poor wretches in their degradation to feel that they may rightfully despise those who are put in authority over them; but it does not tend to the better maintenance of prison peace and order that they should do so.

Our old friend, the Prison Matron,* has appeared before us again, with another book expressive of prison life, and sad enough is the company to which she introduces us.† Some of the women whose portraits she gives are more like brute animals than human beings; and some have a strange perversity of intellect by which their vices seem to gain in power and subtlety, while their virtues are left all the weaker by the diversion of intelligence. There was Cecilia Costello, a young slim woman of tall stature, with a broad face seamed and scarred by small-pox, who spent her prison life in "palling-in," that oddest of all the odd manifestations of human affection. This "palling-in," or choosing a female "pal" or friend—by sight—is one of the main difficulties with which the matron has to contend, and is peculiar to female prisoners; it is a thing unknown among male convicts. "When a woman first enters on her prison life, she looks round for her 'pal' as a matter of course, singles her out, and by signs, nods, and messages passed from mouth to mouth intimates her wish to be constituted a 'pal' in her affections. And for this 'pal' she suffers, will go back a stage in advancement, and to a ward where the privileges are less, for the sake of a look at her, and a smile or whisper from her—while the fit lasts and woman's constancy endures."

Well, Cecilia Costello was the spirit of "palling-in" personified. She was always "palling-in," and always scheming how to take away the "pals" of other women, and how to set friends by the ears. One of the vainest of her sex, and one of the most loquacious—talk she would, in or out of association; in her own cell she would talk to herself, while admiring the colour and shape of her hands, the size of her foot, and the style and action of her walk.

"Outside" men had quarrelled and fought for her. It was her "style" that caught them, she would say—the way she had with her; though, barring the small-pox, she was as handsome a girl now as could be seen in a day's walk. She knew more slang than any one else, and was as proud of this acquirement as the deepest-dyed blue of her Greek and Hebrew. She had been a market-girl, selling violets and cresses in the street since she was a child; she was well known at the police-courts; an old hand at petty larceny, and habituated to prison life in all its varieties; and she was a philosopher, and took things easily—the rough with the smooth, as it chanced to come, making herself as happy in her circumstances as was possible. But, philosophic or ill tempered—for she had her tempers, when it suited her, for all her demure behaviour—she never forewent a chance of making mischief on this all-important subject of "palling-in," and changed her friends as often as there were days in the year. When she was told once that some women had been quarrelling about her again, she was quite surprised, and innocently distressed. "I don't know much about 'em, miss," she said. "Wot they all wants to be nuts on me for I can't make out; it's quite a trouble to me, and I frets about it sometimes." "I've done nothink," she said again, when there had been a disturbance in consequence of her having inveigled away another woman's "pal," and a "breaking out" and the "dark" had been the result. "I've done nothink. I can't help the poor things breaking out. I never axed her, and I s'pose it ain't the rules to make me answerable for other people's goings on. I only want to be kep to myself, and to be allowed to keep quiet."

A very different person from this restless, vain, intriguing street girl, clever and not devoid of humour and invention, was the child-murderess, Jane Weynuoth, the Cornish girl, who, at sixteen years of age, drowned her neighbour's child—the mother having absconded, leaving the little one on Jane's hands, and at her charges. Found guilty of wilful murder, and condemned to be hanged, the capital sentence was commuted to one of imprisonment for life; and Jane entered on her long term "a woman or girl with but little knowledge of right from wrong, not impressed in any degree by the weight of her sentence—a dogged, resisting, vindictive being," with a face sufficiently expressive of her crime, "wholly brutalised, sinister, and lowering, with the low, overhanging felon brow peculiar to women of this class." A desperate woman before the beginning of her prison life, she was a desperate woman afterwards; wild and blasphemous in her conduct and her speech, resisting authority and advice alike, passing from the solitary to the dark, and from the dark to the solitary, and inclined to die rather than to give in. She never allowed that she had wilfully killed the child. "I set him down on the bank to play by himself while I went away," she would say, when speaking of

* See vol. vii., page 487.

† In *Prison Characters drawn from Life*. By a Prison Matron.

her *misfortune*. "I thought I would like a dance to a man playing music in the streets, and while I and a lot of us were dancing, the little beggar tumbled in. It wasn't my fault, eos it wasn't my doings; and I've no business to be here."

As she had been badly treated in her conviction, she thought, she was determined to "have it out" of the prison people; and, accordingly, she led them a life of turmoil and anxiety, and was no sooner out of one difficulty than she was in another. She, too, "palled-in" like the rest; and one day there was a terrific scene in consequence of a sudden fit of jealousy, when a woman told her that Tarrant, her then friend, had thrown her over for a new pal; "she says you ain't her sort."

Weynuoth asked no more. She rose, shook herself like a dog, and dashing down the staircase to the ward where poor Tarrant was confined, pounced upon her with the intention of murdering her, if she could. "Then a commotion in the prison ward, the matrons mustering their flocks of black sheep, and locking them in to prevent further mischief; others rushing to the rescue of Tarrant, fighting and swearing her hardest beneath her injuries; the men rang for, and Weynuoth, finally a prisoner, fighting to the last with her captors, and making the walls ring with her oaths as she was borne off to 'solitary.'" She wound up her service in Brixton by a summary attack on the deputy-superintendent; for which offence all privileges were rescinded, and the fierce and obstinate woman went back to her first estate—the grim, solitary system, for which Millbank is distinguished. At the end of ten years she was restored to society, no more thoughtful nor repentant than when she left it. As she arrived, so she passed through the prison doors, with the same defiant, dogged spirit, the same brutalisation of look and character, a mere wild animal in the form of a woman.

Another "life-woman"—convicted for arson—was Ink-bottle Smith, so called because of her inveterate desire for ink. Not a desperate nor repulsive woman, this; on the contrary, she was a little sharp mortal, with a thin cunning face and a spare attenuated form; a brisk and bustling little woman, quick in all her movements, and neatness itself both in her person and her cell; a restless busy little woman, the go-between of all the "pals" needing that friendly office, handing "stiffs" about the prison with the utmost adroitness, and with a mania for writing. She would risk the loss of her badges for ink; she would have braved "the dark" for ink. Ink-bottle Smith, or Pen-and-ink Smith, as she was called, was seldom at a loss for her favourite fluid, or means whereby to hold it. She used to take her thimble with her to school, and bring it back, full of ink, concealed in her hair; making an inkstand of the crumb of her loaf and this thimble, which was sometimes discovered and confiscated, and sometimes not, else those volumes of "stiffs," which she was so fond of writing, could not have been composed. She would sacrifice the

water in her cell that she might have a little, modicum of black fluid at the bottom of her pint; and once she filled her mouth with ink, but was found out by the matron on duty, who, suspecting something wrong, stopped and scrutinised her, when a small black rivulet was seen to ooze from one corner of her lips and meander down her chin.

"Don't make a report of this, miss," urged Smith, afterwards. "I've suffered orfully, and nearly pisoned myself. Oh!" she added, with a grin from ear to ear, "if you'd sent for the doctor, and he'd looked at my tongue, wouldn't he have jumped!"

Ink-bottle Smith was an adept at picking and stealing. She had quite a jackdaw's nest of odds and ends concealed in her cell; and woe to the luckless wight who left her cell-door open, and who had "savings" of her own to be cleared off—Smith was sure to dart in and make a clean raid of everything. If her treasures were very choice, and the general cleaning-day of the cells near at hand, she would sew them up in her dress or stays; but if the cleaning-day came unawares, and her jackdaw's nest was discovered, she would surrender her hoards with perfect coolness and self-possession, wondering very much how they all got there, and who could have put them. She never could make out how her cell got so "littery;" the women passing her door "must chuck their rubbish in at her."

Another woman, Strachan, had two manias—the one for perpetual flittings, passing from one cell to another with all the dignity of a householder removing by the van-load; and the other for long aprons, longer than were allowed by the rules and regulations. She was always stealing the longest aprons and letting out the tucks to make them still more imposing; and always striving to decorate her cell out of prison likeness. Another woman, Mary Mox, had a fancy for setting fire to her cell, or rather to the things in it, that there might be a stir and a commotion, and so the dead level of the monotonous life might be broken up. Mary smashed her windows, too, as a matter of course; and when they were paneled with calico instead of glass to prevent a recurrence of the offence, she set fire to the cloth, and had a "jolly spree" in consequence. She was cured of her propensity to set her cell in a blaze by being once left to cough and choke in the smoke until she became alarmed; when she was led off to the dark, frightened and subdued. Once, Miss Mary was in the dark, as usual, undergoing punishment for some of her customary vagaries. She had been very noisy, kicking at the door with her huge feet—they were like a navy's feet—when suddenly she became quite silent, and then a feeble voice called out, "Miss! Miss!" as a matron passed the cell.

"Well, what is it?" asked the matron, doubtfully.

"I want to see the doctor," says Mox; "I'm dreadful bad!"

After some more parley the doctor was brought, and the trap was opened; when Mox

was seen in a corner of the cell, huddled up in a heap, the very picture of pain and misery. Then the door was opened, and the doctor, a precise, handbox kind of man, went into the cell, when Mox, suddenly leaping up from her crouching attitude, dashed herself at her visitor and tumbled him on to the ground; and then began one of the oddest fights on prison record. Mox had taken off one of her "enormous shoes, and with this she battered away at the head and face of her opponent, changing it from hand to hand with considerable dexterity, as fierce clutches were made by the doctor to secure it. It was a struggle of some duration, in which there were several heavy falls, the doctor now uppermost, then undermost, and the cell reverberating with the thwacks from Mary Mox's colossal shoe, and the oaths from her metallic throat." The doctor conquered at last, and Mary Mox was once more confined to the dark. Later in the day she called out to the matron again.

"Well?" asked the officer.

"I should like to know," Mox growled forth in a deep bass, "what's become of my shoe. You've no right to take a woman's shoe away. She might catch her death of cold!"

Among the most painful of the many painful conditions of the prison-world, is the arrival of a lady-prisoner; of a gentlewoman, it may be, of good birth, refined culture, and superior education, who, by vice or crime, has fallen under the lash of the law, and has been sent to prison together with professional thieves, brutalised murderers, and depraved street women. Her own shame and anguish, the newness of everything to her, her marked superiority to the rest of the prison inmates, her delicacy of frame, and the haunting remorse so different from the callousness of the ordinary criminal class, make the entrance of a lady-prisoner one of the saddest days in the prison calendar. She cannot do the hard work which is so welcome to the rest; she can sew, and she does sew "desperately," says the Prison Matron, when the chance is offered to her; but she sinks under the coarse manual labour which is the greatest boon that can be given to the rougher sort, and which prevents breakings out and smashings, and a world of other disagreeables peculiar to the weariness of monotony. Then, another pain lies in the visits of friends, and in the eternal parting perhaps, when the friends are respectable, and the prisoner is, may be, the first who has dishonoured the family name. Those meetings are among the most tragic incidents possible to human nature. But sometimes they are, if not comic, at least devoid of all gravity or earnestness; as when that clever scamp, known to more than one prisoner, dressed himself up as different characters, and came to see his friends, now as the husband of one, now as the brother of another, but who was detected on a third attempt, and recognised by the chaplain as the Protean visitor.

Sometimes the visitors, while talking intelligibly, according to the rules (which require that

an officer shall hear all that passes), will break out into a torrent of thieves' slang or gipsy language impossible to the matron to understand or prevent. This infraction cuts short the interview; but the news sought to be communicated has been told, and the stable door is shut after the steed has been stolen, according to the time-honoured custom pervading human society. To these rapid influxes of knowledge by a moment's flood of Romany, or slang, may, perhaps, be added an even more rapid system of secret signs, as the means through which news from the outside world penetrates and circulates through the prisons. Any one who has watched the signs of omnibus conductors know how much can be expressed by the hand alone; and two Freemasons can communicate in the presence of the uninitiated, without the least suspicion being aroused. So that in all probability the visitors who come to condole with their poor friends across the grating, contrive to convey a whole chapter of information by the turn of a wrist or the lifting of a finger.

The officers are at times obliged to meet craft with craft, and violence with ruse. There was one Armstrong, a fierce, ferocious wild cat rather than a woman—a creature subject to almost demoniacal fits of passion—who deliberately wore herself out by her furies, and who stopped at nothing—not even at harm to herself—to attain any object on which she had set her heart. She maimed herself; she produced internal hæmorrhage by means of powdered glass; she would have nearly bled to death—all to get back to the infirmary diet, to port wine and beef-tea. She had the power of flinging herself into a kind of cataleptic state, which made the very doctor thoughtful—not always able to distinguish truth from falsehood. However, one day he caught her tripping in the perfect ordering of her trance, so he resolved to punish her in her own way, and to make her stay in the infirmary rather less pleasant than it had been. Armstrong liked beef-tea. When in this trance, she heard the doctor order some beef-tea for herself soon as she was sufficiently recovered to take it. But it was to be sent first to the surgery. Soon after he withdrew, Armstrong faintly intimated her desire for a little beef-tea; she was just coming out of her trance, and was very weak and tender. The nurse brought the basin, and Armstrong began to sip slowly and delicately, as a half-dying woman should. Suddenly she sprang up in bed with a fearful oath; and then she lay down again, shrieked, and collapsed. The doctor had added a little asafoetida to the soup, and Armstrong never forgave the trick. She would have murdered him for it, had she not been prevented.

It is impossible to go through half the photographs presented us by the Prison Matron. They are all graphic, all full of individuality and character. There was Amelia Mott, the dwarf, a tramp from her youth upward, insane about dancing, full of coarse fun and revolting merriment—a bold degraded woman, without a

spark of shame or womanly modesty in her nature, and who came at last to be called the Beast by the better class of women; good natured and good tempered in her way; by no means a wild cat; only a perfectly shameless and blasphemous, laughing, singing, and dancing animal. The refractories were bad enough to manage, but the Prison Matron says that they would all far rather have had the worst of the refractory class in their wards than Amelia Mott, the tramping dwarf, with her shrill laugh, her hideous songs, her incessant shuffling and dancing, and her total want of ordinary human decency.

Then there was Margaret Crofts, a quiet stolid machine, who was an animal in another sense, a creature as thoroughly mindless as it is possible for a human being to be; a creature who could not understand the simplest elemental truths of religion or morality, and who would sit for hours silent, motionless, and impassive, with no more thought or feeling than if she had been a ship's figure-head set in the corner of her cell for show.

Mary Ann Evans was a refractory of the wildest kind, an incorrigible who "fought against her own life, won the battle, and died." She killed herself by her violence as distinctly as if she had put a knife to her throat; but one can make small lamentation for the loss of such creatures as she. Of what good their present? of what hope their future? Devoid of conscience and affection alike, there is no seed-place of good in them. Death, whenever it comes, finds them still the same half-fiendish travesties of womanhood they are to-day, and were yesterday, and would be to-morrow; and it is only an affectation of humanity to lament the decease, even though untimely, of beings so unsatisfactory and hopeless. The impossibility of reforming certain criminals is one of the hardest trials to the philanthropist earnest for the welfare of the criminal class; but though here and there are some who can be reformed and set in the better way, the great mass of the prison population is a certain, not an uncertain quantity, and this year's release is only the prelude to next year's return.

Of the practical suggestions mixed up with these photographs, those most insisted on are the appointment of more matrons, an increase of salary, shorter hours of duty, and a more careful selection. There is good sense in these suggestions; and if they would not bring with them quite a prison millennium, they would lighten the labours and strengthen the influence of the officers, who, as matters stand now, have but a hard and dreary time of it, as the Prison Matron shows: undergoing all the horrors of imprisonment without deserving the sentence. But the real core of prison discipline has yet to be reached; and until men agree on the best way of inducing repentance and reformation—indeed, until they agree that legal forfeiture for crimes shall mean reformation (if possible) and not mere punishment—we shall get little done by these mere bit-by-bit changes, which

touch no principle, and spring from no central point of action. In the mean time, it is good moral exercise to study the sad phases of criminal life admirably presented to us in these prison characters: remembering, as we read, that wonderfully deep and humble word of a good man and a true Christian—"There, but for the grace of God, goes Richard Baxter!"

WITH OPIUM TO HONG-KONG.

IN the Indian cold season—that is, from the 1st of December to the 1st of March—the voyage from Calcutta to Hong-Kong is delightful as far as Singapore. Looking down one calm cool morning over the ship's side into the streaks and eddies of the transparent sea, I was startled during a voyage thither by the sudden appearance of a dead Chinaman's face, as the body floated with the ebb tide, slowly turning, along the vessel's counter. It was the face of a man in the prime of life and the best of health. An old salt who had had much experience amongst Chinamen, and who was standing by my side, observed thoughtfully: "He's been a winning at the dice, ye see, and when they got him to the water-side, they fetched him handsome over the afterpart of his skull with a thick stick, and took his money, and hove him in, and that makes no marks, ye see." And in this way many a gambler meets with his end, without detection of the murderers, against whom their countrymen will not, when they can, give evidence. The police force at Pinang would be no match for the Chinese in any very serious affray, but the magistrate can easily and promptly procure the aid of any number of Malays from Wellesley province, and these people would eagerly obey an order to kill every Celestial in the country.

It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more beautiful than this entrance to Singapore harbour. The ship glides in between islets and little hills clothed in verdant forest, fringed by a clean pebbly or white sandy beach. The water is perfectly calm, or moved gently by long lazy undulations, and so transparent, that the fishes, some of gorgeous hues and fantastic shapes, which infest such localities, are plainly to be seen gliding about far below in the shadow of the hull. Cheerful-looking villas and prettily painted houses are scattered along the summits of these islands, and increase in number as the ship advances into a basin connected with the outer harbour, in which are the mooring wharfs and coal-sheds of the opium China steamers and of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels. Hardly is the ship fast when she is assailed by a fleet of canoes, manned by Malay men and boys. The boys come to dive for six-pences or eight-pences which the passengers throw over for them, and the men bring pine-apples, shells, paraquets and other birds, and animals, such as tiger cats, civet cats, monkeys, &c.; for sale. The shell boats are really beautiful, being filled to the uttermost nook and

corner with the most lovely specimens, arranged in perfect order, so that the boat looks as if it were a floating cabinet. The diving-boys are of all ages, from seven to seventeen. Some paddle themselves singly in tiny canoes little larger than a butcher's tray; others go three or four together in larger skiffs; but all are equally eager, crowding under the gangways and keeping up an incessant gabble in broken English to attract attention. "Massa, massa, massa! now, massa! I dive very good, massa! You throw sixpence, I dive very quick—good dive, massa!" When a sixpence is pitched overboard, the whole mob of them throw themselves out of their canoes headlong in, and their sprawling limbs may be discerned far down as they strike towards the bottom, till a lucky fellow clutches the prize, when they all return to the surface puffing and blowing, and scramble into their respective canoes, where they are soon ready for another dive. This feat of catching the sixpence is by no means so difficult as a stranger might imagine. In the first place, the sixpence, or any similar flat thin object, when thrown into the water, descends by gyrations, as a parachute would fall through the air, and therefore settles so slowly to the bottom, that a moderately expert swimmer can meet and grasp it.

In the mean time, the wharf begins to fill with a heterogeneous crowd of Malays, Coringamen, Chinese, Surutties, Eurasians, and Europeans, and little palanquin carriages drive up for hire. These are most useful vehicles, exceedingly light, but strong, holding two, and, at a pinch, four people, and drawn by one of the indomitable little Burmah ponies up the heaviest and toughest road. They are driven by half-naked Madras men, who perch on a small seat placed on the front of the carriage, and, never understanding a syllable that is said to them, goad, poke, and worry the pony on till brought up by the shouts of the passengers. The carriages are all numbered, and their owners and drivers subject to strict rules. A schedule of fares is hung up inside.

After landing from the ship, and elbowing his way among vendors of paradise birds' skins, China and Indian fans, Bombay workboxes, &c., the traveller is taken by the indefatigable diving-boys, who strive to earn a sixpence on land as well as in the water, to one of the palanquin carriages or "garees" aforesaid, and driven off to the town, which is nearly two miles from the wharf. The road, which is good, leads at first through a mangrove swamp, above which, however, it is well raised. A little further on it rises, where pretty cottages and suburban villas, with neat hedges and gardens, and a large Chinese burial-ground, indicate close approach to the town. Singapore is substantially built, laid out in regular streets, and consists almost wholly of Chinamen's shops. There is a good iron suspension-bridge over an inlet or creek in the town, a pretty though small square, planted with flowering shrubs and shady trees, and some handsome brick and stuccoed houses bordering

the strand, or drive, along the beach of the outer harbour, which, with its dark blue waves, is seen outside the town, crowded with vessels of every size, class, and nation. This strand road is bordered inland by a strip of lawn, planted with flowering shrubs, forming a pleasant promenade and playground for children. The lawn is again skirted by a road bounding a series of gardens and enclosures, in which are contained a line of detached and handsome houses, including a good church. These buildings, embowered in trees, sweep round along the curve of the harbour, and are ended by Government House, an imposing edifice in beautiful grounds, crowning the end of the high land, which in gentle undulations encircles the landward side of the town. The homes of the merchants, government officers, and private individuals, are scattered all round the suburbs, in fine airy situations. The grounds and gardens are exceedingly tasteful, and kept in admirable order; and the roads, shaded by neat hedges of the China or dwarf bamboo, and trees of elegant and varied foliage, are kept carefully in the best repair. A large body of life convicts, some three thousand in number, enables the municipality to preserve the communications throughout the station in thorough order. About a mile and a half's drive along this pleasant suburb brings the visitor to the public gardens, which, though new, are already beautiful, and only need the ripening of time to make them still more so. To any one who has been long resident in India, the exquisite neatness of the lawns and paths is a new and welcome sight, and, although there are very few flowers in the Singapore gardens which are not cultivated in Bengal, here they are larger and more brilliant, so that the Singapore gardens are more beautiful than those of Calcutta. Amongst the houses facing the outer harbour, which command a full view of it, and all day enjoy the refreshing breeze of the sea, is a very comfortable Family Hotel, kept by an enterprising Frenchman. The "compound" of the hotel contains a detached building for bachelors on one side, and another for the table d'hôte in the opposite quarter. This hotel appears to fill well. The passenger-traffic between Europe and the south-eastern archipelago is rapidly increasing, and English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese from and to Batavia, Borneo, Manilla, and Sumatra, have to wait at Singapore for the smaller steamers to convey them to their destinations, or for the large Peninsular and Oriental and Imperial Messagerie ships from Hong-Kong, as the case may be. Besides these, numerous young clerks and assistants in counting-houses take up their permanent abode in the hotel, and help to increase the crowd at the table d'hôte, which is capable of accommodating about sixty. The fare is good, and served in a style half French and half English. About twenty Chinese lads, clean and well dressed, fly about, serving the dinner with great briskness, while the master of the hotel stands at a side-table with a couple of assistants, carving for his customers. Fish (in

great variety and excellence), poultry, and pork, are the chief meats; beef being scarce and poor, and mutton, as in Penang and throughout Burmah, procured from Calcutta at an extravagant price. European vegetables do not thrive, nor are there any fine fruits, with the exception of pine-apple and the deliciously refreshing mangosteen. But the steamers—whether the opium vessels from Calcutta, or the Peninsular and Oriental ships from Galle—afford but scanty leisure for a survey of Singapore. In twenty-four or thirty hours the traveller has to proceed on his voyage to Hong-Kong.

The first indication of the coast of China is usually the sight of numerous fishing-junks, in pairs, towing between them large trawl-nets, and beating steadily up to windward. The ease and safety with which these odd-looking vessels ride over the tumultuous seas is beautiful to see, and the intrepid fellows who manage them come fearlessly out two hundred miles from land. They are pirates, and, whenever they have opportunity, attack and plunder the small junks and lorchas of the coasting-trade. The first land seen, as we near Hong-Kong, is the southernmost of a series of barren rocky islets, on which the heavy rollers break with a loud roar. The sea-birds breed upon these rocks, and amongst them may be seen, but rarely, the only species of albatross which ventures north of the equator—*Diomedea brachyura* of Temminck. Increasing in size northwards, the rocks attain the size of rugged lofty islands, and encircling Hong-Kong—itsself an island—on the south and west, enclose a tolerably smooth and land-locked harbour.

Hong-Kong is, in its own way, as beautiful a port as Singapore. The town is built of white granite laid out in regular streets, which rise in terraces one above another. It spreads over a considerable portion of the southern face of the island, and, standing in bold relief against a background of rugged mountain, is carried down to the water's edge, the strand being faced by a fine stone wall or quay for its whole length. The harbour is generally full of shipping—merchant vessels of all nations, and French, English, American, and Russian men-of-war. Between these glide all the day long boats of all patterns, junks and sampans. Those belonging to the counting-houses and offices in the strand are secured at night by being hoisted up to regular davits built into the quay wall—an admirable plan, which I have not seen followed in any other port. Chinese boatmen, and boatwomen with their fat ruddy babies slung to their backs, have been so often described, that I will say no more about them here, except to express an opinion that the Chinese mode of handling their boats does not appear to have been duly appreciated. There is no craft in the world safer and handier than a Chinese sampan, which has no more grace in its outlines than a butcher's tray. The boatman, who stands and rows facing forwards, can twist and turn it in ways not to be attempted by our boats, thus worming his way safely through crowds of other boats, all like

itself, too broad to be upset, too pliant and tough to be injured in a squeeze. The Chinaman also makes more use than we do of sculling. Lighters, and other heavy barges, reaching up to seventy or eighty tons burden, are invariably furnished with a huge steering or sculling oar, which is worked by six or seven men, and drives the vessel much more powerfully than an equal number of men working with sweeps. We have also some lessons to learn from this people in sailing, and, until we condescend to stiffen our canvas with battens, cannot expect our vessels to lie in the wind's eye as does a Chinese junk.

A pull of five or ten minutes brings the traveller to the stone quay, and, as he mounts one of the numerous flagged stairs along its face, he finds himself surrounded by eager coolies or porters, and chairmen, with their light pretty sedans, ready to take him up the hill. If the new arriver have friends in Hong-Kong, or has been provided with an introductory letter to some one of its hospitable residents, he is landed in a handsome private boat, sent for his accommodation, and under the care of a comprador or steward of the household, placed in a chair or sedan, and carried off to his host's house. These sedans are most useful things. They are nearly as commodious as an Indian palanquin, and far more comfortable, as the rider sits in a large easy-chair instead of being borne along like a bedridden patient. To enter the sedan the passenger has simply to pass in through the front shafts, which are uplifted for the purpose, the sedan remaining on the ground. When he is fairly seated, the bearers (a man at each end) squat down under the cross-bar near the ends of the shafts, and rising up, chair and all, stride along at a rapid pace up hill and down dale, their sandalled feet making a loud slapping noise on the road. They do not go at the half-running pace of the palkee-bearers in India, but with a sturdy step and a stiff knee. Two men are enough for a sedan; but if there be a long journey to make, or the fare be of such proportions as led Mr. Banting to his useful researches, two additional men are added to temporary yokes lashed across the shafts. Thus reinforced, they will run all day. These chairs are sometimes prettily painted and glazed, with awning roofs. They are to be had in numbers for hire in all the principal streets and thoroughfares, and the stranger is greeted in such places, as he passes on, by a chorus of "Chá!" (chair) "chá!" from the bearers seated about their unemployed vehicles.

The main street in Hong-Kong, running parallel to the strand, is handsome and regular, with excellent shops, English and Chinese. The banks, counting-houses, a handsome club-house, and a church, are in this street. The consular and steam agencies, warehouses, ship chandlers' stores, and such like offices and buildings, some of considerable size, occupy the strand. A little way up the hill-side, and parallel to the main street, are smaller streets, containing hotels, lodging-houses, and some private residence, with their court-yards and enclosures,

chiefly European, but with some Parsee, Coringa, and Chinese dwellings. These streets are connected at right angles by smaller ones, steeply ascending the hill-side, and thickly crowded with shops, chiefly Chinese. Still higher up are the pretty villas and semi-detached houses of the English residents, the governor's house, a handsome building, with the public gardens, the residence of the general, the barracks, and the cathedral. These all communicate by excellent roads, bounded by neatly-finished stone walls, and interspersed with gardens, flower-crigshrub, and shady trees. From the level of this quarter extends a magnificent view of the harbour and the opposite island of Kowloon, and the traveller can, if he pleases, ascend the rugged barren heights above him to the flagstaff peak, nearly two thousand feet above the sea; but the mountain is cheerless and lonely.

The suburbs of "Victoria," as Hong-Kong is called (or should be called, although nobody in my hearing ever called it so), are not extensive, but are thickly crowded with Chinese houses, inhabited by fishermen, boat-builders, umbrella and sedan-chair makers, masons, and coolies, a lawless set, with whom the police of Hong-Kong find plenty to do. Indeed, to this day it is reckoned unsafe to go along the skirts of the town after sunset, unless well armed or with a party. Chinamen are both adroit and audacious highwaymen, but they have great dread of firearms, especially of a revolver, and the sight of a pistol ensures safety to the traveller. The quarrymen, who are employed in great numbers on the hill-side skirting the roads, and many of whom pass the night in temporary hovels where they work, are all thieves. And as our police force is composed of Hindoos, for whom physically Chinamen have great contempt, and as the punishments sanctioned by our laws are altogether insufficient to check crime amongst this people, it is not matter of surprise that Hong-Kong should be a nest of thieves, while the neighbouring city of Canton is a pattern of good order and security. Indeed, it is a known fact that all the worst characters in the latter place, finding their own government too hot for them, repair to Hong-Kong, as a genial region of misdeed. It was only a short time since that they robbed a bank in the town with singular skill and audacity, entering the treasure-room through a drain and subterraneous passage dug by themselves at right angles to it, under the foundation-wall of the building.

At the west end of the town the level land of the beach penetrates the hill, forming an oval-shaped flat space of meadow-land, which has been turned into a very excellent race-course, and on the eastern side of this, at the foot of the hill, is the Christian cemetery. The roots of the hills are here covered by forest trees, and a pretty little stream or "burn" runs along the bottom of this "Happy valley," as this west-end suburb is termed by the English residents. The races take place here once a year, and are exceedingly good, for there are two great millionaires

who spare no expense in importing first-rate horses.

Hong-Kong is a good deal colder than Calcutta, but the seasons are as to time much the same as in India. The rains are short in duration, but very violent, drenching the streets with mountain torrents which the numerous and deep drains cannot always contain. The summer is unpleasantly hot only in June and July, and the cold weather, during which fires are absolutely necessary, lingers on till near the middle of April, with gloomy, misty skies, and chill driving rain coming in gusts from the hills above.

MEMBERS FOR BUMBLEDOM.

In this, the metropolitan parish of St. Piggins, we have just elected a number of new vestrymen. I, though a ratepayer of the parish, and dwelling within a stone's throw of the Parochial Parliament House, the Vestry Hall, should never have known anything about the matter, had I not taken great pains to find out. I had to institute a private inquiry to arrive at a knowledge of the fact that the election of new vestrymen was appointed to be taken on the 28th of May. No notice was given to the ratepayers, no advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, and, so far as I have ascertained, no one knew anything of what was taking place, except the candidates themselves, and their friends and supporters. Some time previous to the election, ward meetings were announced to deliberate as to the choice of candidates; but the little handbills calling the meetings were only distributed among a select few; and it was only by demeaning myself to pass an evening in the parlour of a dirty little public-house, in a back street, that I obtained possession of one of them. Here it is:

ST. PIGGINS'

RATEPAYERS' ASSOCIATION.

Ward No. 1.

Election of Vestrymen and Auditors.

A Public Meeting

Of the Ratepayers will be held at the

PIG AND WHISTLE,

Stye Street Road,

On Tuesday Evening next,

At $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 8 precisely,

To select fit and proper Gentlemen to be recommended for election as Vestrymen.

MR. PORKINGTON BUTTS IN THE CHAIR.

Ratepayers are respectfully invited to attend.

Observing the hand pointedly calling attention to an invitation to the ratepayers to be present on the occasion, I received the impression that the comments of the press on parochial mismanagement had aroused the ratepayers to a sense of their duty, and that the meeting was called in the interests of reform. In this faith and hope I attended at the Pig and Whistle on the appointed day and at the appointed hour. Passing through a gloomy bar, and ascending a dingy stair, I reached the excelsior of a

little parlour, in which two or three men of the mechanic class were occupied at a little table with books and papers. At the moment of my entrance one of the men was taking money—a few shillings and a few coppers—from a little, poorly-clad, shrivelled-up old woman. Thinking that this proceeding might have something to do with arrears of rates, or perhaps subscriptions to the Ratepayers' Association, I waited to see what was expected of me. When several other old women, a labouring man, and a boy had handed over their money—mostly in all sorts of odd coins—I advanced to the table, ready to contribute any reasonable sum to what I felt assured could be nothing but a fund for prosecuting parochial reform. But, before I could put any questions on the matter, I was told that I had made a mistake, that this was the temporary office of the Working Man's Mutual Sick, Death, and Burial Fund, and that the place of meeting for the ratepayers was the next room. Of course I apologised, and beat a hasty retreat. As I passed along to the next room, I observed several members of the Working Man's Mutual Sick, Death, and Burial Fund Association preparing themselves for mutual sickness, death, and burial, by sharing a quarter of gin on the landing. When I entered the apartment set apart for the august meeting of the Ratepayers' Association, only three persons had assembled, and one of these was the landlord of the house. Each of the persons had a pint pot before him, and was smoking a long clay pipe. These signs of pleasure, where I expected business, made me think that I had made another mistake, until I observed a regal chair (appropriately a Windsor one) elevated on a box, and surmounted by a canopy with a heavy red fringe, which at once assured me that I was in the public assembly-room of the Pig and Whistle. Its proportions were not noble exactly, but its appearance was imposing. When I had sufficiently recovered from the feeling of awe with which I was inspired by the sight of the regal Windsor chair and the canopy, and found presence of mind to look about me, I discovered that the assembly-room boasted no fewer than four regal chairs and canopies—one at the top of the room, one at the end, and one at each of the sides. Each chair was backed by a crimson curtain, to which was attached a pair of crossed swords, and in front of each stood two tall brass rods, surmounted by figures of angels. The cornices of the canopies were inscribed with mysterious hieroglyphics and capital letters, such as A. O. F., F. O. L., &c., and in the centre of each an eye, with rays and a "nunquam dormio" expression, looked watchfully down upon the ratepayers drinking their beer, as if it had been its mission to see that they did not take too much. At the end of the room there was affixed to the wall a wooden tablet, on which the names of Brown, P. G. M., Jones, P. G. M., Robinson, P. G. M., and other officers of the A. O. F., or the F. O. L., or the M. U. O., all P. G. M. (whatever that may

mean), inscribed in letters of gold shaded with red, like the ten commandments on a high church altar. Another tablet was erected to refresh the memory of the members of the A. O. F., &c. with regard to the payment of subscriptions and the benefits which they would receive, first, on falling sick; secondly, on departing this life; and thirdly, on being buried. Nor did the benefits of the A. O. F., &c. end here; they pursued the happy members beyond the grave, and made provision for their sick widows, their dead widows, and their widows waiting burial. So far as I could understand the N.B. at the end of the tablet, it appeared that children were admitted to the tomb at half price. There was so much of the memento mori about these inscriptions, comforting as they were in other respects, that it struck me the assembly-room of the Pig and Whistle would not be a very cheerful place to meditate in alone, without a good stiff glass of brandy-and-water to sustain the spirits. It appeared from all these insignia, including a flag, which clung to its staff on the top of some hat-peg, that the ratepayers of Number One ward of the parish of St. Piggins were permitted for that evening to assemble in the hall usually devoted to the mysteries of the A. O. F. and the M. U. O., and that the mysteries of those ancient orders of brotherhood had been performed the night before, or were going to be performed the night after.

But where are the ratepayers? It is nine o'clock, half an hour past the appointed time, and only six persons have assembled. I express some impatience, and the landlord says, "They'll be dropping in now." Slowly, one by one, they drop in during the next half hour, and each ratepayer, as he takes his seat, orders a pint of porter or a pint of cooper, and elaborately prepares a pipe for smoking, by picking out the bowl with his little finger, and whistling through the stem. They all know each other, and the fashionable form of salutation seems to be, "How do you find yourself?" to which the fashionable response is, "Nicely, thank you," or "Only among the middlings," as the case of the ratepayer's health may be. Whenever a ratepayer arrives, John, the waiter (in his shirt-sleeves), comes in for orders, and except in one instance, that of a local solicitor, who, being bound to study his position as a professional man, calls for a four of gin warm, the orders are invariably for pints of porter or "cooper."

At half-past nine o'clock the great meeting of the Ratepayers' Association consisted of twenty-one persons, most of whom were unmistakably small tradesmen and mechanics. When John had served the last pint and the last screw of tobacco, and not until then, it was proposed that Mr. Butts "do take the chair." It certainly was not what I expected, to find that the chairman of the Ratepayers' Association was the gentleman who had been helping John to serve the pints of porter and cooper—the landlord of the Pig and Whistle. But this is what I did find. Mr. Butts ascended the regal Windsor

under the canopy at the top of the room, and claimed silence for his own majesty with a hammer.

After reading the bill calling the meeting, Mr. Butts proceeded to say that he was sorry to see so few 'ere. (As the landlord, no doubt he was.) But due notice had been given to the ratepayers, and it was their own fault if they did not attend to look after their own hinterests and the hinterests of the poplous parish to which they belonged. He should be 'appy to see noo blood introduced into the vestry, and if any noo candidates was proposed that evening, he should be 'appy to propose them to the meeting and the show of 'ands. He was sorry to say as there was some people as hadvocate centralisation, which was contery to the constitooshun of a free country. ('Ear, 'ear.) He 'oped, he did 'ope, that they would never depart from the principle of local self-government, which was a 'olesome principle, and one as worked well for all parties—for all parties—and he was sure that the gentlemen who formed the vestry of the himportant and poplous parish of St. Piggins was the right men in the right place, and he 'oped, he did 'ope, they would elect gentlemen that evening as would be worthy, and he had no doubt they would be worthy to—to to hockypie—a place under those gentlemen as 'ad—always—looked after the hinterests of the ratepayers in that parish. ('Ear, 'ear.) It was the hobject of the Ratepayers' Association to see that fit and proper candidates was proposed for election to the hoffice of vestrymen, and they were there that evening to perform that dooty. He would read a list of gentlemen who was recommended by the Association to be put forward and recommended to the general body of ratepayers for election at the vestry 'all; but if any gentleman wished to propose any hother parties, they was at liberty to do so, and he 'oped—he did 'ope, that is to say, he was sure, that they would obtain a fair 'earing. ('Ear, 'ear, 'ear.)

Mr. Butts then read the names of six gentlemen—five to serve for the ensuing three years, and one for the ensuing two years. Three of them were vestrymen whose term had expired, but who were eligible for re-election, and the others were their friends and nominees. One man, who was much commended for his business qualities and his knowledge of parochial affairs, looked like a stonemason; another was a publican; and a third was the keeper of a coffee-shop. The candidates were proposed and seconded, and the elections taken by a show of hands. There was no opposition, and in less than ten minutes they were all duly elected for recommendation to the great body of the ratepayers. No questions were asked as to the qualifications of the candidates for the duties which they would have to discharge. It was considered quite sufficient that they resided within the ward, and that they paid rent to the amount of 40*l.* a year. But indeed the matter had all been arranged beforehand, and a select circle of tavern cronies proposed, seconded, and

carried each other. One of the persons elected as auditor of accounts had the appearance of a journeyman carpenter. Before leaving the chair, Mr. Butts impressed upon the ratepayers the necessity of entering an appearance at the 'all early on the morning of the election to give their votes, as the present election was only a recommendation, and had to be confirmed by the general body of the ratepayers of the ward.

Bearing this advice in mind, I proceeded to the hall in good time on the morning appointed for the election. It was a quarter to ten; but as yet there was no manifestation of public excitement. A few paupers were receiving outdoor relief at the entrance to a cellar in front of the hall, and an official-looking in-door pauper, in a grey frieze coat, was acting as porter at the gate. I asked this official if a meeting were not to be held there to-day? I put it in, this way, because the entire absence of popular excitement at ten minutes to ten suggested that I might have made a mistake. The porter thought there was going to be a meeting, but he could not say for certain. I looked about for some placard or other notification of the great occasion; but none could I see. I ascended the steps, and entered the vestibule of the hall. Still no excitement; still no printed notices.

At length my attention is directed to a slate, and on this slate, in very faint pencilling, it is announced to the "great body" of the ratepayers of ward Number One of the large, important, and populous parish of St. Piggins, that on this day will take place the annual general election of vestrymen. Published on a slate hung up in a gloomy passage, not generally accessible to the public, or even the ratepayers! A triumph, surely, of the principle of hole and corner, and the art of keeping it dark. At ten o'clock, the appointed hour, there were two persons in the hall; at five minutes past ten, the assembly had swollen to twelve; at ten minutes past, when Mr. Churchwarden Somebody—or, perhaps I ought to say, Nobody—took the chair, the attendant ratepayers of ward Number One of the important and populous parish of St. Piggins numbered exactly twenty-seven.

The proceedings now commenced. The churchwarden, speaking from a raised platform, on which six vestrymen and the vestry clerk were ranged in a row, explained the object of the meeting. It was to elect five vestrymen for the ensuing three years, and one vestryman for the ensuing two years, and a gentleman as auditor. The clerk would read the names of the gentlemen recommended to them by the Ratepayers' Association, and as he saw one or two strangers present, he begged to intimate that no one was entitled to vote unless he resided in the district of the ward. The clerk read the names of the gentlemen, and they were the gentlemen who had been recommended and elected at the Pig and Whistle. Again they proposed and seconded each other; again they elected each other. And at the close of the proceedings, which did not occupy more than twenty minutes, a fat vestryman got up and congratulated them

on having vindicated the principle of local self-government from the assaults of those who wished to make every parish in London a corporation with a Lord Mayor and aldermen and a state coach. There was a feeble laugh at this, and then the vindicators of the principle slowly left the hall, stood for a little while in knots at the door, and presently dispersed—a few going over the way to “liquor.”

In precisely the same manner have the Rate-payers' Association of the eight wards into which the important and populous parish of St. Piggins is divided recommended candidates, and in the same snug quiet manner have those candidates been elected to their office.

The result is, that among one hundred and forty vestrymen, to whom are committed the management of the local affairs of this parish, there are not more than twelve who could, either by courtesy or warrant of law, be called gentlemen. There are butchers, bakers, bricklayers, grocers, buttermen, oilmen, fishmongers, undertakers, corn-chandlers, coffee-house keepers, tailors, publicans, beer-shop keepers, pawn-brokers, rate collectors, gas inspectors, and petty tradesmen of every kind, but only four or five professional men; and these, it seems, never attend the vestry, disliking to be associated with the rest.

When the affairs of the London parishes are mismanaged, it is the fault of the great middle class. So long as the members of that class shirk their duty, and are unwilling to make some sacrifice for the good of the community in which they live, so long will the parochial affairs of London be mismanaged by ignorant, intolerant, and perfectly incapable men.

CUAGNAWAGHA.

CUAGNAWAGHA! Cuagnawagha! it is but a word. I may plead, at least, that it is fertile in vowels, and has not the spiky, chevaux de frise appearance when written down which Polish and Hungarian and others of the Slavonic family, those quadrilaterals of orthography, present. To me, even Cuagnawagha looks pretty in black and white. I have adopted the spelling accepted by those who rule over Cuagnawagha, and are neighbours to it; but the Cuagnawaghians themselves are not much given to reading or writing.

• Cuagnawagha! Cuagnawagha! will you agree in the premiss that there are certain words—the names of things and places, and sometimes, but very rarely, of men—the bare sound of which will haunt you? That they should do so is not always the result of the associations they recal. Windermere is close to Patterdale, yet the first is a name that haunts you, and is full of a soft and mysterious beauty. Patterdale is one of the loveliest spots in Europe, but its sound is harsh, severe, and ugly.

In all human probability, I shall never more behold Cuagnawagha—on this side the grave, at least. On the other we may all see sights that

shall astonish us. I was never in Cuagnawagha but once in my life; I only passed fifty minutes within its confines; I was thoroughly disappointed in all that I had come to see; yet Cuagnawagha, its name and itself, have haunted me from the day on which I first beheld it until this, and in my dreariest moments its dear name passes like soft music over the chords of my heart, and lights up the grim old Vauxhall of my twilight with thrice fifty thousand additional lamps. I do not know why. I have seen the lions of the world, their manes and their tails, and have heard them roar. I can gaze upon the ocean without addressing it as vast, and interminable, and blue, and without bidding it roll on—a request which, on my part or any one else's, I hold to be one of surplussage, if not grossly impertinent. I have lost most of my enthusiasm about great rivers. Since I last set down to pen an article for this journal, I have seen the Guadalquivir, the Ebro, the Tagus, the Rhône, the Rhine, the Mincio, and the Danube; but I am of opinion that the Thames at Ditton, in that priceless half hour between your ordering the stewed eels and the cutlets to follow and the arrival of the banquet itself, is brighter and more shining than any other river which I might have asked, again impertinently, to “flow on.” The lions and the rivers, the cataract and the Alpine passes, are apt, indeed, to pall upon you when they are seen, not from choice but from necessity; and, goodness gracious, how many miles would I willingly travel, and with peas in my shoes, to get out of the way of an old master or a connoisseur given to talking about one! I almost blush to recal the irreverent terms in which I heard one of her Majesty's messengers allude, the other day, to that sublime chain of mountains, the exploration of which has been undertaken by an association of climbing-boys, and whose peaks, passes, and glaciers are so fascinating to our landscape painters that they seem to be quite unaware of the existence of any more sublime mountain scenery in the world. The Queen's messenger called the sublime chain those something Alps. So would you, if you had to carry a bag across them twenty times a year, in hail, rain, or sunshine. But Cuagnawagha has not lost one iota of its primeval charms to me. My love for it is as fresh as—what shall I say?—as your love for the face you always love; for the face which, like that of Queen Victoria on the postage-stamps, never grows older. As it was in 1840, so is it in 1866, only younger, and fresher, and prettier; so was it when your life began, so is it now you are a man, so may it be when you grow old. And I am sure, had Wordsworth ever seen Cuagnawagha, he would have written as melodiously about it as he has written of Grasmere or Dungeonhyll.

Cuagnawagha is only an unpretending little Indian village on the bank of the river Saint Lawrence, over against the French village of La Chine, one of the earliest settlements of the Jesuit missionaries in Canada (and so called by

them in affectionate reference to the labours of which the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* are a record). It is some six mile drive from the thriving and populous city of Montreal.

This is not, perhaps, the first time you have been told that there are no more genial and hospitable folks in British North America, where capital punishment will never be abolished, so far as killing with kindness is concerned, than the inhabitants of Montreal. The Canadians generally labour under a notion—not an entirely mistaken one, perhaps—that their brethren of the old country do not hold them in sufficient estimation; that the glare and bustle and sensational whirligig life of the United States offer greater attractions to English tourists who cross the Atlantic than the solid, steady, sober-sided existence of the British Provinces. They have an idea that an Englishman travelling in the States gets rid of Canada at an early stage in his journey, or just looks in upon it at the far end thereof, and that the real centres of his curiosity are in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. The “Kenucks,” and the “Blue noses,” and the other provincials, murmur at this, but always in a placable and good-humoured manner. “At least,” says Canada, “the better half of Niagara belongs to us. At least, the Falls of Montmorency are equal to those of Genessee; at least, the St. Lawrence is not inferior to the Ohio, and the Thousand Islands beat Boston Harbour. There is not on the whole North American continent a city so picturesque as Quebec; and if you are curious about redskins, we can show you plenty of Indians—fat, copper-coloured, prosperous, and happy, instead of the gaunt, dwarfed, half-starved wretches who are being ‘improved’ off the face of the earth by the restless Yankees.” These grievances, however, do not prevent the Montrealese from pressing the heartiest of welcomes on every stranger who comes within their gates. It is enough for them that he is a stranger, and they immediately take him in. He is asked out, systematically and stubbornly, to dinner. If he pleads previous engagements, he is asked whether Monday week or Tuesday fortnight will suit him; and the dinner comes due, and must be met, like a bill. The *Amphitryons* who cannot bag him for a dinner are fain to secure him for breakfasts or suppers or lunches. Then they drive him out in trotting-waggons in summer, and in sleighs in winter; they take him to the club and to the “kink;” they wrap him up, as in buffalo-robcs, with kind offices and generous deeds. When I say that my experiences of Montreal hospitality on the last occasion of my visit to the royal town included the gift of a roll of Canada homespun sufficient to make a couple of travelling suits, and the loan of a railway car, combining sitting-room, bedrooms, smoking-rooms, and kitchen, in which I travelled at my ease many hundreds of miles, you will be enabled to infer that the people of Montreal are not in the habit of doing things by halves, and that when they say they are glad to see you, they mean it.

Hospitality has generally its price; and I have known more than one country where the price exacted was slightly beyond the value of the article itself; but the terms on which kindness is obtainable in Montreal are not very onerous. You are not expected to praise everything you see, to make flowing speeches, or to write a book, declaring Lower Canada in general, and Montreal in particular, to be the grandest and most glorious country and city in the universe. Nor are you absolutely required to furnish the album of every young lady fresh from boarding-school, or at boarding-school, with autographs and cartes de visite, or to write scraps of poetry of your own composition (not to exceed thirty lines) on little bits of parti-coloured silk, to be returned, post paid, to localities a thousand miles away, there to be sewn into patchwork counterpanes. Nor are you asked for opinions on the abstract questions of Woman's Rights, Moral Suasion, or International Law. You are only expected to cat a great deal, to pass the bottle, to go round the Mountain, to go through the Tube, and to visit Cuagnawagha. There are always plenty of kind friends, with knives, forks, bottles, carriages, and horses, to enable you to accomplish the first two feats. For the performance of the third, every assistance will be rendered you by the courteous officials of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada; and the Victoria-bridge at Montreal is, in its way, quite as great a wonder of the world as the Falls of Niagara. When you have despatched that tremendous piece of engineering—when you have not only ridden through the tube on a locomotive, but walked through it, and inspected the identical rivet driven into the iron by the Prince of Wales, the last of I know not how many millions—you have done all that is required of you in Montreal, with the exception of visiting Cuagnawagha. The name strikes you at once. What is it? where is it? you eagerly inquire. It is an Indian village, you are told, easily accessible. The best way is by road to La Chine, where you can obtain a canoe and be ferried across to the village itself. The very word “canoe” sets you all agog to go. Sunday, your counsellors continue, is the best day for a visit to Cuagnawagha. The squaws are then in their best dresses, and the papooses or children are neat and clean, for the inspection of visitors. It was on a Saturday afternoon that I made an appointment with a hospitable friend to start for Cuagnawagha at noon on the morrow. All night I dreamt about it. A radiant chaos filled my sleep of moccasins and wampum-belts, of wigwams and medicine-men, of war-paint and calumets, of tomahawks and scalps, of fire-water and unburied hatchets, of gallant braves and beauteous squaws, of the Council Fire and the Happy Hunting-Grounds.

Sunday morning dawned. It was a Canadian summer Sunday, which is perhaps staying enough; but our open carriage had a hood, and the day, though warm, was so beautiful that we felt it would have been a sin to remain at home. Perforce, however, so fierce was the glare of the

sun, we lingered in the cool shades of the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel until two in the afternoon. To broil in Canada was with me a new sensation, for on the occasion of my last visit to Montreal, the thermometer had been at a whole flight of stairs below zero, and my tour round the mountain accomplished in a sleigh, with such a jingling accompaniment of bells as might have been envied by the celebrated female traveller to Banbury Cross. But why did she not attach the bells to the cockhorse instead of to her toes? There are but two changes of the seasons at Montreal; but they are pantomimic in their suddenness. I could scarcely believe that the Mr. Hogan who suggested iced sangaree, or a trifle in the way of a cobbler ere we started for Cuagnawagha, was the same obliging host who, the last time I started from St. Lawrence Hall, had lent me the skin (seemingly) of a megatherium to wrap myself in, with a mighty fur cap and a pair of sealskin gloves like unto leviathan his paws, and had whispered that half way round the mountain there were some excellent hot "whisky skins" to be obtained.

The drive to LaChine was not very interesting. Few drives in North America, save where the scenery is mountainous, can be said to possess much interest, picturesquely speaking. The farming is all doubtless in strict accordance with the precepts of Jethro Tull, great-grandfather of Anglo-Saxon husbandry; but to the European eye it looks shiftless and slovenly. The fields are too large (which would scarcely be a fault in the eye of a farmer); there are ugly posts and rails in lieu of hedges, and the trees are few. Gentlemen's houses, parks, and pleasures you never expect to see. Add to this an all-pervading dust powdering the vegetation with the monotonous livery of Midge the miller, and those chronic Canadian nuisances, abundant turnpike-gates. There were plenty of cattle about, however, well bred and full of flesh, and the cottages along the road, although mainly of wood, had a substantial and satisfied appearance as though they belonged to country folks who ate meat every day. I am inclined to think that meat twice, if not three times a day, would be nearer the mark, as the habitual dietary of the Canadian peasant or farmer, for they are both one here. Given a country where the babes and sucklings clamour for beefsteak at breakfast. Should not that country be a happy one?

There was the usual confusion of French and English nomenclature, and of Protestant and Romanist places of worship, and of people of Saxon and Celtic race along the road; but, as seems happily the case in Canada, the Gaul and the Saxon, the follower of Peter and the disciple of Martin, seemed to get on pretty well together. Fenianism was in an ugly embryo state when I was in Canada. It had scarcely got beyond its first fetal squalling in its cradle in Chicago; and the Canadian Paddy, so far as I had any experience of him, was a jovial, easy-going mortal, civil to the Saxon, obedient to his rule, and passably contented with plenty of work and high wages. I am inclined to hope, and even to

believe, that the outburst of Fenianism—now grown from a fretful wail into a frantic howl—notwithstanding the kind of Paddy I have mentioned, is still in a majority in Lower Canada. What he may be in the West, I am rather chary of opining. On this present Sunday he was evidently, so far as his patronage of French and English public-houses went, wholly free from prejudice. "The Queen's Arms" and "Les Armes d'Angleterre" were all one to him. I could not help thinking, as we saw these hybrid taverns, that half-and-half should properly be the only beverage sold there; and when I passed a knot of scarlet-coated British Guardsmen issuing from a wayside hostel, I fancied an international version of the old nursery rhyme:

Qui est là?
A grenadier.
Ou est votre argent?
I forgot.
Allez-vous en, ivrogne!

Conversations closely resembling the above were certainly audible from time to time when the Guards were in Canada. Happy was it when they were content to demand a "pot of beer" in lieu of the atrocious "whib eye," and the abominable "fixed bayonets," the cheap whisky, or cheap hell-fire of Canada. Not that the Guardsman was given in any marked degree to misbehave himself. He did not get tipsier, or with greater frequency, than his cousin of the line does in Gibraltar. He was much more sober in Canada than he is generally in London. The Guards were deservedly popular with the people of Montreal, and went home "as fit as fiddles." Many obtained their discharge while in America, and married and settled in the province. They must have been quick about their sweethearting; but next to a sailor's, is there anything shorter than a soldier's courtship? Three Sundays might be given as a fair average. Let us take a virtuously inclined corporal. A regiment, we will say, disembarks on a Saturday night; on the first Sunday afternoon you will meet your virtuously inclined corporal walking down Notre-Dame-street with a young lady in a three-dollar shawl and a two-dollar bonnet. The next Sunday, if you happened to be passing down Bonaventure-street, you might catch a glimpse of the virtuously inclined corporal taking tea with the entire family of his innamorata; cutting the bread-and-butter, carving the ham, nursing the married sister's baby, or handing the old grand-sire a light for his pipe. And on Sunday number three, you heard that Corporal Smith had got leave to be married to a "kenuck." How do they manage it, these wonderful military men? What incandescent quality is there in their scarlet coats to set maidens' hearts ablaze so? How many weary months, years perhaps, did it take you to win the present Mrs. Benedict? Mind, I can't help thinking, that if civilians would adopt the short sharp mode of military courtship, the girls would meet them half way. I heard of a train breaking down once on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and before a fresh locomotive could be brought to its

assistance no less than three offers of marriage were made and accepted among the passengers. And, did you ever hear of a courtship more expeditious than that of the mystic William Blake, *pietor ignotus*? He had had some great trouble. "I pity you, William," remarked a young lady. "Then I am sure I love you with all my heart," quoth William Blake; and they went off and got married at once. But if she had not added the endearing "William" to the expression of pity, that young lady might never have become Mrs. Blake.

There was not much to remind one of the Celestial Empire at the clean little village of La Chine. It was nearly all French. The hotel, or tavern, was, as usual, half and half. The little sanded parlour was decorated with portraits of Queen Victoria and the late Duke of Wellington, side by side with a Madonna and Child, and his Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, in full canonicals, and the Montreal Herald lay on the table cheek by jowl with *L'Echo du Canada*. A French servant-maid brought us some English beer, and on our expressing a desire to hire a canoe, the Scotch landlord hailed two boatmen, one of whom was an Indian and the other an Irishman, to pole us across to Cuagnawagha. It only wanted a raven, and a cage, and the celebrated professor of Trafalgar-square, to make the exhibition of the happy family complete.

We crossed the magnificent river, at this point far enough from the La Chine Rapids to be lying calm in the sun, like one sheet of burnished gold. There was no awning to the canoe, and a Venetian gondola would perhaps have been preferable as a conveyance; but there was something after all in riding lightly on the bosom of the famous St. Lawrence in a real canoe of birch bark, with a real Red Indian at the stern. I will say nothing of the Irishman at the prow, for he rather detracted from the romance of the thing. A Canadian voyageur now; softly murmuring *La complainte de Cadieux*, or chanting in lugubrious tones the fearful history of Marie Joseph Coriveau and the iron cage of Quebec: such an oarsman would have left nothing to be desired. You must get on to the Ottawa river ere you can catch your voyageur. The Irishman and the Indian did not attempt the "Row, Brothers, Row," or any other variety of the Canadian boat-song. "It was worth coming a good many miles," however, to hear the Irishman endeavour to make himself understood in the French tongue by the redskin, and that noble savage, not to be behindhand in courtesy, endeavouring to talk English to the Irishman. I must not omit to mention that the noble savage wore a pea-jacket and a billycock hat, and informed us that, in addition to the skill and dexterity with which he feathered his oar, or rather his pole, he was "one dam good pilot."

As the opposite shore was approached, the navigation became somewhat difficult, and the channel rather, a matter to be faintly hoped for than confidently fixed upon. Several times we were, as I thought, within an inch of being "snagged"—the "snags," in this case, not

being trunks of trees, as on the Mississippi, but sharp-pointed fragments of rock. However, the Indian successfully guided us through the watery labyrinth, and in some degree justified his claim to the title of "one dam good pilot." There were more rocky fragments on the bank; indeed, the littoral of the St. Lawrence, opposite La Chine, might remind the Eastern traveller of the shores of Arabia Petrea; and the quarter of a mile walk or so, lying between the river and the village, was, to one of the visitors to Cuagnawagha, of a gouty constitution, and to another with tight boots, and to a third with bunions and an irritable temper, agonising.

We brought up at last in a long straggling street, or rather lane, of hovels built of loose stones and planks nailed together in apparently as loose a fashion. Here and there, perhaps, a little mud had been used to finish off the corners, or stick on the chimney-pots; but looseness was the prevailing characteristic of the street architecture. When I call these dwellings hovels, I use the word in no offensive sense. They were hovels in construction, but exceedingly clean, and abundantly furnished. The doors and windows were all wide open, and the domestic arrangements of the inhabitants of Cuagnawagha were almost as fully exposed to public gaze as those of a doll's-house in Mr. Cremer's London shop-windows. As the majority of the houses comprised only one room, the publicity given to the domesticity of the place may be more easily understood. They were, as I have hinted, supplied with abundant chattels. I saw more than one four-post bedstead, several easy-chairs, and any number of profusely ornamented tea-trays. Next to these, the most fertile product of Cuagnawagha appeared to be babies. I could not at first make out what had become of the children of medium growth, nor of the seven-year olds up to the ten-year olds; but I learnt subsequently that the elder ones were at church, and the younger at play in the cemetery. In Cuagnawagha itself the babies ruled the roast. They were very fat—of a rich oily fatness indeed, and, in the ridiculous swaddling-bands in which they were enveloped, looked not unlike very little sucking-pigs seen through reddish-brown spectacles. But all the babies I saw were, I am pleased to say, immaculately clean. Those who had any hair, had it of a lustrous raven hue, such as Horace Vernet has put on the head of the baby Napoleon, in that exquisite vignette where the hero is depicted, naked, and one hour old, sprawling on a fragment of tapestry. Their black eyes, too, had a merry twinkle; and altogether their coppery hue was not unpleasing, and they were the nicest babies I had seen for many a long month. In Cuagnawagha a baby is called a "papoose;" and a solemn rite, the performance of which is exacted from all strangers, is that the papooses should be kissed. I had been warned in Montreal that the maternal squaws of Cuagnawagha were sometimes actuated by mercenary motives in offering their babes to the caresses of tourists; and that the request, "Anglis, kiss papoose," was not unfrequently followed by another, "Give little

quarter"—meaning twenty-five cents. I took a provision of small money with me—the newest and brightest I could procure; but the mothers of Cuagnawagha were that day in no mercenary mood. At least, they did not actually beg for money. They clapped their hands for joy, and the papoose crowed in unison whenever we did present them with a backshish; so that, on the whole, in this lane full of copper-coloured babies we had our money's worth and more. We would no sooner halt at an open threshold than cheery voices in an amazing jargon of French and English, invited us to walk in. If we hesitated about intruding, the inevitable papoose, tightly swaddled and strapped on to a board, like a diminutive Egyptian mummy, was handed to us through the window. A gipsy woman of felonious tendencies might have made a fortune in ten minutes' perambulation of Cuagnawagha, by running off with the papooses thus offered on trust; only, as the gipsies are said to steal only Nazarene children, and the Red Indians themselves are by some ethnologists supposed to be of kin with the gipsies, those Zingarini persons might not have cared, perhaps, about stealing their own flesh and blood.

I was given to understand afterwards that these Indians of Cuagnawagha were a very industrious and well-to-do community. The men hunted and fished, and were boatmen and river pilots; the women stayed at home, took care of the papooses, and filled up their time by making baskets and creels, and embroidering those exquisite moccasins, slippers, pouches, fans, wampam belts, and other articles of bead and feather work which are so much in request in the fancy bazaars of Montreal and Quebec, and for which the retail dealers charge such exorbitant prices. The squaws of Cuagnawagha have certain market days for the disposal of their manufactories. On these occasions they are conveyed by their lords in canoes of birch bark across the river, and may be seen, with their black hair abundantly oiled, and their persons spruced up in infinite Indian finery, gliding from shop to shop in the most frequented streets of Montreal, in strange contrast to the European costumes around them. I did not hear that the Indians of Cuagnawagha, male or female, were much given to the consumption of fire-water, or to quarrelling or pilfering, or to the other generic weaknesses of the noble savage when in a state of free nobility and nastiness. I did not see any liquor-shop in the place. The domestic affairs of the village are administered by a chief—John or Peter, or Big Bellows or Bear's Paw, was, I think, his name—but it does not matter now—who was reported to have done uncommonly well in the fur trade, and to be worth many dollars. I had the honour of an interview with this Sachem, who was sitting, after the manner of his subjects, at his open door, in a Windsor chair, and smoking the calumet of peace—an ordinary tobacco-pipe, containing, as I was led to infer from the odour, birdseye. He was old, and immensely fat, but very affable. He showed me a pair of the most beautifully embroidered

moccasins I had ever beheld. Not to mince the matter, they served as coverings to his own stout legs and feet; but nothing could exceed the courteous manner in which he cocked up his bead-worked limbs on the window-sill, and allowed me narrowly to inspect, and even to smooth and pat them. The Sachem's house was so full of chattels that it looked like a broker's shop; and the name of his tea-tray was legion. He wore on his breast, and was evidently exceedingly proud of, a silver medal, bearing the effigy of King George the Fourth, and had, so far as I could make out, served at some remote period in the local militia. He had the usual twin engravings over his mantelpiece—the Madonna and the Queen of England, and was a staunch Conservative and a devout Roman Catholic. So I left him, never to behold him more, in this semi-ignored corner of the world, so close to civilisation, and yet so far from it. He was sitting under his own vine and his own fig-tree; and who was there to make him afraid? Not the British Government, surely, whose rule over these honest folks is mild, and equitable, and protective; not the Pope of Rome, assuredly. In Lower Canada, the Roman Catholic religion seems to have lost the terrifying character which it is apt to assume elsewhere. The priest neither bullies, nor teases, nor grinds the faces of his parishioners. He is their master; for he is lawyer, arbitrator, journalist, schoolmaster, letter-writer, match-maker, guide, philosopher and friend, all in one; but his spiriting seems to be done with infinite gentleness, and he is certainly beloved by a population who, but for his quietly paternal despotism, would very likely be drunken, and savage, and profligate, and not peaceable, and affectionate, and docile.

At one extremity of the village street there was a church, a bare structure of considerable antiquity, highly whitewashed. The irregular area before this edifice seemed to be the general trysting-place of the young squaws and the young braves of Cuagnawagha, who were sweet-hearting after the manner of young squaws and young braves the whole world over. The braves, I am sorry to say, had repudiated the slightest approach to Indian costume, and in the round blue jackets and glazed hats which they mostly affected, had somewhat of a sailor-like appearance. They were pure redskins, however, and half-castes were rare. Now a Red Indian in a blue jacket and a round glazed hat sounds rather anomalous and incongruous. Where were the feathers, and the war-paint, and the tattooing? Not at Cuagnawagha, certainly. You must go much further west if you wish to see the noble savage in his full native splendour and squalor; and even in the wildest districts the Indian rarely fails to supply himself with a European outfit whenever he has an opportunity to do so. I remember a hard-hearted, but withal very amusing speculator from down East, telling me of a gambling transaction he had had with an Indian somewhere in the territory of Colorado. "The cuss," he observed, "had been tradin' hosses, and bought a

lot of store clothes. There he was, in a stove-pipe hat, a velvet vest and a coat and pants most handsome. We took drinks, and I kinder froze to him till I had him comfortable over draw-poker in the verandah of the Cummin's House. Sir, in the course of three hours and three quarters I won of that Ingin all the money he'd got from tradin' hosses, and all his clothes, from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots. Sir, it was very hot; and, lawful sakes! it was a sight to see that Ingin, a child of Adam, and as bare as a robin, a walking away solemn, perspirin' with rage in the rays of the setting sun, and looking like a hot roast turkey." The hot roast turkeys of Cuagnawagha had not yet been plucked of their feathers by speculators from down East, direct lineal descendants of the cunning man of Pyquag who questioned Anthony Van Goclear the trumpeter out of his horse.

But oh! the squaws of Cuagnawagha. The elder squaws were unutterably hideous, so they prudently stayed at home, and minded the papooses. The younger squaws were here, phlandering. Such mellow brunettes did I see, with nature's pure carmine mantling upon their dusky cheeks. Such lustrous blue-black tresses. Such liquid, lingering, longing eyes. If their foreheads had not been quite so low, and the chiselling of their mouths not quite so square, many of these girls would have been positively beautiful. Their figures, in early youth, are very shapely and graceful, and their gait a strictly "gliding" motion, as I noted above. A lady of our party admitted that they walked prettily, but that they turned their toes in. Another critic discovered that they walked on tiptoe, in consequence of the wretched condition of the pavement. I could only notice that they glided; that their ankles were faultless, and that they were exquisitely shod. Moccasins they may have worn on week days; this Sabbath their pretty feet were arrayed in brodequins and bottines of varnished and bronzed leather, of soft kid, and even of bright-coloured silk and satin. Otherwise, there was little European in their costume. Crinoline had not yet invaded Cuagnawagha. There was an upper garment, which was the inner garment—the innermost garment, in fact—snowy white, leaving the arms bare, but very maidenly and modest. This was all they had for bib, or tucker, or bodice. Then came a petticoat falling in straight heavy folds, and decorated round the bottom with three or four rows of ribbons, the whole offering a close resemblance to the garment known in operatic wardrobes as the "Amina skirt." Over all, and covering the head, was a long mantle, in shape somewhat like a priest's cope—a square of fine broadcloth, of yellow, of red, or of black, and adorned with curious patchwork embroidery. The lady critic above mentioned complained that they went about with drawing-room table-covers over their heads; but what will not lady critics say? Such were the squaws of Cuagnawagha. Their necklaces and armlets of beads, "their ribbons,

chains, and ouches," I need not dwell upon. As for their manner of receiving the addresses of the young braves, it was remarkably like that which, on previous occasions, I have observed in Kensington Gardens, in many private parlours, and on some staircases.

We were turning our faces towards the shore again, when there issued from one of the hovels a procession which we could not choose but follow. It was the funeral train of a little child. As at a Turkish funeral, the assistants came along at the double quick, but not jostling and halloaing as the Turks, or at least the Arabs, do. The men were first, absolutely running, but with that grave concentrated expression in their faces, of which only Indians and Breton peasants seem masters. Then came a squad of squaws, and then, alone, the mother of the dead child, bearing in her own arms—whose could be better?—the tiny corpse, which was in a species of wicker pie-dish, adorned with innumerable streamers of rainbow-hued ribbon, and strips of cloth. A bevy of dusky children, running but silent, brought up the rear. We followed this curious train into the church, and I went up into a rickety gallery, and looked down on the coffin of the poor little papoose stranded in the midst of a big bier in the chancel, like a pincushion in a brewer's vat. The priest came, with his cross-bearer, and his acolytes and tapers and holy water, and the service for the dead was chanted; but in the midst of a timid quavering of the *Dies Iræ*, there burst from the hitherto silent assemblage a prolonged and harrowing wail. It rings in my ears even now, and I can see the Indian women on their knees on the church pavement, rocking themselves to and fro, and howling dismally. It was savagery asserting itself. It was as the voice of the wild animal in the depths of the forest, mourning for her cubs.

We followed the train again, away from the church and to the cemetery, and saw the papoose comfortably stowed away, gay-ribboned pall and all, in a quiet corner where the grass grew tall. Sleep soundly, O papoose; thou art well out of a troublous world. Then we came back to the shore, and took boat and sped across the great river, and saw the last of Cuagnawagha. And many and many a time, in far distant lands, have I recalled the rocky shore, the fat old chief, the gliding squaws, and the dead papoose with its rainbow pall.

MR. WHELKS REVIVED.

SOME articles upon the Amusements of the People were among the first utterances of Household Words. It was the object of the writer of those articles to inquire, through an examination of the popular amusements of the time, "how far the education of Mr. Joe Whelks, of the New-cut, Lambeth, was at all susceptible of improvement through the agency of his theatrical tastes." The conclusion arrived at, was, That the education of Mr. Joe Whelks, of

the New-cut, Lambeth, was susceptible of very great improvement; but that the agency in question was very inadequate to the purpose. That Mr. Whelks's tastes took their tone and colour from what they fed on, and that the tone was extremely harsh, the colour exceedingly dingy.

Sixteen eventful years have passed since those articles were written, and it is reasonable to suppose that, in the course of so long a time, the world, carrying Joe Whelks round with it in all its revolutions, moral as well as physical, has grown wiser and better. Has Joe, as regards his theatrical tastes, shared in the improvement?

In the course of those sixteen years we have twice reviewed the progress of art and industry in great Exhibitions, and taken stock of our advance in those departments. Let us now, in these pages, hold, as it were, a second exhibition of the amusements of the people, and particularly of those which are designed for the entertainment of Mr. Joe Whelks.

Undoubtedly, a great improvement has taken place in Mr. Whelks's material condition. He is better fed, better clothed, than he was sixteen years ago. The great swarming-out of his tribe on Whit-Monday was quite a magnificent testimony to his increased prosperity in this respect. The oldest inhabitant and other observant authorities were, at the close of that bright but windy holiday, unanimous in declaring that never, on any previous Whit-Monday within their memory, had so many people been seen streaming along the highways of the town towards the green fields; never had been witnessed so many glossy new suits of clothes, so many gay dresses, so many good pairs of boots and shoes, so much cheerfulness and apparent prosperity.

But the fact which was most patent on this great summer holiday, and which forced itself upon the attention of the observer at every turn, was the inadequacy of every means and convenience for the entertainment of so vast a multitude of people. The great highways leading to the green fields were thronged with pedestrians all day long. The people walked from necessity, not from choice. The demand for omnibus accommodation was greatly in excess of the supply. Every suburban pleasure-ground was crowded to excess. Hampstead Heath was a mass of human beings. For every "three sticks a penny" there were a dozen candidates, eager and anxious to have a shy; for every donkey, broken-kneed horse, and goat-cart, there were as many riders waiting as would have broken the back of an elephant. Every skittle-ground was in a state of siege, every bowling-green was a field of action, the contest being for the possession of the bowls and the game. In swarming out of the town, the holiday-makers passed over the cake and ginger-beer shops like a cloud of locusts, devouring every scrap of food, and consuming every drain of drink that came in their way. Even the usually boundless resources

of public-houses succumbed to the insatiable demand, and, long before the day was spent, overtaxed beer-engines responded with a gurgling in the throat, the death-rattle of exhausted bulks.

This great flood of population returning to the town with increased throb and motion, derived from active circulation in the open air, found no proper scope for its quickened pulse. The consequence was, that the town had a fit of apoplexy. Every place of entertainment was crammed to suffocation within a few minutes of the opening of the doors. In all the theatres and music-halls of London there was not accommodation for one-third of the people who were seeking amusement on the evening of that holiday. The disappointed thousands had but one last resource, the public-houses. The gaiety and cheerfulness of the morning were sadly changed at night. It was anything but a proud spectacle which the holiday-making thousands presented now. It was a spectacle of besottedness.

Leaving the streets, inexpressibly pained by the sight of even young girls staggering along with crushed bonnets, dishevelled hair, and torn finery, we made our way to one of the humblest of the music-halls; and on the payment of ninepence were admitted to nearly the last vacant seat in the stalls. Sixteen years ago, music-halls of this class had no existence, Mr. Whelks had no choice between the sixpenny gallery of the blood-and-murder theatre, and the sloppy bar of the unmitigated public-house. To-night, at this advanced period of time, we find him provided with the medium enjoyment of a threepenny concert, at which he is at liberty, but under no compulsion, to drink his pint of beer and smoke his pipe.

Let us see what kind of entertainment, and what kind of accommodation, are provided for him. The hall is a tolerably large room, attached to a public-house in the north-west district of London. The entrance is separate from the public-house, and the prices of admission are, stalls ninepence, galleries sixpence, body of hall threepence. The hall in its arrangements is suggestive of having been at some time or other, a chapel. The gallery runs round three sides, and has a clock in its centre; the seats in the area are faced by rows of narrow desks, which seem to have been designed for hymn-books, but which are now used for the support of pewter pots; and these seats are divided by aisles. Here the resemblance to a church ends, for, at one extremity of the hall there is a stage, and at the other a drinking-bar. There is not much distinction between the stalls and the body of the hall. Both are carpeted with sawdust, but in the former the audience is accommodated with stuffed benches and mahogany tables. Decorative art has not been lavished on the stage. It is merely a wooden platform, backed by a papered wall, on which are represented, in distemper, Ceres, carrying a sheaf of corn, and Flora, apparently scratching her head. The orchestra consists of a fiddle, a cornet-à-piston,

and a grand piano. Though mentioned last, the grand piano is not by any means the least of these instruments. It is so very grand a piano that there is not sufficient room for it in the right-hand corner of the stage which forms the orchestra, and so its off leg, bestriding the foot-lights like a Colossus, finds a footstool in the stalls. The size of the stage may be judged of by this fact, without a precise statement in feet and inches. It is a stage which has only one exit and one entrance, leading to and from a little cupboard of a dressing-room, whose mysteries there is great anxiety to penetrate every time the performers push aside the little curtain to pass in and out. The performances are conducted by a chairman, who sits with the back of his head in dangerous proximity to the centre foot-light, while in front of him he has a little deal desk, a glass of brandy-and-water, and a hammer. It is considered a great honour to sit at the chairman's table, and a high privilege to stand brandy-and-water to him; while to occupy his seat in his temporary absence, knock on the little desk with the hammer, and call out that Mr. So-and-So will appear again, is a dignity which secures for the happy delegate profound respect. On the occasion of our visit, the enviable individual who temporarily attained to the seat of honour was a gentleman whose white neckcloth and short sharp manner of knocking unmistakably proclaimed the undertaker. When the chairman discovered, as we are sure he did, that his deputy was treating the little deal desk as if it were a coffin, he speedily resumed his chair and his duties. The other officials "in front" were three waiters, one for the stalls in a perfectly clean white necktie and a best dress suit; one for the galleries in an imperfectly clean white necktie and a second-best dress suit; one for the body of the hall, whose costume was in all respects in the third degree. The difference in the hue of the neckties was greater than could be rationally accounted for by the difference between ninepence and sixpence, and sixpence and threepence. There was another official, one of a kind which we never personally met before at a place of entertainment, and who, it might have been imagined, was a relic of the chapel. This was a tall fierce officer-looking man in a buttoned-up green coat and a hat with a broad gold band. He carried a cane; and we were not long in suspending as to the nature of his duties. He was the beadle, and his sole function was to keep order in the body of the hall and the galleries. This he did by hitting noisy boys over the fingers with his cane, or pouncing in among them and summarily ejecting any offender who disregarded his admonitions. The beadle was constantly pacing up and down the aisles; and the audience, old and young, seemed to hold him in great awe. The audience was composed apparently of the following elements. In the stalls: small tradesmen of the neighbourhood, some of them with their wives; shopmen and clerks, young students of the veterinary art, and a sprinkling of those odd little seedy buttoned-up old men, who

haunt every place of entertainment, from the opera down to the public-house sing-song. In the galleries: mechanics, grooms, omnibus drivers and conductors, their wives and their sweethearts. In the body of the hall: costermongers and hard-working street folks; in fact, the whole Whelks family. It is possible that some of the occupants of the gallery were of the class called "improper characters," but there was certainly very few of them, and order was strictly enforced by the chairman and his beadle. The women present, were mostly decent-looking, motherly persons, some of them with children in their arms; others, work-girls and servants, of one kind or another.

As to the drinking and smoking, these enjoyments were part of the entertainment, no doubt, and were calculated upon as one of the sources of profit; but drinking seemed to be indulged in, very moderately indeed. We watched Mr. Whelks closely on this and other occasions, and it did not appear that his consumption averaged beyond a single pint of porter and a pipe of tobacco. At all times when we looked at him, he was more absorbed in the performance than in his liquor. The arrangements of the stage were made without regard to the serving of drink. The performers followed each other in rapid succession, and no pause was made that gentlemen might give their orders.

And now for the entertainment. It began with a grand instrumental trio on the fiddle, the cornet, and the colossus—short and sharp—the colossus going it like thunder. Then rap, rap, rap, and "Miss Emmeline Stanley will sing the first song." The violin, a mild young man, walked across the stage to the little dressing-room to ascertain what song Miss Emmeline Stanley would be pleased to sing, and returned with a piece of music, which was affixed to the breast of the colossus like a diekey. A single rap this time, and Miss Emmeline Stanley appeared: a spectre of loveliness in a white dress, exhibiting a vast expanse of breast-bone. She sang shrilly—why are all these young ladies so shrill?—what was called in the bill—there was only one, and that was plastered on the wall—a serio-comic song. All these songs are constructed on the same simple principle. The maxim of the song-writer seems to be, "first catch your chorus." That done, the rest is easy; in fact, if he have a good line to finish with, he does not care what words he places amidships. Thus, if the popular saying of the day should happen to be—as it happened to be some time ago—Have you seen her lately? it is enough to finish each verse with those delightfully serio-comic words. The burden of Miss Emmeline Stanley's first song was expressed in the words:

The sort of man we read about,
But very seldom see.

She represented a young lady who wanted to marry, but was not easy to please. In the course of three or four verses she described the kind of husband she desired to link her fate with, who always was, in short,

The sort of man we read about,
But very seldom see.

In her next song, Miss Emmeline Stanley appeared to have been some time united to the "sort of man," &c., for she complained on behalf of all married ladies that husbands

Are not so kind as they used to be.

These young ladies generally come on, prepared to conclude what is professionally called their "turn" with a break-down dance or a hornpipe, indications of which are revealed in coloured kid boots of supernatural beauty. And, as a rule, the dancing is better than the singing. It may, we think, be truly observed of all mankind, that the talent with which it is endowed, belongs in a greater degree to the heels than to the head.

The next performer who had the honour to appear was Mr. Harry Clifton. He was a tall, rather handsome young man, made up to represent a swell of the jolly-dog order. He wore a very short coat, carried a very short cane, cocked a white hat on the side of his head, and was continually stroking his long whiskers, popularly known as "Piccadilly weepers." He sang about the mishaps of courtship—the invariable theme of music-hall comic songs—and how he was jilted by his faithless lady-love. In the first song, the fickle female, after leading him on in a shameful manner,

She bolted with a bar-i-net,
A bar-i-net, a bar-i-net,
She bolted with a bar-i-net,
And left no trace be-ind.

(Sometimes this song is made the vehicle for conveying a compliment—rather a doubtful one, by the way—to the chairman, and it is said that

She bolted with our chairman,
Our very handsome chairman, &c.

On these occasions the chairman pretends to be taken aback, looks round at the singer, laughs, and then dips his face in his glass, as if to hide his blushes. This is regarded as a very clever piece of improvisation, and is applauded accordingly.)

Mr. Harry Clifton appeared again, made up to represent a seller of chickweed, dressed in a mouldy smock-frock and a battered hat. In this character, he turned the natural disposition of one of his eyes to squint, to uproarious account. His make-up did not create a great sensation; but when he squinted until he nearly turned his eyeballs round in their sockets, he met with the cordial reception which is never withheld from true genius. Love was again the theme. And shall we complain of that? Homer sang the ire of Achilles for the loss of Briseis. Why should not the Homer of the music-hall sing the ire of the chickweed-man for the loss of his lovely Sal? After promising to be his, the lovely but faithless Sal went and got

Married to a mem-ber,
Married to a mem-ber,
Married to a mem-ber,
Of the happy fam-i-lee.

And the last he heard of her was, that she had

Brought another mem-ber
To the happy fam-i-lee.

Mr. Harry Clifton appeared a third time in a shabby suit of black, with a wisp of comforter round his neck, and sang of the loves of himself and Lucy Gray, whom he chanced to meet one day, "in a pleasant valley at the foot of Saffron-hill." Once more he was unfortunate; for

Lucy Gray she cut away,
And nearly broke my heart;
She left me for a chap who drives
An ugly donkey-cart.
Doodle-de, um-ti-um-ti-tum, &c.

At this frequently-recurring part of the song Mr. Harry Clifton simulated the driving of an ugly donkey-cart, and trotted round the stage, while the audience with one voice and one pair of feet drove imaginary donkey-carts of their own.

Mr. Harry Clifton was followed by the Levanti family, consisting of a fat father and three little boys in well-darned cotton fleshings. The fat father lay on his back, with a sort of porter's knot under his loins, and tossed his youthful family about with his feet in a truly astonishing manner. This performance was perfect of its kind, and gave great satisfaction, though it was not so vociferously applauded as the Happy Fam-i-lee with the squint accompaniment and the driving of the donkey-cart. To the Levanti family succeeded a negro melodist, the distinguishing feature of whose make-up was a huge pair of shoes, which he declared to be "good for himsecks," suggestively bringing the wooden soles down on the stage with the noise of falling planks. It was not very clear what this performer's song was about; but when he came to the chorus, he said, "Now then, don't get your tongues in a knot, but sing, thunder and lightning, gin-sling and brandy-smash, flip-flap and boot-jacks, cocktail and ginger, never see a nigger boy like Dandy Joe!" And the audience did not get their tongues in knots, but repeated every word of the difficult chorus quite as glibly as Dandy Joe himself. One of the special attractions of the music-hall is, undoubtedly, the liberty afforded to the audience of taking part in the performance. A middle-aged respectable man, who looked like a father of a family and a rate and tax payer, sang thunder and lightning, gin-sling and brandy-smash, flip-flap and boot-jacks, cocktail and ginger, at the end of every verse as religiously as if it had been a hymn.

The chairman now announced, amid great applause, that Mr. and Mrs. Mark Robinson would appear next. Mrs. Mark Robinson came on first—a somewhat stout lady, dressed as a lad, in a short coat and a deer-stalker's hat. Mrs. Mark represented a junior clerk, employed in the office of a City merchant. He let the

audience know that he had fallen into bad company, and had been drawn into betting transactions. He had a betting-book in his hand, and was wrestling with the Tempter. The Tempter said to him, "Use the sum of money your master has entrusted to you; you are sure to win, and you can replace the money before it is missed." At this moment Mr. Mark Robinson, representing the merchant's chief clerk, came upon the scene, and exclaims, "Ah! 'Arry 'ere!" 'Arry, unconscious of his presence, proceeded with his soliloquy, and revealed his wicked intentions. "Alas!" exclaimed the chief clerk, "he was once a hinnocent country boy, but now he is upon the i road to ruin. Fortunately for me, I am acquainted with both i and low life, and can act any part to suit my purpose." Exit the chief clerk, with a design to save 'Arry. 'Arry still struggled with the Tempter, and remembered the advice of his mother. "'Arry," she said, "whatever you do, be honest." At this moment a Jew pedlar came upon the scene, and tempted 'Arry to buy a watch. 'Arry's eyes glistened at the sight of the watch. He wanted to make a present to his sweetheart. The price was only five pounds. He could not resist the bargain; bought the watch; and paid for it with part of his master's money. The Jew pedlar here took his leave, saying to 'Arry, with marked emphasis and to slow music, "Good day, hon-est gentleman." 'Arry now consoled himself with the comforting proverb, "In for a penny, in for a pound," and resolved to use the rest of his master's money in betting upon General Peel. (When he mentioned General Peel, a gentleman in the stalls said to another gentleman, "That was three years ago?" To which the other gentleman responded affirmatively.) Hereupon enter a man selling 'krect cards (the chief clerk again, who evidently keeps all sorts of disguises in his office ready for any emergency), and advised 'Arry to buy a 'krect card and back the favourite. 'Arry bought a 'krect card, and in the course of a soliloquy took another downward step; when there appeared to him a sporting gent (chief clerk once more, representing i life, in a white coat, a white 'at, and a green veil), who induced him to back General Peel for a heavy sum. Sporting gent and 'Arry went off together, to return next moment in dismay. The sporting gent exclaimed, "The 'orse has lost!" an announcement which immediately recalled to 'Arry the injunctions of his mother. He took from his pocket a letter which he had already written to his mother, and read it aloud to slow music. It was to the effect that he wrote to her in a low public-'ouse; that his misfortunes were all owing to those accursed betting-offices; and that when she got this her unhappy son would be no more. The sporting gent pool-pooled this, and comforts 'Arry with another proverb—"As well be 'ang for a cheep as a

lamb." All might yet be well, if he would only forge his master's signature to a cheque. He would have better luck next time. 'Arry was persuaded; he took out a note-book with a brass clasp (representing his master's cheque-book), and drew a cheque, with a metallic pencil, to slow music: the sporting gent standing by in the approved attitude of Meplhistopheles, showing his teeth. The sporting gent went off, and remained off long enough to allow 'Arry to deliver another soliloquy about the days of his innocence and his poor, poor mother. The sporting gentleman then returned to say that the police were at the door. 'Arry exclaimed, "Alas, I am lost!"

"Not so," said the sporting gent, taking off his whiskers and his white hat. "You are saved!"

"Mr. Goodman!"

"The same; and let this, 'Arry, be a lesson to you for the future."

"Mr. Goodman," rejoined 'Arry, "from this moment I am a haltered boy."

And the chief clerk, advancing to the footlights, impressed this moral upon the audience: "'Arry is not an imaginary character; he is to be found every day in the low betting-'ouses of London; let me, therefore, entreat all our young 'earers not to forget 'Arry the betting-boy's career."

There was great applause, and we heard Mr. Wheelks, in the front row of the body of the hall, say to a companion that "it was a good-meaning thing." And so it really was. If the entertainment were somewhat vulgar, and wanting in taste, it was, on the whole, well meaning; the audience was sober and well behaved; and, all things considered, it appeared to us that Mr. Wheelks had found a species of entertainment which was already calculated to improve his habits, and might easily be made the medium of improving his tastes very greatly. We could have no doubt whatever that the people assembled in this little music-hall, where order was strictly preserved, were much better employed than those who found their only entertainment in drinking and wrangling in the bars of public-houses. The Lord Chamberlain makes a great point of examining plays, in the interests of public decency and public morality, why should he not be invested with authority to examine songs? If some supervision of this kind was exercised in purifying the entertainments presented at music-halls, we see no reason why these places, and especially those which appeal to the lower classes, might not be fitted both to refine the tastes and improve the morals of their frequenters. On another occasion we shall see what the theatres are doing for Mr. Wheelks.

Shortly will be published, in Three Volumes,

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By THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine-street, London.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

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BOOK IV.

CHAPTER IV. THE SKY CLEARING.

In a week Tilney came to call on Mr. Tillotson.

"I have been so happy ever since," he said. "I look upon it as a great blessing, too, indeed. The Almighty is very good to me; and as for Ada, she is as good as gold, every bit—perhaps," added Mr. Tilney, reflecting, "much better. I give her to a good and virtuous man, who will make her happy and contented, and I can feel that I have discharged my duty by her, that—as we all know well, Tillotson, and have been told from the pulpit—that our days may be long in the land." Suddenly changing from this perversion of a scriptural promise, Mr. Tilney said, with alacrity, "Look here, mail in this morning; the beauty and regularity of that company is surprising—the P. and O., as they call it. Everything has its appointed times and seasons, and unless they observed regularity and punctuality, Tillotson, why, you know, they might as well—as well blow up. Where would we all be? A letter from our friend at Gibraltar, who, I will say, take him for all in all, has the knack of coming down straight on his legs wherever you put him. There's the new governor, Sir Henry Herons, K.C.B., has put him on his staff at first go off. And, my dear fellow, governors, you know, are like other people, and will have daughters—eh?" Mr. Tilney's eyes assumed a deep significance. "Now, can we blame 'em? I always said the fellow knew how to do for himself. Set him down in the Windward Islands, or the Archipelago, or on the top of the Dook's Monument, or anywhere you'd name, he'd do. He is all in all with the governor and his daughter—a girl of engaging person, sir, and, I believe, a very fine provision. But the connexion, you know—connexion is money—and the Herons are cousins of the Le Dispensers, and *that's* the way. Wait, I have my glasses here; I'll just read you a bit of it. Where is it?" And he read: "'Louisa is a pretty name, is not it? I'm beginning to think so. Others are beginning to think Ross a prettier one than Herons. To

tell you the truth, I am getting tired of being a vagabond, and want to settle; and when you have a fine splendid girl—a true thumper, you know—with money, and her father a governor I begin to get shaken. I'm going to think it over to-night. They are dying to have me—the girl, of course, and the parent. I suppose, because of my prospects." He was always asking me about it, and told me that he had a letter from a very well-known lawyer, who says everybody is agreed that I am secure. So as soon as we sent that white—ahem!—" and Mr. Tilney began coughing in some embarrassment. "Speaking of his attorney, you know. Then, he goes on, 'It is very likely I shall screw myself up to the point.'"

A smile passed over Mr. Tillotson's face. "I am very glad to hear this," he said; "and, shall I confess it, for more selfish reasons than you suppose. Since I saw you last, I have been a little troubled on his account, for he really had some claim here; but really it does seem as if this idea had been suggested by Providence—everything, I believe, turns out for the best in the end."

"No doubt, Tillotson," said his friend. "But, between you and me, I had my misgivings. He is such a wild mad devil, as I may call him, that there was no knowing how he would have taken it. By this time he knows all, and I bet you," added Mr. Tilney, smiling, "a couple of glasses of crusted old port, ten years in bottle, sir, that at this moment there is a little case of those silver what-d'ye-call-'ems—fligree earrings, brooch, stomacher, and comb—on its way to England, as a little wedding present; something Moorish—a rich shawl. He has good impulses, say what you like."

Mr. Tillotson's spirits were rising every hour. For the first time in his life Mr. Tilney had administered real practical comfort. His friend hastened to accept the bet that had been offered so pleasantly, and discharged his possible obligation by ringing the bell and ordering up some wine for the visitor.

These were, indeed, the happiest days in Mr. Tillotson's life. He lived and moved as in a dream. The earth had new-born charms for him. Every day he was out at the pastoral little village, and there he met Ada's tranquil face; not, indeed, overjoyed, nor reflecting back his open unconcealed rapture, but full of a calm

content and gentle gratitude and hope. Her "sisters" had always said that they *envied* Ada's wonderful impassiveness; and one often said, if the sky rained diamond bracelets, she would not stoop to pick them up.

Sumptuous things, however, as costly arrived, not indeed from the sky. The young ladies, too, who at first seemed to be aggrieved by *any* marriage taking place within a circuit of so many miles about them, were conciliated by presents almost as sumptuous. So was Mrs. Tilney, who accepted her offering languidly. Often the whole party came into town for an opera, a dinner, or a play—a kind of little festival. These things were all new to Mr. Tillotson, and he listened first with curiosity, then with wonder and interest. But a greater feast to him was the pure face of Ada, as it rested on her hand, turned towards the far-off stage, and its faint outlines, with the old devout absorbed expression, as the grand sounds and the swell of orchestra and chorals mounted towards her. No one like her appreciated that gorgeous combination of voices, instruments, scenery, lights, flowers, passion, tragedy, comedy, story, poetry, beautiful women, fine men, grace and motion, which make up the wonderful ensemble of *THE OPERA*! Certainly the happiest days of his life, even the dull routine of business, were gilded over. It was even noticed that, from the new cheerfulness always found there now, his face had almost altered. There were jokes at the office in explanation. "Don't you know he is to be married? Fellows always look that way *before*," &c.

And thus three weeks more passed away. A day had been fixed, chiefly by Mr. Tilney's agency, who seemed to think the whole burden of the affair was on him, and to be carried through by him. He would arrive very hot and eager at the bank, at all hours, and ask for a private interview with his friend. "We are getting on," he would say, "fairly. I am beginning to see my way, Tillotson—clearing the ground by degrees. You must give us time, you know; not push us on too fast." Though what the ground was, and what was cleared from it, it would be hard to say. But the captain, with less officious zeal, was of infinitely more profit. "Don't tire yourself," he would say, "my dear boy. Leave it to old Tom. I like pottering about in his way and doing little jobs. It amuses me." And the captain, who had singular arts for negotiation, and who, in fact, by his sweetness of manner, had half his business done before he opened it, limped from this place to that, from this tradesman to that, sat on a chair, and had long pleasant conversation with "as nice and gentlemanly a fellow as you would ask to see in your own drawing-room." And in this way he saved his friend all trouble.

Every day, too, as the interval shortened, the change in Mr. Tillotson was more marked. He seemed to grow brighter and happier every hour. With the captain he often sat for hours of nights, and to him he confided all his hopes and specu-

lations. It was now come to only two nights before the marriage, and towards eleven o'clock the captain was rising to go, and saying he must "stump it" home, adding, as he put on his large coat with the collars, that "good people were getting scarcer every day." Though, "as for that matter, Tom wouldn't be over-missed."

Mr. Tillotson laughed as he had begun to do lately. "My dear captain," he said, "no one would be so much missed. At this moment I cannot say what a comfort your kind words and assistance have brought me. I can't be grateful enough. Miss you!"

"Nonsense!" said the captain. "I don't believe you, sir. Get along. You, with a beautiful young woman in your head, fresh, and fair, and young, and talking of missing an old shand-radan like me. Well, I think we have nothing more to do or think of. Everything's plain sailing now, my dear boy. So don't trouble your mind, and sleep sound. And if only Messrs. Boswell and Hunt send me home my new and true-blue frock-coat, superfine double milled, extra finished—those were the very terms—if they only let me have it in time, as they promised, I'll do. I was only measured this morning, and it is hard on them, the creatures; but this old head is beginning to forget. Egad! now I remember, I saw your friend Tilney this morning. I just got a mutton-chop for him, well done, and he said he never tasted a better bit. So good natured of him. (But I must say for Biddy she can turn out a chop like no other woman.) Well, he says they're all talking of young Ross's good luck, and that it's a deuced good thing for him. And he told me to tell you," added the captain, searching his memory anxiously, so as to give the exact purport of his message. "Yes, that there was a mail due to-day or to-morrow, when he had a letter which he would send you."

"I am so glad," said Mr. Tillotson, with deep gratitude; "for, to tell you the truth, that was the only misgiving I had. I thought he had a sort of attachment for her all through, which he would admit even to himself. I took this idea into my head; I don't know why. And, my dear captain, it troubled me for a time; for, with all his faults, you know—"

"It's turned out now as snugly and comfortably as if it was bespoke," said the captain, with great enjoyment. "And do you know, now that it's all past and gone, I had my own misgivings. Those violent young fellows, you know, full of blood—But, thank God, we have 'got shut' of all that. Good night, God bless you."

And away "stumped" the captain, full of happiness, smiling to himself as he went along, and now as pleased, he would have said, "as if he had got a hundred-pound note into his hand." He would have said that, naming such a gift as a sort of standard, though such a present would have given him very little pleasure, unless to give it away.

And thus through the London streets, in a pleasant complacency to all men of good will on

earth, the captain had a slow but pleasant walk home that night.

CHAPTER V. THE CAPTAIN'S VISITOR.

It had now come to be the day before Mr. Tillotson's marriage. That day had glided on to the evening and to the night. It was about nine o'clock.

On this night the captain's thoughts were taken up by an operation in which he delighted. His moderator lamp, in whose mechanical arrangements he felt pride, had gone astray. Not, indeed, from his handling, for his touch was as gentle and tender as a woman's, but from a new housemaid who had overwound the machinery. The captain had wondered at the disorder; with his specs on had pryed into its very bowels, but could make nothing of it. At last, not without a prospect of enjoyment, he had fixed this night for a thorough overhauling of the lamp, was determined to make a regular "job" of it, and had got out his tool-box. There was nothing on his mind; for, punctually at the hour fixed, the tailors had sent home the "shoeperfine" blue frock-coat, and it was lying sprawling over an arm-chair, with its sleeves stretching out like a coat in drink.

The table had been cleared, the lamp was laid out for operation. The captain's tool-box, his files, little hammer, small saw, and the like, were all disposed "handy;" and the captain himself, in a faded flowered dressing-gown, which clung in very close to his knees, was walking about nearly ready to begin, very like a medical professor about to illustrate dissection on a "subject." It was likely to be a delightful engineering night. He, indeed, loved such operations dearly. His grandest work, to which he used to point with a justifiable pride, was a sort of "guardhervine" (so he styled it), which, after more than a week's hard labour, he had constructed out of a plank of Honduras wood given him by Captain Shortall, formerly of the 50th or "dirty half hundred," a corps to which the captain himself had belonged. It was a wonderful production, though a little rude, and something after the pattern that Crusoe might have turned out. But the lamp indeed was, as he admitted with some misgivings, of a higher school, "more in the whitesmith's line."

He was limping round the room, was stooping over the lamp with a chisel, and peering down into its windpipe, when the housemaid entered. Did she feel any compunction when she saw the captain ominously remedying the mischief her hands had caused? The soft eyes were lifted with that wistful peering look.

"Well, Mary," he said, "what's the best news with you?"

Mary, habitually dirty, being indeed of the class known as "thorough," murmured something.

"Speak up, Mary," said the captain; "anything wanting? You see this Bolshero lamp has run astray. I'll bring him to his trumps, never fear."

Mary answered him, still murmuring (it must

have been guilt that was oppressing her), that some one was below.

"What is it?" said the captain, a little testily; but mark, as he told the landlady after, it was for her good, and that he did it "a purpose to shake her up." "Speak out, girl, and take those pebbles out of your mouth. A gentleman below—who is it? Mr. Tillotson?"

"No, no, sir; a gentleman in a cab, with luggage on the top, and he wants to see you particularly."

The captain looked wistfully at his lamp, then down at his dressing-gown. "My goodness!" he said, "who can it be? And I not fit to see a Christian. Go down and ask his name."

"Here's his card," she said, holding it out with the tip of two very dirty fingers.

The captain held it close to the light and peered at it through his "specs." "Mr. Ross," he said,—"th regiment! Why, goodness! what can he want?"

Already there was a heavy violent step on the stair, and a sharp quick knock at the door.

"Can I come in?" said a rough voice. "I want to see you for a moment;" and the captain, peering over his lamp, his file in his hand, saw entering a young man with flushed or sun-burnt cheeks, and rather glittering eyes.

"Don't wait," said Ross sharply to the girl. "Go down; I want to speak to this gentleman;" and, turning his eyes on her, he waited steadily till she had gone. "Now," he said to the captain, "I know of you, and have seen you, though I dare say you don't recollect me—Ross—do you?"

The captain, still in wonder, could only murmur, "We all thought you were away abroad."

"Ah, you did! I know you did," said the other, with a burst. "They thought it was all snug and secure. They were not up to me, sir; and there is not a man living that is, if I lay my mind to it. I have come back, landed only this morning, and I've come to make those who would interfere with me behind my back pay for what they have done. I will, if I die for it! No man ever trifled with me yet that I didn't punish him; though I may ruin myself. It's not ruining myself, if I do what I want."

The captain was gazing at him with soft eyes, with senile stupidity, as it seemed to Ross. But he little knew our captain, who was only unworldly and foolish in his own concerns, but whose utter unselfishness in the concerns of others made him knowing and as skilled in human affairs as a trained man of the world. He was thinking what was best to be done.

"Do you understand me?" said Ross, flinging himself into a chair. "Do you follow me at all—eh?"

"Yes," said the captain, putting by his tools; "I think I have heard Mr. Tilney speak of you. But, you know, I don't see much of what's going on. You must be tired after your journey. Have a glass of wine or something," added the captain, getting out his keys, going towards the "guardhervine."

Ross made no answer, but went on as if no one were by:

"Ah, yes; they didn't know that I could be as cunning as any sneak among them. I can bear anything but that mean, devilish, shabby juggling behind a man's back—a mean, cowardly, disgraceful trick. Getting a poor fellow out of the way—shipped off. I believe the fellow got the regiment sent off out of the country on purpose. He has money, and those Horse Guards ruffians will take money for anything."

"I think you are wrong in that," said the captain, calmly. "The Duke of York, who was commander-in-chief in *my* day, was a true gentleman, and so was Woodyer, his secretary. No, no, Mr. Ross, we haven't come to that."

Ross looked at him abruptly.

"Look here," he said, getting up; "listen to me, now. I beg your pardon for coming in on you in this way; but I always heard you were a gentleman, and I believe it. The fact is, I am worried and miserable, as I always am when I find mean sneaking scoundrels trying to beat me. Of course *you* know all about it—the lawsuit and everything—of course they have told you; and that white-faced mewling-puling creature, Tillotson—I'll expose him. He had a mean jealousy of me from the first day he saw me. Look at that," he said, putting his finger on the scar, now indeed rather inflamed; "that was his doing—set on me in the street, in the dark, with a scoundrel. That was fine and manly and generous; and out in that place I was stung or scalded there, and look at the infernal state it is——"

"My goodness!" said the captain, peering at it, and now a little confused at the circumstantial nature of this charge.

"What d'ye think of *that*?" said Ross. "You are an honourable and a good man—isn't that enough to embitter life? But never mind; listen to me, now do, I beg you. Tell me what's going on. I know nothing—was at *his* house on the way, and they told me he was down in the country. Where is she? Speak out and tell me everything—do. You will save some dreadful business happening; for, by"—swearing—"I never forgave the man that tried to trick me."

The captain now began to think seriously that this young man had perhaps been drinking. He saw, too, that he was in a dangerous mood.

"My dear friend," he said, "I can understand it all, perfectly; but you must take it quietly. As for me, you know, I live out of the world, and am long past that, and hear very little. Of course, knowing Tillotson, I heard he was to be married to a fine young creature."

"Ah! *that's* it," said Ross. "You are coming to it now. What's the day they have fixed—come?"

The captain tossed his head.

"I declare I couldn't tell you; you might as well ask me the calends. The lawyers and the settlements take time, you know, and won't be hurried. I suppose next month."

"What!" said Ross, starting. "Do you tell me that? Why, they wrote to me this week——"

"I only tell you what I hear," said the captain, calmly, "and what Tilney, in that chair, told me; but I may have bungled it."

"Next month?" said Ross, in an agony. "And I might have waited and come away regularly. Now I am ruined utterly. No matter, it shall come out of *him*."

"Th—what?" said the captain, eagerly. "How ruined?"

"How ruined?" said Ross. "I suppose when a man leaves his regiment without leave, and goes on board a packet that is just sailing for Europe—eh?—I suppose *that* amounts to something?"

The captain was struck with horror. "Leave the regiment without the commanding officer's leave! Why, I'm afraid they'll break you for it."

"Let 'em—I don't care. I can break some one else. Let *him* look out. But, just think, all *for nothing*—are you sure?—only think, a life I was fond of—men that I liked—and all for this mean sneaking fellow." In this way the unhappy Ross went on for nearly an hour, going over the same thing again and again, threatening and fiercely denouncing, and now bemoaning himself piteously, and really exciting the pity of the honest captain. "You see," he said, falling in this last mood, "the truth is, I always liked her and loved her, and no one else; and she loved me, worshipped the ground I walked on, until this fellow came with his money. It is very hard on me. I have no money, and never had any—never could keep it if I had; and now I am finished—disgraced for ever and ever! Think—little better than a common deserter!"

The captain tried to cheer him and comfort him. "It will all come right. I am sure these things can be settled at the Horse Guards. There was poor Tom Crostwaite, who went off to Paris for a month, and he was to have been broke; but his uncle, Lord Mountattic, knew the Duke, and somehow they pulled him through."

"But I've no Mountattic nor uncle."

"Take my advice," said the captain. "Go back by the next packet, and join your regiment, and put the girl out of your head. The less we have to do with the women, the better. You know it's natural, the creatures; they'd like to have a man that has money, and can give them the comforts they want. Besides, we were told—wasn't there a fine young girl out there—eh?"

Ross stamped furiously. "That's the *point* they make, is it? No matter, I shall see my way yet, and beat them all with their money and their tricks. I'll see this Tillotson to-morrow at his bank, and then you'll see. He's such a whiting, sneak, I bet you a guinea, in a half-hour he gives up. No violence; don't be afraid. That's always his way; so soft and gentle. Sugar wouldn't melt in his mouth. Why, the girl loves me over and over again."

I've letters that I'll show him, and show *you*, too, if you like. Why, she worships my little finger more than him or his bank put together. Those Tilneys force her into it. I see my way, I can tell you. We have a little breathing-time now. I'll settle him, though, at once. Then I'll settle my own affairs. The governor out there will stand by me. I have more interest than you or he thinks. Why, they daren't break me, as you call it. I defy 'em. And I'll win my suit, too. Then I shall have money. Not to be married for a month. I wonder the bridegroom could wait an hour. Ha! ha!"

It was one o'clock nearly before he went away, to the captain's infinite relief, who, however, congratulated himself on what he called a good night's work. The captain thought over the situation very earnestly before he went to bed.

CHAPTER VI. THE WEDDING-DAY.

WE should have seen the captain on the next morning, in all the glory of his new "shoeper-fine double-milled frock." It was as glossy as the skin of a snake. He had a flower in his button-hole, and the "rayshurs," which the captain always prided himself on having in the finest possible order, had done their work with surprising smoothness. His wig was glossy, and his whiskers, curled into barrels by "the French iron," almost reflected surrounding objects. He was bright and brilliant, as indeed befitted the occasion of a wedding. The job carriage, which he had secured in homage to the festival, was waiting, and the landlady and the landlady's children were on the stairs and in the windows to see the captain come down and go off in state. The captain was almost ashamed; for he had, besides, a man-servant, with white gloves, whom an old friend had insisted on sending, and who held the door open, and touched his hat very often, and who, we need hardly say, was munificently and beyond his merits and expectations rewarded at the close of the day.

On his road down to Hampton, the captain more than once felicitated himself on his diplomacy of last night. "It was uncommon lucky," he thought, "that he paid me that visit, or more uncommon lucky that it came into my old head to just put him off with that story. God forgive me! They'll get on their travels comfortably, and my poor fellow will feel it for a week or so, and then make the best of it. I am afraid, bad is the best, any way. They'll break him, as sure as my name's Tom. Indeed, they couldn't help it—a fellow taking French leave of the ranks in that way!"

It was a lovely day, with sun out and no wind; indeed, as lovely "as if it had been bespoke," to use the captain's expression. Very soft and charming looked the little townlets through which they drove smartly—the Kews and Putneys and Sheens, with the common, and inns with the green, and the signboard hung from the tree in front. Then they came to Richmond, which set the captain a-musing, for some misty days began to rise before him of a dinner there

with General—then Captain—Cameron, when the captain "got into a row with a civilian fellow of the place," and broke one of the policemen's hats; and "egad!" said the captain, telling the little history, "we had to give the poor fellow a plaister for his old hat—two guineas, no less—or we'd have to spend the night in the black hole." That is to say, our captain had to give that sum, for his friend was unconscious of what was going on, and the captain would have died before "bringing up" such a trifle as that. Then came the Thames and Twickenham, and its pretty meads, and finally Hampton itself, where the wedding was to be.

At Mr. Tilney's house was great excitement. For once the family had thrown themselves unselfishly into the business, and co-operated with a surprising ardour. There was to be a little déjeuner, "strictly private," said Mr. Tilney, "not a soul. Wouldn't do, you know. Just to invoke God's blessing on 'em before they start, and speed 'em on their parting way."

This last view was reasonable. But how the blessing was to descend did not appear so readily. Many times, too, he had himself officially invoked such blessings with great fervour. But what took up all his thoughts was what he would call the déjeuner, and just, as on another night, which he had sad cause to remember, so now he was busy, with his coat off, giving finishing touches to the table, backing, taking sidelong glances to get better views. In this department, it must be said, he excelled, and the table certainly presented a very artistic appearance. But though it was to be thus strictly private, he had just stipulated for "old Crozier," as well-bred a man as you'd ask to see, and who, in right of his sister, Miss Janet Crozier, enjoyed a mouldy suite of apartments at the palace—a suite of cells they might indeed have been called—old Crozier's title to these privileges coming through the Honourable Mrs. Crozier, who, years before she had married the Honourable Crozier, had been indistinctly "something about the palace." With this pair, a little mouldy in their habits and memories, Mr. Tilney had made an acquaintance in his walks in the Hampton green lanes and Palace Gardens. With this pair he had enjoyed mouldy "teas" in the little cupboards of rooms which the royal favour had allotted to them.

Never had Ada Millwood looked so charming, or so graceful, or so Grecian, as on this morning. She was grave, though not sad, and in the light of the sun her wonderful hair played and glittered; and indeed, by a sort of arbitrary association, brought back to Mr. Tillotson a Sunday morning long ago past by, when she was sitting in the old cathedral, the music from Dr. Bliss's organ rolling up and down the choirs, and the tone of the day seemed as if it were a Christmas morning or an Easter. This thought came into the mind of the new Mr. Tillotson, looking at least five years younger than he had done a month before, and full of a bounding happiness. "It seems to me," he said to Mr. Tilney, "that everything ends to—"

day, and everything begins. It is a new sun for me—a new life. It is too much happiness for one like me, and I feel I do not deserve it."

It was to be early. "No fuss, you know," said Mr. Tilney; "just quietly and nicely—quietly and nicely. Whom He has joined, you know, we may not put asunder; but get 'em in quietly and nicely for a bit of something, and then go off. God Almighty, in His infinite mercy, bless 'em both! Keep that little Mayonnaise cool. Ah! who is this?"

It was the captain's carriage, and the captain himself stepping out with his bright yellow glove on the shoulder of the servant. "'Pon my word," he said, "we came along in style. That off horse is a great stepper. And I say, my man, while we're taking care of ourselves, I hope you'll do the same, and let me know." And the canary-coloured glove was laid on his waistcoat-pocket. Two fingers went to the brims of the two hats very promptly, and the two gentlemen, talking over the world together on the box, agreed that this was an instance of true, real gentlemanly feeling, now unhappily too rare, and that others—especially a "stuck-up old 'oss" at home—might well take pattern by such a model.

Now on to the church, the pastoral church of the place, in a little procession—Mr. Tilney's and the captain's carriage. For this day Mr. Tilney was the father, in the highest development. All the way, in his high-collared coat, he was invoking fervent blessings and "recalling the past," gliding from a blessing to a reminiscence, and from a reminiscence to a blessing. "Ah, dear, dear! Poor Croker. I was just sitting by him, like this, and the Dook behaved in the kindest, noblest manner. Gave her a heart with an enamel thing over it, sent only the night before. It seems like the day before yesterday. Such is the way we go, and so must we lie. Tillotson will make you happy, I know. He is good. He is everything I could wish. May the great Being bless and—Here we are!"

Here they were at the church—of the old country church pattern—a quiet tranquil place of worship, which seemed to nod and doze, as many of its rustic congregation had done during the sultry summer evenings. There was a placid young curate, who did most of the duty, and was in much esteem among the decayed ladies and gentlemen who lived in the genteel royal hospital at the palace. Men of his age and station were very scarce in the little settlement, and he was a favourite guest at the "teas" in the little cupboards. He was now to perform the marriage rite for Mr. Tillotson and Miss Ada Millwood.

All the honourables had heard of the event; had heard, too, that Mr. Tilney had been about the court in the grand old days before the general decay of fashion, and morals, and manners had set in.

The placid young curate was already coming out, with a resigned and suffering bearing, and the bridal party were ranged at the rails. The

captain, with the canary gloves (a little large and baggy on the captain's thin fingers), stooping forward to drink in the young curate's words with the deepest awe and reverence; Mr. Tilney, with his head raised, repeating the words of the rite almost half aloud; and Mr. Tillotson, with a clear brow and an air of joy. From that morning he was to cast away all troubles; even that dark shadow, by whatever it was cast, was to be before his eyes no more. The train of happy days, life itself, was coming. Even for that church, so pastoral, so innocent, he felt a strong affection.

It was done. The placid young curate had all but chanted his service in a manner that surely deserved a higher preferment. To some of the hospitaliers in the gallery he suggested an indistinct idea of one belonging properly to another world, whose fleshly tenement was detained below here by the stern laws of our kind, whose lips were, indeed, mechanically repeating the form of words, but whose soul was above. All this seemed to be conveyed in his sweet and most mournful voice. The captain said it was "the most beautiful done thing" he had met with for a long time, and by as "well-made a young fellow as ever put on a gown." May we not suspect that this performance had unconsciously an effect on the fortunes of the young curate? for Miss Mary Sidney was in the gallery, who, as we all know, is connected with the noble house of that name, and who, perceiving the divine instincts of the young man, worked heaven and earth for him; and it is certain that within a month he was translated to a brighter and better living, and there can be no question but that the Reverend Mr. Sweetman received this reward through her good offices.

It was now done. The admirable young curate had retired, with a suffering and seraphic look, as who should say or sing, "My heart is a-weary, a-weary, and yearneth to fly away like a bird;" and here were standing at the rails Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson—the new Mrs. Tillotson—the second Mrs. Tillotson—and here was Mr. Tilney invoking blessings with all fervour, and here was the captain wringing the second Mrs. Tillotson's hand, on which was a bracelet bought with the captain's own money, and which he had cautioned the jeweller to take care should be "tip top." The captain's simple congratulation was worth the whole. "My dear, I hope you will be very happy, and I know you will."

Now we pass on into the vestry, to finish the necessary beginning. Mr. Sweetman is there, already unrobed, postponing "flying away like a dove," to offer his gentle congratulations. There were the necessary joys, with which human creatures down in this vale of tears must solace themselves. He could understand and have allowance.

There was a room beyond the vestry, and then came the outer door. The captain stole away "to see for the carriages," for he did not want to have the new Mrs. Tillotson kept on

the steps with the small boys staring. He stood on the steps peering out wistfully, with his hand shading his eyes, but could not make them out. Instead, a cab came driving up hastily, the door of which was half open, and a gentleman jumped out and stood before the captain, whom, after a moment, he recollected as his visitor of the evening before. It was Ross, with flaming eyes and sunburnt cheeks. "Now," he said, "so I have caught you. I'll settle with *you* by-and-by. But I have some one else to look to now. Here, let me pass!"

INNS, OLD AND NEW.

ONE of the pleasantest chapters in what might be called "cozy" literature, is yet unwritten—the history of inns. Some diligent Dryasdust has been laboriously antiquarian over the signboards of inns, but he has stayed up above on his signboards, like Hogarth's stupid workman, unconsciously sawing away the support from under him. The subject of inns would be full of colour, of poetry, of comfort, of warmth, of romance; for very little pride would enter into such a review; perhaps only at the few moments when the "bill" flutters into sight, like a distant speck of a sail upon the horizon. So cozy a subject should have a cozy man to deal with it. Most suitable of all, were he living, Leigh Hunt, the poet of daily life, the extractor of sweets from the common conventionalities which custom makes us neglect, the distiller of perfumes from some such unpleasant matters as the refuse of gas-works. We all remember his comically selfish little devices for augmenting the satisfaction in such comforts as bed, breakfast, a flower-garden, a study, a library. Assuredly he would have been the artist to chronicle inns and their humours and changes. He was, indeed, yearning to touch it, as a little patch of landscape brought into his "Book for a Corner" shows. He revels in a friend's walk along the dusty high road, who presently halts about noon at some old converted Elizabethan mansion, nestling coolly in a wild garden, with all its windows open, and a pleasant air of desertion and abandonment. There were carvings, and old pictures, and wainscoting, and narrow panes; and there, in a cool corner, he took out a jewelled book, and in the Elizabethan atmosphere read a gorgeous Elizabethan play, whose pages were encrusted with gems, and stiff with rich and poetic embroidery. Never, thought Hazlitt (for he was the wayfarer), did the recollection of that reading in that converted inn pass from his recollection.

The old inns of reality, the old inns of fiction, the inn of Gil Blas, where the Parasite got his dinner, and the Maypole with its red curtains, and whose shelter it were worth being well benighted, overtaken with snow, and rain, and dark, to be sure of securing. After all, there is a coldness about the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. The association verges on the correct and classical. It is far different with

the Mitre. What long snug warm delightful nights! Can *we* not look back, too, at *that* Hostel? Do we not always feel a sense of welcome and expectation when Mr. Boswell, parting with Mr. Johnson, proposes that he should meet again, "sir," that night at the Mitre? And do we not seem, as it were, to hurry to fetch our hats, so as to be in good time at the rendezvous. What *long* nights over the wine! When our two gentlemen break up to go home—when it is very late indeed—do we not seem to have sat long, and heard much pleasant rambling talk, confined by the panelled enclosure of the little "box," and do we not somehow feel a little regret when the great writer Samuel forswore his pint courageously, and sat there sipping tea or water: as though that notion jarred on the idea of a cozy inn? It spoiled the idea of happiness and comfort; for the eye of the great Samuel must have wandered wistfully to Mr. Boswell's glass, and the cold idea of restraint and penance must have entered in. Wonderful Mitre nights! Glorified ennui! No wonder that Johnson was heard later, declaiming the melodious lines of Shenstone:

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his footsteps may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

We hear the Doctor sonorously rolling out these lines "with emotion," says Mr. Boswell. His warmest welcome at an inn! True, certainly, thirty years ago. To-day, utterly false; for we have a warmer welcome at the first shop we enter to buy a pair of gloves, than at the Grand Hotel of our time.

Inns long ago—that is, the inn of our Jacket period—had a flavour and association almost as divine as that of the theatre of the same date—especially at Christmas-time. Common earthly condiments, say the bread, and the tea, and the cream, and, above all, the muffin, which the juices of the butter seemed to saturate in a rich and softened fashion not attainable by the same delicacy at home—all seemed to belong to a higher dispensation. There was a Black Bull, somewhere, which was on the homeward route from school in a manufacturing town, and where, after a drive of twelve miles (four insane boys being inside, and two out), we stopped for a breakfast, only too celestial. That Black Bull seemed a paradise; the gastronomic prodigies performed by the insane boys in that Eden passed belief—passed certainly the patience of the attendant waiters, wearied with bringing relays of spiritualised and transfigured muffins, and who, at last, summoned the proprietor to intimidate us. Never shall I forget the calm but bold attitude assumed by young Ridley (known to us more affectionately as The Digger; why, no school philologist could fathom), and who met the bully landlord with the quiet defiance of the man of the world. How we envied, and, at the same time, worshipped that demeanour! I hear the Digger saying now—he was the Steerforth of our school—with his hands in his waistcoat

arm-holes, "Look here now, Mr. Wilcox—in a business point of view—do you mean to tell me and these other *gentlemen* here, that you decline to provide us with the common necessities for an English gentleman's breakfast? If so, pray say so at once, and let me and those gentlemen know how we stand?" Mr. Wilcox looked puzzled—most likely amused—though we set him down as *abashed* and confounded at having his guilty purpose exposed. "N-no," he said; "it is not that, but you know, sir" (he was already grovelling), "there is a limit to all things, and really the trays and trays o' things that I have seen a-go up with my own eyes—" "Well, if there is a limit, Mr. Wilcox," our champion replied, his chair tilted back with a man of the world's indifference that we felt it was hopeless to think of imitating, "there need be no limit to the bill; in moderation, charge something additional. These gentlemen, I am sure, will not object." The "gentlemen" murmured gutturally and indistinctly something to the effect that they approved of everything going on. "Don't let us fall out about a trifle, Mr. Wilcox," added our gallant spokesman. "We shall be often passing this way. See Mrs. Wilcox about it. She'll put you straight, won't you, Mrs. Wilcox?" That lady, who had just appeared at the door, full of hostility against what I have an instinct she must have considered "them brats," was so delighted with the appeal, that she took Wilcox's arm and led him away; and in a few moments a glorious stream of hissing, simmering, and very oleaginous muffery set in. Over this repast, the effusion of joy, of almost slavish veneration, for the gallant Digger was so extravagant, that I believe he could have on the spot disposed of our lives and persons, and led us where he pleased with implicit confidence on our parts. The highest offices in the land—the most brilliant future—we augured for him; hopes which, I believe, he did not fulfil; in fact, he ended poorly, and was rather a failure.

Ill in an inn! That is being ill indeed. The loneliness, the blankness, the sense that the landlord has on his mind an impression that you are going to die, and that he and the "business" will be injured by the spectacle of a funeral, make you most miserable. He thinks with the late Lord Kelly, "that to die in your house is the greatest liberty one man can take with another." Then the difficulty of getting "things done"—the little possets and gruels.

A wedding at an hotel—fashionable or otherwise—is rather a dismal business. There is a fatal air of insincerity over the banquet, which has a "baked-meats" air. The waiters eye the "happy pair" hungrily and with competition. Rather they never lose sight of the happy man for a second, fearful lest he should be plotting to defraud them of expected "backsheesh." The landlord hovers about, looking at the guests suspiciously, for they have given no orders, and, is thinking of what salvage he can secure out of the feast. He is dissatisfied with any settlement, for he can

money make up to him for the *conspicuousness* of the proceeding, the idlers in the street, and the families perhaps frightened away by the block of carriages, and by the gaudy guests in the windows like parrots in a cage?

The fashion—for it is a fashion—of living in these huge families, came over from the great hotel country, Germany. There do the grand hotels flourish, and eke the clever business men who "manage" the grand hotels. But there the hotel is in perfect keeping, and fills up a corner in the economy of life charmingly. What traveller does not recal a great façade of pale yellow, with eyelids of green blinds, and the pleasant garden and trees about, and snowy white and airy halls and passages, with orange-trees in tubs, and trees forcing their way in through window or door, and a cool but slippery monster stair, and a snowy white enamelled-looking room, with the double French windows (a little complicate in their working, and with a leverage sadly weak), but which are indispensable for giving the *foreign* air? Who, when he thinks of so much, and has got in *that* background, does not then add to it an eternal but pleasant fragrance of cigars, and a very courteous and gentle manager, and a cloud of German waiters, who glide along with surprising deftness, and seem like disguised imps out of a pantomime? In Germany, hotel-keeping is, so to speak, a liberal profession. But it requires capital, and more than capital, skill and training, with eaters like the Germans, such terrible exactors of their literal pound of flesh, whose appetites claim so greedily whatever is their money's worth. An hotel-keeper would be ruined in six months, unless he knew to a nicety the cheapest mode of obtaining his stores. In an hotel town the owners are capitalists; but, like sensible capitalists, train their sons to the business. And it is a fact that, at this moment, there are many brisk young waiters in the Grand Hôtel at Paris, or in the Hôtel du Louvre, who are thus, in apprenticeship: beginning at the very bottom of the ladder, answering to the cry of "garçon," and flying about with dishes, though their fathers be worth thousands of florins. By-and-by, having thus "served," they will return home and take their place under the father's régime, and in time succeed.

Pleasant are the memories of the Cock, and the old manners and customs; for here the system of "chalking up" is maintained punctiliously: I suspect at some inconvenience. Who, as he sits in this tranquil old-fashioned place, in the old-fashioned box, does not dream of that "head waiter at the Cock," who has been sung in choice poetry? I like their old sober behind-the-times ways, and the effigy of the Cock over the doorway, and the primitive speech of the waiters—"chop to follow," and "the follow chop."

Becalmed at an inn, waiting a fresh pecuniary gale, which will not come, the sense of gathering awkwardness, and the shrinking from the landlord's eye, in spite of a feeling of conscious

rectitude, and an absence of all but strictly honourable motives.

Nothing, too, more awkward than the entrance into a gay inn at a watering-place on a bright summer day, and a pleasant repast commanded for your young cousin, handsomely done out of the fulness of your heart; then to discover, too late, that the capital you have brought is quite insufficient; the horrible straits of your position flashing on you, inflamed by a sort of nightmare—a prospect half indistinct of the infuriated landlord, the entry of the accoutred executive of the law, and the degrading consignment to a prison, strange, and even far away from the recognised duress of one's own parish. How the truculent landlord entered, when sent for, when you have made up your mind to throw yourself, almost abjectly on his feelings, and in the hard lineaments of whose face is already to be read suspicion of the coming confidence, and a determination to show no mercy; how, when with a ghastly merriment, as if it were a sheer absurdity, you have got out your halting story, and talk feebly about a Post Office order the first thing in the morning (the very first thing, even before the office has opened), when, after this piled-up agony, the truculent landlord, who has lines of greed and avarice scored all over his face, interrupts you to say, calmly, that it is no matter, that if you will leave your address or send it as soon as convenient—what an unspeakable relief, albeit purchased at the sacrifice of all belief in human physiognomy!

It would be a very different thing, though, to be placed in such difficulties in the presence of the superior of the Grand Magnifico Hotel (limited), where I am at this present date writing these lines. That official—almost an abstraction, and who seems to deal with but two sorts of abstractions, the numbers of guests and the bills of guests, would, I am convinced, at any such faltering appeal, beckon from his glass-case to the eternal policeman who is always kept—perhaps for such purpose—in the outer hall. That man, M. Koenig, a being of vast continental hotel experience, must have long since found the inconvenience of carrying a heart about him, and must have parted with it. Responsibility has driven all feeling out of him. For this is a company, limited indeed as to liability, but unlimited as to greed of dividends, who keep their eye on him. A shareholder often drops in, and with the air of a careless traveller asks about rooms. He sees a rust on a plate, and forthwith writes indignantly to his favourite journal to ask “if this be the way the money of the shareholders is wasted? Yours, sir, A SHAREHOLDER IN THE GRAND MAGNIFICO HOTEL COMPANY (LIMITED).”

Where does the Magnifico stand? Be it sufficient information to say that there are many Magnificos in London; some, with a roof like a mammoth iron-clad, turned keel uppermost, and “pierced” for a couple of hundred or so of guests; some in Italian style, and some of pale unpleasant-looking yellow brick, as if built of

monster blocks of Stilton. At these great tabernacles no one will ever “take his ease,” and whoever in future travels life's dull round, will not meet his warmest welcome at the Magnifico.

It is worth the human observer's trouble to stand a little in the great hall and watch his species receiving their welcome at the Magnifico. There is the wonderful hall full of glass-cases and ambuscades—ambuscades for porters, ambuscades for the beings who must literally “have an eye to the bells,” and who live mysteriously in an atmosphere of cabalistic numbers like a gigantic draught-board. There is the wonderful hall, which is full of luggage going and luggage arriving, full of lounging waiters and lounging porters, full of departing guests, who, with trouble in their faces, are encountering the combined obsequiousness of these ministers (an obsequiousness with which they have rarely been troubled during their stay); full of bewildered questioners who have come with notes, and cards, and parcels for “William Smith, Esq.,” full of that herd of newly-arrived travellers, whose luggage waits on cab-tops outside—being sternly denied admission until the princess has given the signal. These helpless men and women—men, let it be observed, in other relations of life, perfectly equal to any situation, but wholly unnerved by this attitude of suspense—deserving of the sincerest sympathy.

The princess is behind the glass screen with the books. She sees her victims perfectly, nay, is but a yard from them; but the fiction is maintained that they are not yet in her presence. A beautifully dressed princess, with a gold chain and watch, and a fair face, and rather fair hair; “a nice creature,” not five-and-twenty. She is at this moment busy with the tall and handsome Englishman who has been abroad, and who can take off his hat gallantly to persons of her condition before he speaks. The princess has a lively voice, and can do a good deal of badinage with such gentlemen. Some of the herd, with the luggage on the cab-tops, draw near, made desperate by delay, and interrupt. The princess turns on them with disdain, and waves them off. Another dashing gentleman, who has driven up in a Hansom, with light luggage, pushes past the herd contemptuously, and with a gay manner, succeeds in obtaining audience. Then, at last growing mutinous, the herd crowd in, and are attended to wearily, and as a nuisance.

First question. Did they write? No, they did not; but they were told—Sufficient. They may go down. Utterly out of the question. Wholly impossible. Not to be thought of for a moment. They are hustled away. Did you write? Yes. When? Day before yesterday. Too late. We have a list here, for a week back. Out of the question. Wholly impossible. Not to be thought of. Some one did write, and at the proper time, and in the proper way, or asks with the proper deference, and rooms are grudgingly found. So the inquisition goes on. Wonderful princess! She has wisdom beyond her years. Always voluble; clear and

firm in voice. (Miss Hubbard, I think, her name.) Apparently "a nice creature," as was remarked before, and yet with a latent ferocity that can manifest itself at any moment or at any notice. Sometimes I come upon her in a passage, raging against a platoon of frightened chambermaids, scolding, threatening, and yet so neat and so charmingly dressed. The tone in the great hall (Miss Hubbard always excepted) is universal helplessness. Newspapers, telegrams, old letters, and parcels for some four hundred guests, lie on chairs or window-sills, unclaimed and disowned. Helpless guests, with glassy eyes, peer and poke through them, and get in each other's way, and can find nothing. But see the smiling young German in a Chocolat-Menier uniform, to whom the special supervision of newly-arrived mails is delegated—a gay and La Fleur-like young fellow, but whose English is wifely imperfect! This gentleman, on being applied to by many guests for contributions from his little post-office, begins to go through his documents slowly, with a wise and philological air, and finally announces that there are none for Mr. Breeks. It is not until days later that Mr. Briggs learns the practice of the place, and the habits of the "knowing ones:" which is, to snatch the pile of letters from the smiling German, who makes no protest, look through them yourself, and take what you want.

There are other helpless guests hanging about a dark corner like a sentry-box, with a spiked grating in front, as if a bear or panther were kept inside. These guests look up at the ceiling, or look at each other with candles in their hands, but all have a piteously forlorn air, as who should say, "what do they wish to do with us next?" Through the bars is to be seen a vast well, and running up the centre is a round black post, conveying the notion that bears are below, and that on the invitation of a biscuit, one will come sprawling up in the usual clumsy fashion. But instead, a wheezing and a sad groaning is heard, which brings the guest's mind into a suitable tone, and presently glides down a little open box, snugly furnished and carpeted, and which looks like a sentry-box, when several of us get into it, and indeed like my Uncle Toby's own sentry-box, and as if we were all Uncle Tobys and Widow Wadmans or Wadmen looking into one another's eyes.

At night, with the peculiar creaking motion and the lamps overhead, and the *huddled* look of the passengers, the whole has the air of a steam-packet cabin; yet it is invidious to speak thus of this useful engine, which in the Magnifico is a positive necessary of life. Sometimes the lift gets disordered with cramps, or breaks a bone very far below, and its action is suspended until further notice. Then there is no more dismal sight than to see strong men, in the prime of life, struggling and gasping up the eighteen or twenty flights of stairs; no more heartrending spectacle than to pass an aged widow utterly done up, suffering from incipient palpitation of the heart, and sitting exhausted

on a bench charitably provided at every landing, for the spent and dying. Some of the strong men start even gaily as if for "a lark;" but very soon they begin to pant, and blow, and press their chests. At a fair pace, it takes—I have consulted a stop-watch—a good ten minutes to get to the top of this Matterhorn.

In the great rambling sitting-room; where the company sit and read the papers with a desperation they never read with before; where you enjoy the "retired advantages of the domestic circle;" and where, by reason of the abundance of ink and pens, humanely placed everywhere to prevent monomania setting in, every one writes quantities of letters with desperation;—in the great sitting-room the universal despondency, which obtains everywhere in the Magnifico, settles yet deeper and deeper on the human heart. Old gentlemen go prowling about greedy for their newspapers, and with spleen and rage on their faces if disappointed; for such passions doth the Magnifico foster. It is a school for the worst and most earthy vices of our nature. It fattens grumbling, envy, discontent, and a morbid temper born of low spirits. If I stay longer, I myself shall be corrupted, so I shall demand my bill at once, cast the dust of the Magnifico off my shoes, and take to clippers in more home-like regions.

A VENETIAN BRIDAL.

SHE is dancing in the palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the sullen water
Floweth silently.
She is radiant in her beauty,
Pearls her ebony ringlets twine,
Rubies glisten on her finger,
Sapphires on her bosom shine.
She is queen of every heart there,
Envy of the beauteous train;
On her looks are fiefdoms pending,
Deadliest loss and loftiest gain.
Princes for her sake are sighing;
She is fairest, first of all
Who are dancing in the palace
At the Doge's festival.

Dancing in the Doge's palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the turbid water
Rolleth sullenly.

For her love a royal bosom
Beats with fierce desire:
Unrequited passion, burning
Like consuming fire.
Wherefore doth she shrink and quiver
When He breathes her name?
Wherefore is her cheek and bosom
Dyed with crimson shame?
And her eager eye turns from him,
Glancing far astray
For some absent one, regretful,
Of his long delay.
Fix'd upon her with dark meaning,
Glare those baleful eyes;
Fast clench'd, by the wrist, he holds her:
"Thou art mine! My prize!"

Vainly from the fowler's clutches
Would the bird take flight;
'Gainst the strong is no appealing,
Here, where might is right."

They are dancing in the Doge's
Palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the cruel water
Marmass mockingly.

But her cheek grows white: he comes not,
Comes not, whom she loves.
Drooping, vacant, 'mong the dancers
Listlessly she moves.
Heard she not the heavy footsteps
Cross the bridge of doom?
Nor the iron fetters clanking,
Of the living tomb?
Hears she not a sudden splashing
In the tide beneath?
Drown'd in tones of mirth and music
Are the sounds of Death.

She is leaning from her casement
O'er the dark polluted tide.
Long ere set of sun to-morrow
She will be a prince's bride.
Little weens the royal bridegroom,
Dreaming of her in his sleep,
How she watches at her casement
In the dead of night, to weep.
"O thou dark and dismal channel,
Fisher's net was never cast
In thy guilty waters, shrouding
Bloody secrets of the past.
In the day of retribution,
When thy waves are backward roll'd,
What an awful revelation
Shall the startled world behold!
Yet my spirit yearneth o'er thee,
And my envious eyes would peer
Through thy mysteries, to recover
All my broken heart holds dear.
What a pearl lies hid beneath thee!
I would venture fathoms deep
To regain my stolen treasure
Which thy gloomy caverns keep.
They have made me fast, their victim!
But I scorn their utmost might.
I will break my chain, Beloved,
And will be with thee to-night!"

They are waiting in the palace,
Bridegroom, kinsmen, guests and all:
Wherefore does the lady tarry
From the wedding festival?
What a rare and splendid pageant!
What a scene of pomp and pride!
Nothing at the marriage festa
Wanting, but, alas! the bride.
Hearts grow sick with hope deferred;
Livid is the bridegroom's cheek;
Near and distant for the lady
High and low in vain they seek.
Bridegroom, 'twixt thy dreams and waking—
Blissful dreaming of thy bride—
Heard'st thou not a splash, a ripple
Break the stillness of the tide?
She is safe for ever from thee.
Wilt thou seek her in the deeps
Of the foul forbidden waters
Where thy favour'd rival sleeps?

Roll on, woful, wicked waters,
Bear them out into the sea;
Let them lie all undefiled
In the blue immensity!

There is mourning in the palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the doomed waters
Throb lamentingly.

MR. WHELKS AT THE PLAY.

BEING desirous to receive as favourable an impression as possible of the theatrical amusements provided for Mr. Whelks in the great metropolis, we visited the other evening a temple of the drama—specially devoted to him—which has the advantage of being situated in close proximity to the haunts of fashion. In the New Cut, in Shoreditch, and in the Whitechapel-road, Mr. Whelks has no opportunity of studying those arts which refine the manners, &c.; but here, in a slightly westerly quarter of the town, it might naturally be expected that he would derive great advantage from his association with the nobility and gentry. We judged, not illogically, we hope, that the Mr. Whelks who serves salmon and soles to the aristocracy of Tyburnia must be a being of a superior order to the Mr. Whelks who serves Dutch plaice and sprats to the democracy of Houndsditch and Lambeth. Pursuing this reasoning, we came to the conclusion that, as in this quarter Mr. Whelks's tastes were refined by contact with fashion, the entertainments provided for him in his leisure hours were, doubtless, adapted to gratify and sustain those tastes.

The theatre is situated in the centre of one of the largest and most populous parishes in London, and there is no rival establishment within two miles. The district surrounding it, is a city in itself, containing all the elements which constitute society, both social and commercial. It is inhabited by all classes, from the highest to the lowest, and every kind of commerce, wholesale and retail, is pursued within its boundaries. In all this great town there is but one temple of the drama, and that is devoted to Mr. Whelks. The theatre is well constructed, prettily decorated, brightly lighted, and clean. The stage is capable of scenic effects on a large scale. The prices of admission are exceedingly moderate: to the boxes and stalls, one shilling, to the pit, sixpence, and to the gallery, fourpence. There is half-price to the boxes and stalls at nine o'clock, but no half-price to the pit and gallery. We arrived at nine o'clock, and, on the payment of sixpence, gained admission to the stalls. The curtain had just fallen upon the thrilling drama of the Watercress Girl, and we had leisure to survey the house. There were very few in the stalls and boxes, but the pit and gallery were crowded. We immediately recognised Mr. Whelks in the front row of the pit. He was accompanied by Mrs. Whelks, Master Whelks, and the two Misses Whelks. Mrs. Whelks was regaling herself and the

junior branches with brisket of beef, liberally seasoned with mustard, and Mr. Whelks was refreshing his physical nature with a cold potato, regarding it, in the light of an egg, and using his clasp-knife as an egg-spoon. Every opportunity was afforded him of gratifying his taste for stimulating liquors—so prejudicial to the true interests of the drama—for in this, as in most other theatres in London, there are drinking-bars in every available corner; and, at the end of the acts, white-aproned potmen went round with cans of porter. The audience was quiet and orderly; albeit it was to be inferred, from placards affixed to the walls of the gallery, that it was not always so. Those placards intimated, in very large letters, that any persons WHISTLING (this very large), or otherwise disturbing the performance, would be instantly expelled by the police. On this occasion, however, Mr. Whelks and his tribe behaved with the greatest propriety, and seemed to be earnestly bent upon the true delights of the drama.

Glancing at the synopsis of the characters in the *Watercress Girl*, we were sorry that we had not arrived in time to see that thrilling piece. "John Leicester, a man of fair outside but foul within, not old in years, but old in guilt and sin, the unnatural husband, conspiring against the lives of his wife and infant child;" "Octavius Croft, cunning and cruel, though he wears a smile, and serves your friend to rob you all the while, and bad specimen of a rascally lawyer;" "Ada Leicester, young, fair, and pallid, on the morning light, her young life darkened by a villain's blight." Miserable Jenny, "an outcast and a wanderer, who always suffers." Biddy Blare, "bending in form, with cracking voice, and harsh, she seemed to be a thing to shudder at and pass;" Bob Nobody, of whom it is said in the bill that "none asked him where he went or whence he came, he walked the world, a man without a name (a mystery afterwards explained)." Pharah, Reuben, and Mike, thieves of the Night and Woods; and Curly Bill, Apple Jack, Brassy Harry, Gaffy Ned, &c., "costermongers, ready and rough, of the Namesclaphaters, who go their rounds with cabbage and taters." Surrounded by all these doubly-dyed villains, we felt assured that the young, fair, and pallid Ada, and "the market's pride, of blossoms there the queen, the little watercress girl, Alice Green," must have had a sad time of it, though we felt equally assured that their virtue had come off triumphant against all odds.

"N.B. At the conclusion of the first piece an interval of ten minutes for refreshments, which can be obtained at the bar at the same prices as outside the theatre."

And now, the refreshments having been consumed, the curtain rises upon "the great French drama, in three acts, entitled the *Black Doctor*." A version (for Mr. Whelks) of a play once wonderfully acted. Scene, the romantic abode of the *Black Doctor*. Enter the *Black Doctor* with a chocolate-coloured face, showing his teeth and the whites

of his eyes in an alarming manner. He is suffering, apparently from the stomach-ache, but in reality from "lurv" of Pauline de la Reynerie. He, a Creole, has dared to lurv with a great deal of ardour and a great deal of v, the daughter of the white man. Into the romantic abode, which is somewhere on the mountains of the Isle of Bourbon, comes, at this moment, the daughter of the white man, appropriately attired in a white muslin ball-dress. The *Black Doctor* has another fearful paroxysm of stomach-ache, caused, as it appears, by the restraint which he is obliged to impose upon his feelings. He is consequently not very intelligible; but it seems to be an understood thing between him and Pauline de la Reynerie, the wealthy heiress, that they are to meet at the Lovers' Grotto in St. Michael's Bay at three o'clock. When Pauline departs, and after the *Black Doctor* has had another internal spasm, a shot is heard. The Doctor rushes off with a chopper, and immediately brings in a spruce young gentleman (the haughty noble of the play, as you can see by his ruffles and jewelled breast-pin), who has been attacked by a hooded snake. The Doctor washes the young man's wounded hand in a bowl of water, and binds it up with a white pocket-handkerchief, which leads the young man to remark that his preserver has performed "a most superb amputation;" and further, that if he had not been rescued from the snake, "many an eye would have been dimmed with tears that day, for the untimely fate of the Chevalier de St. Luce." "Ha!" exclaims the *Black Doctor*, with a terrible start, "the man she luvvs! He will be her husband, and I have saved him!" We might have known that it was not for nothing that the *Black Doctor* brought in a gun with him. When the Chevalier departs, the Doctor takes up the gun and points it at his retiring rival. When he is about to draw the trigger he is moved to look at the portrait of his mother, and when he has looked at the portrait of his mother he abandons his murderous design. He has another fit of the colic. He recovers a little, and makes a fearful resolve. Pauline de la Reynerie shall be his. "If not in this life," he says, "in death we will be united." By which Mr. Whelks is led to expect that the *Black Doctor* is going to do something dreadful in the Lovers' Grotto at three o'clock.

A front scene brings on a comic tailor and a comic valet, the comic tailor arrayed in a complete suit of blue and white check of the bed-curtain pattern, and the comic valet staking all his conicality on a very red nose. Their humours consist in simulating drunkenness in a most inexperienced manner—creditable to them as men, but not as artists—and in knocking against each other, to the great delight of Mr. Whelks be it said, and particularly to the delight of Master Whelks, until the carpenters are ready to reveal the Lovers' Grotto, when the two comic gentlemen tumble off. The Lovers' Grotto is a lonely place by the sea—very sad—sea waves, with a rock in the centre, which Mr. Whelks's

long experience tells him is, like the gun, not there for nothing. The Black Doctor arrives, and so does Pauline. He dares to tell the daughter of the white man that he loves her; but Pauline, in that lonely place, dares to tell the Black Doctor that she does not reciprocate the sentiment:—which causes Mrs. Whelks to exclaim that she “should think not, indeed!” Finding that Pauline declines his suit, the Black Doctor proceeds to frighten her. He shows his teeth and rolls his eyes (the thunder beginning to roll simultaneously), and then, looking anxiously round at the sad sea waves, tells her that all escape is cut off by the waters, and that they must perish together. Under the influence of the gleaming teeth, the rolling eyes and thunder, the flashing lightning, and the rising waters, Pauline, in “the last hour of life,” as the bill says, “reveals her hoarded secret.” She loves the Black Doctor. But it is too late. The waters are rising—not so rapidly as they ought to have done, owing to one of the waves catching in a nail—and there is no escape. Pauline has just time to pray for her mother’s forgiveness—what for, or according to what faith, does not appear—when the Black Doctor seizes her in his arms and carries her to the rock. But all is in vain. The ocean, having disengaged itself from the nail which kept the tide down, rises higher and higher, and Pauline and the Black Doctor, clinging to the rock and to each other, disappear amid its dusty waters. Act drop. Mr. Whelks applauds a little in a patronising manner, but at the same time laughs derisively. His feelings are not stirred in the slightest degree, and he returns to his cold potato with the air of a philosopher who has found everything in life vain and hollow, except that which ministers to the man physical.

In the second act, after the two comic men have knocked each other about, solely for the convenience of the stage carpenters, scarcely for the amusement of the audience, Mr. Whelks finds the Black Doctor still alive, rescued in some mysterious manner from the dusty ocean, and acting as servant, in a court suit, including a powdered bag-wig and sword, in the house of Pauline’s mother, who is a marchioness. Pauline has also been rescued from the dusty ocean, and what is more, has been privately married to the Black Doctor. The B. D., whose christian name is Fabian, finds his situation a most tantalising one. He has taken service with the marchioness, to be near his wife, but he dares not show his affection for her, nor even speak to her, except on rare occasions, when there is no one present. He is condemned to see handsome young gallants dangling after her, and making love to her; and yet, under all this provocation, he is “sigh-lent.” He finds it difficult, however, to be sigh-lent when he discovers that his hated rival, the Chevalier de St. Luce, whose life he saved, is making love to his wife with the intention of marrying her; but, when he presumes to speak, the Chevalier taunts him with having been a slave in the Isle of Boor-hong (they are all in France now), and says that though he

wears a sword, he dares not draw it. Stung by these contemptuous words, the Black Doctor has another fit of intestine agony, during which he draws his sword slowly, and with an effort, as if he were drawing it from his own vitals. Mr. Whelks expects that there is going to be a combat here, and is much disgusted when the Black Doctor restrains his feelings, breaks his sword across his knee, and flings himself in a heap on the table. From this attitude, illustrative of the abject and degraded condition of the negro, the Black Doctor is aroused by hearing the marchioness announce to the Parisian nobles on their return from Versailles—two of the nobles having visited the court in their drawers—that Pauline is about to be married to the Chevalier de St. Luce. The Black Doctor will be “sigh-lent” no longer. He claims Pauline as his lawful wedded wife, and Pauline claims the Black Doctor as her lawful wedded husband. Mr. Whelks, who, in the abstract, is a lover of virtue and propriety, applauds this very much, but the wicked Parisian nobles are greatly disgusted. The Black Doctor receives notice to quit, and Pauline, hearing the sentence of banishment, falls on her knees and puts a little phial to her lips. The Black Doctor rushes forward just in time to prevent her swallowing the deadly poison, exclaiming, “This act of devotion repays me for all I have suffered.” Events now follow each other in rapid succession. The marchioness curses Pauline, the marriage is “annulled by aristocratic” power, Pauline is doomed to close confinement, the Black Doctor thrust into “the deepest dungeons of the Bastille.” Tableau: The Black Doctor in the hands of the minions of the law.

“Act Third. The Bastille! The Contrast!
“The Rich and Poor Prisoners!”

The stage is divided into two floors, for the purpose of showing—quite gratuitously, and without any reference to the story—the contrast between the treatment of the rich and poor in the Bastille. A noble is in the upper floor, being attended upon by his valet, while the Black Doctor is condemned to lie upon some straw in the deepest dungeon. While every indulgence is shown to the noble, the jailer takes away the Black Doctor’s lamp just as he is coming to an interesting passage in a letter (from Pauline) which has been mysteriously dropped, from Heaven knows where, among his straw. At this moment, however, the revolution breaks out, the Bastille is stormed with many maroons, much fire, smoke, and smother, the revolutionists rush in, cell doors are broken open, and the Black Doctor is declared to be free. Mr. Whelks is greatly excited here, and applauds vociferously; indeed, with so much appreciation as to cause the flats to be drawn off, and the tableau repeated with one more maroon, which, however, being short of powder, goes off flatly, and causes Mr. Whelks to laugh.

In the last act, Mr. Whelks finds the Black Doctor in a hut on the sea-coast of Brittany; and, being on the sea-coast, he is suitably

attired in maritime costume. His troubles, however, have driven him out of his mind, and he is babbling about the Lovers' Grotto, the rising of the waters, and his being "sigh-lent." Then he is co-o-old, co-o-old, and sits at a fire to warm himself in the orthodox distraught manner, which prescribes a wide spreading-out of the fingers, when Pauline, dressed in black velvet (mourning for the Black Doctor, whom she thinks dead), enters the hut, recognises her husband, and flies to his arms. But, alas! the "Bloodhounds of Retribution" (whoever they may be, and this is by no means clear) are on his track. The Bloodhounds of Retribution rush into the hut and seize the Black Doctor to drag him to prison; but one of the bloodhounds says "Better settle it here," and straightway shoots the Black Doctor. The Doctor falls, takes out the certificate of his marriage with Pauline, and waves it aloft. Pauline throws herself upon the body, and the whole concludes with a "TABLEAU OF GRIEF, DESPAIR, AND DEATH!"

How was Mr. Whelks entertained by all this? He was entertained drearily, dismally. He was listless and indifferent, except when watching the rising of the waters and the storming of the Bastille; and well he might be, for there was not a single natural incident, nor a single natural sentiment, that could in any way appeal to his knowledge of life or the sympathies of his heart. He simply tolerated the wearisome nonsense; and, when it was over, he walked away sullenly, with the air of a man who had been bored with a dreary lecture. It is really surprising how much of the complaint which found utterance in Household Words sixteen years ago, still remains to be reiterated in these pages, with regard to the humble class of theatres and their entertainments.

It was remarked by the writer, who first took the theatrical interests of Mr. Whelks in hand, that "in whatever way the common people are addressed, whether in churches, chapels, schools, lecture-rooms, or theatres, to be successfully addressed they must be directly appealed to. No matter how good the feast, they will not come to it on mere sufferance. If, on looking around us, we find that the only things plainly and personally addressed to them, from quack medicines upwards, be bad or very defective things, so much the worse for them and for all of us, and so much the more absurd and unjust the system which has haughtily abandoned a strong ground to such occupation." All this still remains to be urged. In the particular theatre we have just visited—one of Mr. Whelks's own—Mr. Whelks is pushed away as far from the stage as possible, in pit and gallery, and the best places—those in the stalls and boxes—are given over to emptiness. Why will managers persist in thus treating their best customers? But perhaps managers are not so much to blame as the system. All things theatrical have gone on so long in a groove, that it is difficult to drag them out of the rut into which they have sunk. Many of the theatres in London are so encumbered with leases, heaped one upon another, and by interests

and restrictions of all kinds, that the managers are not in a position to make alterations in the buildings. But there is no reason in the world why they should not make improvements in the entertainments.

It is all very well to lay down the maxim that the great essential of a play is incident. Mr. Whelks is treated to incidents enough and to spare, but no pains are taken, and no art is employed, to interest him anyhow—not to say imperceptibly to his own advantage—in the personages who are the heroes, or the victims, of the incidents. Another great mistake is made in acting on the principle that low prices will only afford a low class of entertainment. "What can you expect, when it is only a shilling to the boxes?" But it is only a shilling to the Crystal Palace, with all its wonders of nature and art. It is only a shilling to popular concerts, where the performers are the most gifted and the most cultivated artists of the day. The experience of these, and a few other endeavours of the kind, proves that a really first-rate entertainment will always draw the people, and exhibits the nonsense and unreason of another great mistake, which cants about "playing down" to Mr. Whelks, instead of recognising the fact that Mr. Whelks should be "played up" to a higher level than he holds now, and that it may be gradually and hopefully done by good sense, good purpose, and good art.

THE VOLANTE.

ARE there any of us so high and mighty and wise and proud and philosophical as not to long for something? Until I read a novel called Barchester Towers, I never ventured to imagine that a being so ineffable as an English bishop could long for anything. Under the shovel-hat and silken apron, I thought, must dwell supreme indifference to the toys and gewgaws for which a grosser laity struggle and intrigue. Yet, what a delicate touch of the lancet between the under muscles of the human mind is that with which MR. TROLLOPE shows us poor little henpecked Dr. Proudie, in his grand palace at Barchester, longing, not for the see of Canterbury, not to be a second Wolsey or a new Ximenes, but merely to be able to write his sermons and sip his negus in a warm cozy large room above-stairs, from which he has been banished by his imperious bishopness. Yes; a bishop may long. A bishop! Who shall say that his Holiness the Pope has not coveted, within these latter years, the lot of one of his own flunkys? It was in the disguise of a postilion that the poor old gentleman fled out of Rome in 1849. Quite feasible is it to surmise that his memory has oft reverted to the day when he cracked his whip, and rose up and down in his saddle, mechanical, on the dusty road to Gaeta, and that, looking wearily on all his tiaras, and copes, and stoles, and peacocks' feathers, he has sighed, and thought that happiness might be found in an obscure post,

good wages, a jacket with sugar-loaf buttons, and tight buckskin small-clothes.

We generally long for the thing which we are least likely ever to possess. The ugly woman longs for beauty. The drunkard, in his waking moments, longs for the firm tread, clear eye, and assured speech, of the temperate; and I have often conjectured that thieves are beset at times with a dreadful longing to become honest men. I was born to go afoot. When Fate condemned me to the footpath, she also presented me with a pair of bad legs; for Fate seldom does things by halves. The consequence is, that I have always been longing to ride in a carriage of my own. Of my own mind. Let that you have, be yours and nobody else's. I have longed for my own carriage this many a year, and have gazed so enviously intent on some of my acquaintance riding high horses or careering along in the chariots of the proud, that my toes have been menaced by their chargers' hoofs, and my last carriage has promised to be a stretcher to convey me to the hospital after being run over. My longings vehicular have been catholic, and perhaps a little capricious. In childhood I longed for the lord mayor's coach, so grand, so golden, so roomy. What happiness was his who, with a furporringer on his head, and a sword held bâton-wise, looked from that coach-window like Punch from a glorified show! There was a story related to my detriment during nonage, that I once expressed a longing for a mourning coach. I will own that the cumbrous sable waggon, so repulsive to most persons, exercises over me to this day a strange fascination, and that I have some difficulty in refraining from stealing down the stable-yards of funeral postmasters and peeping into the stuffy cloth caverns, and seeking for strange sights in the shining black panels, as the superstitious seek for apparitions in the drop of ink of the Egyptian magician, and wondering at the uncouth leather springs and braces, and watching the harnessing of the long-tailed round-barrelled Flemish steeds, with their obsolete surcingle and chestbands. The which leads me, with a blush, to admit that there may be some truth in the report that in youth "my sister Emmeline and I"—her name was not Emmeline—were in the habit of performing funerals in the nursery, and playing at Mr. Shillibeer.

But these, and the glorious mail-coach, with the four thorough-breds, and the guard and coachman in blazing scarlet and gold, and the bran-new harness and reins, which used to burst on our sight on the evening of the king's birthday long bygone—these were but childish longings, airy desires akin to that which children show for the royal arms on a shop-front, or the moon in a pail of water. Not until manhood did I feel that full fierce longing, the longing which is mingled with discontent, and is own brother to envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. I have given the Drive in Hyde Park a wide berth, and have gone out of my way to avoid Long-acre. The sight of other people's carriages

made me sick. I never owned so much as a one-horse chaise. I have not even a perambulator.

My longing has varied with the countries in which it has been my lot to long. I have longed for a droschky with a bearded Istvostchik in a braided caftan and a baubachil alozan from the Ukraine in the shafts. There is a droschky, I think, among the specimens of wheeled carriages in the Crystal Palace, but I never longed for an Istvostchik at Sydenham. I desiderated the Russian vehicle only while I was on Russian soil. When I went away, I began to long for something else. Nor, I fear, shall I ever possess a droschky of even the humblest kind, which is nothing but a cloth-covered saddle, on which you sit astride, with splash-boards to protect you from the wheels; for in the latest edition of Murray I learn that droschkies are going out of fashion, and that the Petersburg railway stations are now beset by omnibuses and hack cabs. I never longed for an Irish outside car, although I have seen some pretty private ones; and crinoline may be displayed in its widest sense and to its greatest advantage on a "kyar," say between two and five in the afternoon, in Grafton-street, Dublin. My soul has often thirsted for a private Hansom. What luxury in the knowledge that those high wheels, that stiff and shiny apron, all belong to you! I think I would have a looking-glass in the splash-board, in lieu of Mr. Mappin's proclamation of the goodness of his knives, and I am sure I should be always pushing open that trap in the roof and bidding the cabman drive faster. And I have longed for a mail phaeton—not so much for the sake of the two proud steppers and the trim lamp with their silvered reflectors, as for the sake of the two grooms who, in black tunics, cockaded hats, white neckcloths, and pickle-jar boots, sit in the dickey with their arms folded, like statues of Discipline and Obedience. I knew a gentleman in the city of Mexico, and he owned such a mail phaeton with two such statuesque grooms as I have described. Little did he reckon, good hospitable man, that the guest he was wont to drive out in the Paseo de la Vega envied him, with a green and spotted jealousy, his mail phaeton and his trim grooms. He had encountered the most appalling difficulties before he could find two human beings who, even after long drilling and for liberal wages, could be induced to sit in the dickey—or is it the rumble?—and fold their arms without moving. The Mexicans are a very busy people; but neither the Spaniards, nor the half-castes, nor the Indians, understand sitting behind a horse. They prefer sitting across him. My friend sent to the United States for grooms. They returned him word that there were no grooms in the Union who would fold their arms. A lawsuit took him to New York, and he had another mail phaeton built for the Central Park; but the grooms were still lacking. He tried Irishmen, and he tried negroes. Tempted by abundant dollars, they would consent to wear the cockaded hats and the pickle-jar boots, but

they could not be brought to fold their arms. To attempt to subject a native American citizen to this indignity was, of course, out of the question. When I remark that I have seen a citizen clad in a red shirt and a white hat driving a hearse at a public funeral, you will recognise the impossibility of any statuesque arrangements in connexion with mail phaetons in the States.

For any native Yankee carriage I never longed. I held the Noah's-ark cars on the street railways in horror, and considered the Broadway stages as abominations. As for a trotting "waggon"—by which is meant a hard shelf on an iron framework between two immense wheels, to which a railway locomotive at high pressure but disguised as a horse, has been harnessed—I never could appreciate the pleasure of being whirled along at the rate of about eighteen miles an hour, with the gravel thrown up by the wheels flying about you, now bombarding your eyes, and now peppering your cheeks. Thoroughly do I agree with the general criticism passed on trotting waggons by an old steam-boat captain who had endured for a couple of hours the agony of the iron shelf. "The darned thing," he remarked, "has got no bulwarks." There is rather a pretty American carriage called a Rockaway—not from any peculiar oscillatory motion it possesses, but from a watering-place high Rockaway, where it was first brought into use. The Rockaway is in appearance something between the French panier à salade, in which the garçons de bureau of the Bank of France speed on their bill-collecting missions, and the spring cart of a fashionable London baker. Add to this a grinning negro coachman, with a very large silver or black velvet band to a very tall hat, and the turn-out, you may imagine, is spruce and sparkling. But I never longed for a Rockaway. The American saddle-horses are the prettiest creatures imaginable out of a circus, and are as prettily harnessed. They are almost covered, in summer, with a gracefully fantastic netting, which keeps the flies from them.

Much less have I yearned for one of the Hungarian equipages, about which such a fuss is made in the Prater at Vienna. An open double, or triple bodied rattle-trap, generally of a gaudy yellow, with two or four ragged spiteful profligate little ponies, and the driver in a hybrid hussar costume, a feather in his cap, sky-blue tunic and pantaloons, much braiding, and Hessian boots with very long tassels. This is the crack Hungarian equipage, the Magyar name of which I do not know, nor knowing could pronounce. The Viennese hold this turn-out to be, in the language of the mews, very "down the road;" but it fails to excite my longing. Hungarian ponies look wild and picturesque enough in Mr. Zeitler's pictures; but a gipsy's cart without the tilt is not precisely the thing for Hyde Park; and the "proud Hungarian" on the box-seat reminds me too forcibly of the "Every Hungarian," who in cosmopolitan sawdust continues the traditions of equitation handed down by the late Andrew Ducrow.

When, only last March, I was looking from a balcony overhanging the Puerta del Sol, in Madrid, and used to hear, at about three in the afternoon, the clangour of trumpets from the guard-house at the Casa de la Gobernacion opposite, as the carriages of the royal family, with their glittering escort, drove by to the Prado or the Retero, I would question myself as to whether I felt any longing for the absolute possession of one of those stately equipages. I don't think I did. They were too showy and garish for my humble ambition. If a slight feeling of longing came over me, it was for the coach which conveyed the junior branches of the royal family. Imagine, if you please, a spacious conveyance all ablaze with heraldic achievements, and crammed to the roof with little infants and infantas; Mr. Bumble on the coach-box; and the beadles of St. Clement's Dames, the ward of Portsoken, and the Fishmongers' Company, hung on behind, abreast—for long laced coats and huge laced cocked-hats are the only wear of flunkedom in Spain. Harnessed to this astounding taravan were six very sleek, very fat, and very supercilious-looking mules. To the beadles before and the beadles behind must be added the beadle of the Burlington Arcade, on the off leader, as postilion. Yea, more. The beadle of the Royal Exchange trotted on an Andalusian jennet as outrider. A squadron of lancers followed, to take care that the infantas and infantas were not naughty, or that the naughtier Progresistas didn't run away with them. On the whole, I don't think I longed much for this sumptuous equipage. There is another coach, in the royal stables at Madrid, much more in my line—a queer, cumbrous, gloomy litter, with a boot as big as a midshipman's chest. It is a very old coach—the oldest, perhaps, extant, and nearly the first coach ever built, being the one in which Crazy Jane, Queen of Castile and Aragon, used to carry about the confined body of her husband, Charles of Anjou.

There is yet another coach in my line—the Shillibeer line, I mean—which may be hired for a franc an hour at a certain city on the Adriatic sea, opposite Trieste. There are about four thousand of those coaches in the city—a very peculiar city, for the sea is in its broad and its narrow streets, and the seaweed clings to the door-steps of its palaces. How I have longed to have one of those coaches for my own private riding; say in the Surrey Canal or on the Serpentine! The Americans have got one in the lake in their Central Park; but the toy once placed there has been forgotten, and it is dropping to pieces. It is the only coach of which use is practicable in Venice. It is black, and shiny, and hearse-like, and its roof bristles with funereal tufts, and the carving about its doors and panels is strictly of the undertaker's order of decoration. It is called a gondola.

But where would be the use of a gondola in London? The Surrey Canal is not in a fashionable district, and the Serpentine has no outlet. The chief purpose of your own carriage, I pre-

sume, is to drive about to the residences of your friends and acquaintances, and strike despair into their souls by flashing your liveries and appointments in their eyes. You could scarcely put your gondoliers into buckskins and pickle-jar boots, although, upon my word, I remarked, lately, at Venice, that the Count of Chambord, otherwise the Duke of Bordeaux, otherwise Henry the Fifth, King of France and Navarre—who lives, when he is not at Froksdorff, at one of the most beautiful palaces on the Grand Canal, and keeps half a dozen gondolas for his private recreation—has been absurd enough to dress up his boatmen in tail coats, gold-laced hats, plush breeches and gaiters. Truly, the Bourbons have learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing. Incongruity of incongruities! Imagine Jeames de la Pluche on the Grand Canal.

As one could not drive down to Ascot in a gondola, or take it to the Crystal Palace on a half-crown day, or keep it waiting for an hour and a half at the door of one's club—and as the linkman at the Royal Italian Opera would be slightly astonished at having to proclaim that Mr. Anonymous's gondola stopped the way, I must abandon all hopes of possessing a marine Shillibeer until I can afford to take a palace at Venice.

But, if my longings are not to be satisfied in Europe, there is in the Spanish West Indies a carriage to be longed for: ay, and the longing may be gratified at a very moderate expenditure. In the city of Havana, and in Havana alone, is to be found this turn-out. It is but a "one-hoss shay;" but it is a chaise fit for princes and potentates to ride in. It is the queerest trap into which mortal ever mounted. It is unique and all but inimitable. Those who have visited Cuba will understand that I allude to the famous conveyance called **THE VOLANTE**.

The rooms looking on the street in Havana are necessarily provided with windows, but these casements are garnished with heavy ranges of iron bars, behind which you sit and smoke, or eat, or drink, or yawn, or twist your fan, or transfix the male passers-by with dreamy, yet deadly, glances, precisely as you, habits, or your sex, or the time of the day may prompt you. Skinny hands are often thrust between these bars; and voices cry to you in Creole Spanish to bestow alms for the sake of the Virgin and the saints. Sometimes rude boys make faces at you through the grating, or rattle a bamboo cane in discordant gamut over the bars, till you grow irritable, and begin to fancy that Havana is a zoological garden, in which the insiders and outsiders have changed places; that you have been shut up in the monkey-house; and that the baboons are grimacing at you from the open. I was sitting at the grated window of El Globo's restaurant after breakfast, dallying with some preserved cocoa-nut, a most succulent "goody," and which is not unlike one of the spun-glass wigs they used to exhibit at the Soho Bazaar dipped in glutinous syrup, when, across the field of vision bounded by the window-pane, there passed a negro, mounted on horseback.

The animal was caparisoned in blinkers, and a collar, and many straps and bands, thickly bedight with silver ornaments, which I thought odd in the clothing of a saddle-horse. But it might be un costume del país, I reflected; just such another custom as that of plaiting up the horse's tail very tightly, adorning it with ribbons, and tying the end to the saddle-bow. An absurd custom, and a cruel custom; for in the tropics the horse's tail was obviously given him for the purpose of whisking away the flies, which sorely torment him. The black man bestriding this tail-tied horse grinned at me as he rode by, touched his hat, and made a gesture as though of inquiry. That, also, I conjectured to be a Cuban custom. Those big placable unreasoning babies, called negroes, are always grinning and bowing, and endeavouring to conciliate the white man, whom they respect and fear, and love, too, after a fashion. This was a stately black man—a fellow of many inches, muscular, black as jet, and shiny. He wore a straw hat with a bright ribbon, a jacket of many colours, a scarlet vest, white small-clothes, very high jack-boots—so at least they seemed to me—with long silver spurs, and large gold rings in his ears. He carried a short stocked whip, with a very long lash of many knots, and he rode in a high demi-peaked saddle, with Moorish stirrups, profusely decorated, like the harness, with silver. I could not quite make him out. The Postilion of Longjumeau, a picador from the bull-ring, Gambia in the "Slave" on horseback, struggled for mastery in his guise. He moved slowly across the window, and I saw him no more. I forgot all about this splendid spectre on horseback, and returned to my dalliance with the preserved cocoa-nut. Time passed. It might have been an hour, it might have been a minute, it might have been a couple of seconds—for the march of Time is only appreciable in degree, and is dependent on circumstances—when, looking up from the cocoa-nut, I saw the plane of vision again darkened. Slowly, like the stag in a shooting-gallery, there came bobbing along a very small gig body, hung on very large C springs, and surmounted by an enormous hood. Stretched between the apron and the top of this hood at an angle of forty-five degrees, was a kind of awning or tent of some sable fabric. Peeping between the hood and the awning, I saw a double pair of white-trousered legs, while at a considerable altitude above, two spirals of smoke were projected into the air. "Surely," I exclaimed, "they can never be so cruel as to make their negro slaves draw carriages." I rose from the table, and, standing close to the bars, gained a view of the street pavement. But no toil-worn negro was visible, and, stranger to relate, no horse, only the gig body and a pair of wheels big enough to turn a paper-mill, and a pair of long timber shafts, and a great gulf between. Mystery! Was that an automaton, or Hancock's steam-coach come to life again? Had my field of view been less confined, I might have discovered that there was, indeed, a horse between the shafts, but that he was a very long way off.

He was the identical horse, in fact, ridden by the black postilion who had grinned at me. I had seen a volante.

I became intimately acquainted with the volante ere I left Havana, and I learned to long for it. I have yet faint hopes of acclimatising it in Hyde Park. Some slight difficulty may be experienced in climbing into it, for the C springs are hung very high, and are apt to wag about somewhat wildly when the ponderosity of one or two human bodies is pressed upon them. I would recommend a few weeks' practice in climbing into a hammock ere the volante is attempted; but the ascent is, after all, much more facile than that to the knife-board of a London omnibus. Once in the curriele, you are at your ease and happy. You are rocked as in a cradle, and may slumber as peacefully as a baby; or, if you choose to keep awake, you may catch glimpses, between the canopy of the hood which screens the nape of your neck and the crown of your head, and the black linen awning which shelters your face and eyes from the blinding rays of the sun, of strips of life and movement—foot-passengers, or riders in other volantes. To keep a gig was declared on a certain well-known occasion to be an undeniable proof of respectability. But, to ride in a gig drawn by a horse with a plaited tail and silver harness, and conducted by a postilion in a many-coloured jerkin and jack-boots, I consider to be the acme of glory.

It behoves me to offer two brief explanations with regard to the black postilion's attire. When you come narrowly to inspect him, you discover that he is not entirely a man of truth. There is a spice of imposture about him. Those breeches and those boots are not wholly genuine. The first, you discover, are mere linen drawers, instead of leathers; indeed, to wear buckskins in the tropics would be a torture, the hint of whose possibility would have filled the hearts of the managing directors of the late Spanish Inquisition (unlimited) with gratitude. I could readily forgive the negro for his trifling fraud as regards the leathers, the exigencies of climate covering a multitude of sins; but what shall we say of a postilion who pretends to wear good boots which turn out to be nothing but stiff leather gaiters or spatterdashes? These hypocritical boots are, truncated close to the ankle, even as was that boot, converted by Corporal Trim into a mortar for the siege of Dindermond. At the ankle these boots do not even diverge into decent bluchers or homely shoes. The bare feet of the black man are visible; and on his bare heels and insteps are strapped the silver spurs with their monstrous rowels. Now a jack-boot, I take it, is not a thing to be trifled with. It is either a boot or no boot. This volante appendage is a hybrid, and consequently abominable. The black postilion may urge, it is true, several pleas in abatement. First, nature has provided him with feet quite as black, as shiny, and as tough, as the extremities of any jack-boots that could be turned out by Mr. Hoby, Mr. Runciman,

or any other purveyor of boots to her Majesty's Household Cavalry brigade. Next, the Moorish stirrups into which he thrusts his feet are not mere open arches of steel, but capacious foot-cases—overshoes hung by straps to the saddle. Finally, negroes are said to suffer more than white people from the insidious attacks of a very noxious insect common in Havana—a vile little wretch who marries early, and digs a hole in the ball of your toe, in which he and his wife reside. Mrs. Insect lays I know not how many thousand eggs in the hole under your skin, and inflammation, ulceration, and all the other ations—even sometimes to mortification, the last ation of all—ensue. Pending the advent of a nice fleshy great toe, in which they can construct a habitation, the young couple dwell, after the manner of the little foxes, in any holes and corners that offer; and the toe of a jack-boot would present a very comfortable lodging until they moved. So the negro postilion sensibly cuts off the foot of his boot, and his enemy cannot lie perdu awaiting him in a leathern cavern.

For this queer vehicle, the volante, I conceived a violent longing; and one of these days I mean to have a volante neatly packed in haybands and brought to Southampton per West India mail steamer. A black postilion I might obtain through the friendly offices of the Freedman's Aid Society, and for money you can have silver-adorned harness made to any pattern in Long-acre. I am not quite certain whether the metropolitan police would thoroughly appreciate the inordinate length of the volante shafts, although in the case of a block in Cheapside the space intervening between the horse and the gig body would give impatient foot-passengers an opportunity to duck under and cross the street comfortably; and I don't know whether I should get into trouble with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, if I plaited my horse's tail up tight, and tied it to the saddle-bow, when summer heats were rife and flies were plentiful.

The volante! It is such a pretty name, too; and, Shakespare's doubt notwithstanding, there is much in a name. Southey and Coleridge and Wordsworth were bent on establishing their Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna—not because they knew anything of the locality, but because Susquehanna was such a pretty name. It is a very ugly river; and, curiously enough, it is the home of a bird possessing at once the most delicious flavour and the most grotesque name imaginable—the canvas-back duck.

The Cubans have a genuine passion for the volante. Volantes are the common hack cats of Havana; and then the horse is often but a sorry jade, and the negro postilion a ragged profligate "cuss," the state of whose apparel would have shocked Miss Tabitha Bramble, had she travelled so far as the Antilles. But the private volantes as far exceed the public volantes in number as they do in splendour. Everybody who can afford it keeps a

volante, and many who cannot afford it keep a volante. It is the one luxury, the one expense, which, next to a cigar and a bull-fight, is dearest to the Spanish Creole heart, and which, by fair means or foul, must be procured. I believe that the middle-class Cubans would sooner live on beans and cold water, dress in rags, and lie on straw like Margery Daw, than go without a volante. Fortunately, Providence has been very good to them. Their beautiful island runs over with fertility. All the world are eager to buy what they have to sell, and what almost exclusively they produce—sugar and tobacco. So they make huge piles of dollars and gold ounces, and are enabled not only to keep volantes in profusion, but to give capital dinners, and treat strangers with a generous hospitality very rarely shown in starched and stuck-up Europe.

We have all heard of the fondness which the Bedouin Arabs show for their horses. We know that the Prophet Mahomet has written whole chapters of the Koran on the breeding and rearing of colts. We know that the young Arab foal is brought up in the tent with the little girls and boys, and that when he grows up to be a horse he is petted and caressed. The children hang about his neck and call him endearing names; the Arab mother strokes his nose and pats his cheek, fetches him sweet herbs, makes his bed, feeds him with bread and dates, and strips of meat cured in the sun. Well; the affection which the Arabs manifest for their horses the Cubans manifest for their volantes. They can scarcely endure that the beloved object should be out of their sight. Make an evening call—all fashionable calls in Cuba are made in the evening—and in a dim corner of the reception-parlour you will probably see a great pyramid covered up with brown holland. It is not a harp, it is not a grand pianoforte; it is a volante. I must hint that Cuban reception-rooms are immensely large and lofty, and are always on the ground floor; otherwise I might be supposed to be availing myself too extensively of the traveller's privilege, in relating that the drawing-room of a Cuban lady is not unfrequently a coach-house as well.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.

How King Harold, accompanied by his brothers Leofwine and Gurth, went the rounds of both Norman and Saxon camps in disguise on the night before the battle which altered the destinies of England; how the Norman host was found offering up prayers and invocations, while the Saxons were noisily shouting drink-hæ! and was-hæ!, and merrily passing ale-horn and flagon from hand to hand; how the two armies fared and which were the victors; are facts patent to us all. But history, as the late Mr. Buckle insisted, repeats itself. On a recent night, while you, my decent, educated, and orderly readers, represented the Normans in the reputable fashion in which you were spending

your time, I joined a modern Harold in his tour through deserted pathways to outlying camps of shouting, swearing, brawling subjects, who were preparing for to-morrow's battle-field by a vigil of drunkenness and wassail. My Harold is king of the prize-fighters, by virtue of his quick eye and skilled pen, and is, in short, that trusted representative of The Sleepless Life, who was cruelly assaulted by a cowardly and rebellious vassal, when acting as referee at a prize-fight a few weeks ago. It is as historian only that he will figure to-morrow, while the more dangerous office is to be filled by another of the three gentlemen whose hazardous experiences have been already recorded in these pages.* The scientific and experienced Zet Spice and the young and courageous Joe Cuss have paid all their deposit-money, and are to fight to the death in the morning, the winner receiving four hundred pounds as his reward. A noble army of backers, pugilists, publicans, ring-keepers, and their friends and satellites, are to accompany the two combatants to the battle-field, and are now congregated in taverns kept by fighting-men. It is to observe and converse with these that Harold allows a fellow-inquirer, whom we will call Leofwine, and your humble servant Gurth, to accompany him on his tour.

First to Rat Bangem's, in Saint Betty's-lane. The bar here is crowded, as are the narrow stairs beyond it and the room above. We are in the very centre of what is termed "the Faney." That battered hero, Bangem himself, is in the chair, old Bill Judah occupies the vice, while the seats all round the room contain figures concerning whose calling and associations there can be no mistake. We are all very methodical in the matter of drink, calling for it stolidly and consuming it with speed. Still we are not riotous nor disorderly. The conversation is limited to the event of to-morrow, and anxious questions are asked concerning the condition and prospects of the men. Rat has been entrusted by the railway company with the sale of tickets for the special train to-morrow, and drives a busy trade in those precious bits of pasteboard. "Two pound, mark ye, is printed on 'em, and two pound is the railway price," says Rat; "but when I can get a couple o' shillings over for my trouble, vy, I thinks it right to do, so—so we'll make it guineas, if you please. Yes, sir, to-morrer mornin' at half-arter five, Ludgate-hill station, though it wouldn't do you no harm to be there at five, or even half-arter four. Safe to come off, sir, quite safe! I understand it's a sweet pretty bit o' ground, and that the Chatham and Dover station-master will have everything stunnin' and reg'lar." This, to a white-cravated simpering young fellow, who, in lacquered boots and full evening costume, is exciting envy and provoking dangerous looks from some of the evil faces round, by his lavish display of jewellery, and the careless indifference with which he pays Rat

* See GENII OF THE RING, page 280 of the present volume.

from a well-filled purse. Enter a closely-shaven bullet-headed fellow in an ecstasy of excitement at having just seen Cuss, and at the exquisite "fitness" of that worthy. "Swelp my blank blank!" he cries, delightedly, "if he ain't a blank picter, with the weins in his face, down 'ere and 'ere, a showin' out just as if a blank hartist 'ad painted him. Tell yer he's beautiful, fine as a blank greyhound, with a blank beasy air with him that looks blank like winnin'. Take yer two quid to one, guv'nor?" adds the speaker, suddenly picking out a stout purple-faced farmer from the group of eager listeners.

Let me here say, that just as it is impossible to transcribe the pugilistic dialect accurately, so all idea of its richness and beauty would be lost if some indication were not given of the senseless repetition of strong oaths which garnish the simplest conversation. Bill Judah, who chimes in here, is an exception to this rule, and is wonderfully polite. "I'm gettin' an old man now, and I've been turnin' the gas out all my life"—a playful euphuism for keeping late hours—"and I've seen some sweet mills in my time, but I don't fancy any of 'em 'el be prettier than wot yer'll 'ave to-morrer. Yer see, Spice is wonderful clever, and Cuss 'as youth and strength, and they'll have a game tussle, that yer may depend on!" Next, the veteran Judah tells us, in bland and oily accents, of the experiences of his hot youth. How he once took the vice-chair at a dinner where "the Baron" presided; how he were frightened like, at bein' oppersite so much talent, for the Baron were that clever and chock-full o' larnin' there were no touchin' him; how the Baron made after-dinner speeches, a quotin' Latin and Lord knows wot; how he insisted upon old Bill proposing a toast, and how the latter "licked him out o' time by stickin' in a lot o' 'Ebrew, which, you'll understand, I knows a little of naterally, as one may say;" how this, the brilliant event of Judah's life, culminated in compliments from the Baron and from those around, were all told us over the festive glass. Meanwhile, the sale of tickets went steadily on, and the scene became a little dull. The conversation was limited to the one subject; and though the long line of figures seated in regular order against the wall might have sat for the engravings representing Brutality, Passion, Vice, in Lavater's great work, the continuous contemplation of their ugliness became monotonous. Therefore, Leofwine and myself edge off, and follow our leader down the cramped and crooked stairs into the bar. The scene has greatly changed since we passed through it half-an-hour ago. The place is fuller and noisier. A broken-down fighting-man stands at the swing door, and tells us "he only has wot he gits," as a modest hint for largesse, before pulling it open for our exit. The white-cravated boys and men from Aldershot are pressing in as we leave. King Harold is personally known to all his merry men, who press round him, stand on tiptoe to breathe obsequious whispers in his ear, prostrate them-

selves deferentially, escort him to his cab, and all the while implore him to reveal where the train for the fight is to start from, that he may be spared the outlay of a two-guinea ticket. "For blank's sake, sir, giv' me the orfice; wy, Mr. Southall"—King Harold's *nom de guerre*—"yer knows me, surely, and that, I'm square; giv' us the orfice then, sir, do! Vell, then, just tell us one thing, is it near the Alderman's tea-shop? swelp me blank, I'll keep it dark, only I shouldn't like to miss it, and I can't afford the special, sir, as well you know. Wy, wot 'arm could it do, sir? just say 'tea-shop,' yes or no, won't yer, Mr. Southall, please?" Now, "the orfice," or "office," is the slang for private information confidentially given, and "near the Alderman's tea-shop" referred to a mercantile establishment kept by a dignitary of the city of London, near the railway station at Ludgate-hill. But King Harold kept "the office" to himself. The three gradations of "the Fancy" were very marked. Those we had left up-stairs were celebrities, their admirers and friends; those standing at the bar were the venal hangers-on and humble parasites of the others; and those outside were the debased roughs who regard holding your horse or knocking you on the head, as equally in their way, and who now wished to learn the whereabouts of the battle-field, that they might betray the secret to all comers at sixpence or a shilling a head. So resolute were they on acquiring this information, and so positive that it rested with us to give it them, that they clung to the cab, and whenever King Harold's attention seemed diverted, would throw themselves piteously upon the mercy of Leofwine and the present writer, with a plaintive "Yer wouldn't like to be kept out o' seein' the mill, if you wos pore and out o' luck, would yer, gentlemen? then tell a pore feller if the Tea-shop's right, and ye'll be none the worse for it."

We cross Smithfield, which is lonely, dark, and desolate. After traversing many an unknown thoroughfare, we draw up at the tavern kept by the renowned Larry Shuntam. "Tom Sayers's favourite second" is inscribed on the lamp over the door; and Shuntam is known as one of the shining lights of the prize-ring. As soon as Harold is seen we are warmly welcomed, and pass into the snug private parlour behind the bar, amid the respectful nudgings of Larry's male and female customers. Our host is a bull-necked corpulent figure of fun, who bows hospitably about his room, winks knowingly when introduced to us, and then stands with his back to his chimney-piece with one leg out and arms folded like the portraits of the first Napoleon at St. Helena. His stubbly black hair is closely cropped; his broad expanse of white fat face is smoothly shaven, but with the stiff blue bristles peeping through as on the back of a scoured and scalded pig; his restless little eyes are like a couple of black beads rolling on the lard of the pig; his voice is a hoarse snuffle, under each of his-flapping ears is a narrow strip

of close-cut whisker which meanders among the shaven bristles for at least an inch and a quarter, and resembles a sluggish leech or a study in court plaister. Add to these personal advantages, that his "mug"—I can think of no other word so appropriate here—is as conventionally smiling as that of a comic singer at a music-hall; that he exacts rigidly, and as a point of honour, that each time he is spoken to, the person addressing him shall repeat his speech three times; that some will have it "there's a deal o' kiddin' about his deafness, and he could hear well enough if you were to offer him a fiver;" that he is broad, and stout, and squat; and you have Mr. Larry Shuntem. But the peculiarity in this gentleman which struck us most, was the way he used his arms and legs. These were simperingly put forward as rare things in their way, as a coin-collector shows you his choicest specimen, or a botanist his newest plant. They were dragged into the conversation, whether the topic were to-morrow's conflict, the past history of the ring, the quality of the liquor we were drinking, or the age and antecedents of Zeb Spice. By affectionate pats and taps; by a half-absent manipulation of the Hercules muscle of one arm with the hand of another; by an apparently mechanical stretching out of both at full length, and a subsequent rapid drawing into the chest; by an uneasy restlessness of the legs—a restlessness which betrayed itself by intermittent snatches of hasty dancing, like votive offerings at the shrine of Saint Vitus; these limbs were made to take chief part in the conversation, and to leave their sluggish smiling owner incontinently behind. We are told that Mr. Pezzywig appeared to wink with his legs, but bold Larry's stout supporters were so full of eloquent silence that they seemed to talk.

At last King Harold spoke, and the soul of Shuntem was made glad. "Show the gentleman your leg, Larry!" Whereupon the stout calf was immediately bared for admiration and applause. When it was uncovered, Shuntem's manner became positively devotional. "Now your arm, Larry!" was the signal for that limb to be doubled up, and its hard firm muscle to be punched and kneaded while its owner marched solemnly round and round, until all present had tried to nip it in vain. These rites performed, Mr. Shuntem became easier, and after snuffling out with ill-simulated modesty, "Not a bad leg for a hold 'un, sir, hey?" "Not so werry bad a harm for a hold 'un, sir, hey?" to every person in company, obviously believing that each repetition was an original remark, he sank back in his easy-chair with the air of a man who had done his duty to himself and to the world. He was never so animated again throughout our stay. Cuss had took punishment in his time, nobody couldn't deny that; and Spice were artful and up to many clever dodges with his fists, but as for sayin' 'ow it'd go to-morrer, Larry Shuntem wosn't the man to do it. And that reminds me, Mr. Southall, sir, that I wants the orfice. A little whispering

here. "Well, it wouldn't be right to make a hold 'and like me pay two quid and be blanked to it, would it now? No, sir, I paid my three quid at King and Heenan's time—leastways, a gentleman on the Stock Exchange paid it for me—but it fretted me the more that did, for I oughtn't to 'ave to pay. Why should I? I won't do it, that's all; but I'll tell yer wot I'll do. I'll come down by the reg'lar train, if yer'll only give me the orfice as to where you start."

An obvious inclination to show us the treasured leg and arm once more, as an equivalent for the favour asked, was cut short by King Harold pledging his regal word that if Mr. Shuntem wished to see the battle, he must come with the rest, and be at Ludgate-hill shortly before five in the morning. "Tell yer I won't do it, Mr. Southall. Why should I? But if yer goin' on to Bill Grandison's, sir, p'raps yer won't mind lookin' in as yer come back, to let us 'ave the latest noos, just 'ow they look, yer know, and wot's a goin' on." We promise to do this, and pass through the bar again, to the intense admiration of the raffish loungers assembled there, and of a drunken Irish labourer, who insists that one of our party is the great Mr. Heenan, and who, following us to the door, talks maudlingly of "mee own brother in Californy, which he knew you well, Jack Heenan, and backed yer up the night yer fought the digger, afore you wos the big man yer are now."

Mr. William Grandison, as everybody knows, keeps the Scarlet Capstan, down Bethnal-green way. He was one of King's principal backers when the latter vanquished Heenan, and he is reputed to have provided some of the money which Spice has staked against Cuss. It is an inspiring thing to be seated in the sacred privacy of his own bar-parlour, and to make the acquaintance, share in the conversation, and be stimulated by the example, of his chosen friends. There is little Freddy Pills, one of the swiftest runners of his day, and who now, at the mature age of three-and-twenty, speaks of "in my time," as an epoch which only men of great antiquarian research can compass. Freddy keeps the Stag and Blue-bottle at Hoxton, and retired from pedestrianism when he donned the white apron and went to the bar. He has a pleasant fair little face, is of short stature and slight build, and is no more like a publican than an Eton lad is like a bishop. That loud-voiced beetle-browed saw-toothed thick-lipped heavy-countenanced personage in the pepper-and-salt suit, who is fondling Grandison's bull-dog, is Tim Ford, the irreclaimable quintessence of rufianism. King Harold's advent reminds him of some grievances, real or imaginary, against the conductors of the Sleepless Life, and elicits a torrent of blasphemy against the eyes and limbs of the individuals connected with, and the corporate existence of that journal. At last, turning savagely round to the bull-dog, Mr. Ford fell to kissing and playing with it, until warned by low

growls and snaps that his endearments were as repulsive as his hostility. The temporary lull given by this change of occupation enabled King Harold to put a question, and us to learn that we were doomed to disappointment. We had been buoyed up with the hope of seeing the great Spice face to face, and of forming our own judgment as to his "fitness," and the effect of the training he had undergone since we saw him present his portrait to the editor of the Sleepless Life a few weeks ago. This it was that lent interest to our visit in the eyes of Larry Shuntem, and which had made him exact a pledge of looking in on our return to give him "the latest news."

But our visit had been too long deferred, and the eminent Spice had retired for the night. A man occupying his proud position is no more a free agent than the monarch trammelled with the ceremonies of courts. His trainer, his seconds, his backers, his host, are all bent upon preserving his condition; and early hours, regularity, and abstinence, are insisted on with fanatical zeal. Spice had been sent to bed that he might be fresh in the morning, and we were compelled to content ourselves with Grandison's assurances concerning his "beautiful fitness" for the fray. Let us look at Grandison again. Pale, puffy, and fat, he lays down the law with consummate self-complacency, and wears his shirt-sleeves as if they were regal robes. The stout good-tempered looking man opposite him, who is slightly poek-marked and wears a fair moustache, is the representative of the cheap sporting journal whose excellences have been already recorded.* Little Freddy Pills has his own group of admirers, including a batch of slim genteel young fellows, who have dabbled in pedestrianism as amateurs, and are now anxiously sitting at the feet of their pocket Gamaliel for instruction and advice. King Harold's pre-eminence is readily recognised, for, long years before he came into his kingdom, he won the hearts of the sporting world by his successes in the field. Diversifying the professional study of medicine with the practice of athletic sports, he speedily rose to be the champion runner of his day, and, as such, is pointed out and referred to in the little parlour at Grandison's. "Eight under five," "ten under five," "fourteen under five," and other mystic combinations, are used in speaking of different fistic celebrities; and one of the highest compliments I hear paid to Spice is, that he could do "more under five than Cuss, and carry weight into the bargain." (We learnt afterwards that these figures related to the number of seconds under five minutes, in which a mile could be run by the men named.) Freddy Pills is very full of confidence on this point, ticking off every pugilist with "ten" or "eight under five" the instant he is named. The stout red-faced man in a suit of Forty-second plaid is a Billingsgate fishmonger; the swarthy fellow near him with the huge diamond ring on

each dirty hand, the heavy watch-chain and the large ruby pendant, half locket, half breast-pin, on his stock, is his chief rival's salesman; the big heavy-visaged personage, whose red whiskers meet like an inverted nimbus round his chin, and who insists upon Grandison's drinking with him, is a wholesale potato-merchant; the rank and file who hang about and join in conversation when allowed, include ring-keepers, ex-pugilists, and tavern-keepers from afar. All this time, the door leading from the bar to this sanctum is kept bolted on the inside, lest some not entitled to the privilege should come in. But the confidence expressed in Spice's superior powers is of a remarkably modest character, and not a single bet is made during our stay.

The fight between Walloper and Lickem, which is to take place in the champion's ring, when the greater event is decided, though for only fifty pounds aside, occasions far more spirited discussion than the fight between Spice and Cuss. Grandison wishes "we'd bin a bit hearlier, that we might a seen 'ow fine and fit Zeb looks;" but there seems a want of heartiness in the aspiration, which the next day's results make intelligible enough. Another thing struck us as odd: Puddlepool is comparatively unrepresented. That great Lancashire capital, honoured by the residence of Mr. Spice, and proud as it professes to be of his scientific prowess and athletic skill, should have had its delegates among the army. Could it have been that the hero, knowing what was to come, and the ignominious position he would occupy, had made friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, to the extent of telling the local supporters that the contest would be bloodless and uninteresting, and that neither bets nor stakes would be won?

A sharp knock at the bolted door is answered at Mr. Grandison's request, and a villanous head peeps in, one eye of which is almost closed, from the effects of a recent blow. Its owner does not speak, but makes silent gesticulations interrogatively to Bill Grandison, who holds up two fingers of his left hand in reply, and says, "No more, mind, not another pin." Freddy Pills and a Jewish ex-prize-fighter, who has come to town to assist in keeping the ring to-morrow, laugh together at this, as if enjoying hugely some secret joke. Can it be that a victim with more money than brains is being playfully swindled by skittle-sharpers under the same roof, and that the proceeding is so well understood, that Grandison is asked how far he will leave the pigeon in the plucker's hands, and how many feathers he will consider it sportsmanlike to leave for his own pulling? The significant smiles and shrugs of those who are out of our host's sight, make this hypothesis seem probable, and, after looking at Freddy Pills's leg, who obligingly bares it for our inspection with something of poor Shuntem's readiness, we now leave for the hostelry kept by Ross Filer.

Like Ajax "with Atalantean shoulders fit

* See THE ROUGH'S GUIDE, vol. xiv., page 492.

to bear" the whole sporting world, Mr. Filer sits in his shirt-sleeves, puzzling himself over Bradshaw. He is very fleshy, and, as he rolls his vast bulk to and fro on the slender chair supporting him, and directs his solitary eye with a troubled expression to the mysteries of the train-table, he looks very like the hippopotamus of the Regent's Park Gardens, as it rises in the water-tank, and lazily winks the small orb uppermost, at the children and country cousins teasing it with exclamations, or tempting it with food. "Can't make it out, blanked if I can!" says Mr. Filer at last, sidling up to Leo and myself, who stand alone at his counter—for our leader had reasons of his own for not joining us in this visit; "thought it were Orley, and then felt sure it must be Farnher, but I see there ain't no trains there so early, so I'm blanked if I don't think it's goin' to be a special after all."

We give ourselves knowing airs, and tell Filer that he need not puzzle himself over Bradshaw, for the battle-field will be at a considerable distance from any station named there. Our united assurances convince him, and we have pleasant talk concerning his present size and fighting weight, his appearance and demeanour on the day he seconded King, and his anticipations for the morrow. Again it is curious to mark how much more stress is laid on the two light weights who come after the champions, than upon the champions themselves. Mr. Filer becomes radiant when speaking of Lickem's gameness, and generously adds that Walloper is a good 'un too, and that he'd "seen 'em both weighed that mornin', and there hadn't been a prettier match this many a day." We were the only customers at Mr. Filer's bar, and his wife was the only attendant behind it. This, be it remembered, was a few hours before two fights, in each of which he figured as second, so the form of punishment adopted by the Sleepless Life for Mr. Filer's conduct would seem effective, and to have inflicted a serious blow upon this rebellious fighter's trade.

Keeping our promise, we look in at Larry Shunter's on our return, to find him a shade more snuffling and smiling, as if libations have been offered up to the leg and arm while we have been away, and, resisting his obvious wish to show us those athletic treasures again, we bid him good night.

Next, a long cab-ride, and we are in Narrow-court, Straight-street, Hatton-garden. Old Billy Slow's famous establishment is here, and we are face to face with that veteran dog-fancier and rat-killer, a few minutes after our entrance. He is pallid, puffy, one-eyed, and drunk. A charming selection of lively bull-dogs, with big heads and hanging watery jowls, occupy the long wooden bench which skirts the wall on one side of his tavern parlour; and these pull at their chains, and snap, and endeavour to prove the boasted tenacity of their hold, in a way slightly embarrassing to a stranger. Old Billy stumbles and staggers to the door, and, after hiccupping out a few marital curses at his

buxom smiling wife, who receives them with the indifference we feel for accustomed compliments, proceeds to render homage to Harold. "Let me interdoce yer to two friends of mine, gents, as has come up all the way from Wedgebury for to-morrer's fight." "'Ad the pleasure o' seein' yer win heasy on the Uxbridge-road nearly twenty year ago; will yer pick a bit with me, sir?" is the response of one of these, who is tossing mutton-chops into his mouth far more rapidly than an ordinary being could swallow pills. The hospitable offer is declined, and after visiting the house kept by Slow's son, known as "Young Jemmy's," we return to Rat Bangem's, to find the bar and up-stairs room far fuller than when we left three hours ago, and the sale of two-guinea tickets still going merrily on.

The ludicrous result of the mock battle, and the craven conduct of the two brawny scamps, about whom so much fuss had been made, are sufficiently well known. But it was curious to note the demeanour of the warriors present, after the ring was broken into, and the police constables were in the midst. That gallant patron of pugilism, Colonel Strip, who is the son of a dignitary of the Established Church, and deservedly popular among "the Fancy," quietly stole off, and speedily put several fields between himself and the men he had been alternately encouraging and anathematising, a few minutes before. One of Mr. Cuss's seconds, Mr. Black Kicks, whose playful exuberance of spirit had impelled him to grimace and yell at Spice as "a worn-hout old himage, as huseless and good for nothin' as my old mother," from the safe security of his corner, devoted his energies to "squaring" the policemen. One of these had been first knocked down, and then cruelly kicked and beaten about the head, and was now, pale and bleeding, silently stalking through the crowd in the hope of identifying his assailants. "We're hevery one of us liable, hevery blank one of us," hoarsely whispered Bawldog [of London] feelingly; whereupon Spice and Tom Byng were appealed to, and it was resolved to subscribe for compensation for the wounded man.

Mr. Spice holds up his five fingers to denote the number of shillings he will give towards the "squaring" process, and then in a burst of liberality cries "make it ten;" Honey, "handsome Honey," who is the proprietor of a night-house near the Haymarket, and who in light kid gloves and well-cut clothes looks every inch a sporting patron, suggests that Tom Byng should take the cap round; while Jackem, with his face bruised and bleeding from the blows inflicted by Mr. Ross Filer in the pleasant little fight those two gentlemen engaged in before the serious business of the day, looks on in sulky meditation, and repeats to any one who will listen that he'll have "Master Ross's blank 'art and liver yet, if it's twenty year afore he meet 'im." Walloper and Lickem are having their clothes rapidly huddled on, and their faces sponged and cleared; Cuss answers

an indignant Mentor's "Ah, wy didn't yer go in, yer fortin' wos at yer feet, it wos, and yer hadn't the pluck to pick it up!" with "Ow wos it last week, and 'ow would it ha' been if I'd got licked? Didn't I 'ave to run arf over London to get my larst deposit-money before one o' yer would advance it for me; and didn't yer all say it's no use a' doin' it, for Spice is certain to lick yer? It's fine to talk," adds Mr. Cuss, with increased bitterness; "but if I'd gone in and let Spice lick me, it would a' been 'Cuss is a werry good man—a werry good man indeed; he hits werry straight, is a werry good hand at takin' his gruel, and is werry plucky in the ring, but"—and Cuss's scorn intensifies here—"he ain't clever!—that's where it is, he ain't clever enough for Spice!" The shrewd hard humorous face of old Bill Augustus, the great dog-fancier, looks on sardonically, as its owner, hitching his pepper-and-salt brigand's hat on one side, turns from Young Scotch Tam to give the pugilistic giant Baldwin encouragement and advice, and to hear that the latter's late opponent, Oils, is in training for another "mill." The eccentric, the light-hearted, the "unbought and undefeated" Cherry Moon, another of the seconds of the day, absently twists and polishes his massive signet-rings until the pink and white masonic emblems are as bright and clean as when they left the engraver; and is only aroused from his unwonted reverie by the gallant Raven inviting him to drink.

Tom Byng now announces that the sum of sixteen pounds ten shillings has been collected, and this money is offered to the injured policeman, who is refusing it indignantly, when a superintendent drives up, and the "squaring" is abandoned as hopeless. Mr. Ross Filer and Mr. Rat Bangem have been so suddenly impressed by the appearance of the superior officer—an old friend of theirs—that they have struck across country, and, as I learnt subsequently, making for the nearest village, return by-and-by to town as peaceful agriculturists, who listen with artless interest to their fellow-passengers' stories of the prize-fight.

A week afterwards, I had the honour of meeting Mr. Zeb Spice at the Sleepless office, when he came, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Harry Capulet, to draw his half of the battle-money staked. Cowed, humbled, and abashed, his appearance and demeanour made a forcible contrast to his sanguine joyousness when I had met him here before.* Looking shiftily from face to face, and meeting no one's eye, he seemed to have grown plain, crest, and craven-looking. Having obtained an order on the Sleepless cashier for the sum deposited, less "a siver,"

* See GENII OF THE RING, page 230 of the present volume.

which that well-known "pug," Fred Rowland, had been paid for services rendered in ring-keeping on the uneventful day, Spice pulled a voluminous document from his coat, and, with the sulky meekness of a whipped hound, asked for its insertion in next Saturday's paper. Capulet, the private secretary—a very necessary officer, by the way, as Spice cannot write, and had to put his cross against Joe Cuss's spiky signature upon "the articles"—row left the room, and some mumbling personal exculpations commenced. "Yer've been rather 'ard upon me in the paper, sir, yer 'ave indeed. Considerin', too, I've licked some o' the best men o' my day, yer 'ave been very 'ard. I ain't the man I wos, sir, but I can't 'elp that. Wy, even a hoss gets old, don't he, sir, in time, let alone a fightin'-man; an' I do hope you'll bear me in mind, and say wot you can. I did my best for my backers, sir; I did, indeed, and as yer may see by this, I wasn't fit at the time, which I hope yer'll remember, sir, if yer'll be so kind." "This" is a very dirty foot, which is slipped out of its shoe, and planted on the editor's desk as coolly as if it were an inkstand. It is stockingless, as if kept ready for exhibition, and round the ankle is a silk elastic bandage. Spice is gently reminded that he showed "this" last week, and has to be satisfied with the promise that his own statement shall be published. Cuss did not appear during my stay, and if report spoke truly, had been drunk ever since his contemptible appearance on the battle-field.

Many years ago, the "English Fancy" agreed that the once-noble art of prize-fighting had been reduced to so low an ebb by the misconduct of its professors, that it should be given up as dead. Accordingly, the leading pugilists and their patrons assembled together, and on ground hallowed to them by the memory of many a tough conflict, formally buried the stakes and ropes. Why were these ever dug up again or replaced?

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER VII. THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

CAPTAIN DIAMOND had seen the whole breadth and depth of the situation in a second. Perhaps he blushed a little.

"You mustn't go in!" he said, firmly, and falling back to the door. "You are not wanted here. Take my advice, and go home quietly."

"But I *shall* go in," said Ross, furiously. "Do you think I'll put up with this? What fine trash you tell, you hoary old deceiver, with your cursed lying stories! Here, let me in, if they have begun!—here, only let me see that whining Tillotson! Let me by, I say, you cursed old canting soft-voiced fellow, that I was a fool to listen to!"

The captain's face grew pink; he cocked his almost shovel-hat in a moment.

"You be cursed yourself," he said, "if it comes to that, you low-minded fellow; you're no gentleman! How dare you speak to me, sir, in that way? Here's my card—Capt—I mean Mr. Ross. Though I am old, I was brought up a gentleman, and can teach you breeding. How dare you swear at me, sir? If you can beat up a friend, send him to me, sir, and I'll give him my opinion of you, and give you any gentlemanly satisfaction afterwards. There—there, take it, sir!" And now, the captain having got his card-case open, held out, with trembling fingers, his card.

Ross looked at him with surprise; then gave one of his loud laughs. "What! d'ye mean by that?" he said. "O, very—very good!"

Who would have known our captain, whose cheeks were growing pinker every moment?

"You can laugh at me, can you?" he said. "By Heavens, sir, I'll not wait for your friend! You won't get out of it that way, my young spark. I'll have some one with you before the day is out. But I know how it will be. An ungentlemanly fellow come here to raise a low blackguard disturbance in a church."

"The gentleman who had been looking on from the cab had now jumped out. "For shame, Ross, to speak that way to this old officer! I declare I blush for you! You must excuse him,

sir. He has been sadly worried, and has come home expressly about this marriage. It is his excitement that speaks, not he himself."

The captain touched the shovel-hat very graciously to this intercessor, who, he said later, "was as fine, broad-shouldered, well-built, polished fellow as you'd ask to see in a company."

Ross had been listening vacantly all this time. While the captain was in front of the door, he said eagerly, "But the marriage—is it begun—are they going on with it—is it over? I suppose it is. O, I beg your pardon; I do indeed. Now do let me—I must go in."

The captain was softened at once. "I may as well tell you," he said; "it's better not. Drive away in your cab; it's the best thing you can do. Take an old soldier's advice. You know, there's no help for what's done."

"I thought so!" said Ross, desperately, and now quite subdued. "It's quite what I expected. Do you mean that it is over? Speak out plainly, do, and let us have the truth. Not that I care, no! but," growing savage again, "but——"

The door softly opened behind the captain, and a white figure stood before them. All started. "Go away," she said, hurriedly; "I implore of you, go away. It is all too late. I tell you that. Go——"

"Too late!" said Ross, quite overpowered by this surprising vision. "Too late; yes, always too late. O, you false, cruel, heartless girl! You tell me this?"

"False!" she said, "no. But that is all at an end now. Go away, I implore of you. False! no; it was *your* doing."

"My doing!" repeated Ross, hurriedly, and speaking with bitterness and fury. "And were you so stupid, so blind, so little of a woman, to believe my stories? I only wrote to worry you, to try you. But don't tell me; you know those little stale tricks well enough. I praise another woman, and you believe——"

"That is all past now," she said. "But what I wish, is to have no confusion, no scene. He who has been so good, so devoted, must not be disquieted. I would sooner die. Go, I implore you."

"Come away," said the gentlemanly friend, "as the lady asks you. I won't be a party to any exhibition of this sort. Come."

"Ah, now," said the captain, eagerly. "Go,

like a good fellow. Show yourself a man. I know you are too much of a soldier and a gentleman to make any excuse when a lady asks you. *That's it.* 'Tou on my word I feel, for you from my heart, I do indeed; and I declare, when I think of it, I am ashamed of the way I behaved." (They were going down the steps gradually. Ross, with gloomy, glaring eyes, answered not a word, and let himself be led off.) "But I am such a touchy old fogie. I am always making a fool of myself."

They were now at the bottom of the steps; Ross looked back sharply, but the vision was gone. He tottered into the cab. With deep sympathy in his soft eyes the captain looked at him, not wishing to say anything, nor even administer consolation; then touched the shovel again, as they drove away. As they did so, the vestry door opened, and Mr. Tilney appeared at the top of the steps, with another head behind him. Mr. Tilney's sight was not of the best.

"No carriages yet, Diamond?" he said; "they must have gone round to the other door." But here were the carriages coming plunging up—Mr. Tilney's and the captain's. Room on the steps for the new Mrs. Tillotson, pale, leaning on the arm of the happy, happy Mr. Tillotson. Brightest of mornings, sweetest of days; yet not more bright, more sweet, than the tumult of happiness, of pride, of joy, within him. The furies of gloom, dejection, and perhaps remorse, were scattered, gone for ever. The fairies of hope and joy were fluttering round, had taken possession, and made him their own. Surely if mortal man might look forward to happiness, it was the young Mr. Tillotson, positively not more than thirty to look at, but in reality some five or six years older, who divided the step with that lovely girl.

Now the door is shut with a crash, and they drive away.

The captain's carriage next, scattering gravel, and the captain's temporary servant holding the door open. The captain gives seats, as a matter of course, to the whole Tilney family, being sadly squeezed himself, and the "poor hip" similarly incommoded for want of room to stretch it out.

While Mr. Tilney was in the drawing-room, with his finger in Mr. Crozier's button-hole, and Mrs. Tilney and her daughters were clustered round Mrs. Crozier on the sofa, and the whole room seemed to glisten with white bonnets and white ribbons, and all were waiting for the breakfast, no one missed either the captain or the bride. She was "getting ready, you know," said Mrs. Tilney; and as for the captain, it might be assumed that he was settling with somebody financially. Settling with somebody he certainly was, but although not in that way, yet doing no less efficient service. This was what had occurred as he was coming in at the gate—the last: he saw an excited figure and a wild face and eyes posting towards him:—

"I can't bear it. Let me pass," said Ross.

"I must see him and speak to him—and to her, too, again. Let me pass."

But the captain stood firmly in the gateway, and even dexterously drew it to, behind him.

"For shame, man," he said, in a low voice. "I declare I expected better of you. You gave your word, too, as a gentleman—"

"I don't care," said the other, raising his voice; "I am not going to let him have it all his own way. I won't be tricked."

"Hush!" said the captain, taking his arm. "For God's sake, think of these men. Here, come round here with me—this way—and tell me what it is you want."

Ross let himself be led away; but presently roared out, "Here, this is the back door. I *will* go in. I'll expose her and him—let me go."

"Now, now, now," said the captain, much alarmed. "Surely you wouldn't raise a row, would you—an ungentlemanly row?" But Ross had burst from him and was in the back garden. "Wait, wait!" said the captain, in a fever. "Do, for Heaven's sake. What d'ye want? Tell me. I'll do it for you, but don't bring disgrace on the house."

There was a small greenhouse at the back of this house, through which a garden was reached. He stopped at the door, and said to the captain:

"Well, then, send her out to me here."

The captain limped past him.

"I'll see, I'll see," he said; "there can be no harm in that. But, now, do behave—no noise. Will you promise—eh?"

The amiable old officer would, under the circumstances, have disposed of this intruder readily, but all he dreaded was a meeting with Mr. Tillotson. He went in. Almost the first person he met was Ada, flitting across the hall. She stopped to speak to him. His face was full of disquiet.

"The fact is," he said, "my dear, our friend is back on us again. I did my best to keep him out, for I thought if Tillotson saw him—"

"Where is he?" she said, hastily; then saw a glimpse of him in the door.

It was a curious interview on the steps of the greenhouse. Ross drew near, and said, half mournfully, half savagely, "There you are, Mrs. Tillotson. No, let him stay, if he likes. I don't care if all the world listens. It's a proud day for you, Mrs. Tillotson. You have managed splendidly. But what is to become of *me*? What matter? A poor ruined wretch like me. You have played your cards capitally."

"O!" she said, sadly, "played my cards! You think so? How little you know. I never understood—never could understand. Dear Ross, you know well it is not my fault. But it is too late now."

"Yes, for *me*," he said, with an unusual softness and mournfulness. "Indeed it is. Not for *you*. Ah, you have managed charmingly. I am the poor, miserable, humbugged, ruined creature among you all. I am a disgraced man. In another fortnight I shall be in all the newspapers. This is your work."

"My work!" she repeated.

"It is," he replied, fiercely. "Let us have no demure acting now. It is your doing. What a farce! You know well enough that all through I intended you for myself, until this man came, when you thought you could do better and marry your banker. It was vile, base, worldly, and like you all."

"Never, never!" she said, eagerly. "Such a thing never was in my mind. I thought you never cared for me; but——"

"Ah, yes," he said, with great contempt, "you required to be told so in formal words. How ignorant we are! No matter. I am the victim at this moment; I am ruined. You have your fine house and your banker. It's no matter what becomes of me. Oh, you will be sorry for all this one day. You have behaved falsely, cruelly, heartlessly, and you will repent. I am a wretched, miserable outcast. I have nothing to say. As *he* says, it is done now. You think I am going to make a vulgar disturbance. No. I am not. Take your own course. I suppose I must try and get over it as best I can."

Deep compassion was in her eyes. "I did not know this; indeed I did not. But this is all too late now. Believe me, I am innocent. You know you would never speak. I could not tell whether you cared for me or no. How could I?"

"And you had no instinct, no wit," he said, bitterly, "not to see under all that? How blind we have all been! Never mind now. You shall have no scandal or unpleasantness; everything shall be smooth, and you shall go off with your husband without being troubled. There; go back, and sit beside him at your table."

Then comes the breakfast. In turn we have a speech from Mr. Crozier; and then Mr. Tilney, taking a great deal of his own wine "to keep himself up," is in a chronic state of insatiation of blessings.

And then they go away to the Continent, Mr. Tilney tells his friends pitiously, "only for a time, you know." The captain is infinitely relieved as they get off safely; for he has been disturbed all through the meal with sad misgivings of some fresh interruption or trouble.

CHAPTER VIII. THE CAPTAIN IN HIS ELEMENT.

THE "happy pair," as Mr. Tilney always spoke of them, had been on the Continent more than a month. He received letters from them regularly, which he was fond of carrying about in his pocket, and of pulling out to read to persons whom he met.

"They are at the Rhigi now. They will be at Lucerne to-morrow night." "Had a letter from our travelling friends from Genoa. Wonderful the way they travel now." With these he was fond of dropping in upon the captain about two o'clock, and to that kind old officer, and in presence of a third influence, he would read out the closely written fluttering journals that arrived from Ada Tillotson. The captain with his face well forward, and hoisting himself

noiselessly on his chair to ease the stiff limb, listened with many a "Ah! my goodness now! see that. I declare she writes like a book." Mr. Tilney, by way of simplifying some idioms which he thought might confuse the captain, interposed, without lifting his eyes off the paper, a running commentary of his own, which his friend accepted devoutly enough as part of the correspondence. Thus it seemed to run:

"We came here, my dear father (she always called him by this name), last night. It is a wonderful place, all glittering; and as we came in from the sea at six in the morning—the sea seemed like molten silver, and so like the scenes in the opera—I could not conceive anything so lovely, and the old harbour, and the Italian shipping, and the mole, and the old gateway down at the water's edge, and the soldiers and peasants!"

Mr. Tilney, with his eyes on the letter: "Ah, Genoa, Genoa! justly called the Queen of Palaces. A great place once; might have seen it myself over and over again, if I liked. We have ranged many lands, but the city for me, is beautiful Genoa, pride of the sea; is beautiful Genoa, pride of the sea!"

At the last words only Mr. Tilney looked up from the letter to the ceiling, lost in reminiscences, leaving the captain a little confused.

Sometimes the captain received a letter himself, which took him "a good morning" to read, and helped him through the early part of the day very pleasantly. In the evening, Mr. Tilney might drop in, and the captain would exhibit his letter with great satisfaction, which, however, Mr. Tilney put aside with a "Ah, yes, of course!" as though that was a different thing; allowing the captain, by a sort of sufferance, to read it through, but hinting that he knew its contents beforehand.

It had been, indeed, a charming tour for them, if peace, joy, and unsurpassed content could make anything charming. It was new life to both. That dull passiveness and insensibility to nature and to the world—which, if scrutinised too nicely, may turn out a shape of selfishness—had all gone. In its room had come an eager curiosity and warm enthusiasm; and thus together did Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson travel from town to town, from valley to valley, from hill to hill, charmed with all. The foreign gentlemen and ladies noted the thoughtful Englishman and the golden-haired lady with him in galleries and churches, who seemed delighted with all they saw.

But this holiday would only last a short time. They were coming home; for the great bank, growing and swelling day by day, required its nurse and guardian. They were coming home, having seen all the shows usually seen on the grand tour nuptial. Mr. Tilney came to the captain and read him a letter, now from Marseilles, now from Paris, and finally from Boulogne. They were to be at home on the next evening.

The captain had had another visitor very frequently. Ross would often come in at

strange hours, just as the captain was going to bed, sling himself on a chair, and talk and maunder about himself in despairing tones. The captain had really taken a liking to him, which was indeed no more than that feeling of deep pity which he had for every fellow-creature that was down in the world, and often listened to his miserable story, as he told it again only the night before the coming home of the Tillotsons.

"I lay it all to that miserable Tillotson, that wretched, crawling, creeping fellow. Wait only until he comes back! Don't be frightened. I don't want to be hung—a yet. I shan't dirty my fingers touching him. But I have one comfort. I know the life he is to live. You were by at the vestry there. You heard what she said. It's a dirty business, sir. Never mind, though. He'll pay me for it all yet. What's his gloominess that he's got rid of just for the time? Why, Grainger, a shrewd man of the world, that knows everything, says he's sure that he's done something shameful."

The captain coloured. "My goodness, no, no. Is it Tillotson? Indeed, there isn't a purer-minded man alive. He's had misfortunes."

Ross was watching him narrowly. "Ah! that's what he calls them himself. There's an uglier name. Why, Grainger reminded me only yesterday—he remembers everything—of a dinner where some one talked of a murder or a shooting, and this creature turned as white as a sheet, and had to run out of the room. He had, as I am a living man."

Again the captain grew red and confused. "There are always stories about every man—always. Take my advice, and let all this be. The thing's done now—and——"

"But it's *not* done," said Ross, eagerly. "Only wait. So he's coming home to-morrow. I am glad of it. I want to begin. Don't be afraid, captain. No violence, or even rudeness."

"No, I know that," said the captain. "A young fellow like you, with the world before him, and a noble profession——"

Ross laughed harshly, and rose to go. "Are you learning irony, captain, or what are you talking of? Don't you know I have done for myself in the noble profession? Wait until the next mail comes. If—if—they do dismiss me, then let our friend look out."

The captain caught at this. "Don't be afraid," he said. "I have a little interest, and shall be glad to work it for you, such as it is. There are old friends who, I believe, would be glad to do something for Tom Diamond; at least, they tell me so. And now, like a real good fellow, if I do this, you'll make me a promise to take things sensibly, and not bother yourself with spilled milk, you know. There, give me the hand. You won't?"

"You're a good fellow," said Ross, taking his hand, and speaking with a hopeless despondency, "and I am always making some wretched miserable exhibition, and always shall be. Yes; if I get over this infernal scrape——"

"Egad! then you shall," said the captain, in delight. "Leave it all to me. I know some

one at the Horse Guards. I'll go this very day and see if Tom M'Kenzie——That's right. Now you talk like a man."

Is it any wonder that our captain, after his visitor had gone gloomily away, began stirring his fire with great satisfaction, and getting ready for bed, saying to himself that he was growing into a wonderful diplomatist for "an old fogie"?

Just before he had gone away, Mr. Tillotson had taken a house in Lowndes-square, had chosen furniture, and had left it in charge of skilful decorators. The captain often walked down during these operations. Indeed, a daily visit to the house became a favourite pastime. He contracted a firm friendship with the chief decorator, who explained to him his plans and processes; the deftness and neatness displayed in papering and gilding specially delighting our captain. Yet with the furniture people the captain would assume a little authority and vigour; for he knew that his friend wished it to be all ready and furnished by the day he returned. "Sec, my men," he said; "stir, stir, now. This will never do! See that fine lazy young fellow that should be in the dragoons, and he's not doing half the work of the older men. Come, sir, what are you trifling about, wasting our time here? You haven't spirit enough to earn the pot of porter which I'll take good care the steady working men get who have put their shoulder to the wheel. And you, sir, what are you at? I declare, with my lame leg and all, I'd be worth more to my master."

He made a prodigious effect among the men. At last all was done and completed by the day fixed. The house was fresh and bright, the rooms sumptuously furnished, and the men had been sent away for a final "pot of porter," which they partook of, saying, as so many had said before them, that the captain was a "deal more of a gentleman than some lords and hurls" they could name, and whose mansions they were busy with.

Mr. Tillotson, too, had given orders. Two charming carriages were in the coach-houses, and the captain himself, who had a fine eye for a horse, had helped to choose a noble pair of chesnuts. Mr. Tillotson had earnestly prayed of him to take the whole responsibility of this affair upon himself; but the captain, perhaps too modestly, declined. He was content to act as assessor to a sort of honest dealer and trainer; for he modestly owned that, as far as the cut of a horse went, he had a right to know something.

CHAPTER IX. THE RETURN.

At last, late in the evening, the house was lit up and brilliant, the servants were in the hall waiting, and the new Brougham, which had made its first professional journey that day, came driving up from the South-Eastern. The door was opened, and the master of the house and the new mistress entered. She was almost dazzled by the magnificence and the light. Under those lamps Mr. Tillotson's brother men of business

would not have known the bright, almost rosy and handsome man that had returned. In those foreign lands on the Swiss mountains he had left all his troubles. Her face, too, was full of trust, calm confidence, and happiness.

On the stairs they were met by Martha Malcolm. "This," said Mr. Tillotson, all but introducing her, "is an old servant, as I may call her—Martha Malcolm, our housekeeper—all but a friend."

He was so overjoyed at everything, that it *did* seem as if he had known her affectionately from childhood. The golden-haired lady smiled on her, and said something about her being sure they would be friends. The other bowed stiffly and grimly, but did not answer.

"Now we begin our London life," said the bridegroom, when they were alone. "We are to have no troubles, and no sorrows; at least I feel a conviction of this. I had the same as we went away, and I have been right. I believe there have not been such happy days upon earth since the creation." He added, smiling, "You are to be queen here. Do what you please, what you like; command, order; we shall all be your slaves. If you should *wish* specially to please me, do give me a treat or a surprise, ask me for something difficult and almost impossible; recollect that. Promise me; only I am afraid," he added, with a sigh, "you care too little for these things."

She took his hand. "You are too good to me," she said, "and I will do what you say."

"You promise me?" he asked.

"I do, and more. I shall begin this very night."

"This makes me happy," he said, joyfully. "Come, quick! Money! How much?"

"No," she said, slowly, "not that. You know we are very happy. But there are others not so fortunate. What I would ask you about is poor Ross."

Mr. Tillotson started. She went on faster:

"He is unfortunate; he is miserable. He is, indeed, not accountable. He has bad friends, who work on him and excite him. But he is naturally generous and good. What I would ask you is to bear with him, and be generous, as you have always been."

A little shade had passed over Mr. Tillotson's forehead like a light cloud, and was now gone.

"To be sure," he said, warmly; "just what I have always felt to him. I promise you."

"But what I mean," she said, doubtfully, "should he be rough or rude—which he can be, I fear—and this assisted by a sense of misfortune."

"I understand," said he, almost gaily. "Let him say what he please, do what he please, it never shall make the least difference in me. There, are you content now?"

"You have made me so happy," she said, giving him one of those old smiles which had often come back on him like gleams of light in his cold chambers. "O, so happy! This was the only thing that was troubling me. Now it is gone, all else is gone too."

When they had gone through the house, and he had shown her everything, the piano, the pictures, her boudoir, with the harmonium that was all but an organ, with a hundred little tokens of care, and consideration, and unwearying solicitude to consult her tastes,

"You are only too good to me," she said, with the old look and old smile; "and, indeed, it will be *my* fault if I am not as happy."

"Yes," said Mr. Tillotson, "on this festive night we are both to lay down our cares for ever, I trust; for I recollect in those St. Alans days you told me that you had your troubles also. We have done with that, mind."

She turned a little pale again. "I shall have no secrets from *you*," she said. "Just at that time when I first saw you, I had found out a dreadful secret, which was long kept from me from kind motives. They never told me."

"What was it?" said he. "I did remark at St. Alans that you were suffering, and that you had some sorrow of your own. Indeed, I remember you hinted as much to me."

It was about ten o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson were at each side of the fireplace in the little boudoir. The softened shade of a modérateur, used for the first time, was between them. By its light she saw that her husband's face was full of a soft sympathy and interest. She went on in a low voice:

"I had a dear father whom I recollect when I was a little girl—an image of love and tenderness, that I have looked back to again and again. They were the happiest days, like paradise, abroad under the Italian sunshine and sweet gardens, and on the edge of the blue sea. Suddenly all was darkened. It was gone. They told me that I had a fever for weeks, and that during that illness that dear father had died. This was their story, and I believed it; but when I found that dear soft face taken from me, I thought I should have died too."

She saw that her husband's face had grown paler, but through the paleness she could see the deep overpowering sympathy.

"Ah, but that was not all," she went on. "I was then but a child. I believed their story. Years went by. Then came a letter from a foreign country telling me all, and that letter told me how my dear, dear father had been murdered."

Mr. Tillotson's face turned yet paler. "Murdered?" he said.

"Ah," she said, excitedly, "that is not what *they* called it. But it was worse than murder. A vile assassin—a gentleman—drew him into a quarrel, and—and—"

She had covered her face with her hands. She did not see that his face was grown yet more ashy pale, that his hands had caught at the arms of his chair, as if to raise himself up. For some moments both did not speak. "He was so good," she then went on, weeping, "and to die in that way! O my God, if I were one of those fierce women in the stories, it would be the sweetest pleasure of my life to go through the world hunting that wretch down

--for he is alive now, and I could find him. As it is, I have learned to suffer, and to be resigned; but I can leave him to his own conscience, which will pursue him, and to the justice of an avenging God, which will overtake him yet!"

She now saw her husband's agitation. "Ah, forgive me," she said, eagerly. "I should have thought of all this. I remember that day at St. Alans when you left the table. I know that such things shock you. There," she said, standing up, and smoothing her golden hair, "there, we have done with the past. It is off my mind now. It was right that you should know every corner of my life; but after this night, dear husband, I shall never come back to it."

TOUCHING ENGLISHMEN'S LIVES.

Of all ancient nations the Romans appear to have been the greatest sanitarians; and to the strictness with which they dealt with the sanitary conditions of their cities and their homes may be attributed much of that national success of which they were so proud. To the care which they bestowed on the physical education of their youth, to the care with which they constructed their aqueducts, cloaces, public baths, and other works, they owed the preservation of their national health and vigour. By taking measures to preserve the strength of each individual, their little nation grew in size and in power; it conquered other and feebler nations—not feebler in numbers, but in physical courage—and became at last the mistress of the world.

Comparisons have often been drawn between the Roman and the British empires, and the question asked: Will Britain lose its strength and fade away, as Rome faded? That it is natural that every nation should have its periods of youth, of maturity, and of decay, the records of ancient nations would lead us to infer. It would seem, too, that foremost amongst the great causes of national destruction and decay have ever been over-conquest—by which the strength of a nation, in men and treasure, is withdrawn from its boundaries, and uselessly spent abroad; and over-crowding—by which its vitality becomes lessened, because its men decay at home. In the first case it is left unprotected, and a prey to other nations; in the second, it becomes enervated, diseased, and festers into discontent, rebellion, and anarchy; so that while in the one instance it is destroyed by others, in the other it becomes its own destroyer.

Rome and Britain scarcely admit of comparison, since they owe their greatness to different causes. Rome won hers by conquest, whilst Britain owes hers more to the pursuit of peaceful arts and to colonisation. But how will she fade? Through the attacks of enemies from without, or through disease and decay from within? No man can say; yet it is not difficult to point out some probable sources of danger from the latter cause.

In countries which depend on commerce for their existence, it is natural that men should congregate together. The chief ports and towns grow rapidly; and in the towns are manufactured machines and fabrics which are exchanged with other countries for grain and other materials of life. But this dwelling together of people in large numbers leads to certain results, against which the legislature of the nation at large must provide. In such a country as China, where, until lately, communication with foreign nations was prohibited, and where no outlet by colonisation was recognised, it leads to the undervaluing of human life, and to the destruction of many of the people, because in such a country the increase of population, instead of being a source of wealth, becomes a source of impoverishment. This is the practical reason why life is held so cheap in that country, and why—as travellers tell us—the sacrifice of children is considered rather a commendable proceeding than otherwise. But in a country like our own, which seeks customers and barterers in all parts of the world, and compels indolent nations, such as China, to become customers willy-nilly—the conditions are altered, and increase of population means increase of power, increase of wealth, and should mean increase of happiness.

It is of the highest importance to a nation such as ours, to economise human life, and so to protect the health of its members that no unnaturally untoward circumstances shall shorten any man's days. It may be that the increase of population in such a country will be excessive to the area of the country; but this, so far from becoming a source of embarrassment, becomes in our case the means of strengthening the country, and of increasing its resources. In England there is an invincible desire on the part of many of its inhabitants to explore all parts of the world; no country is too distant, no mountain is too high, for this phase of the national spirit. Many such travellers settle in the countries they visit, and are quickly followed by others of their countrymen. How greatly this colonisation goes on at present, this fact, spoken to by the Registrar-General, will tell—"if there had been no efflux of the population of England and Wales during the three years, 1860, 1861, and 1862, its natural growth within that period, derived from the excess of births over deaths, would have added to its numerical strength a population equal to those of the towns of Liverpool and Birmingham united." Now, although so many of our countrymen have left our shores, and still more are following in their track, there is no valid reason why a largely increased number should not follow. Through colonisation our superabundant population is utilised, and our country benefits in two ways. Labour becomes of more value, and being of more value, greater ingenuity is exercised in the construction of machinery to compensate for manual labour. Secondly, trade is stimulated. Our colonists are our best customers. It is natural that, speaking the same language, and having the same habits and tastes as ourselves, they

should seek in their old home for those manufactured articles to the use of which they are habituated, and should send the raw materials of the new countries to our shores.

With the further development of colonisation, therefore, the well-being of our country is closely united. Let us for this reason, if for no other, see whether human life can be economised at home. It is in our large towns and cities that the greatest amount of disease prevails, and where the largest number of English lives are wasted. It must not, however, be imagined that disease and death increase in the ratio of the number of inhabitants of a city. This is far from being the case. In London, crowded, foggy, black as she is, the average number of deaths each year, during the ten years ending in 1860, was in the proportion of twenty-four persons out of each thousand; whereas, during the same period, the number of deaths in Salford was in the proportion of twenty-six in the thousand; at Birmingham twenty-seven, at Leeds twenty-eight, at Manchester thirty-one, and at Liverpool thirty-three, though London had a population eighty-two times larger than Salford, ninety-four times larger than Birmingham, a hundred and seventy times larger than Leeds, more than three hundred times larger than Bristol, a hundred and ninety times larger than Manchester, and more than eighty times larger than Liverpool.

While it is satisfactory to learn that though London contained so many more inhabitants during the ten years ending in 1860 than in the previous ten years, as that the space formerly occupied by three persons had to be occupied by four, still the deaths within the metropolis, in spite of this overcrowding, decreased during the second ten years from twenty-five to twenty-four deaths among each thousand inhabitants, (that is to say) that one life was saved among each thousand of the people, yet it is far from satisfactory to learn also, that, taking the Registrar-General's own "standard of health," there was wasted in London during those ten years, an immense amount of human life, and that the number of London men, women, and children, whose lives were thus wasted, was equal to the whole population of Birmingham, nearly double that of the inhabitants of Manchester or of Leeds, nearly four times larger than the population of Bristol, and nearly equal to the population of Liverpool or of Salford.

That this great waste of life is still going on, we are assured by the Registrar-General in his report for the year 1863. "If," he writes, "we take seventeen deaths among a thousand persons as the standard rate of mortality, the mean mortality of London in 1860-63 yielded in round numbers six unnatural deaths annually on every thousand inhabitants, or 17,426 on the year, and 334 weekly." Thus, in one year there was wasted in London a number of human lives equal to the whole population of Richmond or Gravesend; yet London has a far cleaner bill of health than any of those towns we have named.

It may possibly be questioned whether the registrar has not placed his average standard of health a little too high, and whether he has not pointed to a degree of sanitary perfection which it is out of the power of our cities to reach. We have no doubts of this kind. We believe that, although much has been done towards advancing and improving sanitary science, it is yet in its infancy; and we hold that the facts, that in many districts of England and Wales the registrar's standard has already been reached, and that in some few the mortality has been as low as sixteen and even fifteen deaths a year among a thousand inhabitants, fully justify him in his calculation.

Regarding the population of London, says the registrar, "it is so vast, that it is subject to no accidental fluctuations; yet, as the tide in some years carries more and sometimes less water from the sea into the Thames, so, in some years the stream of new comers into the population rises above and sometimes falls below the standard. The observations on the movement of the population have hitherto given, as the result of in-come and out-go, clear proofs of the greater strength of the influx, and, judging by the past, about 41,266 souls were added to the population in the year 1863—31,059 by excess of births, 13,207 by excess of immigrants over emigrants."

Well may the registrar ask whether London is equal to the task of providing by new and improved arrangements for this accumulation of human beings. And he does well in giving the warning, that "in a city or a state, the growth of its population is not a strength to be trusted, but a weakness to be feared, if improvement in its physical and moral condition is not commensurate with the growing urgency of its wants."

London has not proved herself equal to the task of accommodating this great influx. We agree with the registrar that much has been done to improve its sanitary condition; and we thank him for reminding us that it is not so long since the loss of life in London was much greater in proportion to the population than the loss of life among the English in India. We agree with him, too, that its present comparative salubrity is as much the creature of art as the fertility of the soil in Holland, which the sea once covered; and also that if its sanitary dykes be neglected, the three millions of people inhabiting it may again be overwhelmed by cholera, dysentery, and even plague.

Is the *rate of improvement* in the sanitary condition of the metropolis satisfactory? It is not. Unless more active measures be adopted to ensure greater sanitary progress, the next decennial volume of the registrar—the report which will be made up to the end of the year 1870—will probably tell us that the health of the metropolis has retrogressed instead of having improved. Says the registrar, "the health of London was less favourable in the three years, 1861 to '63, than it had been in the two previous years." Indeed the mortality "actually

rose higher in 1863 than it had been in any year since 1854, when cholera raged in the metropolis." He warns all who have the control of sanitary matters that, unless great care be taken, the ground that has been gained will be lost. We would draw particular attention to his warning, for his fears are founded on facts which cannot be explained away. In '64, the deaths in London nearly equalled those of '63; and in the year which has just passed away the deaths exceeded those of '63. Thus, during the first half of the decennial period, from 1860 to 1870, the health of London is not more favourable than it was during the previous twenty years; and the "unnatural" or preventable deaths are at the rate of no less than seven a year among each thousand of its dwellers. During the present year there are no signs of improvement, for in its first quarter the deaths have been at the rate of twenty-six a year among each thousand inhabitants.

It will happen occasionally that there will be an exceptionally healthy season, when, owing to favourable meteorological conditions and to unusual national prosperity, fevers and all diseases of low type will be less frequent. This lull in the violence of death will be taken by many persons who have not studied sanitary matters as proof positive that the condition of London is satisfactory. Such a lull, however, is not to be trusted, and is often followed by a storm of disease.

Our large cities are still woefully undefended against the encroachments of disease even in ordinary times, and in unhealthy seasons they are nearly defenceless. We escaped the ravages of cholera last year, yet that fact does not prove that we are cholera-proof, and that this scourge may not visit us again as in the years 1849 and 1854. Even the knowledge that it has lately touched our shores, though it did not stay here, ought to make us the more careful, and the more eager to take every preventive measure.

Although, in the other large towns to which we have alluded, there has been a slight decrease in the mortality during the last decennial period—with the exception of Birmingham, which presents a slight increase instead—Salford yet gave as many as nine *unnatural* deaths among each thousand of its inhabitants, Birmingham gave ten, Leeds and Bristol each gave eleven, Manchester fourteen, and Liverpool sixteen!

It is sad to know that, despite every measure hitherto taken to improve the public health, the rate of mortality in England and Wales abated "not a jot" during the ten years ending in 1860. During the decade commencing in the year 1841, and ending in '50, the average yearly number of deaths was twenty-two among each thousand inhabitants; during the ten years ending in '60 the average annual death-table remained the same. Twenty-two! Sad news this, truly. Yet this fact ought not to make us desponding. Ought it not rather to stimulate us to work zealously, in preventing this cruel waste of English life? That the evil admits of remedy there can be no doubt, as there can be no doubt that the one great cause of this wasting of life is

the over-crowding in our large cities and towns. But over-crowding may exist too—often does exist—in the smallest villages, in hamlets where the number of inhabitants exceeds the house-accommodation, so that human beings are too closely packed during some portion of every twenty-four hours, and are subjected to the evil influences of imperfect ventilation, and other unnatural sanitary conditions. Then diseases of the most virulent type spring up, and spread with as much rapidity among the cottagers, and cause as many deaths in proportion to their numbers, as are caused by the same diseases in the most densely populated portions of our largest cities.

It is the greatest public question, how far the present sanitary machinery answers its purpose. If it were thought well and wise to appoint a public commission to inquire into the cattle plague, how much more necessary would it seem to inquire with the most searching care into the all-important subject of the economising and protecting of human life. Comprehensive measures must be adopted sooner or later towards this end. Whether it would be well for government to do thoroughly and with uniformity that which charity is now doing by patches and in miniature—to buy up over-crowded and disease-saturated districts of London, to pull down low-storied and cellar-habited houses, and to build squares of taller houses in their places, converting the area saved, into public play-grounds; whether it would be well to order a general sanitary survey of that "ring of life" growing rapidly around the metropolis, with the view of organising a system of more complete governmental control over the erection of houses, so that larger open spaces should be left, and a check imposed on the present practice of building upon every available piece of ground, to the detriment of public health; these are subjects requiring the greatest freedom of discussion; but it is certain that some determined action must be taken, and that by the executive. Measures must be adopted towards the saving of many thousands of lives, and towards the strengthening of the entire population. It is a subject requiring the calmest thought, and the most decided action. It ought not to be considered in a time of panic, when some disease, during one year or during one season, is particularly destructive; nor ought it to be shelved for smaller and more ephemeral national questions, even although during one year or one season the death-tables of England generally, or of London and the large cities specially, have been unusually low. To believe that the low mortality of *one year* is a sign of great improvement in national health, and of *permanent* increase of national safety, and thus to bury among the leaves of the blue-book of the single year the statesmanlike view of the subject, is to do what the ostrich does, when he buries his foolish head in the sand.

On the other hand, to hesitate about grappling with this national difficulty because of its gigantic proportions and its complexities, is still worse:

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

It is often made matter of public wonderment why fevers, cholera, and such diseases, spread rapidly among us, sweeping away our citizens. There would be no such wonder, if the public were better acquainted with the reports of the registrar, and would listen with more attention to the lectures of Dr. Farr.

SHOCKING!

THE other day, being at Seville, at the inn dinner of the Fonda de Paris, I saw an English lady thrown into great perturbation by the conduct of a Frenchman, her neighbour, who, having finished his plate of soup, and the puchero being somewhat tardy in making its appearance, drew forth a leathern case and a box of wax matches, and, having bitten the end off a very big and bad cigar, proceeded to light and smoke it. I do not think a Spaniard of any class, to the lowest, would have done this thing. Although smoking is common enough at Spanish dinner-tables, when only men or natives are present, the innate good breeding of a caballero would at once cause him to respect the presence of a lady and a stranger; and he would as soon think of kindling, unbidden, a weed before her, as of omitting to cast himself (metaphorically) at her feet when he took his leave. Moreover, the Frenchman was wrong even in his manner of smoking. To consume a cigar at meal-times is not even un *costumbre del pais*—a custom of the country. It is the rather a stupid solecism. Between soup and puchero, or fish and roast, you may just venture on a cigarito—a dainty roll of tobacco and tissue paper. Any other form of fumigation, ere the repast be over, is ill mannered. The Gaul, however, thought, no doubt, that to puff at one of the hideous lettuce-leaf sausages of the Regio Impériale at dinner-time was precisely the thing to do in Spain. He smoked at Seville, just as on a hot day, in an English coffee-room, he would have ordered turtle-soup, a beefsteak “well bleeding,” and a pot of porter-beer. I only wonder that he did not come down to dinner at the Fonda de Paris in full bull-fighter’s costume—green satin breeches, pink silk stockings, and his hair in a net, or strumming a guitar, or clacking a pair of castanets. Indeed, he grinned complacently as he pulled at the abominable brand, and looked round the table, as though for approval. The Spaniards preserved a very grave aspect; and Don Sandero M’Gillicuddy, late of Buenos Ayres, my neighbour, whispered to me that he thought the Frenchman “*vara rude*.” As for the English lady, she was furious. She gathered up her skirts, grated away her chair, turned her left scapula full on the offending Frenchman, and I have no doubt wrote by the next post to Mr. John Murray of Albemarle-street, indignantly to ask why English readers of the Handbook were not warned

against the prevalence of this atrocious practice at Spanish dinner-tables. In fact, she did everything but quit the hospitable board. In remaining, she showed wisdom; for Spain is not a country where you can afford to trifle with your meals. You had best gather your rosebuds while you may, and help yourself to the puchero whenever you have a chance. Ages may pass ere you get anything to eat again.

The Frenchman was not abashed by this palpable expression of distaste on the part of his fair neighbour. I had an over-the-way acquaintance with him, and, glancing in my direction, he simply gave a deprecatory shrug, and murmured, “*Ah! c’est comme ça*.” SHOCKING! It never entered the hopest fellow’s head that he had been wanting in courtesy to the entire company, but he jumped at the conclusion that the *demoiselle Anglaise* was a faultless monster of prudery, and that the inhalation of tobacco-smoke at dinner-time, the employment of a fork as a toothpick, the exhibition of ten thousand photographed “legs of the ballet” in the shop windows, and frequent reference to the anonymous or Bois de Boulogne world in conversation, were to her, and her sex and nation generally, things abhorrent, criminal, and “shocking.”

The French, who never get hold of an apt notion or a true expression without wearing it threadbare and worrying it to death, and have even traditional jests against this country, which are transmitted from caricaturist to caricaturist, and from father to son, have built up the “faultless monster” to which I alluded above, and persist in believing that it is the ordinary type of the travelling Englishwoman. Oddly enough, while their ladies—and all other continental ladies—have borrowed from ours the quaint and becoming hat, the coloured petticoats and stockings, and the high-heeled boots which of late years have made feminine juvenility so coquettish and so fascinating, no French draughtsman, no French word-painter, ever depicts the English young lady save as a tall, rigid, and angular female—comely of face if you will, but standing bolt upright as a life-guardsmen, with her arms pendent, and her eyes demurely cast down. She always wears a straw bonnet of the coal-scuttle form, or an enormous flap-hat with a green veil. Her hands, encased in beaver gloves; and her feet, which are in sandalled shoes, are very large. She usually carries a capacious reticule in variegated straw of a bold chessboard pattern. She seldom wears any crinoline, and her hair is arranged in long ringlets most deliciously drooping. She seldom opens her mouth but to ejaculate “Shocking!” It is absolutely astounding to find so accurate an observer and so graphic a narrator as Monsieur Théophile Gautier falling into this dull and false conventionalism in his charming book on Spain. He is describing Gibraltar, and is very particular in the portrayal of such a *Mees Anglaise* as I have sketched above. The fidelity of the portrait will of course be fully appreciated by all British officers who have mounted guard over the Pillars of Hercules.

The ladies of the garrison at Gibraltar are not, it is true, so numerous as they might be. Calpe is not a popular station with military females. There is no native society beyond the families of the "Rockscorpions," who are usually dealers in mixed pickicks and Allsopp's pale ale, and a few Spaniards who earn a remunerative but immoral livelihood by coining bad dollars and smuggling Manchester cottons and Bremen cigars through San Roque; and unfortunately, to ladies of a theological turn, one of the chief charms of a sojourn in a foreign garrison is here lacking. There is nobody to convert in Gibraltar but the Jews; and as it takes about a thousand pounds sterling to turn a Hebrew into a Christian—and a very indifferent Christian at that, for you have to set him up in business and provide for his relations to the third and fourth generation—missionary enterprise, to say the least, languishes. With all these drawbacks, I am told that English female society at the Rock is charming; that their costume, their features, and their manners are alike sprightly and vivacious, and that the "girls of Gib," as regards that rapidity and entrain which are so pleasingly characteristic of modern life, are only second to the far-famed merry maidens of Montreal, whose scarlet knickerbockers and twinkling feet disporting on the glassy surface of the Victoria "Rink," have led captive so many old British grenadiers. When a maiden of Montreal is unusually rapid—what is termed "fast" in this country—they say she is "two forty on a plunk road," two minutes and forty seconds being the time in which a Canadian trotter will be backed to get over a mile of deal-boarded track.

Now, whatever could Monsieur Gautier have been thinking of so to libel the ladies of Gibraltar? They slow! They angular! They "avec la démarche d'un grenadier"! They adicted to the national ejaculation of "Shocking!" That old oak, however, of prejudice is so very firmly rooted, that generations, perhaps, will pass away ere foreigners begin to perceive that the stiff, reserved, puritanical Englishman or Englishwoman, if they still indeed exist, and travel on the Continent, have for sons and daughters ingenuous youths, who in volatile vivacity are not disposed to yield the palm to young France, and gaily-attired maidens, frolicsome, not to say frisky, in their demeanour. It is curious that the French, ordinarily so keen of perception and so shrewd in social dissection, should not, by this time, have discovered some other and really existent types of English tourists, male and female, to supply the place of the obsolete and well-nigh mythical "Mees," with her long ringlets, her green veil, her large hands and feet, and her figure full of awkward and ungainly angles. And may not the British Baronet, with his top-boots, and his bull-dog, and his hoarse cries for his servant "Jhon," and his perpetual thirst for "grogs," be reckoned among the extinct animals? I was reading only yesterday, in the *Chronique* of one of the minor Parisian journals, a couple of anecdotes most

eloquent of the false medium through which we are still viewed by the lively Gaul. In the first, the scene is laid at the Grand Hôtel. An Englishman is reading the *Times* and smoking a cigar. It is a step in advance, perhaps, that the Briton should have come to a cabana instead of pulling at a prodigiously long pipe. The Englishman happens to drop some hot ashes on the skirt of his coat. "Monsieur, monsieur!" cries a Frenchman sitting by, "take care, you are on fire!" "Well, sir," replies the Briton, indignant at being addressed by a person to whom he has not been formally introduced, "what is that to you? You have been on fire twenty minutes, and I never mentioned the fact." I refrain from giving the wonderful Anglo-French jargon in which the Englishman's reply is framed. The second anecdote is equally choice. An English nobleman is "enjoying his villégiatura at Naples"—by which, I suppose, is meant that he is betting on the chances of a proximate eruption of Mount Vesuvius—when his faithful steward, Williams Johnson, arrives in hot haste from England. "Well, Williams," asks the nobleman, "what is the matter?" "If you please, milor, your carriage-horses have dropped down dead." "Of what did they die?" "Of fatigue. They had to carry so much water to help put out the fire." "What fire?" "That of your lordship's country-house, which was burnt down on the day of the funeral." "Whose funeral?" "That of your lordship's mother, who died of grief on hearing that the lawsuit on which your lordship's fortune depended had been decided against you." Charming anecdotes are these, are they not? The gentleman who popped them into his column of chit-chat gave them as being of perfect authenticity and quite recent occurrence, and signed his name at the bottom; and yet I think I have read two stories very closely resembling them in the admired collection of Monsieur Joseph Miller.

The Englishman who is the hero of cock-and-bull stories, and the English lady who is always veiling her face with her fan, and exclaiming "Shocking!" are so dear to the French and the general continental heart, that we must look for at least another half-century of railways, telegraphs, illustrated newspapers, and international colleges, before the mythical period passes away and the reign of substantial realism begins. I remember at the sumptuous Opera House at Genoa seeing a ballet called *The Grateful Baboon*, in which there was an English general who wore a swallow-tail coat with lapels, Hessian boots with tassels, a pigtail, colossal bell-pull epaulettes, and a shirt-frill like unto that of Mr. Boatswain Chucks. The audience accepted him quite as a matter of course, as the ordinary and recognised type of an English military officer of high rank; and then I remembered that during our great war with France, Genoa had been once occupied by an English force under Lord William Bentinck, and that his lordship had probably passed bodily into the album of costumes of the Teatro Carlo Felice, and remained there unchangeable for fifty years. In like manner the Americans,

irritated, many years since, by the strictures of Mrs. Trollope, and stung to the quick by her sneers at the national peculiarities of "calculating" and spitting, thought they could throw the taunt back in our teeth by assuming that we were a nation of cockneys, hopelessly given to misplacing our Hs. I had no sooner put down the lively chronicle containing the Joe Millerisms, than I took up a copy of the New York Times, a paper of very high character and respectability, and whose editor, Mr. Henry Raymond, one of the most distinguished of living American politicians, is doing good service to the republic by striving—almost alone, unhappily—to stem the tide of the intolerance and tyranny of the dominant faction. In a leading article of the New York Times I read, that when the British Lion was reproached with his blockade-running sins, and other violations of neutrality during the war, the hypocritical beast turned up his "cotton-coloured eyes" and whimpered, "Thou cannot say Hi did it." The gentleman who wrote the leader doubtless thought he had hit us hard with that "Hi." He would have shot nearer the bull's-eye had he asked why Lord Russell is always "obleged" instead of obliged, and why the noble proprietor of Knowsley is Lord "Derby" to one set of politicians and Lord "Darby" to another. But these little niceties of criticism seem to escape our neighbours. The imputation of cockneyism is a bit of mud that will stick. The Americans have made up their minds that we are "Halways waunting the walour of hour harnis," and "hexulting hover hour appiness hunder the ouse of anover." No disclaimers on our part will cause them to abandon their position. Nor in this case, nor in that of "Shocking," do we lie open, I venture to think, to accusations of a tu quoque nature. We caricature our neighbours more closely and observantly than they do us. We have found out long since that the Yankee is not invariably a sallow man in a broad-brimmed straw hat, and a suit of striped nankeen, who sits all day in a rocking-chair with his feet on the mantelpiece, sucking mint julep through a straw. We know the circumstances under which he *will* put his feet up, and the seasons most favourable to the consumption of juleps. We have even ceased to draw him as he really was frequently visible, some twenty years since, as a cadaverous straight-haired individual, clean shaved, in a black tail-coat and pantaloons, a black satin waistcoat, and a fluffy hat stuck on the back of his head, and the integument of his left cheek much distended by a plug of tobacco.

The English painter of manners takes the modern American as he finds him: a tremendous dandy, rather "loud" in make-up, fiercely moustachioed and bearded, ringed and chained to the eyes, and, on the continent of Europe at least, quoting *Rafaelles* and *Titians*, *Canovas* and *Thorwaldsens*, as confidently as he would discourse of quartz or petroleum in Wall-street. We know that he has long since ceased to "calculate" or "reckon," and that it is much, now, if he

"guesses" or "expects." Not long ago, at Venice, an old English traveller was telling me of an American family with whom he had travelled from Florence to Bologna. One of the young ladies of the party, it seems, did not approve of the railway accommodation, and addressed the Italian guard in this wise: "My Christian friend, is this a first-class kyar, or a cattle-waggon?" At a subsequent stage of the journey the eldest gentleman of the group had remarked: "Say, if any of you gals bought frames at Florence, I can supply you with a lot o' picturs I got, at Rome, cheap." "They were model Yaukees," the old English traveller chuckled, as he told me the story. "Not at all," I made bold to answer; "they were very exceptional Yaukees indeed. They were, probably, shoddy people of the lowest class, rapidly enriched, and who had rushed off to Europe to air their new jewellery and their vulgarity." Nine-tenths of the Americans one meets travelling abroad now-a-days are well-informed and intelligent persons, often more fully appreciative of the beauties of art than middle-class English tourists. The American's ambition extends to everything, in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. If he doesn't appreciate Italian pictures, his wife and daughters will, so that at least there shall be a decent amount of connoisseurship in the family; whereas to the middle-class English foreign picture-galleries are usually an intolerable bore; and *Paterfamilias* very probably labours, besides, under a vague and secretly uneasy feeling that it does not become a man with less than twenty thousand a year and a handle to his name to talk of *Rafaelles* and *Titians*. There may be vulgar pretenders among the Americans whom one meets roving through the churches and galleries of the Continent—among what nation are vulgarity and pretence not to be found?—but take them for all in all, the love and appreciation for high art, although its very elements are of yesterday's introduction, are more generally discriminated in the United States than in England. The amazing development of photography, and the consequent circulation of the noblest examples of art at very cheap rates, together with the American mania for travelling, are the leading causes of their precocious proficiency in studies in which our middle classes are, as yet, but timid and bungling beginners.

It is true that they have not yet learnt to discriminate between Englishmen whose speech is that of educated gentlemen, and those who put their Hs in the wrong place. Perhaps their ears are at fault. There are none so deaf as those who will not hear. But I adhere to my position, that we are able to jot down their little changes of manners more accurately than they are able to do ours. We do not wear our jokes against them threadbare, or worry their foibles to death after the French fashion. Pennsylvania repudiation was a good jest in its day, made all the more bitter by being almost wholly destitute of foundation in truth; but no one could help

laughing at Sydney Smith's denunciations of the "men in drab," and his comically vindictive wish to cut up a Quaker, and apportion him, buttonless coat, broad-brimmed hat and all, among the defrauded bondholders. When it was discovered that Pennsylvania paid her obligations, the jokes about pails of whitewash grew stale, and we abandoned them for good. So it was with the great sea serpent. For years the English newspapers used to have their weekly quota of examples of American exaggeration and longbowism. We used to read about the cow which, being left out on a frosty night, never afterwards gave anything but ice-creams; about the man who was so tall that he had to climb up a ladder to take his hat off; about the discontented clock down east, which struck work instead of the hours. These jokes, too, have now become stale, and barely suffice to gain a giggle from the 'sixpenny seats when emitted by the comic singer at a music-hall. Sarcasms anent American brag and bunkum have not quite died out from English conversation and English journalism; for, unfortunately, the newest file of American papers are full of evidence that bunkum and brag are, on the other side of the Atlantic, as current as ever.

How is it that, when foreigners wish to quiz us—however good humouredly—they always date their witticisms from the morrow of the battle of Waterloo? The English began to be habitual travellers in the autumn of 1815. To us who know, or fancy that we know ourselves, the changes which have taken place in our manners and customs since that period are marvellous; but to foreigners we seem to be precisely the same people who came rushing to Paris when the allies were in the Palais Royal, and have since overrun every nook and corner of Europe. We know what we were like in '15; we had been bereft for twelve years of the French fashions. It was only once in some months or so that a Paris bonnet, or the design for a Paris dress, was furtively conveyed to us from Nantes or Hamburg in a smuggling lugger. Of the French language and of French literature we were almost entirely ignorant. To be a fluent French scholar was to be put down either as a diplomatist or a spy; and not all diplomatists could speak French. We had not learnt to waltz; and foreigners invited to the houses of English residents in Paris used to turn up their eyes at our barbarous country dances, and boydenish Sir Roger de Coverley. We knew no soup but turtle and pea; no made dishes but Irish stew and liver and bacon; no wines but port and sherry; claret gave us the cholic; champagne was only found at the tables of princes. We used to drink hot brandy-and-water in the morning. We used to get drunk after dinner. We had no soda-water. We had no cigars, and smoking a pipe was an amusement in winter few persons besides ship captains, hackney-coachmen, and the Reverend Dr. Parr, indulged. Our girls were bread-and-butter romps; our boys were coarse and often profligate hobbledoys, whose idea of "life" was to drink punch at the Finish, and beat the watch.

Our fathers and mothers were staid, and prim, and somewhat sulky, and carried with them everywhere a bigoted hatred of popery and a withering contempt of foreigners. This is what we were like in 1815; and, in '15, I can easily understand that the angular young woman in the coal-scuttle bonnet and the green veil, who was always crying "Shocking!" was as possible a personage as the baronet in top-boots who continually swore at "Jhon," his jockey, and roared for fresh grogs.

But can it be that we have not changed since the morrow of Waterloo? If we are to believe our critics, we are the self-same folk. It seems to me that we have let our beards and moustaches grow, and have become the most hirsute people in Europe; but a Charivari Englishman, or a Gustave Doré Englishman, or a Bouffes Parisiennes Englishman, is always the same simpering creature, with smooth upper and under lip, and bushy whiskers. Types must be preserved, you may argue. As a simpering and whiskered creature, the Englishman is best known abroad, and foreigners have as much right to preserve him intact as we have to preserve our traditional John Bull. But may I be allowed to point out that a type may become so worn and blunted as to be no longer worth printing from? For instance, there is the Frenchman in a cocked-hat and a pigtail and high-heeled shoes, and with a little fiddle protruding from his hinder pocket. That Frenchman's name was Johnny Crapaud. His diet was frogs. His profession was to teach dancing. One Englishman could always thrash three Johnny Crapauds. We have broken up that type for old metal; and it has been melted again, and recast into something more nearly approaching the actual Crapaud. Let me see; how many years is it since the lamented John Leech drew that droll cartoon in Punch entitled Foreign Affairs? It must be a quarter of a century, at least. He delineated the Frenchman of his day to the life: the Frenchman of the old Quadrant and Fricourt's and Dubourg's, and the stuffy little passport-office in Poland-street. That Frenchman—long haired, dirty, smouchy, greasy—has passed away. Before he died, Mr. Leech found out the new types; the fat yet dapper "Mossoos," with the large shirt-fronts and the dwarfed hats, who engage a barouche and a valet de place at Pagliano's, and go for "a promenade to Richmond." And had Mr. Leech's life been protracted, he would have discovered the still later type of Frenchman—the Parisian of the Lower Empire, the Frenchman of the Jockey Club and the Courses de Vincennes—the Frenchman who has his clothes made by Mr. Poole, or by the most renowned Parisian imitator of the artist of Saville-row, who reads *Le Sport* and goes upon *le Tourff*, and rides in his "bromm," and eats his "launch," and, if he could only be tured off the habit of riding like a miller's sack and sitting outside a café on the Boulevards, would pass muster very well for a twin-brother of our exquisites of the Raleigh and Gatt's.

It is all of no use, however, I fear. For good

old true-blue Toryism, and a determined hatred to new-fangled ways, socially speaking, you must go abroad, and especially to France. In prose and verse, in books and newspapers, in lithographs, and etchings, and terra-cotta statuettes, the traditional Englishman and the traditional Englishwoman will continue to appear as something quite different to that which they really are. In the halcyon day when it is discovered that we are no more "perfidious" than our neighbours, and that in the way of greedy rapacity for the petty profits of trade, the French are ten times more of a nation of shopkeepers than we are—then, but not till then, it may be acknowledged that the English female's anatomy is not made up exclusively of right angles, and that the first word in an Englishwoman's vocabulary is not always "Shocking!"

MR. WHELKS OVER THE WATER.

LONDON is a world in itself, having, as regards the condition of its inhabitants, a north pole and a south, a torrid zone and a frigid, tracts of fertility and tracts of barrenness, regions of civilisation and regions of barbarism. We need not go all the way to Central Africa, or the wilds of South America, to study the condition and habits of savages, when the New Cut, Lambeth, is within ten minutes' walk of the Houses of Parliament. Did you ever—we are addressing gentlemen of the Imperial Commission for Ameliorating the Condition of Mankind—did you ever, gentlemen, deliberating in your august chambers, realise to yourselves this fact, that the New Cut, Lambeth, is within ten minutes' walk of the Houses of Parliament? We realised the fact a few evenings ago, and it impresses us as a rather remarkable one. It was six o'clock when we emerged from the great door of the historic hall of Westminster. The setting sun was shedding a blaze of glory upon the majestic towers; a gentle breeze, laden with the perfume of flowers and the freshness of green leaves, swept down from the Park, bringing with it a murmur of ecclesiastical antiquity from the venerable Abbey; and in the midst of this scene of stately grandeur and dignified repose, the members of the Imperial Commission were assembling to deliberate upon a certain seven-pound scheme for ameliorating the condition of mankind. At ten minutes past six we were at the great door of a gin palace in the New Cut. What a change! Truly, the sun shone here as well as in Palace Yard, but his beams fell upon a very different scene. It was as if, in crossing the river, we had crossed a line dividing two worlds, wholly distinct and separate from each other. And the contrast was so great that the transition seemed to be a fantastic conjuration of the imagination rather than a reality. It was passing, in a few short moments, from the highest civilisation to the lowest barbarism, from the purest refinement to the foulest degradation. One might have imagined that the river was as great a gulf between the New Cut

and Palace Yard as the Atlantic was between the New World and the Old before the expedition of Columbus; that Westminster Bridge, instead of being an open highway, was a barrier which had never been crossed by the inhabitants of either of the two worlds which it separated. It would be difficult to give anything like an adequate idea of the polluted current of life which runs in the New Cut. No enumeration of the signs of meanness and squalid wretchedness which everywhere meet the eye could possibly convey an impression which is only to be received through the medium of all the senses. It is the converse of Vathek's Palaces of Delight. It is the offence of the eyes, the offence of the ears, the offence of the nose, the offence of the mouth, the offence even of the touch. The swarms of creeping, crawling, mangy-looking people who constantly throng the thoroughfare are suggestive rather of vermin than of human beings. Everything is coarse, and common, and mean; everything is tumble-down, dreary, and dirty. Well, what can the gentlemen of the Imperial Commission do in such a matter? Can they root poverty out of the land? No. But poverty is not the question. The people here are not "steeped in poverty," and yet they are steeped to the lips in every kind of degradation and wretchedness. There is abundant evidence on every hand that the working population of this district are possessed of sufficient means to have clean houses, and good food, and decent clothes, and wholesome cheerful amusements, if they were not utterly neglected and left to their own helplessness. Their dilapidation is like that of a goody house, which has been suffered to tumble down for want of timely repairs. Their squalid condition is that of children, who, though plentifully fed, are neglected by their mother, and allowed to spend their days in the gutters. The public-houses and provision-shops are driving a roaring trade. Mr. Whelks is spending his money freely in meat and drink, paying more for a coarse meal, served in a beastly eating-house, than you, honourable sir, are charged for your elegantly served lunch in the splendid salon of the Reform Club. We are using no hyperbolic language for the sake of effect. We speak by the card—the card of the eating-house to which we accompanied Mr. Whelks. We saw him come out of his house, a tumble-down hovel in a narrow court, through which an open drain ran its foul course into the Cut. He came down into the main street, and stood for a while listening to a ballad-singer. He bought one of the flimsy songs, and, after glancing it over, crumpled it up and put it in his pocket. He wandered about irresolutely for a few minutes, and then turned into an eating-house, a low-roofed, dingy, dirty hole, littered with sawdust and grease. The tablecloth was coarse and inconceivably dirty; the knives, forks, plates, &c., were of the rudest description, and clogged with black dirt. Mr. Whelks ordered "biled beef, peas, new potatoes, and bread." We gave the same order, but found it impossible to eat any of the viands set before

us. The beef was coarse and without flavour, the peas were tasteless, the potatoes waxy, and the bread suggestive of sawdust. So uniformly bad was everything, that we could not resist the idea that there must be, somewhere, a regular organised system for rearing coarse and inferior articles for the consumption of Mr. Wheelks. Nevertheless, Mr. Wheelks had to pay one and threepence for his meal, and it was not his dinner nor his supper. It was one of those snacks between whiles, which Mr. Wheelks, living amid dirt, and squalor, and wretchedness, is nevertheless able to afford. Mr. Wheelks declined the proffer of beer with his snack, not that he is a teetotaler, but he likes to take his beer at the bar of the public-house. So when he had cleared off his "biled beef," &c., he adjourned to the nearest tavern, and indulged in a pint of porter, a black frothy mixture, consisting chiefly of liquorice and water. For this he paid twopence, which was at least a penny farthing more than it was worth. He then lighted his pipe, and placing his back against the wall of the public-house, lounged there for some time, smoking and contemplating the sluggish stream of human mud that flowed past him. There he stands, a slouching, dirt-begrimed, beer-soddened, miserable wretch, living in a pigsty, and spending his evenings in sloppy beer-shops, or in some wretched dusthole of a "gaff." And yet that man earns money enough to live cleanly and wholesomely, if he only had a decent home and decent opportunities of passing his leisure hours.

We may be told that it is no part of the duty of the Imperial Commission to build homes for the poor. Very well, admit that, and so far let us trust to Mr. Peabody and all who may be stimulated to good deeds by his munificent example. But though the Imperial Commission repudiates any responsibility with regard to the places in which the poor live when they are *at home*, it *does* assume responsibility with regard to those places of public resort in which they find entertainment when they go abroad. Let us see how Court and Commission do their duty in this respect in the New Cut.

Mr. Wheelks has smoked his pipe out, and is tired of watching the eddying of the muddy waters of humanity. He wants some amusement. Whither shall he go for relaxation and pleasant diversion? His choice lies among innumerable public-houses and beershops, a wax-work show, two "gaffs," and a single theatre. The last is a large commodious building, is duly licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, and for the small charge of threepence (to the gallery) affords Mr. Wheelks the elevating delights of the drama. On the occasion of our visit the programme offered two dramas, and the first of these was entitled "Woman's Trials." Mr. Wheelks was in the front row of the gallery, and a policeman stood in the stalls with a cane to indicate him to another policeman at the gallery door, if he should interrupt the performance by whistling. It strikes us at once as being very odd that Mr. Wheelks, who pays his money to

enjoy a play, should be so constantly disposed to make a disturbance and interrupt the progress of that play. But when we have witnessed "Woman's Trials," and reflected upon the trial which the play must have been to Mr. Wheelks's patience, we no longer think it odd that he should whistle. And here, again, it is to be observed, that Mr. Wheelks is pushed away in pit and gallery at the greatest distance from the stage, while the stalls and boxes are given over to comparative emptiness.

It would not be easy to describe clearly the plot of "Woman's Trials," but its leading incidents will suffice to give an idea of its quality as a means of entertainment.

Pauline Rosier, a flower-girl, is beloved by Eugene, a young man of humble station; but she rejects his suit in favour of that of a military gentleman, who, judging by his cocked-hat and the size of his epaulettes, must be a field-marshal at least. The field-marshal, whose christian name seems to be Hongree (in English it would be Enery), is no sooner united to Pauline than he is ordered off to the wars, whither he goes, valiantly, with his sword drawn, at the head of an army of six men and a trumpeter. Pauline finds herself deserted. It was to be expected that Hongree would turn out badly, for his first entrance was over a bridge. (Attentive students of the British drama must have observed that the villains enter over bridges or down steps, while the virtuous characters come in modestly at the sides.) With her desertion by Hongree, Pauline's trials begin. At the end of five years, Mr. Wheelks encounters her wandering about the country, accompanied by her little child, the son of Hongree. They have passed through many cities begging their bread, but there are no travel-stains on their clothes, their shoes are in remarkably good order, and the little boy (who says he is very hungry) has on a clean collar and a pink necktie, and his hair is carefully brushed and curled. In this neat and natty plight of wretchedness, the mother and child arrive at the Lamb, a roadside inn, kept by the comic man, Paul Lamborreau, and his wife, Madeline, an old friend of Pauline. The humours of this pair turn upon certain delicate matrimonial matters. Madeline had been courted by a gay trumpeter in the service of Hongree, but preferred Paul, with whom, however, she is always quarrelling because they have no children. When Paul displeases her, she taunts him with this, and says that no doubt if she had married the trumpeter there would have been plenty of children by this time. * * * These stars stand for a piece of dialogue on this subject, which probably escaped the notice of the licenser of plays. Mr. Wheelks, however, was highly delighted with it. Paul and Madeline take compassion upon Pauline and her son, and give them food and shelter; and when the little boy has eaten a cake, he innocently asks Paul if he may play with his little boy. Hoarse laugh again, and more stars. * * * *

It is wonderful how the personages of a drama, however widely they may be separated

from each other by such slight obstacles as the Atlantic Ocean or the great desert of Sahara, always manage to come together when the exigencies of the plot require a striking tableau, a catastrophe, or a happy reunion. Hongree, returned from the wars, and accompanied by a fine lady, arrives at the Lamb, and is recognised by Pauline, who claims him as her husband. He casts her off, and declares, by way of explanation, to the fine lady (whom, it appears, he has bigamously married) that this is "a vile plot of a degraded woman to extract his gold from him." Pauline protests that it is no such thing, and produces from her bosom a miniature of Hongree. Dreading this proof, Hongree endeavours to take the miniature from her. There is a desperate struggle; one of Hongree's soldiers points a gun at the comic man, rushing on to Pauline's assistance, and on this tableau the curtain descends, amid much whistling and laughing from Mr. Wheelks.

More trials for Pauline. She is on the road again in a very neat merino gown, wandering from city to city with her little son. She is attacked by two grim robbers, who demand her money. She pleads that she is a poor wanderer, and possesses only a few francs. The child pleads too, and says, in a pathetic little voice, "Don't hurt my mother." One of the robbers, who is a facetious ruffian, declares that he is "quite overcome," and flicks a tear out of the corner of his eye; but immediately turns savagely upon Pauline, and roars, "Give me your money, or your brat finds a grave—!" But at this moment the comic innkeeper rushes on with a whip, and knocks the purse out of the robber's hand. Pauline menaces the other robber with a dagger. Tableau! The two robbers, being baffled, slink off—the facetious one returning for a moment to shake his fist and say, "You shall hear from my solicitor;" which, somehow or other, seemed to us the funniest observation we had heard for a long time.

In the next scene the two robbers, instigated by the wicked Hongree, steal Pauline's child from her in the dead of night. One robber escapes through the window with the child, while the other struggles with Pauline. Struggle of five minutes' duration all over the stage, concluding with the firing off of a gun! Call for Pauline, who appears before the curtain with her hair out of curl.

Many years have now elapsed, and Pauline's son has grown to be a young man. He is poor and unfortunate, and apparently a companion of the two robbers. The facetious robber says to him, "Why don't you do it up, brown?" To which the young man solemnly replies, "Because a still small voice tells me that there are bright days for those who are honest." However, he is persuaded, spite of the still small voice, to do something inclining towards brown, having to do with a forged cheque. When the money is obtained, the facetious robber sarcastically proposes that they should open a limited-liability bank, but Mr. Wheelks (happy

man) is not at all alive to this joke. Pauline's next trial is to be turned out by her landlady, though she has lived with her ten years and owes her only a few francs. But the drama does not stick at trifles when the agony wants piling up. (It is worthy of remark here, that in the course of twenty years Pauline has not grown a day older, and has made little change in her clothes, which have worn wonderfully.) Pauline rushes to the river and takes a header, but is rescued from the "result of the rash act" by her son, who happens to be on the spot at the moment. She has only just recognised her son and flown to his arms, when the young man is arrested by the military, with guns (toujours guns), for forgery. Pauline now seeks an interview with Hongree (not a day older either), to plead for her son and his. But the wicked Hongree still insists that she is a degraded woman seeking to extract his gold from him, and orders her to be taken away.

The last scene of all of this very strange and eventful history represents the court-house. Young Hongree going to be tried for forgery, and old Hongree seated "on the right hand of the judgment-seat," as the lad observes. "There sits my father," says the young man. "The proof!" demands the father. "Behold!" says Pauline, entering at this moment with an old gentleman in a cassock and white bands. At sight of the reverend gentleman—"this holy man"—who married him to Pauline, Hongree begins to tremble, then rises and staggers down the steps of the judgment-seat.

"Pauline," he says, "your pardon—you—gasp—are—gurgie—my wife; he—gasp—is—gurgie—my son." Then Hongree has a back fall and is no more, leaving Mr. Wheelks to infer that he has died of a pricked conscience. Certainly there were no outward causes to account for his sudden decease. As to Pauline, Mr. Wheelks is left to infer that the death of her husband rewards all her trials, and makes her happiness complete.

From this temple of the drama, which really affords the highest class of entertainment in the immediate neighbourhood, we followed Mr. Wheelks to another place of amusement in the New Cut. This was a waxwork show. In front of the building, which was an old tumble-down house, among the provision-shops, a man played a barrel-organ, while a woman beat a drum with one hand and took money with the other. The price of admission was one penny, and the shed was rapidly filling with boys, young girls, and a sprinkling of grown-up women, among whom were several domestic servants who had been sent out on errands, and were treating themselves to a little entertainment on the way. When we were "all in," a gloomy-looking lad came forward to describe the figures. The whole place was a chamber of horrors, beginning with Rush, and ending with Doctor Pritchard, including, however, Lord Palmerston, Sir John Franklin, and Florence Nightingale; Lord Palmerston and Sir John being strangely mingled up with the Italian.

pirates. The gloomy lad minutely described all the circumstances of the crimes with which the figures were associated, always sinking his voice to a solemn key when he came to say that the "un'appy man expated his crime on the scuffle," and carefully giving all names and dates. A dirtier place, or a more wretched, ragged, and in the last degree mean and miserable exhibition, it is impossible to conceive. It ministered solely to the morbid taste for horrors. The heads bore no resemblance to the persons represented, and most of them were broken. The Italian pirates had scarcely a finger among them, and Lord Palmerston had evidently at some time or other had his throat cut. (Possibly, in a former state of waxwork existence, he had been Lord William Russell.) We recognised several old friends from the windows of the barbers' shops, and at least two from the shop doors of the cheap clothiers. Ernest Southey, otherwise Forwood, "the unnatural 'usband and father," if he were not the identical person, must have been own brother to the waxen gentleman who many years ago demonstrated the elasticity of a black satin patent stock in High Holborn. He wore the same black stock now, while in the act of murdering his wife, in the same room where his three children (all of the same age) lay side by side in bed, poisoned. This dreary show concluded in a sort of hay-loft above stairs, or rather above ladder, with the exhibition of a Scotch giant and his infant daughter, a prodigy of fatness and idiocy—a lamentable sight. The Scotch giant had not been looked at half a minute before he came down from his platform with a tin box and begged for bawbees. When there were no more bawbees to be gathered, he returned to his platform, contemptuously shrouded himself behind a ragged curtain, and called to us to "hook it." And so the audience tumbled down some rickety steps, and streamed out into the Cut, running a thicker tide of human mud than ever.

We next followed Mr. Whelks to a gaff, also "giving" upon the main thoroughfare of the Cut, and almost within sight of the august towers. When we come to this place of entertainment we feel that we have already been too prodigal of epithets expressive of our horror and disgust. We have left ourselves no words strong enough to characterise the filthiness of the den we now entered, nor the unmitigated brutality of the performance we witnessed. The gaff was formed, as in the case of the waxwork show, out of a tumble-down house, and was approached through a foul-smelling passage littered with manure, and (literally) over a cinder-heap. The prices of admission were a penny to the body of the hall, and twopence to the gallery. We paid twopence, and reached the gallery by a few steps. We despair of being able to give any idea of the dreadful place. The floor of the area was composed of black mud; the ceiling, formed of a sooty sheet of canvas, had fallen in and had a large hole in the centre as if it had been used as a shoot for coals. There was a raised stage without foot-lights,

backed by a rudely-painted scene; a fiddle and a jangling piano, boxed up in a corner, furnished the orchestra, and the place was lighted dimly by about a dozen gas jets. The black pit below was nearly filled with boys, and the rickety gallery was thinly occupied by costermongers and girls. The performances consisted of singing and dancing. When we entered, the stage was occupied by a ruffianly-looking fellow attired in the traditional stage-costume of an Irishman. He was singing an indecent song about a certain Paddy Carey, and the boys below were interrupting him with coarse jokes and taunts about the state of the ceiling. The fellow took no pains to amuse them, and danced and sang just when it suited him. Suddenly he stopped, and, pointing to a spot on the rough scene behind, said, "There's the mark, now, fire away." Presently one of the boys threw him a copper, which he picked up, declaring that it was "half a ton" (a halfpenny, as we came to understand); then another was thrown, which he said was a "ton" (a penny). Then the contributions fell to farthings, which he called "fadgees." "Now," he said, when he had picked up about a dozen fadgees—"now I'll wallop myself about the stage a little." He signalled to the orchestra, and began to "wallop himself about." A boy threw a crust of bread at him with an expression of contempt. He stopped, and, pointing his finger at the boy, said, with a terrible oath, "I see you, you young 'epithet,' and if you do that again, I'll come down and split your 'oath' jaw."

The foul and unsafe building was visibly tumbling down, and there was no policeman present either in the place itself or at the door. If such dens are licensed, then the Commission is a mockery; if such performances can be presented in the heart of a decent city, then the courtly authority of the Lord Chamberlain is a sham.

In our article entitled "Mr. Whelks Revived," which appeared in No. 373 of this journal, we chose the fictitious name of "Mr. Harry Clifton" for a performer at a music-hall, who was described as singing somewhat vulgar songs. We regret to find that this is the real name of a gentleman who never sings at music-halls, and enjoys a high reputation both as a concert-singer and a writer of comic songs of the better class.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY.

THERE are some individuals—and most readers can probably lay their fingers on a specimen or two among their acquaintance—who are forever accusing themselves of faults. "I am the idlest fellow in the world," some member of this class will say; or, "I am as proud as any Lucifer;" "I want patience;" "I have a very hot temper;" "I am sadly impetuous," and the like. Self-accusations are generally of this sort, not entirely ruinous to the character of the person confessing, and rare indeed are the cases in which we find a man who will say: "I am a

craven at heart;" or, "I am naturally prodigiously stingy and mean."

Now, it is a curious fact that this self-accusatory habit into which so many individuals among us fall is possessed by us also to some extent as a nation. We English people stand almost alone among the nations of the earth in our practice of habitual and liberal self-censure. We are always taking ourselves to task, pointing out our own defects, calling upon all men to observe them, and showing how much better matters are administered in other countries. "Our town is ill administered," we say; as indeed it is; "We have no government;" "Our cabs and omnibuses are a disgrace to civilisation."

It is probable that neither in the individual nor in the nation does all this mean much, indeed it cannot mean much, or we should carry our heads lower than we do; but mean it much, or mean it little, certain it is that this habit of self-depreciation belongs to us, and that in no respect is it more powerfully developed than in relation to matters of a decorative kind, and such as are connected with our public buildings, monuments, gardens, and other similar institutions. Here, indeed, we are ready to confess ourselves abject in the last degree, and not without cause.

Still there is hope for us. Within the last few years we have been moving in the right direction. We have built larger houses, with more pretensions at any rate of a decorative sort. We have constructed pretty flower-gardens in our Parks, and in other ways shown a desire to improve our public places,—nay, an attempt has even been made of late to do something with our cemeteries, so that these, our last resting-places, shall present something less monotonous and distressing to the eye than the old combination of rank grass and grim undecorated gravestone with which we were so long contented.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more repulsive and more hopeless than the old London churchyard, now fallen into disuse, but of which there may still be found many specimens in and about the metropolis and suburbs. Take as metropolitan instances the two enclosures on either side of Paddington-street, at the back of the Marylebone workhouse, or that one near to Tyburn, and belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square. They are simply horrible. No other word can express the aversion which such places inspire. There is no attempt to present death under its softer and less terrible aspect. Long rows of grim ungainly upright stones, relieved here and there by a square edifice, like a huge tea-caddy, stand there in unmitigated ugliness, suggesting only the darkest side of the picture—death in its most hideous and squalid form—and such as we have known and feared it from our earliest days.

The ornamentation and the general look of the modern cemetery is a vast improvement on those dreadful old burying-grounds. It is chiefly with the view of marking every indication of

improvement in this way, and of suggesting how it may be carried further, that these few notes on churchyard sculpture are here set down.

In some of our cemeteries of the longest standing, the old and the new kind of monument may be seen close together, and compared. There, will be found the older graves marked with the common ugly head-stone, the square brick tomb with the stone slab, and the narrow stone grave, shaped something like a coffin. There, also, will be observable two other kinds of monument, much in use, and finding, or having once found, marked and special favour in English eyes—two very ungainly and unmeaning monstrosities—the obelisk and the urn.

Whence, in the name of all that is most incongruous and most inappropriate on earth, this popularity of the obelisk and the urn! There are thousands of these in our cemeteries. The writer, in one of our principal cemeteries, paused for a moment, and without moving from the spot of ground on which he stood, counted forty-four urns at a glance. The spot was chosen at hap-hazard, and was not in a commanding situation. Let the reader judge of it for himself. Let him visit one of our cemeteries where there is raised ground, as at Highgate, and let him survey what is before him from an elevation. He will see such incredible numbers of these urns and obelisks as would lead him to the belief, if he did not know better, that they were the insignia of England's religion. Now, how is this to be accounted for? The urn has some connexion of the ancient heathen sort with the ashes of the dead. In countries where, and in the time when, the bodies of the dead were consumed by fire, the ashes left after incineration, collected and placed in an urn, were, as everybody knows, preserved. But now, when those mortal remains are, as is patent to all men, buried underground, what significance have these wretched urns, which not only do not contain the ashes of the dead, but are, most probably, solid throughout, and incapable of holding ashes or anything else?

And these sepulchral arms are draped. Among the thousands, there are few, if any, which are not partially veiled by a piece of drapery. There are variations, truly, in the manner of the cutting of the cloth; sometimes it is in two formal festoons, with the ends passed through the handles of the vessel; sometimes it covers nearly the whole urn with its folds; sometimes it is thrown over the vase in a careless loose style, at the sculptor's discretion; but it is always, or almost always there, and has got to be regarded, doubtless, in the light of a pious emblematical decoration, just as the inverted torch has got to be looked upon as a type of death, in spite of the fact, known to every one who has ever lighted a lucifer match, that if you hold any ignited object downward, it burns brighter than ever.

But the obelisk in this country, where no symbolism such as it may have had among Eastern nations attaches to it, and where no cabalistic signs are inscribed upon its surface,

is, even a more unmeaning sepulchral monument than an urn. It is an ugly thing, an unsuggestive thing, it can never have any attractiveness except such as might attach to it from its being of vast size, a monolith hewn out of one solid block of marble. In our cemeteries, it has certainly no merit of this sort to redeem it from ignominy. It is small, of poor material, and is, generally speaking, out of the perpendicular.

These obelisks are of various forms. Sometimes they are enormous at their bases, and taper away rapidly to a sharp point, so as to present something of the appearance of a pyramid; sometimes they rise to a considerable height—six or seven feet, perhaps—and end abruptly in a blunt four-sided point, and sometimes they terminate in some terrible and abnormal fashion, as in a hand with the forefinger pointing upward. Let the reader picture this to himself for a moment—an obelisk rising from its pedestal and tapering swiftly away till it becomes as small as a man's wrist. Then comes the hand, as above, with the index extended—sometimes knocked off. You would find nothing more rudely conceived, than this barbarous arrangement, among savages.

It is possible to effect combinations of the obelisk and the urn together, though the urn is usually to be found on a pedestal by itself. Still, the thing may be done, and I even distinctly remember an instance in one of the London cemeteries of such fertile invention on the part of one of our monumental sculptors as led to the combination of obelisk, pedestal, urn and drapery, in one composition, leaving nothing to be desired—except, perhaps, a crowbar, with which to make an end of the whole thing.

This popularity of the obelisk, and it is to the full as popular as the urn, is a thing entirely mysterious. That it can ever have been chosen by any sane human being on account of its intrinsic merits, that anything of beauty or suggestiveness can ever have been associated with it in any one of its aspects, that an obelisk can ever have been chosen by any one because he liked it or thought it the most appropriate monumental design which could be selected to mark the last resting-place of his friend or relation—these are ideas which may at once be dismissed as simply absurd and untenable.

It is a feature in our national character, and a very important one, that we are at once extremely docile and extremely bigoted in matters of opinion. We believe what we are told to believe, and stick to it. People who think for themselves are rare in the extreme. We have an enormous respect for what are called professional people, and are guided by their enunciations in an inordinate degree. The ordinary type of human being going to the "emporium" of a sepulchral monumentalist to select a gravestone, on being told by the proprietor of the establishment what he ought to have, will at once fall into the views of the professional person. "This, sir, is generally thought to be a chaste and appropriate kind of monument," says the artist, indicating

an obelisk of granite, standing in his show-room; or, "We set up a very great number of these, sir, and they are found to give general satisfaction." We shrink from trusting to our own convictions, or consulting our own tastes. We require a precedent. We seek to intrench ourselves behind the opinions of others, mistrusting our own, or perhaps, still oftener, we have none of our own.

It is by no means uncommon to find among our more elaborate monuments some which are decorated with human figures, rudely expressing the passion of grief, the flight of time, and the like. There is one figure especially, a female figure, bowed over an urn—the urn again!—and often holding the inverted torch, in an attitude expressive of grief, which is no doubt very generally known, and which may be seen in any of the monument shops in the neighbourhood of our cemeteries. It is never well executed, and it never can be. The human figure has this remarkable characteristic among others, that it can only be well modelled or carved by a first-rate artist, and the services of such an one cannot be secured except on terms which very few among those who wish to put up monuments to their friends or relatives are able to afford. This especial mourning figure, representations of angels, and even of cupids holding hour-glasses, and other appropriate and inappropriate emblems, are frequently to be found in our burying-grounds, but they are almost invariably (as is also the case with busts and medallions of the dead) ill executed, and would be much better away. A man may be able to carve a flower, or to cut out a stone cross, tolerably well, and may yet be wholly inadequate to the task of dealing with the human figure. Moreover, there is a fitness and propriety in all things, and though the cemetery may be—nay undoubtedly is—a fit place for a commemorative stone or cross indicating the place where the departed one is laid, it is hardly the right situation for sculptured monument of high value. Such a work of art demands to be sheltered under a roof, and not left in the open air exposed to all the injurious influences of weather and atmosphere. The proper thing in a graveyard is a grave. If a monument be wanted, it should be elsewhere. In a church, under cover, or grounded at least on some firm and good foundation.

If the common head-stone be ugly and repulsive, if the obelisk be unmeaning, and the urn, in modern times, inexcusable, what sort of structure should we do well to place over the graves of our dead, sacred before all men to their memory? Something there should be—but what?

There is not much room for fancy or vagary here. Neither our tombstones nor the inscriptions on them should be of a fantastic sort. Heaven knows that the presence of fancy or even of eccentricity, as displayed in the construction of a monument or the wording of an epitaph, does not necessarily indicate anything of indifference to their loss in the hearts of those who have caused such monument to be set up; still they are apt to convey that impression.

Fanciful monuments and inscriptions, then, are objectionable; as are also all obelisks, urns, narrow upright pedestals, small models of church spires, Corinthian columns, complete or broken, and everything of the sarcophagus kind. Of upright monuments, crosses alone are good, and these should be low, and not too large. It is in the very nature of things, alas! that the ground of graveyards should be continually disturbed. A monumental stone is no sooner set up than it becomes necessary, perhaps, to make a new grave close beside that which the stone marks, and so its foundations are disturbed, and the monument settles over to one side. Nay, changes may take place in connexion with the ground beneath the tombstone itself, and the same result may then follow. And this settling over to one side, having always something of a ludicrous appearance, is a thing to be guarded against in every way, and does seem to suggest, upon the whole, that the best churchyard monuments are flat ones, and such as extend in a horizontal position along the ground.

A better kind of gravestone is beginning to appear in our cemeteries, and to it the old objectionable forms are gradually giving place. Among the newer monuments which are to be seen in our modern burying-places, the reader who cares to observe such things, will take note that there is one which is very simple and good, and which common sense, as well as good taste, recommends. A plain slab of stone or marble, about the size of the grave, lying above it in a horizontal position, and surrounded by a gilded railing. It is not unfrequently the case that between the slab and the railing there is sufficient room left for a flower-bed, and the whole combination forms probably as good an out-door monumental structure as could be hit upon, and one, moreover, within reach of the means of a great number of people.

This is a kind of monument which is both simple and natural, and but little liable to be displaced or to fall out of repair. When it is seen among the others, which have been glanced at above, it at once proclaims its superiority. Obedient to the force of gravitation it is in unison with the laws of nature, instead of opposing them, and, raised but little from the earth, it fears no fall. When the flowers are in bloom all around the central slab, or the evergreens when flowers may not be had, the whole thing presents a cheerful look such as should rightly characterise a monument set up by those who sorrow, but with hope. Such memorial stones as these, with the bright gilt railing, the pure marble slab, and the flower-beds, are amenable to no charge of horror or ghastliness.

A cemetery is most certainly the right place for a profusion of flowers. Of all out-door monumental decoration these are by far the most beautiful and appropriate. Those who have money to spend upon the last habitation of their friends and relations, and who piously desire to show their love and sorrow by some sort of outward sign, will act more wisely in paying some annual fee to the cemetery gar-

dener to keep churchyard flower-beds trim and pretty, than in laying out a vast amount of money among stonemasons, resulting in ill-executed angels, or trophies of cannon balls and swords and cocked-hats, and other such insignia, hinting at the professional career of the deceased. The sums of money spent on these great ponderous symbolical monuments are often very large. But who that has groined in presence of some hideous specimen of sepulchral bad taste, some terrible combination of cherubs and skeletons, of scythes and hour-glasses, of broken columns and ponderous marble clouds, and who has at the same time felt the beauty of one of these flower-begirt graves, will not testify to the superiority of the gardener's work over that of the stonemason?

There is, too, a symbolism in the introduction of flowers here which makes them specially fit. These plants have come up from a root which itself was buried in the earth in order that the flower which we admire might bloom. They were put into the ground in the form of seed or bulb with no beauty about them to win our admiration, but they come up in due time arrayed in such splendour of decoration as cannot fail to fill us with admiration first, and then, as we think longer, with hope. They are grasses of the field whose perishable nature have been made before now to typify the insecurity of human life. Moreover, they suggest, at least, a certain continued supervision, a daily tending and care which favour the idea that those to whose memory they are sacred, are still held in recollection by their friends.

Let our "gardens of the dead," then, be really gardens in the ordinary acceptation of the word. It is terrible, at best, that act of hiding away in the grave the bodies of those we have loved, remembering that the very lips which we have kissed, and the hands which we have held in ours, are lying there in the cold wet earth, when the days are dark and the nights are stormy. A grievous thought always, and one to which man's nature may not altogether be reconciled. But let us do all that lies with us to make this thought more endurable, and divest the place where those whom we have cared for are laid, and where we must one day lie ourselves, of all that is ghastly and repulsive eternally—of everything that can strengthen that natural fear of death which is strong within us always.

FAR AT SEA.

I.

"Ah!" I says, "you've been a hard and a bitter mother to me; and yet it goes again the grit to turn one's back upon you. I've toiled on, and lived hard, and yet you've always showed me a cold, cruel face;" and as I said that, feeling quite heartsick, I leans my elbows on the side o' the ship, and my chin on my hands, and has a long, long look at the old country as we was leaving—perhaps to see no more.

I looked round, and there stood plenty, tearful-eyed and sad with all the lines of sorrow marked

in their foreheads, while I could see lips trembling and breasts working with the pain they could hardly keep down. And then I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me that we thought together the same sad things, and that I knew their thoughts and they knew mine. There was all the old life—plain as could be; and then came the long, long struggle with sickness, and death, and want; and I knew that people said such poor folk should not marry, and many another bitter word, as if it was wrongful to love and try to be happy. The wind whistled through the ropes above our heads, and the clouds seemed gathering, too, in our hearts, for though the bitterness was gone, I could see plenty of sorrow and sadness all around.

"Won't do, my lad," I says, rousing up, and wetting both hands as if I meant work; and then I goes down in the steerage to try and make things a bit comfortable, for you see all the poor things were in a most miserable state. Some was ill, some down-hearted, some drunk and foolish, some drunk and noisy, some drunk and quarrelsome. Then there was children crying, and women scolding, and altogether it was anything but a cheering prospect for the night, for, as you may say, we weren't shook down into shape yet.

"Good time coming," I says cheerily; and having no young ones of my own, I set to, to help them as had. I got hold of a young shaver—about two and a half, I should think—and he was a-letting go right away as if he'd got all the trouble in the ship in his precious young head. But he soon turned quiet, playing with my knife, and all at once I finds as he'd made a hammock o' me, and had gone off as sound as a church. During the next three days its mother was very ill, poor thing, and I had to regularly mind the little one; and I did, too.

Well, 'tisn't a very pleasant life in the steerage of an emigrant ship bound for New Zealand, 'specially if the weather's a bit rough; and so we found it. For the next morning, when I went on deck, there was a stiff breeze blowing, the ship heeling over; and as I thought the night before, so it was—there was nothing in sight but waves all round. One sailor did point to something which he said was home, but it might have been a cloud.

The fourth night had come, and as I lay in my berth listening to the "wash wash" of the water past the side of the ship, the creaking and groaning of the timbers, and every now and then the heavy bump of a wave against the side, I couldn't help thinking what a little there was between us and death; and somehow or other the serious thoughts that came kept me wide awake.

It was two bells, I think they call it, for they don't count time as we do ashore, when all at once I could hear as there was a great bustle up on deck, where all through the watches of the night everything's mostly very quiet. Then there came a good deal of tramping about and running to and fro; so I gets out of my berth, slips on one or two things, and goes cautiously

up the ladder and gets my head above the hatchway, and then in a moment I saw what was up; and it gave me such a shock that I nearly let go my hold and fell back into the steerage. There was a thick cloud of smoke issuing out from between the hatches, right in the centre of the ship; and almost before I could thoroughly realise it all, or make myself believe as it was true, a woman ran shrieking along the deck in her night-dress, and calling out those fearful words on board ship—

"Fire! fire! fire!"

Hundreds of miles from land, standing on a few nailed-together pieces of wood, and them burning beneath your feet.

I couldn't help it: all my bitter feelings of being ill used came back, and I says to myself:

"Your usual luck, mate; wouldn't be you if you weren't unfortunate. But never mind; you have your choice, fire or water." And then I thought of the danger, and I ketches myself such a thump in the chest, and rolls up my sleeves, and goes up to the captain as was busy giving his orders.

"What shall I do?" I says.

"Pump!" he shouts, "and fetch a dozen more up."

Lord bless you! I had 'em up in no time from amongst the crying women; and I found time, too, to get the women and children up on deck in the poop, which was furthest from the hatches, where the smoke kept pouring out, besides which the wind took it away from them.

There was plenty of shrieking and screaming at first; but they had got the right man in the right place when they chose that captain, for he runs to the poop, where all the shivering things was a-standing, and with a few words he quiets them. Then he runs to the men as was scuffling about, here, there, and everywhere, and gets them all together; and then at last he gets a line of fellows with buckets, a lot more at the pumps, and some more at the little engine as was there; and then when all was ready, and every man standing still at his post, he goes with some more to the hatches and drags up a couple, when up rose a regular pillar of fire and smoke, with a snaky quiet movement, and in a moment every face was lit up, and there was quite a glare spreading far out to sea. Sails, cordage, masts, everything seemed turned into gold. For a moment I couldn't help forgetting the danger, and thinking what a beautiful sight it was; when directly after there was a regular ringing cheer, the engine and pumps went "clang-clang," and the water was teemed into the burning hold from bucket and engine-nozzle.

How the water hissed and sputtered! while volumes of smoke and steam rushed up where it had been all flame but a moment before, and as we saw this we cheered; but we'd nothing to cheer for; it was only the fire gathering strength; and then, as though laughing at the water we poured in, it came dashing, and crawling, and running up, licking the edges of the hatchway, and setting on fire the tarpaulins at

the sides, and then it began to shoot and leap up as if to catch at the cordage and sails.

"Pour it in, my lads," shouted the captain. "Don't be afraid; we shan't run short of water, like they do at your London fires."

"No," says a chap on my side; "and there ain't no running away into the next street."

Then I saw the captain run to the man at the wheel, and he changed the course of the ship, so that all the smoke and flame went over the side; and then at it we went, sending in the water at a tremendous rate, but to all appearance it did no good—not a bit.

"Now, my lads," says the captain, "with a will;" and then we cheered again; and that noble fellow stood with the engine-nozzle in his hand, leaning right over the fiery hole, where the flames darted out, scorching him, and there he stood battling with them, and aiming the water where he thought best.

You see I stood close aside him, so that I could see all as he did—a brave fellow—and it was hot, too. You know I was taking the buckets as they were passed to me, and sending the water in with a regular splash as far as I could every time; and the captain nodded at me every now and then, and, "Well done!" he says, when it was him as ought to have had the praise.

It was like looking down into the mouth of a furnace; and, as far as I could see, we might just as well have been playing with a couple of boy's squirts; but I knew enough of duty to feel what I ought to do; and though I'd have liked to have been aside the wife to comfort her, my duty was to stand there pouring in that there water till I couldn't do it no longer; and the more it didn't seem no good, the more I warmed up—obstinate like—and meant to try; for I didn't see any fun in being beaten off by a few flames and sparks, while the look as I got now and then from the captain went right through me, and in went the water.

All at once a lot of the sailors stops pumping and one shouts out:

"'Tain't no good, mates. Boats out!"

But he hadn't hardly said it, before I saw the captain dart back; and then there was a bright light as the copper branch of the hose-pipe flashed through the air, and then down came the sailor on the deck.

"Back to your work, men," sang out the captain; "and let a man go to the boats if he dares!" And then they stood hanging about, muttering, and one Dutch chap pulls out a knife. Just at the same minute, too, a couple of the sailors as had been handing me the buckets strikes work too, a-saying they'd be hanged if they'd stop there and be frizzled.

I felt that if the men did as they liked, it would be all over with us; and that meant a regular rush to the boats, while the poor women and children were left to burn; so what did I do but I ups with the leather bucket I had in my hand—I've often laughed since—and brings it down like a 'stinguisher right on the top of number one's head; as to

t'other—he was a little chap, and I'm six foot and pretty strong—I gets hold of him by the scruff of the neck and strap of his trousers, and afore he knew where he was, I had him up in the air and over the hole where the flames were pouring up, and so close, too, that he could feel the scorching; and then—I ain't much given to swearing, but I rapped out something fierce, that if he didn't work I'd hurl him in.

Lord, you should have heard what a shriek there was as the fellow twisted about like an eel to get away, and then I put him a little nearer; when he begged and prayed to be put down, and he'd work till he dropped; and then up comes the captain, for he'd bolted off into the cabin, but now rushed out again with a revolver in each hand.

"Well done, my man," he shouts to me, for he saw what I did; and then he gives me one of the pistols, and swore he'd shoot the first man as disobeyed, and I'm blessed if I didn't believe he would, if they'd have tried it on; but they didn't, but began pumping away like mad again, and we two went to work pouring in the water, while I'm sure I heard a regular groan from the captain, though his face was like a bit o' wood.

This didn't take above five minutes; but I believe it lost us the ship, though we had seemed to make such a little impression when we turned on the water. But five minutes at such a time was ruin; the flame rose higher and higher, and the heat was awful; so that do what we would, we were beat back, and instead of a quiet crawling flame now, there was a regular roar, and the wind set towards the great fiery tongues in a fierce draught.

"Stick to it, my man," says the captain, in a low voice. "It's our only chance."

"And I wouldn't give much for it, sir," I says, in the same tone.

"Hush!" he says; and then to the men, "Pump away, my lads!"

They pumped away hearty enough, and kept trying on a cheer; but it soon could be seen with half an eye that the ship must go, for the flames darted up, and, almost before you knew it, the rigging was on fire, and the tongues like leaping from rope to rope, till the tarry things blazed furiously, right up to the mainmast-head, and little fiery drops of burning tar kept falling on to the deck, or cissing into the sea; while for far enough off, out into the dark night, the great flaky sparks went flying along, for all the world like a beautiful golden snow-storm.

"There," says the captain, throwing down the copper branch with which he had played on the fire, and shaking his fist right in the flames, so that they must have burnt it, "there," he says, savagely, "I've fought it out with you, and you've beat! Now for life saving!"

And then, quietly and coolly, he had one boat lowered down, with the first mate in and a crew of sailors, and the shrieking women and children lowered in, while the quiet ones he kept back. Then there was a water-cask and a lot of biscuit-bags thrown in, and that boat,

well loaded, pushed off on the calm sea, and lay to, watching us. Then the second mate was ordered into the second boat, with a crew of sailors; water and bags of biscuit were thrust in; and then, well loaded with women and children, and one or two of the men passengers, that was carefully lowered down, unhooked, and pushed off.

The other two boats were not swung over the sides, but lay between the masts of the ship, right in the middle of the deck, and were full of stores and odd things put there to be out of the way; but the captain and men left soon had tackling fastened to the boat that was right in front of the fire, and it was hauled up, swung clear, and lowered down with a couple of men in, and they rowed it back to the hinder part of the ship, while we who had been launching it had to make a regular dash through the flames, which now extended nearly across the deck. One man, however, did not dare come through, but plunged overboard and swam after the boat till he was took in.

"Now then," said the captain; and the rest of the women were slung down.

I did not mean to go as long as I could help the captain; and then half a dozen of the men passengers were lowered down, and they were just going to shove off, when I shouts out—

"Stop!" and the captain turns round angrily to me; and I says, "No water!"

Sure enough they had none, and a little cask that stood on the deck was slung down, and they were going to shove off again, when I heard a shriek as went through and through me, and saw a bright glare; the man at the rudder leaped over, while at the same moment there was a roar and a rush of fearful light, and the great mainmast blazing from top to bottom, and covered with burning rope and canvas, toppled over towards where the boat lay, for the fire had been eating into it below deck for long enough. It was all in a moment, and like the flashing of some great sheet of lightning, as in the midst of a wild and fearful cry it fell right towards the boat.

II.

That was a fearful moment, that was, and we held our breath with terror; and I—I could not help it—I covered my face with my hands and dared not look, till I heard a loud cheer, and saw the boat safely floating within a very few yards of the half-extinct mast which had narrowly missed falling upon the little haven of safety.

And now they were going to get the last boat out, and the three others lay off at a little distance, while above the hoarse orders of the captain there was the crackling and roar of the flames, now leaping up at a fearful rate. And yet it was a splendid sight, in spite of the horror; for every now and then pieces of the copper wire rope used in the rigging regularly caught fire, and burned with a most beautiful, blue light, brighter than in any firework I ever saw;

while now the foremast had taken fire, and the flames were tearing along the rigging till the ropes seemed illuminated with little beads and tongues of fire. The heat grew awful, and every now and then pieces of blazing rope, spars, and blocks fell red-hot and glowing into the sea, to send up little columns of hissing steam. The whole of the centre of the ship was now on fire, and the flames rose prodigiously, floating off, and flashing amidst the clouds of smoke; while far away, still lightly flitted and spun about the golden flaky snow, eddying amongst the smoke, and darting far on high, in the most beautiful way imaginable.

I think I said before how the tremendous heat caused a regular draught to set towards the fire, so that as you were almost scorched before, the wind came with quite a cold rush behind; but then, how it made the flames roar again, and burn more fiercely than ever! It was a sickening sight; for every now and then the cruel forked tongues seemed to keep lapping at and threatening us, and then dancing and licking everything up, as if in devilish joy at the prospect of soon devouring us poor sinners.

It was a horrible sight, and though I didn't show it, yet I could feel my heart sink every time I was idle for a few moments, when I went, at it again like a savage. I didn't go down on my knees to pray; but—I don't know—I *think* I prayed earnestly in my heart then, and though I would gladly have been with the wife safe in the other boat, yet I couldn't feel as it was suited with a fellow's duty to leave such a man as that captain had showed himself all in the lurch; so I says to myself:

"Be a man, too, Phil," and I did try to, anyhow.

All at once the flames seemed to veer round, and began blowing towards us, while the position of the boats was changed; and I couldn't understand it, till I saw the captain run from helping to get the last boat—the one as was on the deck close to the mizenmast—over the side; and then I found it was the man had left the steering wheel, and had run up towards the boat.

"Back!" I heard the captain say; "back, or I'll fire!"

"Fire away, cap," says the man, sulkily; "one may just as well die by fire one way as another, and I won't stand there and be burnt." And then the captain's hand—the one as held the pistol—fell down by his side, and he looked regularly done.

"What's up?" I says. "Can I do?" and I followed the captain to the wheel, which he turned so as to put the head of the ship right once more; and as he did it, she just changed round again; but while all this had been going on, the mizen or third mast took fire, and now was blazing away fiercely.

"Hold on here, my man," says the captain, "and keep the wheel just as it is. That's right; hold the spokes firm; and if her head swings round, call to me to come and help you."

"All right," I says; "but mind, I don't understand it a bit." And now my troubles seemed to begin; for though it was bad enough to be bustling about fancying that the ship would either go down or you'd be burnt every moment, yet to stand stock-still holding on to the spokes of that wheel was awful, and do what I would to stop it, a regular tremble came all over me, and my knees kept on shake, shake, shake.

They got the boat over the side, and then the men rushed over one another to get in, and it was only by stamping about and hitting at them that the captain got the poor chaps to take in the things they wanted; such as food, which he fetched out of the cabin himself; and water, which they did sling in, but dropped one little cask overboard. But, one way or another, he got them at last to take in a good many things such as they'd want, and a compass; and then, with three more men, he rushed down to the cabin again for more food—biscuit-bags—saying as the other boats would want more, and that we must supply 'em. And then up they came staggering and shaking, one man with a little water-keg, and the captain with a side o' bacon, and two men with bags o' biscuit; and they goes to the side, and I wished my job was done as I saw 'em go.

All at once one of the men gives a yell, throws down his bag, and leaps bang overboard, and the others, running after him, did so too; and then I could see that the cowardly beggars had pushed off—for they lay close under the side, where I couldn't see 'em before, and now they were rowing hard to get away, and I could see that the boat was so full that the least thing must make her fill and sink.

It was pitiful to hear the shrieks of those poor fellows as was left behind, as they swam with all their might to get up to the boat, and it was pitiful to see, for it was as light as day, and the waves that gently rose and fell seemed waves of blood—glowing blood—with golden crests as they softly broke. But though one man swam so fast that he got up to the boat, they pushed him off with the oars; and then I saw him cling to them, and one man pulled out a knife to stab at him if he came nearer; while just then I saw the boat-hook rise up and fall with a heavy thud on the poor chap's head, and he went under, and I said, "God help him!" for he came up no more.

There were two more swimming after them, and when the next saw all this, he just turned round, and looked back at the ship, and paddled with his hands a bit, and then stretching them straight up towards the sky, he gave one wild bitter shriek, and he went under; and this time I tried to say, "God help him!" but it was only my lips that moved.

There was the other, though, a fine lusty young fellow, and as soon as he saw what took place he turned off to the left and tried to reach the nearest boat of the other three; and manfully he swam for it, raising himself well up in the water at every stroke, and gradually lessen-

ing the distance till he got close up to the stern, where I could see quite plain some one holding out his hands to him, and he was took aboard the boat.

Now all this took place in a very few minutes; and, in spite of the danger, we, the two last on board, could not help stopping to gaze at the terrible incident; but now the captain comes up and takes my hand, and says:

"Brother, it was a cowardly, cruel, selfish action; and I don't know but what I'd rather die with a brave man than live with curs."

I know my hand shook, but I don't think my voice did, though I thought of life being sweet, as I said to him,

"Is it very hard to die, captain?"

"Yes," he says, "I believe it is, to a strong man; and as God gave us life, and we've done our duty so far, why we must finish it by trying to save two more."

"But how?" I says, getting hold of him.

"Don't leave the wheel," he says; and then, again, "But it don't matter—she makes no way. Lend a hand here."

And I helped him, and together, roasting almost, we dragged three great fowl-coops and a grating to the side, and he tied them together—lashed them, he called it—in no time; then we shoved them overboard; and as the vessel slowly swung round, we were out o' sight o' the boats, which were about a quarter of a mile off. He had a rope to the coops so that they could not float off, and as he told me, I slid down on to them and squatted there trembling, while he lowered down to me the little water-keg, some rope, the bacon, and two of the biscuit-bags. Then he pitched some loose pices of wood-work and the cover of the cabin stairs and a hutch thing and tarpaulin into the water by me; slid down the rope, and was by my side in a few minutes; with the coops sinking about, so that I was glad to lower myself into the water and hold on.

"That's right," he says, opening his knife with his teeth and cutting the rope, and then getting the tarpaulin and bits of wood and things in the centre in the handiest way possible—same as only a sailor could do. He tells me to hold on tight, and then lowering himself into the water he pushes off from the burning ship and begins swimming and guiding our bit of raft away very slowly, but still further and further off.

"I'll lash the coops and the grating together," he says, "as soon as we're out of danger."

"Out of danger!" I says; "and when will that be?"

"Well," he says, "I mean when we are out of reach of being sucked down when she sinks."

"Will she sink?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "and before long now;" and then he went on swimming hard, while I could do nothing but watch first the boats and then the burning ship.

It was grand, though awful, to see the noble vessel standing there like a pyramid of fire.

whose heat we could yet feel on our scorched faces. From every part now the flames were rushing, even from the cabin windows beneath where I had so lately been standing, and I could hardly keep from shuddering as I thought of the awful danger.

It was hard work forcing the raft through the water on account of the breeze which set towards the ship; but we got further and further away, and were some distance off when the mizen-mast went blazing over the side; but still the captain said we were not safe, and swam on till we could not feel the breeze; and at length panting and exhausted he hung on motionless, and said we must risk it now.

Then we were both silent, and watched the boats now further away from us, and the blazing ship seeming to be the centre of a glorious ring of light, on the outside of which like sparks we all lay waiting for the end we knew was soon to come. Everywhere else was dark as pitch, not even a star to be seen, while the waves just rose and curled a little over as they washed against our raft: excepting the dull roar and crackle of the flames, everything was as still as death.

All at once I started, for the captain spoke sadly as he looked at his vessel; and out of the silence his voice sounded wild and strange:

"If I'd had a crew like you, my mar, I think we could have saved her;" and then he spoke no more, for just then, from being quite still, the good ship seemed to roll a little towards us, and then to the other side, slowly, and as if just bending to the breeze; and then we could almost see the water creeping up her burning sides as clouds of steam arose; and with one calm steady dip forward she seemed to plunge right down beneath the golden waters. Then there was a rising and falling of the sea, and a deep, dense darkness, out of which close by me came one of the bitterest, heart-tearing sobs I ever heard from the breast of man; and I did not speak, for I felt that it was the captain sorrowing for the loss of his good ship.

For a good piece the silence was as deep as the darkness, and then the captain was the first to break it in quite a cheerful voice:

"Can you lay your hand on the rope?" he says; and I passed it to him, and then I could hear him in the dark busily at work tying and fastening; and at last he says: "Now crawl on again; it will bear you better;" and faint and wearily I managed to crawl on, and lay with my legs in the water and my head on the bag of biscuit; and directly after I felt him crawl on too, and we took hold of hands and lay there in the deep darkness, while he said that prayer out aloud in such a soft, deep voice—that prayer as we first learnt kneeling down years ago by our mother's knee. When he came to "Deliver us from evil," he stopped short; and soon worn out there in the great ocean, floating on a

few pieces of wood, we both felt in Whose hands we were, and slept till the warm bright sun shone upon us and told us that another day was here.

The first thing the captain did was to stand up and look round, and then he said he could see only one boat; but he hoisted up one of the pieces of wood, and wedged it in the coop with a handkerchief flying at the top, after which we made a hearty meal of the biscuit, raw bacon, and water. After this the captain got one of the coops on the other, and by binding and lashing, he made a much higher and better raft, so that we could keep our biscuit and bacon out of the water and sit dry ourselves.

And so we lay all that day till towards evening, when we found that the boat was coming towards us, and just at dusk it was within hail; and if ever I'd felt hopeful or joyful before in my life, it was then. They had no room for us, but they took us in tow, and the weather keeping calm, we all rowed and worked in turns, steering according to the captain's direction for the nearest land; for when our turn came we two went into the boat, and two others came out on to the raft, and we toiled on for days, when one morning there was a joyful cry:

"A sail! a sail!"

And it was, too, within a mile of us, plainer and plainer as that glorious sun rose; and then some laughed, some cried, and one or two seemed half mad with joy, as after a while she ran down towards us, picked us up, and proved to be a British man-of-war, homeward bound.

In another week I was back in the port I left, without clothes, without money, but with as good and true a friend in Captain Ellis as ever walked. I had life, and with it came hope; and somehow, since then, things have prospered with me in the old country—the old home that I once left to go far at sea.

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BOOK IV.

CHAPTER X. A VISIT OF WELCOME.

DURING these times the Fancier Bank had made great progress. It had become a rich, plethoric, almost obese association. The clever secretary had pushed it with extraordinary energy and success. It was looming and drifting along the great City waters like a huge Spanish galleon. Some little unpretending banking-craft, coming incautiously under its stern, were swallowed up and destroyed. Its shares were at a fine premium—were, indeed, not to be procured; and the secret was, every one said, "it was so judiciously managed;" you had Tillotson, and "men like that." But what would ever make up for the loss of Bowater, who was so calm, so steady, and so courteous? Should we ever forget his indescribable eye travelling down the rows of figures? His place was not to be readily supplied. We must only look about, however, and get in New Blood. This was always the secretary's cry, "Blood! Blood!" like a ferocious Thug—that is, "New Blood."

The secretary had in his eye the quantity of New Blood that was contained in a certain Mr. Lackson, who was known to the public as "the great Lackson," and who was, besides, said by the same innocent public to be able to do what he liked with the Bank of England. He was an enormous contractor and railway proprietor; made railways, bought railways, made large works, and was now busy getting up a vast society for supplying railway shedding—huge roofs of unlimited span—to every company in the kingdom.

The prospectus of "The Universal Railway Roofing Company (Limited)" had been in every newspaper for the last month. Like every other thing that "he put his finger to," the admirers said, this also would turn into gold. Yet he was a stout, heavy, countryman looking operator, slow of speech, red in face, and wore a huge waistcoat, and a baggy dissenting clergyman's tail-coat in the morning. Such a man, the secretary said, would be worth his weight

in gold, which would have been a very large weight of gold indeed; and the question of his adhesion to the Fancier Company had been only postponed until Mr. Tillotson came back.

It has been mentioned that it was a different Mr. Tillotson that came back—a gay, hopeful, cheerful Mr. Tillotson, with a brow that was open and clear, and a tongue that was loosened; with a wit and judgment, too, as his colleagues found, that had been surprisingly quickened. All his sorrowful indifference had passed away. He anticipated all their reasons, and struck out brilliant ideas of his own. But against the admission of "the great Lackson" he was strong. He said, truly, they were doing admirably, and the bank was strong enough; that such men as Lackson were dangerous and uncertain, and could only prove a dead weight on their operations.

At several board meetings the matter was gone over and over again. It was urged yet more strongly, and as a chief ground, that he had an enormous account with their house, which it would be a pity to lose. At last Mr. Tillotson gave way, and in the next report the directors "had peculiar gratification in recommending to the shareholders the well-known name of William Lackson, Esq., for election as a director, the value of whose adhesion to this great society needs not be pointed out." William Lackson, on that, joined the board, and the very week after paid in as a mere current account a sum of over twenty thousand pounds. "I shall, of course," said the great Lackson, "have now nothing to do with any other house." And he came regularly to the board, in his dissenting tail-coat; said little, but to the purpose. He did not, however, like Mr. Tillotson from the beginning, who, he said, wanted "stuff," and was not the man for the place.

Mr. Tillotson, only a week after his return—when this matter had been finally settled—came home gaily and hurriedly; for he was a little late. He knew that two of the fine saddle-horses which the captain had chosen were being walked up and down before his house. For every day they went out happily to ride in the Park, and both found a new delight in this exercise. But the horses were not yet brought round, and he was about to run up-stairs to apologise.

The gentle figure, in her riding-habit, came

down softly and laid her hand on his arm. "He is up-stairs," she whispered; "poor Ross! he has been here this hour—in a miserable state, and O, my dear husband, you will let me remind you of your kind and generous promise the other night, for he wants all your indulgence. They have disgraced him—turned him out of the army. So that if he is at all fretful, or ill tempered, I know you will——"

Mr. Tillotson's open face glowed with deep sympathy, and almost grief. He took her hand. "Let us go to him. We shall help him in some way, in spite of himself. And, as to my minding a word he may say, you shall see. Now watch me."

They went up. Ross was standing with his back to the fire, worn and dejected, with lines in his face, and his hair wild and tossed. His face lighted up when he saw them, and he gave an impatient stamp upon the rug. But Mr. Tillotson advanced to him with his hand out and the kindest greeting. "My dear Ross, I am so glad you have come to us. You must keep up, and not be cast down. Everything will come right again, and if one thing goes a little astray, something else will turn up. We shall *make* it turn up."

Ross was embarrassed by this sweetness and warmth. He looked up moodily. "Ah, *you* may say that, who are on the right side in everything: you were born to luck. I was not. It is very easy to give comfort of *that* sort; but what does it mean?"

"Exactly," said the other, heartily; "a most sensible question. Now sit down there, and let us all draw our chairs together, and look into the business, and see what is the best course. There."

The word "all" grated on Ross; and, as he turned to Mrs. Tillotson, he saw her face suffused with gratitude. That look stung him, and he pushed away the chair.

"I want no counsels held over my affairs," he said. "I am no pauper coming here to beg money and aid. Do you take me for that?—tell me. Do you suppose I have come to you for that? Answer me."

"Heaven forbid!" Mr. Tillotson answered, in the same unruffled tone. "You have merely come to friends, to——"

Ross tried to laugh. "Friends! That's not so bad. Understand me. I want nothing. From this house at least. I have lots—lots of friends! I have just come to see this—this Mrs. Tillotson. Any harm in that? Is it a crime? Do you object?"

Nothing could disturb Mr. Tillotson. "So far from that, you shall be always welcome. I am afraid, then, we are not to venture to try and help you?"

"Once more, Mr. Tillotson," said the other, roughly, "give that up. I've come here to see *her*. True, I have left the army, or say, if you like, they have turned me out. Well, if they have? Better and more honourable men than I am have been turned out. Infernal jobbers! If I was a lord, or had a lord or cousin or an

uncle at the Horse Guards, how soon the matter would be jobbed over! It's as vile and as rotten a den as there is in the kingdom. And what did I do, after all? What thousands have done. And why did I do it? Was it to shirk duty? No, before God. And then they go and disgrace me—disgrace me—that I never can hold up my head in decent company again."

Both faces were turned to him with deep compassion.

"Now, dear Mr. Ross," she said, "that is what gives you a claim upon us. *We* know why you came away, and why will you not let us take counsel with you and see what can be done? We know people that have power, and we could get——"

"We this, we that," said Ross, bitterly. "Charming partnership, isn't it? I want none of it. I was sick of the army. I wouldn't go back to it to-morrow, if you gave me a million. I shall do very well, never fear. Don't waste your joint sympathies on me, pray. I shall have more money than I know what to do with by-and-by. I have just been with the lawyers, and *our* case is down, my friend, and I can tell you you wouldn't be comforted by hearing what they have to tell me. But luck isn't to go all one way for ever, recollect."

"If there is to be a victory for you," said Mr. Tillotson, "I shall be just as glad. Will you believe me?"

"That's all very well," said the other. "No compliment in that. It's time, indeed, luck turned. God knows I have been persecuted enough. I have had a wretched life of it. Haven't I, now? Admit it. Everything has gone wrong with me; while with you, Tillotson, everything has gone entirely the other way."

Mr. Tillotson shook his head. "If you knew all," he said, "you would not say that. Your life has been a paradise to mine."

"Well, we can't help it," said the other. "Every man gets a rub. I suppose *you* think I shall end in a ditch one day; and the sooner the better, I say."

"Not at all," said Mr. Tillotson, cheerfully. "Things will mend, never fear. You won't let me do anything for you, so I shall not say anything more of that. Still, if you care to come here and consult your old friend, and if you can let us persuade you that there is nothing waiting you here but sympathy and regard, I hope you will come very often—when you choose, in fact—dine with us."

Ross looked at him doubtfully, then said, half sulkily, "Why should I? Yet it's no such compliment, after all."

"Exactly," said Mr. Tillotson. "Now we look at it in the proper view. No compliment whatever. Come when you like—go when you like. Is that agreed?"

Ross gave a rough laugh, and took his hat.

"He has wonderful virtue," he said. "They

should canonise him. They were making a saint at Malta when I was there. Blessed are the peacemakers, for theirs is the kingdom, you know. But they don't win lawsuits, my friend, for all that. No, no. They are content with another kingdom, and *must* be on this occasion. Make up your mind, Tillotson, with a good grace, for it's all up with you."

"With all my heart," said Tillotson.

"Good-bye, then," said Ross.

A servant came in, now, saying that Mr. Withers, from the bank, was below. This was some special business. Mr. Tillotson went down and came up presently. "No ride to-day, I am afraid—for me, at least. This dreadful business waits for me for half an hour."

Mrs. Tillotson was standing there in her riding-habit, a charming figure. The golden hair was gathered back behind in a rich knot. She looked like a statue of some saint. Mr. Tillotson turned to her hastily. "You must not lose your ride," he said. "Here, if Ross would take my horse. You need not go into the Park."

"Oh no," she said, hastily.

"But, oh yes. I insist; that is, if Ross can go."

"Well," said the other, half eagerly, "I have no objection."

"There then, that's settled," said Mr. Tillotson; and went down to his business.

In a moment the horses were round, and the golden-haired lady was out upon the steps. She ran in for a second to her husband, and gave him a grateful whisper. Ross helped her up, still moody, then mounted himself. Martha Malcolm held the door open till they were gone. As they turned to ride away, Mr. Tillotson came out for a second to look at them, which he did with pleasure.

"Kindness, after all," he thought, "will tame that poor outcast yet, and make him gentle. She is an angel indeed, and looks one. God grant that I do not feel too happy at this moment."

Suddenly he heard a harsh voice beside him.

"That's a pleasant and agreeable arrangement, sir?"

"Yes, what, Martha?"

"That. Is it to be regular and every day?"

"Not every day, Martha," said he, smiling.

"He is in trouble, poor fellow, now."

"So it seems, sir," said Martha, gravely, "and requires comfort."

Mr. Tillotson smiled again, and went into his study. He looked on Martha as a privileged but faithful retainer; a legacy, too, from the fair little lady who had died in foreign lands.

CHAPTER XI. BASIS FOR SUSPICION.

Mrs. Tillotson came home very eager and excited with her ride. She ran to her husband in his study. "It is all going well," she said; "you are only too kind and good. I am sure he will give no more trouble now. I have talked

to him and reasoned with him, poor soul; and he has half promised me."

"Half," said he, smiling. "Do I not know that there can be no half promises made to you? Well, I am very glad; and very glad, too, that you are pleased."

"It has been a greater weight on my mind," said she, thoughtfully, "than I liked to own to you. With all his follies and faults, he is good and amiable and honourable; and I myself was somewhat to blame. By the way, we met that friend of his, Grainger; more his evil genius than his friend. You remember him at St. Alans?"

"A sort of traveller," said Mr. Tillotson, "and a sneering traveller."

"Yes," she said; "Mr. Tilney somehow liked him, but I never could feel easy in his presence. I am sure he is crafty and wicked, and if we could withdraw Ross from his fatal influence—but I suspect—and he seems to be in his power—I think he has given him money, and our poor Ross, of course, cannot pay him."

"I remember his admiring you," said Mr. Tillotson, "and that is the only thing I bear him malice for. As for the money, if you can settle that, too, and rescue Ross, you know where to come to."

"Always good, too good," she said, with one of her soft smiles, and went away to change her dress.

Another paradisiacal evening for the banker. Did he not think that life was actually growing more and more like paradise every hour? Between him and his figures, that night, seemed to dance a crowd of fairies—spirits that seemed, with grotesque feet, to make steps that took the shape of the words of Happiness and Delight.

Some few more days—nearly a week—and Mr. Tillotson went with alacrity into his banking concerns. He was coming round gradually to the heavy, almost silent Lackson, who, when he spoke, said a couple of words that were as valuable as a cheque. Still was the bank growing; it bade fair to be the very megatherium of banks, and the secretary hinted that there were vast schemes in the brain of "the great Lackson" which, if he could be induced to impart, would set them all rolling in gold.

He came home one evening after one of these meetings, thinking of the pleasant ride in the Park that was before him. He had got to the top of his street, when he saw a gentleman come out and hurry away. He recollected his face perfectly, as that of the Mr. Grainger he had known at St. Alans. He wondered what could take him to that house, but knew that in the ride Mrs. Tillotson would explain it.

He wrote a letter of two, then the horses came round, and they went out. It was a charming evening, and they had a delicious canter. They stayed out a long time. This was more of happy life. They were to dine out, and came home about seven. Still Mrs. Tillotson had made no mention of her visitor, nor of her visitor's name. He wondered at

this with a little placid wonder, but knew very well that there was reason for it, or that there was some defect in himself or in his way of judging of it. Still, it was a little curious; and when she had tripped up-stairs to get off her habit, the idea came to him that this had been only "a call," and she had known nothing of it. He smiled at his stupidity. "And they call me a business man!"

Martha Malcolm was passing his study, when he asked her, carelessly, "Anybody called here to-day?" The grim Martha told him a gentleman had called, and had been there nearly an hour.

Mr. Tillotson wondered again; but once more dismissed the matter as "a little curious," setting it all down to some imperfection on his side. Then they went out to dinner, which was at a City house, and were received with great respect; and through the night, though the matter came drifting back upon his brain, it grew fainter and fainter.

The visit had been of this sort: Grainger had called, had been shown up; a strange gaunt man, with wild eyes, and a ragged look about the lower part of his face, but, on the whole, was more ragged now and wilder than in the old St. Alans days. He had been knocking about, as he told his friends; had spent some "tearing nights," and was said to have lost much money—nearly all he had—at the Hom-burg or Baden tables. Yet he never lost the old quiet, gentlemanly, almost soft manner of his.

Mrs. Tillotson was in the drawing-room writing, and started up to go when she saw him. "I beg your pardon," he said, in his softest voice; "I have no right to come; but this has fallen out most fortunately, for I wished to see you."

Mrs. Tillotson answered coldly, and gathered up her papers calmly, as if to go. She knew more of this man, and of the mischief his influence had wrought upon Ross, than she had told her husband.

"You *can* have no business with me. Mr. Tillotson will be back in half an hour, and if you choose to wait——"

"Then I shall go," he said, with deference. "I have no business with him. What I wished to say can be said in two minutes. It is about Ross. I know you have always had a prejudice against me, and I must say a just one. I deserve it. I have a certain way of life, and I am the slave of that. I have no power over myself. But I have some regard for Ross. But I came to tell you that he is in a strange frame of mind—that he is infuriated by a succession of disappointments; and what I would ask of you—not of Mr. Tillotson—is to be indulgent, to soothe him as much as you can, or he may turn out dangerous to your husband. That is all I have come to say. You have been very indulgent in listening to me so long."

Mrs. Tillotson had grown interested. The motion he had made to go looked genuine. Without sitting down, she said irresolutely, "I know something of this. I believe what

you say. But we have seen him, and talked with him, and he is inclined to be kind and quiet."

"Look here, Mrs. Tillotson," said, Grainger, earnestly, and coming back closer to her. "Grainger may or may not have reasons for telling you this. I say I have an interest in him, and, though you will not believe me, an interest in you. You know very well, in your heart of hearts, you are insecure about Ross. You cannot depend on him. I tell you and warn you that he is altered. He has let things prey on his mind. One thing especially, which even I did not suspect he would have so taken to heart. You guess that, I can see. If you had seen the way he behaved after it, or had you seen what labour fell on me, or what days and nights of weary watching I had to go through, to keep him from something desperate, you would give me more credit for good intentions. I tell you, it is a serious matter—if you value the happiness that I am told you are now enjoying, and if you value his, your husband's, comfort, love, quiet, and perhaps *life*."

She seemed a little scared by all this earnestness, and dropped into a chair half unconsciously. He did the same.

"But tell me," she said; "he could not mean—he was so kind, so gentle——"

He interrupted her.

"So he might be now, but it is all slumbering. A word, a look, will set him in a flame. Do not think this is fanciful or exaggeration. If a policeman heard him only last night, it would be his duty to arrest him. I do not so much mind the present; it is the future that I dread. This lawsuit—he is as sure as that the sun will rise to-morrow to lose it. It is a foregone conclusion. He has not a chance. I know it. Well, when *that* day comes—it's only a month or so off—when he is left without money or *hope*—when he is a disgraced man, as he is now, and a ruined outcast, as he will be then, and an outcast stuffed with pride and a sense of injury—this is the moment that I dread and shrink from. We may *all* humour him until *then*, but afterwards—Now, Mrs. Tillotson," he went on, in a changed voice, "this is what I came to tell you. You may put what motive you please upon it; but what I have said, I *think*, looks like truth. You can act on it as you think fit, but you may depend on my doing my best. As for Mr. Tillotson, if I might advise here too, I would recommend his *knowing nothing* of the matter. His own generous and unsuspecting nature will be his best protection, and leave him quite free to act. But you can do as you please. I only recommend."

There was something in his manner that half awed, half convinced her. In her grave gentle way she thanked him. He saw in her face that she accepted all he had said. He rose up hastily and looked at his watch. "These two minutes," he said, "have stretched to half an hour. I must go. Good-bye, Mrs. Tillotson;" and he left her.

For a moment she was undecided; but she thought the whole interview over, and, for the sake of her husband, resolved to say nothing of it, which, indeed, seemed a wise resolution.

CHAPTER XII. MR. TILNEY GIVES COMFORT.

BETTER times, too, had set in for Mr. Tilney. After many scruples, and much sincere delicacy, he had been induced by Mr. Tillotson to accept a moderate loan, "at five per cent interest," as it was most carefully stipulated; on the strength of which he had taken a little house towards Chelsea. All this had produced a wonderful alteration in his looks and spirits.

"I declare to you, Tillotson," he said, as if making a very handsome concession, "God is very good to us *after all*. Do we do half enough for Him in return? It astonishes me they don't insist more on that view in the pulpit. He sends us everything—the house-top and the sparrows, and all that sort of thing; but what do we send Him?"

Mr. Tillotson, always sweet-tempered and placid, quite accepted this more devotional view of imputing the obligation of his own services to the highest source of all.

"I see a deal of Grainger," Mr. Tilney went on, one day—"a deal of Grainger. A nice creature; but spoiled. A fine nature originally, but gone to the deuce, sir, for want of religious culture. The man has about as much religious sentiment in him as—the funnel of that lamp."

"And who was he?" asked Mr. Tillotson, interested; "where does he come from?"

"One of the best families, sir," said Mr. Tilney; "no better in all Burke. I knew his father, Pat Grainger, well—no man better. No man could have a nicer, or more genteel, or a better-appointed table. His own crest on everything. Lovely damask, sir. It was a great pity."

"What?" asked Mr. Tillotson.

"O, the break up," said Mr. Tilney, as if he was speaking of a ship. "It is very odd, do you know, they all do that so much. Most singular. Left his family in a miserable way. How this man has kept himself is a marvel. Has travelled, mixed with the best, and yet I vow to Heaven, this moment, I don't know where he could lay his head on three-halfpence. Yet I respect him for it. My dear Tillotson," continued he, warning, "don't you agree with me, that a man with no visible means, and yet who keeps up a good appearance, has a good coat on his back, sees company, goes up to his dinner-party, and pays for his cab, is—is really—one of the noblest works of our Creator?"

Mr. Tillotson smiled at this new definition. The other went on:

"Poor Grainger. He used to be great with us, you know, down at St. Alans, running in and out, like a pet rabbit—no one to question him. No one. And, indeed, I may tell you now, Tillotson, now that it's all past, and gone, and

laid by—that he had always rather a—you know—what the French call a *ponghong* for our dear child of earth with the golden hair—of course, I mean your wife, the present Mrs. Tillotson."

A faint tinge coloured the other's cheeks. "Indeed," he said, eagerly. "I never heard or even suspected this."

"No," said Mr. Tilney, plaintively. "No, no, I dare say not. We never let the worm in the bud prey on us—in such cases, at least. Girls *will* be girls, and like having men after them; and to the end of the chapter. It's the same with the whole kit of 'em."

"But," said Mr. Tillotson, a little excitedly, "I think you are wrong in all this. For, from what I saw at St. Alans, I should say, if there was any one who disliked—"

"My dear fellow," said the other, patting his arm in great delight, "*you have* not seen the side of the world that I have. It requires a life, sir, to know women and their ways. The very man they curl their noses at, and turn their backs upon, is the man they like. She liked listening to our friend's stories of shooting the tigers, and his swimming the rivers with his gun in his teeth. You remember Desdemona and her black man. My dear Tillotson, take this truth home with you from an old soldier that has," added he, with great cheerfulness, "had his heart broken with the ingratitude of courts and princes. Women, sir, have no respect for snobs. You catch my meaning? Your gentle, pale-faced, well-meaning, benevolent snob, no girl worth her salt cares tuppence for!"

Something like a chill struck on Mr. Tillotson's heart as he heard this remarkable declaration. He felt that there was a truth—very rarely found in such declarations—in what his friend had said.

"Look at Ross, too," went on Mr. Tilney, quite encouraged by the overwhelming conviction and assent that he saw in Mr. Tillotson's face. "Look at Ross. Now that it's all past, and gone, and laid by too—who would not say that the present Mrs. Tillotson had a regard for him? We all of us knew it, sir. Brought up together from that high. With all his rudeness and roughness, his follies and breakings out, we could see, sir, with half an eye, sir, that the present Mrs. Tillotson had a liking for him. But that's all gone and laid by now. Curious, looking back this way on the light of old days. They come back on us, like mountains, my dear Tillotson, rolling softly, softly, over one another. Man," added Mr. Tilney, buttoning himself up with devotion, "is but as a puff of smoke upon earth. Blow it, sir, ever so gently, and it's nowhere."

Mr. Tillotson walked home that day with his eyes upon the ground, ruminating deeply. Something like a hint of his own over-trust and unsuspectingness was in his mind, and that grotesque dictum of Mr. Tilney seemed to ring in his ears like a discordant chime—

"Women never respect a *snob*;" and he felt that there was something over-true in this. But when he got home again, he heard the harmonium pealing devotionally through the house. Then he went up-stairs and entered softly, and saw through the half light that devotional face, turned upwards as if praying, while again a patch of light fell upon the golden hair. It brought back to him an old evening when she was playing in the grand St. Alans cathedral, and might have been a framed St. Cecilia picture. There were images that never lost their power with him, and as he thought of this one, it soothed him like a potion; the sense of perfect happiness came back on him with an overflow, and he could almost smile at his doubts. As he stole down again, not wishing to interrupt her, he met Martha Malcolm on the stairs. For her "grimness" and austerity he always had a sort of indulgence. "Listen to that, Martha," he said. "There's heavenly music."

"I hear it, sir," she answered, "and have heard it. It's good for those as like it. There are the letters just come for you, on the table."

"Any one here to-day, for me, Martha?" he asked, wishing to change the subject.

"Yes," she said, "that foreign man who comes when ye are at office."

"No one else? Not even the captain?"

This news disturbed him again. But there was the music still playing and working on him like a spell. Still, even for the curiosity of the thing, it was strange that she who told him everything, even trifles he did not care to know, should keep this back from him. He gave a sigh and looked at his letters.

Two for Mrs. Tillotson—one in a bold man's hand, which he had an instinct was Grainger's; the other in Ross's writing, which he knew very well. None for him. He left them there, and turned into the parlour.

That afternoon, not an hour before her husband had returned, Mrs. Tillotson was sitting in her drawing-room, when the grim Martha, entering with a card, asked "would she see *that* gentleman?"

Now, she had been just thinking of "that gentleman" only a few minutes before, and it had occurred to her how foolish it was to have made any "arrangement" with such a man, and that the best course even in such a trifle was to be open. When she looked on the card and read "Mr. Grainger," she handed it back with a little impatience. "What does he mean by coming in this way?" she thought. "I am not at home. I cannot see him."

"But I told him ye *were* at home," said the other.

"I am sorry you did," Mrs. Tillotson said, gravely. "Tell him Mr. Tillotson will be in in an hour. There."

Martha went down. But came up again with another card, on which was written in pencil, "Do let me up. I wish to see you particularly. I must see you." Some colour came into her

cheeks at the tone of this message. It was lucky, she thought, she had made up her mind about this free-and-easy intruder, and she sent down word again that she was engaged. This was all that had passed, and it was some pleasure that Mrs. Tillotson thought how she had thus obviated, what seemed to her, a little false step. But in the evening her letters were brought in to her; the first she opened was Grainger's. "I am sorry," it ran, "you did not see me to-day, when I called. I suppose some suspicious were in your mind of the kind that I hinted to you when I last saw you. I am quite unselfish in the matter, and merely wished to speak to you, as I do now, about one in whom you have some little interest. I have been away, and on my return find that he has been leading a strange life, having 'broken out,' as I am afraid he does occasionally. I am a friend of his, and it is only to you I would speak thus of his failings. I was really shocked this morning, on my return, to see the change in him. I believe he has no money left, and seems to me—though he is too proud to own it—in actual want. He is indeed in a pitiable state. If you had seen him this morning, I am sure you would have felt some compassion for him. To see him there bewailing himself, 'hunted,' he said, pursued by creditors, and literally not knowing where to lay his head or find rest. I have tried to help him a little, but what I can do is very little—I have little myself. Besides, what he wants is kindness, soothing and humouring by those he likes and respects. These fits of depression are too much for him, and I know not how to treat them. In one of these fits he left me, and I was sorry I let him go. I tried to find him again, but could not, and am really afraid he may fall into some trouble from his creditors, or may have done so already. This was what I wished to speak to you about this morning, as I believe a word from you—or a few words—would soothe and tranquillise him. I know your husband—Mr. Tillotson—could set him straight, and make him happy in a moment, and would be delighted to 'do it'; but his name is like a piece of scarlet to Ross. Naturally, you think you have reconciled him perfectly to your husband: I must tell you that this is a mistake. Here is a page from a letter of Ross's not a week old, and it speaks for itself: 'I was with *the pair* to-day, and he played the virtuous, suffering, and Christian man to perfection. If you knew what I suffered, Grainger, during that time, with his infernal air of patronage, his fat contented superiority. I could have eaten my heart out. Curses on him, Grainger; and curses on me, too, if ever I get over it to him!' This is very shocking, and it pains me to have to show it to you; but I wish to show you that I have been quite disinterested in the matter from the beginning. I only wished to save *my* friend, and yours from some fatal burst, which may, besides, bring ruin into your family. You, however, know best, and judge best."

This letter overwhelmed her. She saw all the

evils that were thus hinted at as clear as if they had happened already. She had an instinct that every word of it was true; but the worst was, that Ross's letter showed her only too plainly that any exertions of her own would be useless. She had thought complacently of what had happened at that interview as having completely smoothed away everything, and now she saw that she was wrong.

What was she to do? As for telling her husband of this new danger, it would be unkind and selfish, and would not help the matter. The only thing was to bear it all on her own shoulders. Grainger, she felt, had indeed hit on the truth when he said that her soothing, and only hers, could have influence with Ross.

After much thought she went to her desk, wrote a note, and sent it out. Martha Malcolm took it from the little page who was sent with it, and read that it was directed to Mr. Grainger.

ITALY IN THE LEASH.

"WHERE are the soldiers, and where are the labourers?" a stranger who had fallen behind the march of public events might inquire, as he travels in Italy in June, "sixty-six." Scarcely a soldier is to be seen, and, if one does occasionally attract the eye, he dodges across the way, and, like a rabbit who has had some narrow escapes in the foray that destroyed his friends, is gone like a dream. So, too, in the rich abundant fields, heavy with harvest promise, and, in many cases, ripe for scythe and sickle, not a soul stands ready to gather in the fruits, and only here and there, some decrepit house-father, or a couple of sun-burned wenches, move about, looking almost ludicrously inadequate to the agricultural tasks that seem to have devolved upon them.

The strife once begun, doubtless hands of some sex or age will be found for these needful duties. In the mean time, that shade of possibility which, up to this very hour of writing—June the fifteenth—has not ceased to exist, that war may be averted—has perhaps counselled a little delay.

To remain in seething Turin, is simply impossible. True, that rather shumbrous city has shaken off its lethargic ways, and seems to have registered a vow never to retire to bed again until victory and Venice are won.

"Sorgi, o popolo Latino—sorgi, e vinci!" sings Angelo Brofferio, through a hundred throats, in every place of popular assembly; and the Latin people have literally obeyed the exhortation. Yes, literally; for, if they have not yet overcome the intrusive German, whom, after a hundred and forty years, it is still pleasant to call a stranger, they have conquered that stranger's best allies, their own listlessness, apathy, and disunion. Let party politicians say what they will, the fact remains that the world has rarely witnessed a more heart-stirring spec-

tacle than that now presented by a country but recently pronounced—perhaps believed—by statesmen to be unworthy of a place among the greater peoples of Europe. So young in freedom, not even yet emancipated from galling influences, nor rid of foes within, what has she not already effected?

Turin is in a fever, and, like other patients in a similar condition, is not coherent, nor reliable in her observations. She invents, and then feeds upon, the most extraordinary fancies. After repeated undeceptions, it seems desirable that any individual interested in ascertaining the truth should proceed something nearer to the theatre of expected events, and judge for himself. And, now, to which theatre? for there are two, at least, with their mighty gates flung open, all waiting to begin. Long before these lines are read, the bowing, and scraping, and measuring of swords between the great German champions will probably have given place to the cannon's roll and the rush of armed legions; but with this portion of the tremendous game we have far less sympathy, and no business. To youthful Italy, dame England has ever turned a friendly face, and all that strict neutrality, tinctured with hearty good will, can do—perhaps a trifle more—has been exerted in behalf of the bold boy who is now going in, to win back, with his own right hand, the heritage of his sires.

Florence, and thence to the royal camp, or Como and Garibaldi? It is a difficult choice; but really there is nothing like fixing one's plans. I shall leave, at 2.35, for Florence—no, stop—at 5.23, for Como, I think. No, after all, Florence is the point, only that it is so easy to take Como and the red-frocks first; after which, without prejudice to the possibility of remaining there, I can follow the fortunes of the warlike Victor. Admirable decision! To Como.

Seven years ago, many of these green and golden fields through which we are peacefully puffing our way, were ravaged by war. I recall the trampled vines, the shattered homesteads, the desecrated cemeteries (spots much favoured by the Austrians for making a stand), and also a certain ghostly stroll, in which I managed to lose my way among the half-covered graves of Magenta. But here we are at Milan.

Still not a soldier to be seen! The first red shirts are represented by half a dozen lads, with can and haversack, on their way to the depôts at Monza, Como, Lecco, and Bergamo. After an hour's halt we continue the journey, and, leaving the train two miles from Como, to which there is a deep descent, are at once in the midst of martial bustle and preparation. Seven thousand volunteers are quartered in and about the town, and, with the regiments at Monza and the neighbouring depôts, make up the number to about twenty thousand. A nearly equal number, we learn, are assembled in and about Ancona, to operate in Venetia, and thus give full scope to their

general's well-known habit of appearing where he is least expected by the foe. How is he? How does he look? Wonderfully brisk and well. Active as one of his sixteen-year-old recruits. Does he hobble? Not he! But they talked of a stick. He has flung it away. Noble heart of Garibaldi! We believe he did so, though it helped him, because he would not at such a moment call to remembrance the miscreant shot at Aspromonte.

Speaking of that, a curious rumour has it that Colonel Pallavicini, through whose orders that evil deed was done, has offered his services upon the general's staff! It is added—but that is not so strange—that the magnanimous hero has accepted them. He went to Lecco this morning by the usual passenger-boat, and will return in the evening. Meanwhile, we can scrutinise the shirts of rose.

They are of all ages, from twelve to thirty-five, and of every shade of brown. Those young gentlemen, with eastern "fezes," faces almost Nubian, and demeanour somewhat subdued, are said to be deserters and refugees returned from Egypt, in the hope that, by taking gallant share in the impending struggle, they might be permitted to atone their fault. The government refused to make any pact with the children of Italy who had taken refuge on a foreign soil, but permitted them to volunteer. There are many noble-looking men among these volunteers, including veterans of twenty-five, decorated with three medals; but, as a general rule, they run small and young—so young, indeed, that we find it difficult to believe a barber who assures us that, in one evening, his receipts for shaving amounted to fifty-nine francs.

They have a long drill at five in the morning, and a shorter one in the afternoon. The rest of the time is at their own disposal, and it is most creditable to them that, as yet, no single instance of drunkenness, insubordination, or misconduct of any kind, can be laid to their charge—a circumstance the more noticeable, when we consider the results usually engendered by the combination of excitement and enforced idleness. But this movement is in reality exceptional, and cannot be judged by ordinary rules.

Perhaps the most astonishing fact, however, connected with these young men, is one that reached us from what seemed an authentic and intelligent source, that the whole body, seven thousand, spend in the shops and coffee-houses of the town thirty thousand francs a day! Now, their nominal pay being one franc and a tenth—subject to deductions—it follows that, unless friends at home have been very liberal, or shopkeepers at Como very confiding, but little cash will find its way with the Garibaldini into the Tyrol.

The corps are capitally dressed; the bright red frock, now become historical, is of excellent make and quality; and with the neat grey trousers with red seam, and red cap with a shade, something like that worn by the French,

they have the appearance of rather irregular regulars.

Were there any English among them? Hardly any—at least, at Como—and these are supposed to be the élite of the corps. The general likes to see his "medal-men" around him, one of these same youths proudly assures us. He has not encouraged the advances of British ex-officers who wished to join him. Loving the English, and appreciating their gallantry and steadiness in the field, he has an unpleasant recollection of the trouble and embarrassments entailed upon him in the last war, by the arrival of a body of gentlemen calling themselves a British legion, but entirely disdainful of command, even from their own officers, and whose first and last exploit seems to have been the shooting of one of the sentries of their ally! All applications from British officers are at once transferred to the minister of war, and hitherto not even the familiar faces of some who were the general's tried and trusted followers in the last war, have reappeared in his train.

In opposition to this, however, it must be stated that Madame Corti, while dining with her husband, two days since, at Garibaldi's table, heard him speak with approval of a suggestion that had been offered, with the view of employing the many English who had proffered their services. After all, let it be nevertheless remembered, that the struggle is peculiarly national, and that, so long as it finds aliment in the nation itself, foreign aid will but detract from its glory. In Sicily and Naples, any man, so he would fight, was welcome. Now, the only difficulty is to select from the warriors whom Italy herself presses to the front.

It is time to go down to the quay, and join the multitude who have been already some time on the look-out for the general. A gun! Another! The boat is in sight. All the unoccupied population not already on the spot, come trooping down, till the space is filled with a multitude swaying like a corn-field, thickly grown with poppies (the red shirts), and a few corn-flowers (the national guard).

There is a broad species of balcony, belonging to a house overlooking the landing-place—a capital place of vantage, could it only be reached, capable of holding several hundred spectators. It is necessary, however, to scramble up a wall twelve feet high, and then over a railing three feet higher. This exactly suits the Garibaldian element in the crowd. Forming the classic "tortoise," in a manner which Cæsar himself would have approved, the young fellows mount over each other's backs, and the place is carried in a moment. The landlord utters an energetic protest from the window, but his voice is lost, and himself forgotten, in the tumult and enthusiasm, as the steamer sweeps alongside the pier, and the general's open carriage draws up to receive him.

There follows a remarkably long pause. The cheering languishes a little. Why does he not land?

"Il generale ha perduto il suo biglietto"—

("The general has lost his ticket!")—is somebody's suggestion.

The carriage draws away. The general has been detained; will come by the second boat.

By the second boat he does come, and the frenzy of welcome that meets him, though he has only been absent since the morning, baffles all description. The air darkens with hats, caps, handkerchiefs, and flowers. Women who have nothing else wavable at hand, toss up their children, and the "civvies" of the boyish soldiery are absolutely deafening.

Here he comes—the grand brave face—singular compound of lion and angel, bowing gently and sweetly to the crowded balconies, and occasionally giving a hand to the crowd below. He looks fresh and well, and, to all appearance, the only individual perfectly cool and at his ease, among us. There is something in the face of this glorious soldier that seems at once to give assurance of a soul so great and constant as to be beyond the power of any human eventuality whatever to injure or subdue.

His son, Ricciotti—less warlike than his martial brother, but not less worthy of his sire—accompanies him, and Canzio, the general's son-in-law. There, too, are Medici, Corti, Bezzi, and others, in brilliant staff-uniforms, and aides-de-camp, splendidly mounted, accompany the chief; for this is a very different affair from the scanty, ragged, and half-armed band with which he won his Sicily. Garibaldi is at the head of forty thousand of the choicest youths of regenerated Italy. Forty thousand more await his single word. He holds them in leash, as only he could hold such troops, and they will not disappoint him when he cries "Avanti!—spring!"

THE VINES.

WINTER was dead, and all the torpid earth
Was throbbing with the pulses of the Spring,
And cold was gone, and suffering and dearth,
And the glad fruit-trees at the blossoming:
And meads were green, and all the stalwart woods
Felt the sap rising from their mossy roots
To their proud crowns, whose coronet of buds
Burst with the morning into tender shoots
Of living verdure. Hid among the leaves
Of early foliaged shrubs and ivy-bushes,
And in warm crannies of the sheltering eaves
Sat on their nests the patient mother thrushes.

A cottage stood upon a south hill-side,
The sun looked down on it through the glad days,
Without, within, the mellow golden tide
Flowed in bright floods or penetrating rays,
And made a glory in each little chamber.
All reds warmed into rubies for the minute,
And every bit of yellow became amber,
The while the rays in passing lingered in it.
Beside the porch there grew a sturdy vine,
Rugged and knotted was the tough brown stem,
About the rustic pillars did he twine,
With garlands in the summer dressing them.
Proud was he of his beauty and his vigour,
And of his fragrant blossoms and sweet fruit,
He feared no blight, nor winter's sharpest rigour
To work him harm in stem, or branch, or root.

About his foot the little children played,
The sunbeams glinted through him on their hair,
Above, the sparrows twittered as they made
Their ragged nests, or fed their nestlings bare.
And all the household loved him. He had seen
Three generations born; the babes that lay
Cooing on mothers' laps in the shadow green
Of his cool boughs he'd watched from day to day
Growing to well-knit youths and maidens comely.
Whispering and listening to lovers' vows,
Thence to staid men and quiet matrons homely,
And hoary elders white with age's snows.
A very patriarch of vines he flourished,
Tended by all with reverence and love,
As much by human care and tendance nourished
As by the showers from the skies above.

But now a change had come. Last autumn-tide,
When all his clusters were in ripest splendour,
A young man with a young wife by his side
Sat watching from the porch the moonlight
tender;

His arm was round her; on his shoulder lay
Her fair young head in perfect, blissful rest,
Softly around them stole the shadows grey,
While the last lustre faded from the west.
He raised his arm to the overhanging bough,
And plucked a cluster: "Dear old vine," he
said,

"Strong as he is, and hale and hearty now,
Can he outlive us? Will he not be dead
Before the baby-angel every day
Brings to us near and nearer, shall he grown
A sturdy youth, or maiden fair and gay—
Before our budding flower shall be blown?
Here, then, beside him let us plant and rear
A shoot that may in course of time succeed him.
That, as he wanes, shall flourish, year by year,
Reaching to ripeness as our children need him."
And so 'twas done: the venerable vine
No longer stood alone; his vigorous age
Was thus despised! his haleness, called decline!—
Through all his fibres thrilled a jealous rage.

And now the Spring was come with all its dews
And all its tender showers and smiling lights,
And vivid earthly greens and skyey blues,
Its long sweet days, its brief and perfumed nights;
And the young vine, more forward than the old,
Was waking with the spring, each downy bud
Was softly swelling, ready to unfold
A rosy shoot, mantling with youthful blood.
The old vine looked upon it: all the hate
Winter had paralysed now quick awoke;
Must he then yield to this ignoble fate?
Was there not time yet for a final stroke?
Yes; like a serpent should his limbs enlase
His feeble rival, crushing out his life;
With hideous semblance of a love embrace
Consigning him to slow and certain death.
Yes, such should be his vengeance. With that
thought

He drew from tender dews and balmy showers
All nourishment, and from the rich soil sought
Increasing strength to renovate his powers.
And, day by day, he near and nearer drew
To his young rival stretching a baktul arm,
Whose real aim the other never knew,
But deemed that kindness which was meant for
harm.

"Truly," he said, "O patriarch, I need
Thy aid thou offerest: my feebleness
So sorely presses on me that, indeed,
I bless the arm that seeks to make it less.

To thee I turn, to thee I gladly cling;
 Support me, aid me, let me closely twine
 Around thee and about thee, let me fling
 Aloft my tender limbs upheld by thine!"
 The old vine paused confounded: was it so
 His aim had been conceived of? should he prove
 Instead of trusted friend, malignant foe?
 Bring murderous hate in lieu of help and love?
 No! perish such a thought! henceforth his aim
 Should be to lend the vigour of his arm
 To rear the tender youngling, fan the flame
 Of kindling life, protect him 'gainst all harm.

And thus they grew together, each enlacing
 The other, mingling wreaths of tender leaves;
 Supported by their mutual embracing
 Each to the other strength and succour gives.
 And so the years drew onward, ever bringing
 Their meed of change; to youth maturity,
 The young life into fuller life upspringing,
 The aged feeling that the steep decree
 That doomed it had gone forth: no more Spring's
 blessing
 Could kiss it into bud and scented bloom;
 No longer summer's dear and warm caressing
 Restore lost strength, or save it from its doom.

"Wife," said the dweller in the cottage (Time
 Had gently dealt with him, a silver streak
 Marked here and there brown locks, yet manhood's
 prime

Still lingered in his frame; the matron's cheek
 A ruddier bloom displayed; the husband's arm
 Enclasped an ampler form in its embrace
 Than that which in an evening still and warm
 Reclined upon him in that self-same place)—
 "Wife, see the young vine planted on the day
 Our boy was born; 'tis twenty years ago;
 How both have thriven since that blessed May!
 A happy thought of mine, wife, was't not so,
 To plant it then? Our dear old vine, I knew,
 Hale though it was, could not much longer last,
 Before the babe to early manhood grew,
 Its fruiting days would all be gone and past.
 And now 'tis dead and only fit to make
 A fagot for the autumn evening hearth,
 Fetch me my axe, this very day I'll take
 Its sapless boughs and stem from off the earth."

He said, but said in vain. About, around
 The rugged stem, the branches dead and dry,
 The younger vine its limbs so close had wound,
 'Twere scarcely possible e'en to descry
 Where life and death united. Hate is strong,
 But strong true love can conquer strongest hate;
 Love's victories are as Truth's, bring right from
 wrong,
 And wage successful war with Time and Fate.

MR. WHELKS COMBINING INSTRUCTION WITH AMUSEMENT.

WALKING down Regent-street one evening lately, we noticed Mr. Whelks turning into the Polytechnic Institution. He had cleaned himself for the occasion, and wore his best Sunday-going clothes, evidently in compliment to the instructive character of the entertainment he was about to witness. It did not appear to us that Mr. Whelks was going joyfully or hopefully to his evening's amusement. He looked subdued and depressed, as if he were labouring

under a saddening sense of the grave respect due to amusement when combined with instruction. There was that constrained manner about him which he exhibits in a marked degree when by some rare combination of forces he is drawn to church. He was not very sure about the etiquette proper to the place and the occasion; seemed to be doubtful about the propriety of keeping his hat on, after crossing the threshold; scraped and wiped his feet very much. It is just possible that Mr. Whelks's constraint was in some measure owing to the Sunday-going suit, which did not sit upon him as easily and gracefully as it might have done had nature and art been more lavish of the mould of form and the cut of cloth. Science is in itself sufficiently embarrassing to the untutored mind; but science, combined with a furry hat, a size too small, put on wrong side foremost, with the lining-string hanging down over the forehead, and coat-sleeves a size too long for the convenient exercise of the hands, is calculated to produce paralysis of the whole human system, physical as well as mental.

Mr. Whelks was decidedly nervous until he came in view of a refreshment counter, where the sight of a person drinking bottled stout, acting upon him like a touch of nature, gave him assurance that, though he was among scientific company, he was among kin. Cheering up a little at this pleasing spectacle, Mr. Whelks proceeded to view the "great geological model of the earth's crust," which, as there was no one at hand to offer any explanation of the subject, and as no crumb was mentioned, may have led Mr. Whelks to regard the earth in the light of a loaf that had been over-baked. Then, in the order of the programme, his attention was directed to the terrestrial globe, drawing-room fireworks, a "painting representing a group of ten feathers drawn by the late Miss Biffin, holding the pencil in her mouth," the cosmorama, the glass-working, the taking of impressions from fern-leaves by the new foliographic machine, a brick-making machine, china and glass mending by Mr. Davis, and the machinery in motion. Mr. Whelks was allowed exactly a quarter of an hour to make himself acquainted with all these wonders of nature, art, and science, including the small subject of the earth's crust. His inspection of them was necessarily hurried. With regard to the earth's crust, a cursory glance at the strata seemed to suggest nothing to Mr. Whelks except the idea which he expressed by saying that it was "rum," not in the substantive liquor sense, but in the adjectival sense of strange. And certainly in this view of the matter Mr. Whelks showed himself no unappreciative student of the wonders of nature. With regard to the cosmorama views, Mr. Whelks audibly declared that he had seen something nearly as good in a halfpenny peep-show, while as to the china and glass mending, which was the most active operation in progress, he thought he had frequently met with professors of the art in the New Cut,

though he could not call to mind that he had ever seen cement recommended by a clergyman, as it was here. The testimonial ran thus:

"The chairman of the Polytechnic Institution had a valuable vase repaired and perfectly restored by the cement, and strongly recommended it as a most effective cement, which a child, or domestic servant, might use successfully, and hide the misfortune of a fracture before the bane and antidote met the owner's eye, to mitigate his wrath and almost annihilate his annoyance"—which was a moral suggestion to Mr. Whelks; that if he ever broke any of his master's china goods, there was no occasion, while he possessed a bottle of this wonderful cement, to say anything about the matter. He had only to mend the fracture, and the owner would never know that the article had been broken; or, if he should discover it, his wrath would be mitigated, and his annoyance almost annihilated, by the wonderful restoration effected through the agency of Mr. Davis's cement.

From the contemplation of some mended sugar-basins and a halfpenny adhering to a piece of broken plate, Mr. Whelks was summoned to attend an optical lecture in the theatre, "introducing some further and wonderful discoveries of Sir David Brewster," &c. The theatre was a sombre, solemn-looking place, with the lights down. While the audience were taking their places, a band of three musicians smothered some tunes behind a red-baize curtain. The first part of the entertainment consisted of the adjustment of a magic lantern by three scientific brothers of the stage footman who comes on to place chairs, or lay the carpet, at the theatre. Then a stout—perhaps in this connexion we should say obese—lecturer came on, and blandly began to teach an imaginary infant school. He said that Sir David Brewster was a great man, had attained to the age of eighty-four years, was in the full possession of all his faculties, and had invented the stereoscope [which was invented by Wheatstone], and improved the kaleidoscope. He explained the principle of the kaleidoscope, and showed us some wonderful effects; first, by putting bits of coloured glass into the kaleidoscope; secondly, by using buttons and bits of sponge; thirdly, by employing hooks and eyes; the whole of this experiment concluding with a grand exhibition of pins and needles. When these effects were first shown to some boys, the lecturer informed us, they were greatly delighted, and, in telling their papa about them, said that the most beautiful figures were produced by all sorts of irregular forms thrown together in disorder. "Nay," said the boys' papa, "you must be wrong in your description; for without order there cannot be beauty," which showed that the sagacious parent divined the principle of the kaleidoscope. This portion of the entertainment concluded with a startling and wonderful optical illusion, entitled "Shakespeare and his Creations, Hamlet, Launce, and

Macbeth." With regard to Shakespeare, the lecturer ventured to say, by way of introduction, that he was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," "the observed of all observers," and that, "take him for all in all, we ne'er should look upon his like again." Further, he declared that "to take him inventorially would be to dizzy the brain" with the overwhelming details of his greatness; so we were invited to take him with an optical illusion, a few recitations from his works, and a little smothered music.

The curtain drew up, and discovered the immortal bard himself, in his habit as he lived, that is to say, in an Elizabethan suit of black; grown somewhat rusty with the wear and tear of nearly three centuries. There was no mistaking the forehead, the lay-down collar, and the fine-frenzied eye. The Immortal was illustrating another confirmed habit of his, by leaning on a pedestal and pointing to a scroll; and his apartment was adorned by a bust of himself, and another of Admiral Lord Nelson, as showing that he was not for an age, but for all time. Taking him thus inventorially, the brain of Mr. Whelks was indeed somewhat dizzied, for that gentleman was for a time in doubt whether the figure before him was a reality of flesh and blood, or the baseless fabric of a vision. It turned out to be a reality—a counterfeit presentment in the flesh, evidently selected from the great mass of mankind on account of a very high forehead, or perhaps we might say, a very bald head. Presently a head with a red velvet bust appeared among some glass, only requiring the accompaniment of a dish of shaving-paste, a few cakes of soap, and a tray of tooth-brushes, to realise the window of a Bond-street barber. Says the Immortal, with a start and a roll of his fine-frenzied eye, quoting his own works in a most egotistical manner, "Can such things be?" To which the head replies that there are more things in heaven and earth, including the Polytechnic Institution, than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the public in general. "Is this," says the Immortal, still staggered by the marvels of the barber's window, "is this the very coimage of the brain?" The head, unwilling, perhaps, to reveal the secret of the optical illusion, does not give a direct reply, but babbles something about "sleep," which sets the Immortal quoting his own works at a fearful rate, but not always aptly: as when in reference to the head he says, there is a divinity that shapes our ends, &c., there being no end visible, either rough-hewn or shaped. The blind of the barber's shop window is now drawn down, to be raised after a few minutes on a new tableau. The window has been dressed with another bust. The face is bedaubed with red paint to represent Launce, who is weeping. Says William, the Immortal, "Why weepest thou, Launce?" "Boo-oo-oo," returns Launce, blubbering according to approved British drama principles; "I've lost my dog." The Immortal proceeds to console him with a quotation from his own works. "There

is a tide in the affairs of man," he says, "which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune"—in allusion, possibly, to Launce's flood of tears, and the fortune likely to accrue to the Polytechnic Institution from the exhibition of the optical illusion. Hark! 'tis heavenly music! The smothered musicians behind the baize curtain strike up, "Where the bee sucks," causing Mr. Whelks to remark that he shouldn't mind a sup o' summat himself. Then follows: A voice singing woollenly, "Where the bee sucks." The Immortal with his eyes on the ceiling, listening with admiration to his own verses. Blind down.

Blind up again. Poor Tom a-cold in the window, shivering more quotations. Tableau of the Immortal in his habit as he lived, leaning on pedestal, contemplating Admiral Lord Nelson sorrowfully, as if in regret that he, the Immortal, was not in a condition to write a nautical drama about him in competition for Mr. T. P. Cooke's prize of a hundred pounds. Blind down, and all over.

Shakespeare having retired, the lecturer ventures to come on again, and tells us how Sir Joshua Reynolds, than whom, &c., once painted a picture of a child in four aspects, as a cherub with wings; he (Sir Joshua) being too artistic to paint bodies. This, we are informed, will now be reproduced by a wonderful optical illusion. "I will see," says the lecturer, "if the cherubs are ready; and I promise to return as soon as possible." Faithless man! why did you break your promise, and never come back? It was Mr. Whelks who said that you might have left him a lock of your hair in case he should never have the happiness of seeing you again, which he thought was probable. But presently we saw the cherubs suspended—not floating in the air, for they never moved from their position, and heard them sing a chorus by no means heavenly. Here the smothering musicians, unable to stand it any longer, popped their hands out from under the blankets, and refreshed themselves with what little drain of oxygen there was left in the theatre.

In this portion of the entertainment, amusement and instruction were so thoroughly blended that it was difficult to recognise either the one or the other in its own individual character. It is possible, we think, that a few of the spectators at some early period of their lives been the happy possessors of sixpenny kaleidoscopes; nay, may even have constructed one of those wonderful optical instruments with an old pen-case, the covering of a marmalade pot, and three slips of smoked glass. As to Mr. Whelks, if he were not already acquainted with the instrument, he would scarcely be rendered a better citizen, or better fitted for the seven-pound franchise, by witnessing the formation of patterns on a sheet by the agency of a magic lantern. With regard to the optical illusion, the barber's shop window heads, and the floating cherubs, it struck us that a royal scientific institution had condescended to borrow a mere mechanical trick from Colonel Stodart, whom

science in its dignified moments would probably stigmatise as a "common conjuror."

The audience now, after a long struggle (alarmingly suggestive of what might occur in the case of fire), disgorged itself from the theatre, and returned to the grand hall to witness the descent of the diving-bell, and view again, according to the invitation of the programme, the terrestrial globe—why not the celestial this time, by way of variety?—and the drawing-room fireworks. While passing along to the diving-bell, Mr. Whelks had a few minutes' leisure to inspect such treasures of art and industry as door-plates and handles, cups and saucers, black-lead pencils, cough lozenges, bottles of scent, and lucifer matches: the last asserting themselves scientifically by a warranty not to ignite except upon the box. Reviewing the globe from Indus to the Pole at a glance, Mr. Whelks is in presence of the diving-bell. He is eager to make a sub-aqueous voyage to the bottom of the tank; but finding that there is an extra charge of one shilling for this scientific experience, denies himself the pleasure. There is a decided backwardness in coming forward to take seats in the bell: which is not astonishing, seeing that the bell has been a leading feature of the entertainments at the Royal Polytechnic Institution for at least a quarter of a century. At length, however, five persons are induced to pay their money and take their seats. The crank is worked, the bell is swung from its perch. It descends and disappears amid air-bubbles: female portion of the spectators giggle; bell reappears, and is swung back to its place; divers come out with flushed faces, and on being questioned as to what it was like, give brief unsatisfactory replies and hurry away, evidently to evade cross-questioning. Ten minutes having been allowed for the terrestrial globe, the diving-bell, &c., Mr. Whelks is summoned to another theatre, to be amused with "A new Vocal, Instrumental, Descriptive, and Dioramic Entertainment, founded upon Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poem of the Lady of the Lake;" and, as he is passing along, the cement-man, seductively exhibiting his restored sugar basins and adhesive halfpenny, invites him to buy a packet of that which "hides the misfortune of a fracture before the bane and the antidote meet, the owner's eye, to mitigate his wrath and almost annihilate his annoyance."

Again a solemn sombre-looking place, with the lights down: not a little suggestive of awful preparations for making free and accepted masons, according to the popular notions of the ceremony. The magic lantern, once more the leading star of the performance. Sir Walter Scott, and the clever artist who is engaged to read and illustrate his work, both being condemned to wait upon and feed the magic lantern. The recital of the poem must keep time with the manipulation of the slides, compelling James Fitzjames, lyrically, to go through the whole of his adventures at a gallop, and in the dark, the whole concluding with "two spectral or ghost

scenes," one of them representing Fitzjames and Frederick Dhu before they have arrived at a ghostly condition of existence, fighting their celebrated combat. We could not help thinking—and we saw clearly that Mr. Whelks was of our opinion—that singular ingenuity had been exercised in rendering the performance (capable, under reasonable conditions, of being made exceedingly pleasant and agreeable) as dull and depressing as possible. Science, in the horrid form of the magic lantern, sat upon the meritorious performer and his audience like a nightmare, making even the lovely Ellen appear hideous; and some time before the curtain fell, Mr. Whelks took his departure with a sigh of relief.

This being the whole of the entertainment, with the exception of the performance of "the man with many voices," who was an excellent and droll ventriloquist, we felt that we had witnessed at once more entertaining and more elevating performances at the Polytechnic Institution in the days of its infancy, when science was not so far advanced or so astonishing as it is at the present time; and that the effort to combine very mild amusements with very feeble science was, in its results, not quite worthy of a Royal Institution founded for the diffusion of useful knowledge combined with pleasant entertainment.

MENDING THE CITY'S WAYS.

If time be money, then what an enormous amount of time is lost every day where we should least expect it—in the City of London! Every day, a great army proceeds into and returns out of the City, an army on foot and wheels little less than three-quarters of a million in number, all intent on business, all (the exceptional idlers are so few that they are not worth notice) anxious to get to work and to finish the work in hand. But, within certain well-known limits, haste and impatience are irritated by irresistible delay. The foot-passenger moves encumbered by a crowd, while as to wheeled conveyances, the slowest waggons are made more slow by perpetual halts, and the swiftest carriages lose all possible advantages of pace by being reduced to the walk of the slowest.

The cause of the difficulty is not far to seek. London, the centre of the commerce of the world, "stands upon ancient ways." In the course of a century which has multiplied the commercial and financial business of the City more than a hundred-fold, the construction of new and the widening of old thoroughfares has been practically insignificant. As the strength of a chain depends on its weakest link, so the value of a thoroughfare must be measured by its narrowest strait. Thus all traffic going west from, or east to, the Bank must push through the Poultry, twenty-four feet wide in the roadway; and all going north and south from between the Bank and

Southwark must cross London-bridge, fifty-four feet wide, footpaths included. The City of London, the special seat of the congestion of traffic under consideration, is as nearly as possible one mile square, and contains a resident population which, although it has steadily diminished for the last sixteen years, is still more dense per acre than any other district of the metropolis of three millions of inhabitants and more than one hundred miles square. For more than sixty years the population of the City proper has been fluctuating decennially up and down, but for the last sixteen years it has steadily diminished.

In 1801 the population of the City was nearly at its highest point—one hundred and twenty-eight thousand eight hundred. In the next ten years it decreased by more than seven thousand; in the next ten years, ending in 1821, it had recovered four thousand of the lost numbers; in 1831 it had declined below one hundred and twenty-four thousand. By 1857 the population had risen to over one hundred and twenty-nine thousand; and in 1861, the date of the last census, had fallen to one hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty-seven; since which date it is believed that the destruction of dwelling-houses, and the construction of warehouses and offices on their site, have still further lessened the number of sleepers who pass their nights in the City.

During the latter half of this century, two opposite influences have been at work. Omnibuses, cheap private carriages, and suburban railways, have drawn citizens from the rooms over shops, to a gradually widening circle round London, of villas and cottages, terraces and towns, made accessible by good roads, regular public conveyances, and an efficient police; while, during the same period, the growth of commerce and the increase of moneyed as distinguished from landed investments, and the facilities of travelling, have brought a new numerous class of daily visitors to do business in the City—to purchase, sell, or invest. The west has business in the east; the countryman does his own work in London, and the meaning of the jokes of old-fashioned genteel comedy, on citizens and slowes, who got bewildered and robbed in London, is lost to that numerous modern class whose reading is confined to newspapers. The country squire, the country shopkeeper, the farmer, the country lawyer, all find their way to the City now and then, as well as the trader, the professional and the idle, and the noble and fashionable dwellers in the west or court end of the metropolis.

The obstruction of traffic, with consequent loss of time, has become more than a nuisance; it threatens to become a national loss, unless some decided steps are taken for relieving the rising tide of City street traffic, which each annual increase of surplus capital tends to swell. Two dates give us the rate of increase of the daily visitors of London proper. In 1848, before the railway network had been developed

beyond a few main trunk lines, upon a day in May, the total number of persons entering the City between eight o'clock in the morning and five o'clock in the evening was three hundred and fifteen thousand. Twelve years afterwards, in the same month, the total number had risen to seven hundred and six thousand—that is to say, a number equal to more than one-fifth of the whole population of the metropolis, and three times the whole population of Liverpool. These people arrived by forty-eight entrances, of which three were bridges and thirty-three carriage-ways with footways. Of the whole number, one hundred and seventy-one thousand were conveyed in wheeled conveyances of some kind, and the rest made their way into town on foot.

That many persons out of these multitudes are maimed and killed is not amazing, when we find that there crossed at the junction of Cornhill, Leadenhall, and Gracechurch-street more than twenty-eight thousand persons; at the Ludgate-hill and Farringdon-street junction, more than thirty-seven thousand; at King William-street and Cannon-street central junction, more than forty-two thousand; and opposite the Mansion House, more than fifty-six thousand.

On the footpath, although incommoded, fatigued, and delayed, except at crossings, limb and life are in no danger. As to the wheeled traffic, supposing we commence our journey at the west, it flows with tolerable regularity by two great streams along the Strand and Holborn. The Strand stream meets its first dead lock at Temple Bar, and, between that hideous and perfectly useless obstruction and St. Mary-le-Strand, creeps painfully along Fleet-street, with many pauses and bumps, after receiving and giving auxiliary currents at Chancery-lane, until it reaches the quadruple crossing of Farringdon-street and Blackfriars, with its railway stations and complement of railway cabs—then pushes up Ludgate-hill and through St. Paul's-churchyard—and, losing a very slight stream at Cannon-street, arrives at the mouth of Cheapside, to be swollen by the branch stream which, after leaving wide Holborn, has been squeezed through Newgate-street. From Cheapside, the straits of the Poultry have to be passed into what is called Mansion House-street, which ought to be a square or circus. Thence, the first outlet is when the Thames has to be crossed, though there is a sure jam on London-bridge, and some frightful slippery work in King William-street; but if it be necessary to pass the Bank and proceed toward the north-east, then there are the straits of Threadneedle-street, where two omnibuses, by help of sidings, can just manage to pass each other. To continue eastward, the dangers of the crossing between Gracechurch-street and Bishopsgate have to be encountered.

It was once thought that railways, by taking stage-coaches off the road and bringing stations to which passengers might walk instead of ride, would diminish the demand for cabs and

carriages, and by so much clear the streets; but, up to the present time, the railroads seem to have created two for every one set of wheels they were supposed to put down. Waggon, carts, and vans, to deliver the goods ordered by penny-post and brought by locomotion, are more numerous than ever. Suburban residence has created within this generation a contingent of light carts which encumber the streets at all hours—bakers, butchers, grocers, fishmongers, wine-merchants, and, not least, the donkey-drawn costermonger-truck. The cabs may be traced on London-bridge, which, relieved of traffic by various changes, still draws increasing numbers across this great gate between Middlesex and Essex and Surrey and Kent.

In 1850 the wheeled traffic over London-bridge, in twelve hours of the day, was thirteen thousand. In 1860 the Brighton Railway relieved this traffic by opening a West-end station at Pimlico. In 1864 the South-Eastern opened a station at Charing-cross. In the same year, New Southwark-street opened by Blackfriars-road a short clear route from Westminster, which was used by five thousand seven hundred vehicles. Late in the same year Southwark-bridge was opened free, and its wheeled traffic rose from one thousand to four thousand seven hundred. In the face of these successive tapings of the main stream, the wheeled traffic of London-bridge increased to sixteen thousand in 1860, and to nineteen thousand four hundred in 1865. Thus it is plain that the business of the two sides of the City Thames grows faster than the means for diverting traffic.

Under these circumstances, with the near prospect of the period when it will be half a day's journey to get a cart or cab through the City, it is not unreasonable to inquire what has been done, what is doing, and what must be done, in the City. For it is evident that the City holds the key of the situation.

Many years ago, the improvement of Cannon-street was carried out as a relief to Cheapside; but Cannon-street has, at its western end, the narrow straits of St. Paul's Cathedral; but upon its eastern end, London-bridge and the alleys—they can scarcely be called streets—that lead to the Tower Hamlets, the half million sterling the improvement cost has not produced much effect on a traffic which is constantly increasing. Very slowly and bit by bit, as might be expected where land is valued by the inch—parts of Newgate-street have been widened almost to fifty feet; but already the traffic demands a width of seventy feet, on ordinary days. On market-days it is absolutely closed by Common Council order. The new street from Southwark, made by the Metropolitan Board to relieve the Strand and the line to London-bridge of the Lambeth and Westminster traffic, has been assisted, as far as cab-passengers are concerned, by the stations at Pimlico, Charing-cross, and Ludgate, which receive passengers who formerly were all compelled to pass to the south side of London-bridge. The new stations at Farringdon-street, Finsbury-pavement, and

Broad-street, all save the cab journeys of those who formerly travelled to the northern and western stations; but then again they also create cab and omnibus traffic by the new tribe of season-ticket holders whom they call into existence. Very soon, if the ravages of financial crashes do not extend beyond present calculation, Finsbury and Farringdon stations will represent links of a chain moving perpetually round London, with regular stoppages of omnibus trains at the Tower and Cannon-street, Blackfriars, Westminster, Pimlico, South Kensington, Kensington proper, and so on to Notting-hill and back to the City—a circle of which it may be prophesied that it will create at least as much traffic as it consumes, probably more. As part and partner of this omnibus line is the roadway of the Thames Embankment, stretching from Chelsea to Blackfriars New Bridge, and forming the origin of a new street which is to cross Cannon-street and open a clear roadway to the Bank. There the additional multitude produced by the convenience is to find its way as best it can through narrow crowded streets leading from the Bank to the south and to the east.

And here let us do justice to the memory of a man who was the true editor, though not the author, of metropolitan railways—a man who had ambition and invention enough to be at once the Napoleon and Haussman of City improvements—Charles Pearson—if he could only have found a Chancellor of Exchequer. Charles Pearson devised a gigantic central station for all the railways of London—wonderfully ingenious and perfectly impracticable, for to get to and from such station would have required an open area counted in tens of acres. But the impossible led him to the possible. Taking up the cause of the Subterranean Railway, he succeeded in inoculating the slow-debating, often-feeding, and seldom-doing Common Council of London, with his enthusiasm; and he made them, by a timely subscription of two hundred thousand pounds in shares, resurrectionise and galvanise into life the then more than half-dead and quite insolvent Underground Railway. The legality of the transaction has been often disputed; of its wisdom as a piece of bold municipal administration there can be no more question than of its financial success. A wilderness in Clerkenwell made valuable, and a profit realised on the opening of the line which defrayed all the City splendour, feasting, and largesse, attendant on the wedding of the Prince of Wales. Charles Pearson was a man of great eloquence, but it was commonly said that he owed his success on this question, greatly to his knowledge of the art of dining, and of after-dinner conversation. Therefore there was something suitable in expending on feasting what had been extracted at feasts.

The Corporation of London was apparently exhausted by this effort of wise enterprise, and until very lately satisfied with going through

the forms of its little parliament—little for a parliament, but large for a City council—and performing its usual duties of a mutual admiration, toast-proposing society.

It would be strange if two hundred and seventy-five councillors, administering a square mile of houses, and assisted by seventy-five commissioners, did not fall back on talk, to show their respective value; for what could so many do, in real work? But the speech-makers of Guildhall were stimulated into action by the invasions of their West-end rivals, the Metropolitan Board, with its Thames Embankment, and new street to the Mansion House.

The site chosen for action was Holborn valley. The project for widening that instrument of torture to horses in harness had for forty years and more been under the consideration of the Corporation—longer even than the brick wilderness of Clerkenwell and Farringdon. With unusual activity, racing against their formidable competitors, they put themselves under the professional guidance of an engineer borrowed for the occasion from the Commissioners of Sewers—Mr. William Haywood—to whom every street and alley, drain and sewer, of London was familiar as the books in his library. Parliamentary powers were soon obtained to clear away the existing streets, and, by a viaduct, to make a level roadway from St. Andrew's, Holborn, to Newgate Prison, with access from the thoroughfares intersected below.

After the usual delay, and an almost comic contest on the question whether or not an official plan of vague and uncertain cost, eccentric character, great taste on paper, and perfectly unpracticable, or the design of the engineer before named with a certain saving of a hundred thousand pounds, should be selected, common sense and economy carried the day in the face of that horror of common councilmen, “a paid officer admitted to be wiser than a committee.” William Haywood having been specially engaged to carry out his original design, this viaduct is now in steady progress.

Soon after the plan of the Holborn Viaduct had been placed in the hands of the contractors, it occurred to the Commissioners of Sewers (which is a sort of overgrown committee of works, of ancient pedigree), that while both the Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works were working hard to make the ways between the west of the metropolis and the centre of the City easy of access, nothing had been done to let the crowds out, east and south. The result was a report* from the engineer, to which we are indebted for our figures, and in which the difficulties and necessities of the City, and the essential and not to be deferred remedies, are plainly set down.

* Report to the Honourable Commissioners of Sewers in the Traffic and Improvements in the Public Ways of the City of London.

Police arrangements can only mitigate an intolerable and increasing evil. No number of police, no police regulations, can squeeze a quart into a pint. Subterranean railways, at a cost of half a million a mile, may do something to diminish the wheeled traffic; but, so far, they have increased the goods traffic of the streets.

At present, says the Report, "within the City, there is hardly a leading thoroughfare which is equal to the traffic that passes through it." And this is not extraordinary, when it is considered that a number equal to half the male population of the whole metropolis, daily pass in and out of the one square mile composing the City.

The only real remedies after the formation of new thoroughfares, and the widening of those in existence, would be, Mr. Haywood lays down as of pressing importance, the construction of two new outlets.

The densest streams of traffic might be traced from a balloon, flowing along a few lines between the north and south, and between the east and west. At present all the traffic which passes the Bank without halting there, must go through the narrow defiles which, as it were, protect that edifice in a military point of view.

Mr. Haywood proposes to tap the most important branch of the great stream which now flows through Newgate-street into Cheapside, at the east end of his Holborn Viaduct, by a new street seventy feet wide (for busy traffic, he considers a greater breadth a mistake), which would cross St. Martin's-le-Grand north of the Post-office, cross Moorgate-street, near Finsbury, absorb and widen London-wall, cross Bishopsgate-street within and the classic regions of Houndsditch and Petticoat-lane, and, at Whitechapel High-street, emerge exactly opposite the new street now being constructed by the Metropolitan Board of Works to the Commercial-road, which serves all the populous and busy Dock region.

To understand the importance of this proposal, the reader has only to take a map of London, and trace a line upon it by the above directions. This street would be level, and about a mile and a quarter long.

The only building of importance destroyed would be St. Just's Hospital. The sooner that great charity boarding-school follows Charter House to green fields and running water, the better for the charity, for education, and for the funds of the school.

The principal stream of north-south traffic, created by a commerce daily increasing, finds its way by slow degrees over London-bridge. Southwark-bridge, occupying a sort of corner with very steep gradients on the Middlesex side, is used chiefly for foot-passengers and light vehicles. Blackfriars-bridge, with excellent means of access, will, in its new shape, be equal to any probable demand upon its capacity. But London-bridge is the one broad way for the dense and spe-

cially commercial population which clusters along the Thames and its docks on both sides, and spreads far into Essex on the north, and to Kent, on the south side, five miles. The combined population served by one bridge, with a carriage-way of only thirty-five feet width, approaches a million. But figures do not present the traffic arising from ships from every port in the world, bringing and taking away cargoes. To spoil the bridge (architecturally) by taking in the footpath would only add nineteen feet to the roadway. Therefore Mr. Haywood—practical man as he is, and fully counting the cost—concludes that there is but one remedy for this profit-eating congestion of traffic: a new bridge—lower down than London-bridge. This bridge should be on the eastern side of the Tower, and, with its approaches, would open a clear line between Shoreditch and the Old Kent road. Thus serving all the heavy dock traffic on both sides of the river.

Such are the ideas of an engineer and architect whose whole life has been spent in studying and working out the wants of the City. They are costly, as every City improvement must be; but the character and experience of the author guarantee that they are not extravagant. He knows the value of every brick he proposes to remove.

The first and greatest difficulty will be to make the municipal authorities feel how certainly their existence depends on real work. For if, as heretofore, they only deliver flutulent, ungrammatical speeches, others will take their powers and their means, and leave them only their bare benches and their ample dinners.

The next difficulty lies in the want of funds.

Paris has an emperor, a prefect, and a city tax (octroi) on all that is eaten and drunk and burned within its limits. The emperor and the prefect (practically there is a municipal council, but it only advises softly), with a map, settle the broad ways and the narrow cuts. Let any one compare a map of Paris for 1852 and 1862 to see what has been done.

The octroi produces something like three millions sterling every year, and on this income a proportionate debt is raised. So far, the revenue has risen faster than the expenditure. Paris, made clean and splendid, attracts visitors and workmen to serve visitors and execute improvements, who consume: thus creating and paying the taxes destined to new improvements. In London a coal-tax, divided between the rival powers, the Common Council and the Metropolitan Board, produces some three hundred thousand a year, to aid local taxation. Therefore London cannot rival Paris. But if the City had, instead of its overgrown little parliament, a compact council like Liverpool or Leeds, these two ideas of Mr. Haywood would soon assume a brick-and-mortar shape, and, on the strength of such outward and visible signs of strength, the citizens of London might confidently

count on the perpetual reign of their ancient (and reformed) Lord Mayor and common councilmen.

MY THREE ROSES.

YEARS since, when we were children, my mother took for the summer one of the many charming chalets by the Lake of Geneva. It peeped from a mass of flowers like a toy-house in the centre of a bouquet. The little hamlet in the vicinity seemed built up at random, within a garden. Even the old church, perched high up on the hills, was surrounded with flowering shrubs. It was a kindly neighbourhood, and all the residents visited my mother on the spot. Out of their families came forth my three especial playfellows, Rose Seville, Rose Grahame, and Rose Fonnereau. As I write their names, they steal, with my departed youth, like spirits to my side. Soon I hear their gay singing, and the little feet that never walked except to church pattering and dancing up the garden ways.

I, Frank, was the only representative of my sex among this merry band, was respected as a great authority and infallible referee and had my own way in everything. Our favourite walk was to the cemetery, than which no palace garden was ever richer in sweet flowers. Long before we approached its sacred precincts, the air was laden with their fragrance. There was nothing melancholy to us in that delightful garden of rest. We had never seen death. We only felt we should be quiet, and not noisy and playful there, as in the presence of something holy. It was a kind of church to us, and while we revered it as much, I am afraid we enjoyed it more.

Sometimes we would come suddenly upon black prostrate figures, still and quiet like everything around; and the graves at which we had noticed these mute mourners had an especial interest, for the time.

Our French nurse, however, introduced us to a tomb that had a melancholy charm beyond all others. Until we came, no flower or garland had ever been placed upon it. Only a solitary willow sapling had been planted there, and that had died at once. There was a name, known to the world, and even to us; a date, and, deeply cut in larger letters, the single word "Proserit."

I remember that we all stood weeping by his grave, as the nurse related to us the patriot's story. All that summer, we laid fresh garlands on his tomb, and, whether he knew it or not, never failed to wave an adieu to him as we left the gates.

That bright summer passed but too quickly away. We were often on the lake, sailing past Chillon, our great delight being to fraternise, by friendly signs, with the prisoners therein confined. There was something pleasantly mysterious in their dark figures, half concealed behind the iron bars. Once we had a great alarm

In apparent answer to our amicable demonstrations, a formidable-looking instrument was protruded from the barred casement. Were they going to fire upon us? No. Our boatman hastened to assure us it was only a fishing-rod, the use of which was permitted by a paternal government, to pass away the time. But at no time did we ever observe a trout ascending to that lofty fishing-bank.

Thus feeling, as I am sure we did, the beauty and grandeur of the scenes surrounding us, though without any artistic appreciation of them, we whiled away that happy summer, until a certain crispness and flippancy in the breeze that came from the neighbouring hills, reminded us that summer delights were over, and autumn begun.

My mother prolonged her stay as much as possible; but, one morning, behold our rose-trees bending under pure white robes of snow! This was a hint not to be mistaken. In three days we were to go. We did what we could. We sullenly made a snow man, and so successfully that we deemed him worthy of the name of William Tell, and left him there, gazing with his black pebble eyes towards the crags and peaks he loved so well.

For ourselves, we were to go to a spot where snow was never seen, and there was sunshine for my mother the whole winter long. Our last days at Clarens were somewhat sad. I had to separate from my playfellows, for my suggestion to take the three Roses with us was overruled by the respective parents of those flowers, as well as my own. We made a last pilgrimage together to the grave of the "Proserit," and deposited thereon a wreath of evergreens of prodigious size, while the three Roses and my little sister—Rose Mary (who was, however, too small to be regarded as a regular Rose)—mingled their tears, and those who were to remain pledged themselves to remember the "Proserit" for our sake, as well as his own. With this unselfish bond we parted, crying (I will confess it) till we could cry no more, and of the many partings since, I can recall but *one* as bitter.

The only male friend I had left at Clarens was the young doctor of the village who had attended my mother, and often took me as his companion in his long professional drives or walks among the hills. He was full of life, as merry as a boy, and glad of any excuse to run races and jump ditches with me.

I corresponded with him after our separation; at first in round text and a succession of abrupt sentences, always ending with "my love to the Roses." As time went on, I had more subjects of interest to dilate upon. His replies had a great charm for me, and, when my mother died, his was the one letter that broke the dull apathy of grief into which I had fallen, and taught me a healthier sorrow.

"You are ill," he said, in his last letter; "I believe I can cure you. Leave London to-morrow, and, accidents apart, be with me on Thursday."

I obeyed; and thus, after an interval of just twenty years, returned to Clarens.

I found my excellent friend fatter than I could have imagined. Friends so often omit to mention the personal changes that are taking place in them, and photographs were at this time unknown. His hair was curiously streaked with white, as if he had dyed it with an unsteady hand, but there was the same kind beaming face, and the grasp of his hand was cordial, almost to pain. He had loved my mother, and our first talk was all of her. Insensibly we glided into other topics—old scenes and adventures—until, at last, I inquired for “the Roses.”

“They are here—all here,” he answered. “Rose Sebille, Rose Fommerceau, and—and Rose Grahame; but,” he added, gravely, “we will visit *her* last.”

As we sat that evening in the familiar balcony, looking on the blue lake, and glancing every instant towards a chalet half buried in trees and flowers, and fraught with so many a sweet and sacred recollection, I learned the story of the first of my three bright roses, Rose Fommerceau.

We could discern, in the twilight, a grand old château frowning down upon us from an adjacent hill, though, to be literally correct, it presently began to shine and glisten in the rising moonlight, as only a Swiss château can. I knew it well, of course—knew its feudal history, its secret crypts, its torture-tower, its dungeons. It had been, in my time, the paradise of bats and boys—its dark recesses offering splendid facilities for hide-and-seek. I knew the horrible post, scorched and scorched, to which victims, in old times, were bound, while hot coals were applied to their feet. Happier times succeeding, the torture-chamber had become our chief playroom, while the lower prisons discharged the genial office of wine-cellar.

Ten years before, Rose Fommerceau had become the wife of the young heir of this place. The rejoicings had lasted three days—garlands, flags, coloured lamps, and fireworks turning the little village into a perfect fair. There was music and dancing for the young and agile, wine and other comforts for the poor, the inimitable canon, whose voice is never mute in Switzerland upon the slightest disturbance; and thus was Rose Fommerceau, the beautiful and beloved, conducted to her husband’s stately home.

Rose became the idol of the house. She was like a sunbeam that had found its way within those sombre walls to warm and cheer, and not one escaped its influence. Her husband had sole charge of the estate, his father, though living, being in feeble health. But once every year he went alone upon a rambling excursion on the Alps.

Five years since, he took his knapsack and alpenstock, and departed on his annual march, his Rose accompanying him some distance along the road, and returning alone in tears, for

she always dreaded those lonely wanderings of his. He had promised to write continually, and requested that his letters should be addressed to a distant village across the mountains he intended to explore.

Rose never beheld him more. She knew not if he wandered, lost and starved to death upon the snow, or if his death was quick and unexpected, falling from some terrific peak, or whelmed in an avalanche, or, worse fate, murdered by some unknown hand. All that love and sorrow could devise was put in action, and, for months, the mountain-paths and plateaux were followed and searched; but without success. Once only was he heard of. He had hired a guide to take him to a village, situated beyond a dangerous and difficult pass—the village to which his letters were to be directed.

Four years later some human remains were found, by shepherds or hunters, in the neighbourhood of the pass, but some distance from the ordinary road, and without a shred or relic of any kind to identify the victim, unless a slight peculiarity in the jaw could be relied upon as proof that it was indeed Rose’s husband, who had been injured in his youth by the kick of a horse in the face. At all events, it convinced *her*, and the remains were laid reverently to rest in the cemetery.

“I also,” said the doctor, “believe it to be him. The guide with whom he ascended that fatal path was suspected, and questioned, and, though nothing was elicited to incriminate him, he was for a long time under surveillance. He was an ill-looking fellow, and bore the worst character in the village. The man’s account was that the traveller had dismissed him when actually within sight of the village to which he was proceeding, and was last seen descending the path leading thither. It was, however, a significant fact that his watch, chain, rings, and money, as well as all the more perishable part of his equipment, had disappeared, when the remains were found. His father expired on the day following the interment of his son’s remains, and the mother is, I fear, dying. As for Rose, she is mistress of the castle, and guardian to her boy, beloved by all around her. You shall see her to-day.”

After this story, a perfectly true one, we sat for a little time in silence, watching the fatal mountain and the grim old château, with its turrets for the moment kissed into silver by the cold bright moon. Then the doctor, who was always depressed by the reminiscence he had just recounted, rose hurriedly, and, with an effort to be gay, wished me good night and pleasant dreams.

My dreams were *not* pleasant. They hovered incessantly between a death-struggle on the mountains and a white face looking out into the moonlight, keeping, from habit, a dreary watch, though hope was dead.

Next morning, at breakfast, a note was handed to the doctor, who laughed, and passed it to me.

“Come, Frank, your walk among the Roses

begins forthwith. We will be off in ten minutes."

The note, Englished, ran thus :

"Dear Sir. Pray come at once. Marie has cut off the top of her thumb. Receive, dear sir, the assurance of my very high consideration.
"R. STAMFFER."

We were quickly ready, and in the carriage.

"Well," said the doctor, "you certainly take things calmly enough. I expected to find you in a fever of excitement and impatience."

"Me? Why so? What has this rather dirty little note to do with me? And who upon earth is 'R. Stamffer?'"

"Is there no instinct in human affection," asked the doctor, with assumed gravity, "that might whisper to you that this note is from no less a person than Rose Sebillé? She married Karl Stamffer, a German Swiss, about eight years since, and is, I assure you, a model housewife—a perfect 'meat-mother,' as the Germans say. She has five children, is grown very fat, and—My dear Frank, you look quite pale. What's the matter?"

"I—well, I don't know exactly," I replied. "All these changes have come about unobserved by you. I had in my mind a little bright-haired fairy in short frocks and trousers, whose flources were, day after day, distributed among the brambles in our haunts of play. And now—Well, well."

We drove through the old scenes—past our chalet, past the gate, and the path where Rose Sebillé, who had become Stamffer, sobbed out her adieux, with the rest—past the old plane-tree avenue, and the little pier on which I had passed many an hour catching little pale-green spectres of fish, the like of which I have never met with elsewhere. Then on past Chillon, always at our side the deep blue lake, and, beyond, the royal Alps of Savoy, crowned with cloud and snow, and smiling or frowning as the sunshine or the shadows fell.

"There is Rose Stamffer's mansion," said my companion, pointing to a pretty chalet on the side of a hill.

We left the high road and turned into the approach, under the cool shade of an avenue of limes. It really seemed a delicious spot.

There was a large court or farm-yard at the side of the house, across which people were hastily passing and repassing. Evidently something of an exciting nature was going forward. We rang a large bell, which gave forth what seemed an unnecessarily vociferous peal, and was responded to by several dogs, that burst forth barking furiously. Then appeared a female form, with bare and reddish arms, a wide good-natured face, fringed all round with little light curls, and a waist of considerable size, girl with a discoloured apron, which the wearer sought to undo, but, failing, triced it up round her portly form.

"I am so glad to see you, doctor," she called out, in a voice which, though sweet, was

certainly loud. "Marie has cut off the top of her thumb, and I am sure you can sew it on nicely again! How untidy I am!" (This in a series of melodious shouts.) "I am not fit to see anybody! We have just killed a pig, and we are going to cut him up! Madame G—'s young ladies are come to help us with the sausages! I beg your pardon, sir" (to me); "pray walk in. This way."

I saw my friend suppressing his laughter as we went away—stumbling over chairs, benches, &c., that had been brought into the passages from the kitchen, to be out of the way of the porcine solemnities, to which, in middle-class Swiss establishments, everything succumbs at least once a year.

Presently the suffering Marie, accompanied by the top of her thumb, was conducted into the room. She had endured much pain, and—after the manner of the poorer Swiss, when attacked by malady in any part of their frames—had tied a handkerchief over her head!

The thumb was quickly restored to its pristine shape; and then the doctor, turning gravely to the stout lady with the rosy arms, quietly observed:

"Madame Stamffer, here is a gentleman, who desires to kiss your hand! Surely you remember Frank G.?"

There was a little scream, or rather shout—a merry laugh, and both my hands were in the grasp of Rose Sebillé. Soundly shaken they were, and it was with labour and difficulty, by flashes, as it seemed, that I began to recognise in this huge hearty woman my fairy Rose. Then, too, that horrible pig leaped over the scene, and, even while the little volume of our youth began to open before us, the duties owing to the yet undismembered brute fell like a shadow across the page.

Maid Marie, who had discarded her handkerchief and her tears together, now reappeared, and, making two imaginary gashes across her mottled arm, whispered anxiously in her mistress's ear.

Taking this as a signal to depart, we rose; but our hostess had no idea of parting with so old an ally.

"You *must* stay with us, dear Mr. Frank—dear Frank—and indeed you can be of the greatest service to us, for M. Stamffer is gone to Berne, not to return till to-morrow, and hands are scarce."

I looked at Marie's decapitated thumb, and thought my own might become scarcer. But Rose would take no denial. ..

"Let the doctor go his rounds, and join us at dinner at six. You can drive home by moonlight."

Thus it was settled. The doctor drove his way, and I was conducted to the scene of recent slaughter.

Dear Rose! She called me Frank, as she had done twenty years ago, and her pleasure at the meeting was honest and unfeigned. She was in the highest spirits. The children

had gone on a visit to a neighbour, to be out of the way in pig-week, and she had nothing to divert her attention from the pig and me.

In a large kitchen, seated about a table, were about a dozen girls, while several ladies of riper years hovered about, brandishing large knives, like scimitars, and the disabled Marie haunted, like an unquiet spirit, the scene of her former exploits.

Rose, as she entered, armed herself hastily, as if the pig were still alive and standing desperately at bay. Then she introduced me, as an old and valued friend, to most of the assembled company, including the pastor's daughter, the prefect's widow, and the syndic's wife.

The schoolgirls were merely neophytes, and had come to be initiated by the elder priestesses into the mysteries of this horrible sacrifice. I bowed to the ladies to circumstances; but there, stark and ghastly, reclined upon the table the miserable pig, and seemed to concentrate all my faculties, by a horrible fascination, upon itself.

I was conscious of a voice remarking complacently that all had been "magnifiquement arrange," and that now they would begin, in reply to which everybody said "très-bien," and so did I. I remember that, stooping for my hat to prepare for flight, a small finely tempered hatchet was slid into my hand.

Seeing that I was suspected, I took a stern resolution, and, bracing my nerves up to the occasion, determined to be priest, butcher, anything but the object of ridicule of the impatient assembly.

"Let me begin!" I said, striding forward, and, waving my hatchet in the air, with a wild war-whoop I shut my eyes and struck a savage blow. A shrill scream arose. I had missed the brute's body, and only cut off an ear.

Rose applauded my zeal, but, with some mistrust of my skill, undertook to direct my further operations. The hatchet and the post of honour had (she said) been unanimously assigned to me, and I must do my best.

I decline to state, minutely, to what that amounted. I believe that, had the pig been alive, and sensible of the playful havoc I was making with his carcass, I could scarcely have suffered more. He cut and slashed, and hacked and hewed, conscious only of the one desire to reduce the brute to the smallest possible dimensions. At length, whether excited by the commendations I received, or in obedience to some strange law of our nature which I have never

yet had time to investigate, it certainly came to pass that I began to experience a certain sense of satisfaction in the work. Time, dinner, everything was forgotten, excepting only the beautiful proportions of the pig—"our" pig—for by this time I had fairly adopted him, and I was still the centre of an adoring band, executing a "chef-d'œuvre" of skill and elegance (cutting off chops, when, casting my eyes round, I became aware of the figure of my friend, the doctor, standing at the door, and quivering all over with suppressed laughter. His presence broke the charm. But the work was done. The pig was dismembered from snout to tail. Covered with glory, I resumed my coat, and sunk from the butcher to the man. Dear Rose and I parted the best of friends. But I did not kiss her hand.

Time passed rapidly away, and still the doctor found some new reason to postpone our promised visit to my third Rose—Rose Grahame. At length one Sunday, after service, he led me through the vineyards, saying, *this* was our opportunity. We took a familiar path, under walnut-trees, winding ever up and up till it led us out upon the hill, and to the cemetery, my youth's Eden—the garden that love, stronger than death, kept ever sacred, on the mountain-side.

We entered the well-known gates, and presently were standing by the "proserit's" grave. But what is this beside it? Another grave? A little one. A little marble cross, a broken lily, and beneath,

"ROSE GRAHAME,
Æt. 5."

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